CLIMB MONTSERRAT

For a thousand years, the men and women of this land have been climbing Montserrat. Why? What mysterious force compels them to scale this steep, rugged, and wild mountain?

Simple shepherds, cultured monks, kings and beggars, soldiers and wise men climbed. They climbed in search of God. They climbed because they knew that from high above, the heartbeat of heaven could be heard best. There, in a small cave, they found Mary: not a distant goddess, but a dark, incarnate Mother, made from the very dust of the Catalan earth.

Montserrat is not just a sanctuary. It's a declaration of war against fear and mediocrity. Climbing Montserrat is saying to life: "I will not resign myself. I will not settle for walking on flat ground. I want to look down from above, I want to breathe faith."

And that is exactly what we see in Mary today in Luke's Gospel: she doesn't wait at home for God to resolve her life. She runs, she climbs, she exposes herself, she serves.

Mary's faith—and Montserrat's faith—is a faith of movement, of risk, of heights.

What do the thousand years of pilgrimages mean? They mean that each generation has had to decide whether to remain locked in its fears... or to dare to ascend. Climbing implies effort, it implies abandoning useless baggage, it implies not looking only at the ground.

The monastery of Montserrat, standing like a fortress in the heights, is not a refuge for escape, but a beacon of resistance. It has withstood wars, fires, looting, and persecution. And it remains, just as simple faith remains when all else collapses.

As Simone Weil said: “Climbing a mountain doesn't change the mountain. It changes the climber.”

Climbing Montserrat doesn't change God. It changes us. It reminds us of who we are and where we are going.

And today, a thousand years later, before the Virgin of Montserrat, we are asked the same question:

Are you willing to climb the mountain of faith, or would you prefer to wander eternally on the plain of ease?

Montserrat is still there. The Virgin is still there. The question is still there. And the answer... is at your feet.

Because there is no true faith without ascent. There is no Montserrat without wounds on the feet. There is no heaven without mountains to conquer.