

The pumpkin that had done nothing



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Once upon a time, there was a beautiful orange pumpkin that grew peacefully in a small garden. Every year, in the fall, it was picked, a scary face was carved into it, and a candle was placed inside for Halloween. The pumpkin hadn't done anything wrong. It was simply a "fruit" of God's creation.

That year, Grandma arrived as usual. She saw the disfigured pumpkin again on the front steps. She gently picked it up, sat down on the stairs, and spoke to it in a low voice, as if to a friend:

“Poor little pumpkin... Why do you make yourself so ugly every year? You haven’t done anything wrong. Long ago, you know, well before Jesus, pagan peoples celebrated the Celtic festival of Samhain. They believed that on that night, spirits and dark forces could more easily enter the world of the living. So some people practiced magic, trying to contact these evil spirits, and others carved scary faces into vegetables, placed a candle inside, and thought that this would protect them from evil spirits.”

Today, all of this has turned into a game: witches, ghosts, demons everywhere in the street, look at all these houses decorated with bats and other spiders; the world no longer knows what it’s playing with, people no longer believe in anything and think that dressing up as a ghost or a monster has no consequences on their lives; oh no! Playing with fear and darkness only brings fear and darkness sooner or later!



I assure you, my "little one," God did not create you for that, much less to frighten or to drive away darkness from hearts and homes...

"and he saw that all that he had created was good" (Genesis, verse 31), murmured the grandmother...



The problem, you see, is that today we find amusement in everything, we no longer truly have faith, and unwittingly, we reopen a "little door" to an invisible world that humankind will never be able to control on its own. The devil always likes to hide behind what seems amusing and has fascinated our world since the dawn of time! A pumpkin has never protected us from misfortune, sadness, or sorrow; God, however, has!

Halloween actually means the eve of All Saints' Day, but the world conveniently forgets that. And yet, that night is indeed a night preceding a day of Light: the Feast of All Saints in Heaven, our true protectors, all those who are in Heaven, waiting for us and praying for us.

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It seems to me that it would be better to spend one's time praying, lighting pretty candles on balconies, telling stories about the lives of the Saints, even dressing up as one's "Patron Saint" rather than playing with fear and disfiguring such a beautiful pumpkin...my poor thing, it pains me to see you like this...

The little girl, who had seen her Grandma arrive, had gone down the stairs.

She was about to go out when she heard everything. She approached her grandmother and said softly:

"What you said is true, Grandma..." The grandmother looked at her, surprised but tender:





“Yes, my love... Did you hear me?” “Yes. Why didn’t you ever tell me?” “Because I didn’t want to interfere with how your parents are raising you. They think they’re not doing anything wrong, that it’s just a ‘game,’ and that I’m the old and superstitious one. But everything I told you is true. In Deuteronomy, chapter 18, verses 10 to 12, God explicitly forbids all practices of magic, divination, and the occult for his people. By celebrating Halloween like all your neighbors, you’re reviving an old tradition connected to magic and darkness. This pumpkin in Celtic times was simply a white magic ritual, a ‘protection’ ritual.”

There is no distinction between “white magic” and “black magic”.

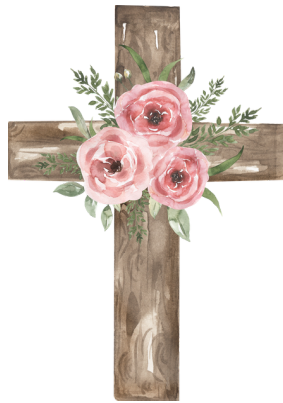
Both are considered to be part of the same reality.

Any attempt to use occult forces or objects to achieve a supernatural effect apart from God is condemned by the Church, regardless of whether the intention is good or bad. The protective pumpkin, if truly used as a magical amulet, falls under this same practice.

A pumpkin carved with a scary face is not a neutral object. It is historically linked to the legend of Jack O' Lantern, that damned soul whose story you know; all of this is part of a set of symbols which, in the context of Halloween, evoke death, spirits and the macabre.

Even if the intention is purely "decorative" or "playful", the act is part of a culture that trivializes evil.

Highlighting images related to the occult or the demonic, even "as a joke," can create vulnerability and... open a door to an invisible world from which we must stay away!



When you have faith, you believe in the Light of God, but you also know that the dark side of the force exists. You know, when a child says "trick or treat," it's not insignificant; an esoteric connection is forged, even unintentionally. It's like opening a small door by turning a key—nothing dangerous in itself, but if you go further down this dark path, the danger grows. Yet people prefer to have fun... and then they wonder why so much misfortune crosses their paths. How can God, who is just, protect us all the time if we disobey Him all the time?

The little girl lowered her eyes and confided in a low voice:

“Grandma... I’ve been having nightmares about witches and spiders a lot since we started doing all those Halloween coloring pages at school. And Joy, our little dog, barks a lot because he’s scared on Halloween. When the children ring the doorbell in their spooky costumes, he gets aggressive. That’s why Mom and Dad put him in the back garden, so he stays calm.” Grandma hugged her.

“You see, my dear... even Joy senses that something isn’t right.” That evening, the little girl spoke gently to her parents. Together, they peeled off the scary face of the pumpkin and made a delicious soup. As for the pumpkin’s beautiful skin, it ended up in the compost bin in the garden, making excellent fertilizer for the vegetable patch. The poor little pumpkin had finally become quite useful!

*They placed a beautiful white candle outside and said:
“Jesus, light of the world, protect us. Saints of heaven, pray for us.”*



The pumpkin, which had done nothing wrong, had nourished a whole family who marveled at the beautiful orange color of the creamy soup; it was simply what it had been created for: to grow and nourish the children, women, and men of the world, but also to delight our senses: sight and taste... Even hearing, because with a beautiful calabash, the pumpkin's cousin, one can make melodious musical instruments like a guitar...

And the little girl understood that choosing the Light of Jesus and the Feast of the Saints is always the most beautiful and peaceful of games. From that day on, she decided to no longer be like the others, to no longer live as a "photocopy" of her classmates, or as she used to say, "a copycat!" She had begun to choose the path of the Light! The one that had finally made all her nightmares of monsters and witches disappear!

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