



ON SANCTITY

by Alice V. Guerrero

Have you ever contemplated on the meaning of the word sanctity? It has a deep significance.

A host of people, heroes and heroines of God, have lived and left the earth leaving the fragrance and benediction of their sanctity. And it is from their lives that we may derive and sum up the meaning of the word.

The word sanctity implies holiness and perfection, the end and aim of our existence.

Sanctity sinks its roots in the very foundations and depths of the soul. Sanctity is deep, not shallow; it is clear and pure, not vague. And because it is deep, it is also lasting for it pervades the whole lifetime of the individual. Sanctity is not a spark

or the glow of an ember that dies in a moment, but it is a flame so powerful that it sets the soul and heart on fire.

Sanctity governs the whole individual, every faculty of his—the mind, the will, and the heart, the seat of emotions.

Sanctity is the clasped, folded hands of one deep in prayer and not the fists that clench with hatred.

Love is its base and foundation for it is the love of God which makes it bloom and blossom into it. Thus, we conclude that sanctity is spiritual perfection founded in the love of Christ.

But if we wish to grasp the entire meaning of the word, we must first catch a glimpse of Heaven.



"Joe, did you hear Eleo snoring in church this morning during the sermon? It was simply shameful, ain't it?"

"Yes, yes, I did—it woke me up."

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A vain young clergyman asked an old man how he enjoyed his sermon.

"I like one passage at the end very much," said the old man.

"Which was that?" he asked.

"The one from the pulpit to the vestry," said the old man.