

THE POPE WHO KNELT: How Francis Made the Church Feel Like Home Again

A Tribute to Pope Francis

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Pope Francis passed away on Easter Monday.

It wasn't an accident. It was a divine whisper.

As if he waited for the Alleluia—waited for the Church to rejoice one last time—before quietly stepping into the promise he had spent his life proclaiming. He didn't just die after Easter. He died into it.

That timing was his final act of love.

Because his whole life had always followed a different rhythm—
Not the rhythm of power, protocol, or pride—
But the rhythm of mercy.

He carried much.
The pain of the poor.
The division in the Church.
The fatigue of a world losing its soul.
He bore it—not perfectly—but faithfully.

He limped through history.
But never stopped walking.
He showed up—again and again—with gentleness, conviction, and grace.

He was tired.
But never absent.
Wounded. But never bitter.
Human. But full of God.

He changed the papacy—not with power, but with presence.
He rode the bus. Paid his own bill. Lived in a guesthouse.
His first act as Pope was not to command, but to bow—and ask for our prayers.

Because true authority kneels.

He showed us that the Gospel doesn't always roar—it sometimes whispers.

That love is louder in humility than in applause.
That greatness isn't in thrones—but in towels used to wash feet.

He didn't just preach mercy.
He became mercy.

He visited prisons. Embraced the disabled. Welcomed the refugee.
He walked into war zones, not to speak, but to listen.
He stood at the edges—where pain was thickest—and made sure no one stood alone.

He reminded us:
Faith is not a fortress.
It's a field hospital.
And the Church? It's not for the flawless.
It's for the bleeding, the doubting, the searching, and the tired.

And now—after Easter—he is gone.

But maybe this was his final homily.
Not spoken with words, but lived in the timing of his death.
Not shouted from a pulpit, but written in the silence between Alleluia and Amen.

A soft, holy surrender to a life poured out.

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith."
—2 Timothy 4:7

Yes.
He fought—with mercy.
He ran—with purpose.
He kept the faith—not flawlessly, but fiercely.

And now, his race is done.
The veil has lifted.
And Love has taken him home.

So yes, we mourn.
But we remember.

We remember the Pope who made us believe again—

In a Church that kneels beside the wounded.
In a Gospel that welcomes the doubter.
In a God who still walks with us, even through the darkest valleys.

We remember that sainthood is not perfection—it's presence.
That faith is not a prize—it's a light we pass on.
That love—real love—leaves a trail of healing behind it.

Pope Francis didn't just lead us.
He knelt with us.
He wept with us.
He believed for us, when we struggled to believe at all.

He waited for Easter—because he believed in the promise.
And now, that promise is his.

The light has found him.
The wounds are gone.
And Mercy Himself has taken him by the hand.

What he leaves behind isn't just a legacy.
It's a call.

A call to love without fear.
To lead by kneeling.
To forgive quickly.
To serve without titles.
To walk humbly and live boldly.

To believe, even now, that another world is still possible.

He is gone from us now.
But not from the world he tried to heal.
Because when mercy wears flesh, it doesn't disappear—
It multiplies.