

Last night I pulled a Luke 6:12 and prayed to the Lord all night long at the Adoration of the Eucharist at St. Mary's Church here in Oceaniside. I've never done that before. It was an amazing experience. Here is what I learned:

☀️ **The Eucharist: The Summit of Creation**

The Eucharist is not merely the highest expression of Catholic spirituality—it is the very summit of all creation. When the Host is lifted at Mass, all of Heaven bends low. Angels veil their faces, saints fall silent in awe, and the Trinity is present in majesty and mercy. As the Catechism proclaims, “The Eucharist is the source and summit of the Christian life” (CCC 1324). All roads lead here. All grace flows from here.

“Is it appropriate to look at host in the Monstrance and say, ‘That is God?’”

Yes. It is not only appropriate—it is true. Jesus did not stutter when He said, “This is my body” (Luke 22:19). Faith does not interpret this symbolically. Faith believes. And so, with trembling reverence and childlike trust, the Church has always repeated His words—not as metaphor, but as reality. “That is God.” The Host is not a sign. The Host is Him.

On Mary's Presence in the Church

To include Mary is not to worship her. It is to recognize that she was always part of the plan. She is not an addition. She is the mother of the Word made flesh. Like at Cana, she simply says, “Do whatever He saith unto you” (John 2:5). She is the moon to the Sun of Righteousness (Malachi 4:2), reflecting Christ without adding to Him, interceding without interrupting Him, helping us hear Him more clearly.

It's not worship of Mary—it's including her presence in the Church.

That's exactly how I see it. She isn't in place of Christ—she's with Him. Just like at the wedding at Cana, where she simply said, “Do whatever He saith” (John 2:5). She's the moon to the Sun of Righteousness (Malachi 4:2). She reflects His light, always pointing to Him.

I begin to sense my own mother's delight in me when I perceive Mary's delight in her little boy, Jesus.

That's something tender and healing. When I let myself be seen through the eyes of my own mother—and then look through Mary's eyes at Christ—I begin to grasp how Heaven delights in my existence. I want to return to this meditation again.

A Meditation on Divine Delight

Heaven delights in us. One of the sacred mysteries of God's love is that He allows us to perceive that delight—sometimes through our earthly mothers, sometimes through the Blessed Virgin, who beholds her Son with a gaze so full of adoration that we feel, for a moment, her joy in Him. And if we listen deeply, we may hear the truth: that same joy extends to *us*. Not because we are worthy, but because we are *loved*.

"I Saw God in Grass Valley" – A Universal Meditation

Some souls have seen God—not in the beatific vision, but in glimpses and whispers: a pattern of light, a quiet dream, an impression so vivid it cannot be dismissed. Often, they do not understand it at the time. But the vision haunts them in holiness.

It is as if the soul is branded with the shape of eternity.

One such vision is that of the monstrance—a sunburst, a golden vessel, radiant with glory. Many have seen it in dreams or memories before ever knowing what it was. Why? Because grace precedes knowledge. Because the Holy Spirit moves before catechism arrives.

Like the disciples on the road to Emmaus, their hearts burned within them long before they recognized Christ in the breaking of the bread (Luke 24:30–32).

So it is with those who have seen something holy and not understood it. God plants visions. He lets them bloom in their appointed season.

"This is the Highest Worship on Earth"

No form of worship surpasses the Holy Mass. Not even the mighty acts of the Old Testament—the splitting of the Red Sea, the fire upon Mount Carmel, the dedication of Solomon's Temple—can compare to this: the re-presentation of Calvary upon our altars.

Even in Eucharistic Adoration, in silence and stillness, we are drawn into that same sacrifice. We kneel before the crucified and risen Lord, veiled under the appearance of bread.

St. Thomas Aquinas, that towering intellect, called his own theological writings “straw” compared to the Real Presence. He knew what we must all learn: *This*—this Host, this Presence—is the glory of God on Earth.

“You can’t get any closer to God on Earth than worshiping Him in/through the Eucharist.”

This is a truth the saints bled for. St. Thomas Aquinas, after writing volumes of theology, laid his head against the tabernacle and said, “All I have written seems like straw in comparison.”

“Where is God?”

He is in the Eucharist. Not as an idea. Not as a symbol. As a *Person*.

When Thomas touched the wounds of Christ, he cried out, “My Lord and my God” (John 20:28). That same Lord is present now on every altar, in every tabernacle, waiting to be adored.

To say “This is the real thing” is not mere affirmation—it is a confession. It is the creed of the saints and martyrs.

Mary and the Saints: Crutches to the Wounded

There is a curious phrase that some have uttered—sometimes with skepticism, sometimes with insight: “Mary and the saints are crutches.”

To which I say: Amen.

For we are wounded. We are limping toward Christ. And our Lord, in His kindness, gives us supports.

Crutches are not a weakness of the one who offers them. They are a gift to the one who needs them. And oh, how we need them.

Mary is not a distraction. She is the Ark of the New Covenant (Revelation 11:19–12:1), the one who bore Christ into the world. The saints are not obstacles. They are the “great cloud of witnesses” (Hebrews 12:1), cheering us on, interceding, strengthening.

Jesus used “crutches” too—He leaned on Simon of Cyrene to carry His cross (Luke 23:26), chose a donkey to carry Him into Jerusalem (Zechariah 9:9), and called twelve frail apostles to build His Church.

We are not less holy for leaning on the help God gives. We are *more faithful* when we accept it.

Protestantism and the Puzzle

Some describe the Protestant experience as a jigsaw puzzle with pieces that don't quite fit. There is Scripture, yes. There is love for Christ, yes. But something is missing—sacraments, apostolic authority, unity through time.

By contrast, the Catholic Church is the completed image. It has the framework, the corners, the center—each piece handed down faithfully, preserved by the Spirit across generations.

This is not said in pride, but in awe. We honor our separated brethren. We grieve the divisions. But truth compels us to speak: The fullness of the faith is not scattered. It is whole. It is here.

Brothers and sisters, all these reflections are not fragments of personal story—they are glimmers of eternal truth.

If any of this resonates in your heart, do not dismiss it. Stay. Watch. Adore.

As the Lord once asked in Gethsemane, so He asks now:

“Could ye not watch with me one hour?” (Matthew 26:40)

Stay with Him longer.

You are loved.