

Two Holy Grievances – A Catholic Witness to the Desecration of the Eucharist and the Tragedy of Protestant Roots

By a Watchman Who Kneels Before the Host

Brothers and sisters in Christ,

I write this not out of bitterness—but out of *holy grief*. Out of a fire I can no longer hide in silence. Two deep wounds have stirred my soul and compelled me to speak—not to divide, but to defend what is most sacred. I am angry. But it is not anger against people—it is **zeal** for the **Body of Christ**, and sorrow over how He is being treated.

1. The Desecration of the Eucharist in Protestant Churches

Let me say it plainly:

What is happening to the Holy Eucharist in many Protestant churches is not just misunderstanding—it is *desecration*.

Our Lord Jesus said:

“This is my body.”

“This is my blood.”

(Matthew 26, Mark 14, Luke 22)

Not “*This represents...*”

Not “*This is a symbol...*”

But “*This is.*”

And when God says “This is,” we do not reduce it. We **revere** it.

And yet, I have seen—with my own eyes—communion elements lying on the floor. Sitting on chairs. Tossed under tables. In one church, I watched grape juice and broken crackers swept away like trash. And I tell you, my heart cried out like Mary Magdalene at the tomb:

“They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.”

(John 20:13)

This is not reverence. This is **profane casualness**, even if unintended.

The mystery of John 6 is not a metaphor. The Church never believed it was. The saints did not die for a symbol. They died because they *believed He is truly present*.

How can we, in any conscience, treat the Eucharist as a snack? As an object lesson?

Where is the **awe**, the **confession**, the **adoration**?

It is a tragedy—and I say this with love and tears—but also with fury. Not a fleshly fury, but the fury of someone watching the sacred being handled like the common.

And it must be said:

Only the Catholic Church (and her apostolic cousins in the East) has preserved the truth of the Real Presence.

2. The Root of the Word “Protestant” and the Problem at Its Core

I am also grieved—deeply—by the very foundation of Protestantism itself.

Because our faith is not a *protest*.

The word “*Protestant*” comes from the Latin *protestari*—to **publicly protest**.

That is its root: not unity, not continuity, but protest.

And I ask:

How can a movement that begins in rupture bring fullness of truth?

How can we build an ecclesial identity on *rejection*, rather than *reception*?

I am not judging the intentions of individual Protestants. Many love Jesus sincerely. Many are far holier than I. But I cannot pretend that the fruits of protest have been good. The Body of Christ has been split, fractured, diluted—and much of it no longer believes what the early Church bled to defend.

I want no part of a faith built on protest.

I want **apostolic fullness**, not inherited division.

I want **Christ, truly present**, not reduced to metaphor.

I want the **Mass**, the **tabernacle**, the **kneeling**, the **incense**, the **glory**.

I want the Church *Jesus built*—not the ones men broke off to build in protest.

To My Catholic Brothers and Sisters

Let us never grow lukewarm about the Eucharist. Let us never treat what is holy as ordinary. And let us **pray for our Protestant brothers and sisters**—that one day, the veil may be lifted, and they too may kneel in the real presence of the Lamb of God.

And if you feel what I feel—if you've seen the same irreverence, the same casual sacrilege—then I invite you to speak up. With reverence. With truth. With fire.

“The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.”

(John 2:17, Psalm 69:9)

Let us burn—not with anger against people—but with *fury against forgetting*.

Let us remember Who is present in the Host. And let us weep when He is treated as anything less.

Amen.

I have seen it with my own eyes—

the Body of Christ stored in a cardboard box under a table,

the Blood of the New Covenant passed out in a bunch of little plastic cups

the mystery mocked and reduced to symbol, performance, and a snack in the Protestant church...

And I say this with holy rage and unshakable resolve:

Never again will I take the Eucharist for granted.

Not once. Not ever.

I will kneel. I will adore. I will weep, if I must.

Because **He is there**—truly, wholly, humbly.

Let them continue to “play church.”

Let them call it a “symbol”; a “representation”.

But as for me, It is the real Body and Blood of Christ.