

## Miguel de Unamuno, *Tragic Sense of Life*

At Nicæa, then, as afterwards at the Vatican, victory rested with the idiots—taking this word in its proper, primitive, and etymological sense—the simple-minded, the rude and headstrong bishops, the representatives of the genuine human spirit, the popular spirit, the spirit that does not want to die, in spite of whatever reason may say, and that seeks a guarantee, the most material possible, for this desire.

*Quid ad æternitatem?* This is the capital question. And the Creed ends with that phrase, *resurrectionem mortuorum et vitam venturi sæculi*—the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come. In the cemetery of Mallona, in my native town of Bilbao, there is a tombstone on which this verse is carved:

Aunque estamos en polvo convertidos,	<i>Though we are become dust,</i>
en Ti, Señor, nuestra esperanza fía,	<i>In thee, O Lord, our hope confides,</i>
que tornaremos a vivir vestidos	<i>That we shall live again clad</i>
con la carne y la piel que nos cubria.	<i>In the flesh and skin that once covered us.</i>

“With the same bodies and souls that they had,” as the Catechism says. So much so, that it is orthodox Catholic doctrine that the happiness of the blessed is not perfectly complete until they recover their bodies. They lament in heaven, says our Brother Pedro Malón de Chaide of the Order of St. Augustine, a Spaniard and a Basque, and “this lament springs from their not being perfectly whole in heaven, for only the soul is there; and although they cannot suffer, because they see God, in whom they unspeakably delight, yet with all this it appears that they are not wholly content. They will be so when they are clothed with their own bodies.”

And to this central dogma of the resurrection in Christ and by Christ corresponds likewise a central sacrament, the axis of popular Catholic piety—the Sacrament of the Eucharist. In it is administered the body of Christ, which is the bread of immortality.

