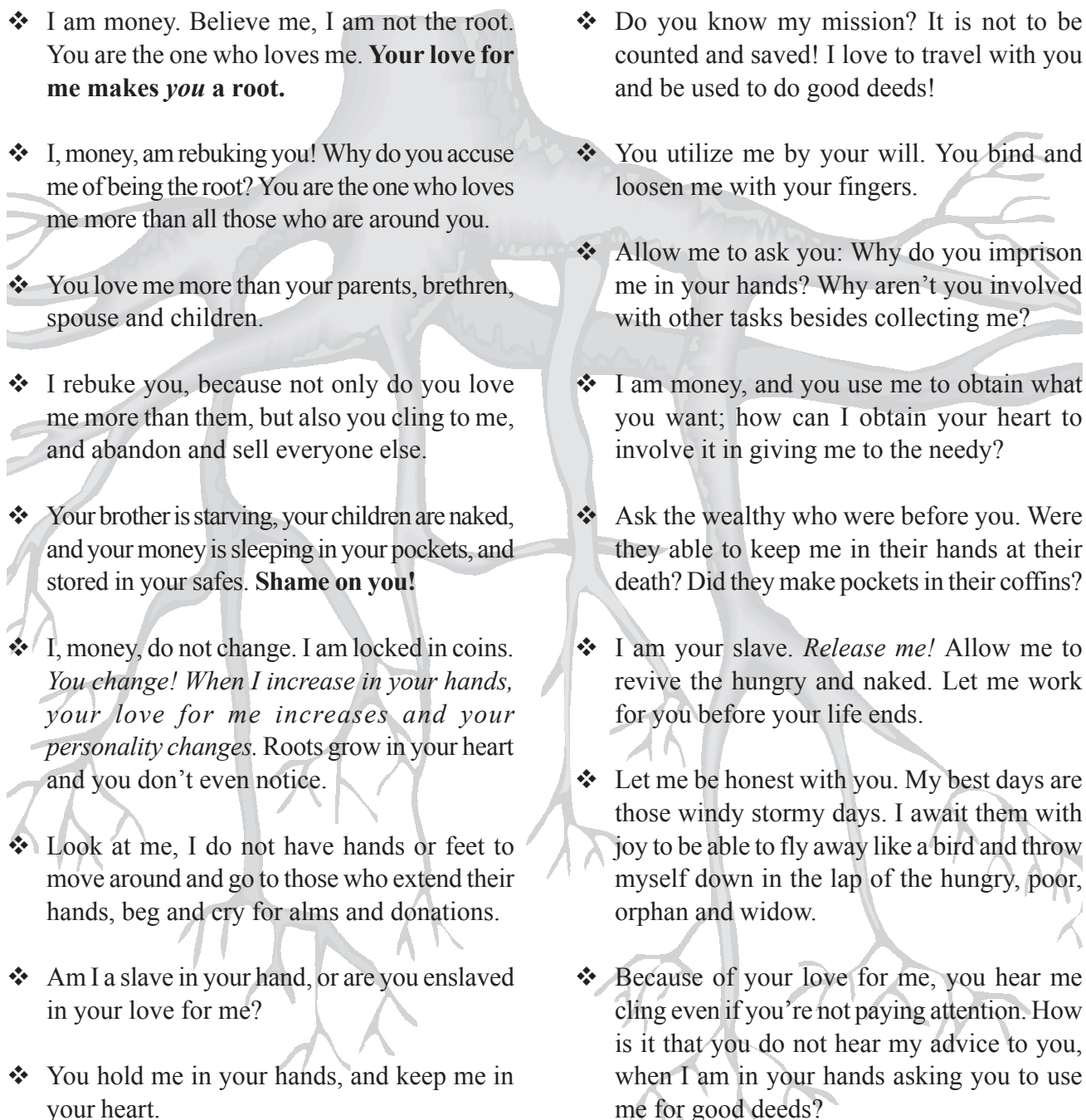




I Am Not the Root of All Evil

Written by: His Grace Bishop Kirillos
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- ❖ I am money. Believe me, I am not the root. You are the one who loves me. **Your love for me makes you a root.**
 - ❖ I, money, am rebuking you! Why do you accuse me of being the root? You are the one who loves me more than all those who are around you.
 - ❖ You love me more than your parents, brethren, spouse and children.
 - ❖ I rebuke you, because not only do you love me more than them, but also you cling to me, and abandon and sell everyone else.
 - ❖ Your brother is starving, your children are naked, and your money is sleeping in your pockets, and stored in your safes. **Shame on you!**
 - ❖ I, money, do not change. I am locked in coins. *You change! When I increase in your hands, your love for me increases and your personality changes.* Roots grow in your heart and you don't even notice.
 - ❖ Look at me, I do not have hands or feet to move around and go to those who extend their hands, beg and cry for alms and donations.
 - ❖ Am I a slave in your hand, or are you enslaved in your love for me?
 - ❖ You hold me in your hands, and keep me in your heart.
 - ❖ Do you know my mission? It is not to be counted and saved! I love to travel with you and be used to do good deeds!
 - ❖ You utilize me by your will. You bind and loosen me with your fingers.
 - ❖ Allow me to ask you: Why do you imprison me in your hands? Why aren't you involved with other tasks besides collecting me?
 - ❖ I am money, and you use me to obtain what you want; how can I obtain your heart to involve it in giving me to the needy?
 - ❖ Ask the wealthy who were before you. Were they able to keep me in their hands at their death? Did they make pockets in their coffins?
 - ❖ I am your slave. *Release me!* Allow me to revive the hungry and naked. Let me work for you before your life ends.
 - ❖ Let me be honest with you. My best days are those windy stormy days. I await them with joy to be able to fly away like a bird and throw myself down in the lap of the hungry, poor, orphan and widow.
 - ❖ Because of your love for me, you hear me cling even if you're not paying attention. How is it that you do not hear my advice to you, when I am in your hands asking you to use me for good deeds?



