



HOMILY

on the Solemnity of Pentecost

*Emitte Spiritum tuum,
et creabuntur, et renovabis faciem terræ.*

Ps 103:30

What is the characteristic of Love? Its *gratuitousness*. Whoever loves, loves without expecting anything in return. The one who loves is happy that the Good he enjoys can be shared by the beloved. Whoever loves does not have half measures: he loves totally, without reservation. Whoever loves *desires the good of the beloved* and thus knows how to say no. This is true to the highest degree when Love is divine, when the Love of the Father for the Son and of the Son for the Father is so perfect and infinite as to be the Third Person of the Most Holy Trinity, the Holy Spirit Paraclete.

Magnificence is the hallmark of sovereigns and princes, who inspire their liberality towards the magnificence of God, just as their government conforms to divine justice. But nothing can compete with the grandeur of God's work: infinite grandeur both in the order of Creation and — in an infinitely superior way — in the order of Redemption. A magnificence that is divine in its perfections, boundless in its ability to radiate, similar to the beneficial light of the Sun, filling each and every one of us with graces and undeserved and gratuitous favors. And it is absolute gratuitousness that distinguishes the work of Our Lord, established

from all eternity to make reparation for Adam's sin through the Incarnation, Passion, and Death of the Man-God. The *Gifts* of the Holy Spirit are also free; *Grace* is free, *gratis data*, granted freely. The blessed eternity that is prepared for us in Heaven is also free, the sanctification that the Church brings about through the Sacraments is free, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is free.

But if *gratia*, the absolute gratuitousness of the Good that comes to us from God, is a divine note that unites omnipotence and mercy in the wonderful bond of Charity; on the other hand, everything that comes from Satan has a price, nothing is free, because he has nothing to give and everything to steal by means of deception and lies; because he comes from those who want our present and eternal evil, envying supremely the Redemption of Christ and even more the humility of the Immaculate Virgin, whom the Most Holy Trinity gratuitously adorned with the privilege of being conceived without stain of sin to make her a worthy tabernacle of the Most High.

Satan, the merchant of death. Satan, the eternal deceiver, the one who sells with fraud what does not belong to him and by means of fraud purchases our immortal soul, bartering it for the nothingness of false goods that are ephemeral and mendacious. What we see reigning in the opposing camp is the deception, the simulation, and the lie. A lie that Satan wants to be recognized as such, but nevertheless be approved and accepted. Because while God's work is the work of truth — coming from Him Who is absolute Truth — the devil's work is always fiction. Satan is the great virtual reality scenographer of today's world, of the globalist society enslaved by the New Order, in which simulation and counterfeiting are the hallmark of the action of the Adversary.

"What a beautiful child: she looks like a doll!" we often hear it said. "What a beautiful view: it looks like a postcard!" In these common expressions, often used naively, the fraudulent matrix of the work of the Enemy is shown, who because he is a creature is incapable of creating from nothing, and must therefore resort to imitating the Creator in order to deceive us men. The Prince of this world offers us artificial and false models that seem to be what they are not, that are not moved by Infinite Charity, as the works of God are, but rather by livid hatred against the Divine Majesty and His creatures. Surrogate motherhood, genetic manipulation, bioengineering, transhumanism and the obscene mutilations of gender transition, the parody of same-sex marriage, the delirium of being able to decide life and death by abortion and euthanasia — these are all lies and frauds of the liar, the simulator, the *simia Dei*.

The same thing also happens within the sacred enclosure, where heretics and apostates have always claimed to replace the perfections of Divine Revelation with their counterfeits; indeed, presenting themselves for what they are not, as false shepherds, as false prophets,

as antichrists. The Antichrist himself, who will reign in the end times before being exterminated by the breath of Christ, is a simulator, a fraudulent imitator of the true Christ. The prophet of the Antichrist is also an impostor, the one who in the Book of the Apocalypse is presented as the Antichrist's collaborator, the head of the Religion of Humanity, the preacher of ecologism and Masonic humanism.

If we look at the disastrous situation in which the Bride of Christ finds herself, we find all those false shepherds and mercenaries who make lies and deceit their reason for living embedded within the Church like malignant tumors, and who, like their fellow men in the civil sphere, present themselves as promoters of peace and brotherhood, as defenders of the weak, the poor, and the dispossessed, while in reality they are servants of the powerful, accomplices of tyrants, and proponents of division who are ruthless towards their enemies, that is, the good Christians. But above all: against God, against Jesus Christ, against the Blessed Virgin Mary, against the Holy Church. Everything in their actions is false: the synod on synodality is false, which under the appearance of a true synod adulterates the Faith; the alleged consultations of the people of God are false, which are piloted by deception; their claims made about the dignity of women are false, which are used to undermine the Catholic Priesthood; their charity towards sinners is false, whom they do not admonish but rather confirm in sin, losing their souls. The "spirit" that inspires their delusions is also false; the "god of surprises" who legitimizes their errors is false; their "Pentecost" is also false, which contradicts the action of the Paraclete and their "church" is false, which eclipses the true Church of Christ. False, scandalous, and criminal is the parody of a sacrament that has been erected, in which an experimental serum modifies the human genome through mRNA technology, but which Bergoglio did not hesitate to sacrilegiously define as an "act of love" and a "light of hope for all." False too is the respect for Creation shown by the "Amazonian church," which renders idolatrous worship to Mother Earth and ratifies the manipulations of geo-engineering contrary to nature, which God has created.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus, reple tuorum corda fidelium: et tui amoris in eis ignem accende. The Divine Liturgy of the day of Pentecost is a hymn to the Holy Spirit, indeed it is a song of love by the Church to Divine Love, Who proceeds from the Father and the Son. In the Gradual of the Mass, in order to emphasize the power of this invocation, we have pronounced these words kneeling: *Come, Holy Spirit, fill the hearts of Your faithful, and kindle in them the fire of Your love.* A fire that illuminates our minds with faith and warms our hearts with charity.

The Holy Spirit — Who is the Spirit of Truth — acts in silence: the silence of our hearts, which allow themselves to be counseled and inspired; the silence of recollection here in this church, in which the dignified composure of the Divine Liturgy bows before the action of the Paraclete Who is invoked by the Ministers to bless and sanctify both things and persons; the

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silence of so many souls in the world who seem voiceless, oppressed as they are by the infernal clamor of the hosts of the Enemy, yet who still do the will of God. And it is in silence that the most incredible miracles of the Holy Spirit are performed, Who bestows His gifts upon us with divine magnificence, gifts which are free, just as supernatural Grace is free.

Let us implore the Comforter — *dulcis hospes animæ, sweet guest of the soul* — with the words of the splendid Pentecost Sequence, so that He may truly be rest for us in the midst of the effort of facing our daily duties, refreshment amidst the torrid desert of this rebellious world, and consolation in the midst of the tears we shed at seeing His Bride tortured on earth. May the Paraclete wash away every stain of sin, bathe the dryness of so many souls with Grace, and heal the wounds of our hearts which bleed for this *passio Ecclesiæ* that seems endless. May the hardness of sinners' hearts bend to God's will, may the apostolate of Pastors be nourished by the flame of charity, and may the faith of so many who falter before the apparent triumph of evil be supported.

Come, Holy Spirit, and renew the face of the earth, the earth which the Father has created, the Son has redeemed, and which You sanctify by means of the Holy Church. And so may it be.

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Dominica Pentecostes