

# The Madness of Faith

Ninox Antolihao — Moments of Solitude

There are those who call the wildest cries of the mind “divine revelation.” They wander the streets, eyes burning with visions, voices echoing in silence, claiming to have seen what others cannot. Yet what they reveal is not light — it’s confusion wearing the mask of holiness.

If faith must destroy the mind to prove itself, then it was never faith — only surrender to madness. Truth that comes from the divine should never tear reason apart; it should guide it.

The true sacred does not demand blindness. It enters through clarity, through gentleness, through the quiet discipline of a mind that still dares to question. For a light that burns the eyes is not enlightenment — it is fire pretending to be grace.

Faith was meant to lift the heart, not chain it. It was meant to awaken, not to numb. If there is a God, He would not ask us to crawl in darkness when He gave us eyes to see.

Let faith, then, be the courage to think — and the humility to admit we don’t know. Let it never destroy. Let it guide.