

Repent

Every Lent is different. Yet they all have the same Ending. People often shudder at the word 'repent', or 'repentance'. They do so because in one way or another it scares them. It may scare them because they do not want to see the need. It may really scare them because they finally realize the need. I've listened to many talks on repentance. In what is left of my memory, the best came from the sanctuary of our little parish, as father after father over the decades, spoke about the need to...

Transform.

Yes, it was one of our priests who defined repentance, using his knowledge of Greek and Latin, to explain that to repent, is to transform. I know this process does not end here, on this planet. *Even those who actually **do the work of our Master, in thought... and in word... and in deed...** know they are not finished, transforming.* If you think you are finished transforming... well, God loves a fool but I don't even want to wonder what He thinks about this 'type' of fool.

The self-satisfied one.

I posted an article on clementcharles.substack.com entitled 'War' shortly after one of our seemingly endless human false gods or prophets, minions of the evil one (knowingly or not), made his move against forty four million plus of our sisters and brothers. It is about we, as a world, needing a radical transformation.

I began the article with... **War. What Is It Good For? Absolutely Nothing!!**

'War', is a [counterculture era soul](#) song written by [Norman Whitfield](#) and [Barrett Strong](#) for the [Motown](#) label in 1969. Whitfield first produced the song – an obvious [anti-Vietnam War](#) statement – with [The Temptations](#) as the original vocalists. – Wikipedia.

I'm no longer physically capable of becoming an armed warrior like my father, who was a great one, *but not by his choice*. But I am definitely, if only as a Private in the Army, a prayer warrior. Our Lady warned us many times particularly in the last two centuries, usually through little children, like those at Fatima, about the impending doom of war. And she asked we pray ceaselessly for peace. So I pray. I pray first and foremost for the people of the Ukraine. I pray for my Lithuanian cousins, who are very much afraid Putin will turn on them next. This is not fake news. My sister has visited them in the very recent past and hears from them almost daily. **They are really afraid.**

I pray for all the victims Those Russian soldiers who are being used as sacrificial pawns in an evil game of chess. I pray for the people of Russia who are being arrested by the thousands for screaming out against this war and will be punished all the more by our economic games. I pray for the West. I pray the leaders of the West will find some guts, some true grit, to stop this madness. I pray they quit playing games and act. I pray earnestly that 'the West' turn from what it is now, *to what it represented when my father fought and suffered intensely for it*, in the last Great War. The impacts on him never ended (though one would NEVER know it) until he went with to be with Him, Who my Dad served faithfully every day of his life.

I pray for a culture that understands what it is to have a moral compass, that truly embraces the pure ideals of democracy, that puts the needs of the greater good above self-interest, that believer or not, embraces what our Master taught us... To Love Him and to Love each other. And to love each other everywhere and everybody.

I pray we transform..... It's probable by the time you read this, Kyiv will have fallen. I pray again for a miracle of miracles that it has not.

Clement
Clementcharles.substack.com