- ❖ You are a fool for thinking that I am your precious treasure. Do you not know that your everlasting treasure is your love for your family and friends? That love will last, even after you depart!
- ❖ I am the money that you love. I speak to you from between your hands and from your pockets and your safes. I tell you the truth: all who serve you and pretend to love and respect you do so because of me, *not you!*
- ❖ They listen to your words and fulfill your requests because of your *wealth!* Look at your poor neighbor. He does not possess money like you do, but he possesses love and wisdom more than you. Alas, he is not heard because the words of the poor are despised.
- ❖ I, money, am not the root. Do not do unto me evil by making me a reward to those who kill the innocent and pervert justice.
- ❖ Do not put me in the hands of those who justify the guilty and condemn the just, nor in the hands of those who unlawfully open closed doors for you.
- ❖ I am uncomfortable because you pretend to be poor to gain more of me. You have what is sufficient and abundant; why do you pretend poverty? Do you not know that he who claims lackness will lose even what he has?
- ❖ You use me to perform evil and claim that I am the root. Who is it that steals, lusts and bribes? Is it not *you?*
- ❖ Let me tell you a story. My masters hid me in the earth. They buried me and died. I am still hidden, no one knows where I am except them. They thought that life was enduring and this world eternal. Strangely, if I am to be found, they will take me from this dark prison to put me in another prison. They will place me in museums and guard me. They will take pictures of me as if I am an alien. I become an exhibition for many generations. No one knows that I spent my days with a stingy selfish master, who did no good deeds and did not fulfill my mission.
- ❖ I want to let you hear the voice of your created that **my love** is the root (1 Timothy 6:10)
- ❖ Come and see. Who are those that sit at the right hand of the Divine Throne? They are the ones who had compassion for the sick, naked, hungry, strangers and imprisoned. They cared for those little ones. (Matthew 25: 31-40)
- ❖ I am money! I am your title! My place is not with you. Arise and place me in the Lord's treasure, and see how the windows of Heaven will be opened for you!

Translated by Gerges Gad
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