

The Remnant

(Est. in 1967)

“... At the present time there is a remnant left, selected out of grace.” - Romans 11:5



A National Catholic Bi-Weekly based in St. Paul, Minnesota USA

December 31, AD 2015
Volume 48, Number 22

New Year's in the Trenches

(with a formerly Neo-Catholic band of brothers)

By Michael J. Matt

As 2015 draws to a close, The Remnant's **Urgent Appeal to Pope Francis to Either Change Course or Renounce the Petrine Office** (See Dec. 8, 2015 Remnant) has been translated into 11 languages, including Italian, Spanish, French, Romanian, Russian, German, Croatian, Slovak, Dutch, Portugese and Korean, with a couple more on the way. Nearly all of these are spontaneous efforts (not solicited by The Remnant) by faithful Catholics all over the world who have had enough.

The Letter has been read by well over 100,000 people (that we know of) and picked up by websites in all four hemispheres. News of our urgent appeal to the Pope reached newspapers everywhere after the Associated Press quoted it rather favorably in an article by Nicole Winfield.

It was officially signed by The Remnant stable of writers only, but an additional 5,000 Catholics have since added their names to the online English version. We have not yet tallied up the additional signatories from around the world, and those who would like to sign on to it can do so at: www.RemnantNewspaper.com

As the New Year begins, it's clear to us that Pope Francis's regime of novelty is
~ See *Editor's Desk*/ Page 2



Even God Needs Mercy? (A Troubling Homily by Pope Francis)

by Fr. Brian Harrison, O.S.

In the Traditional Latin Rite the Feast of the Holy Family is celebrated on the Sunday after Epiphany (January 10 this year). In the *Novus Ordo* calendar it comes two weeks earlier, on the Sunday within the Octave of Christmas; and Pope Francis, following up the two recent Synods on the Family, decided to celebrate this Feast publicly in St. Peter's Basilica on December 27. In both old and new rites, the Gospel for this Feast is St. Luke's account of the finding of the Child Jesus in the temple - the Fifth Joyful Mystery of the Rosary.

Unfortunately, our present Bishop of Rome used the occasion in order to preach a sermon that for countless faithful Catholics, including the present writer, had the effect of pouring a

bucket of ice-cold water all over the happy occasion, leaching out the joy and replacing it with shock, uncertainty and consternation. For Pope Francis here continued his seemingly unending series of 'firsts' - radically novel statements and decisions that none of his predecessors would ever have dreamed of making, and which, indeed, they would never have believed could be made by any Successor of Peter.

Now, to give credit where credit is due, the Holy Father said some very fine things in his homily for the Mass of the Holy Family. Indeed, his pronouncements nearly always contain much that is good, true and spiritually helpful. He could surely never have been elected to the highest office on earth if his track record revealed that most

~ See *God Needs Mercy?*/Page 5

Why Must We 'Rediscover' Catholicism? (Can't they just give it back?)

by Patrick Archbold

There is something about the modern mindset that corrupts language and thought. Take, for instance, the simple word 'rediscover.'

There is a lot of discussion in NuChurch at the moment about rediscovery. There is a Catholic pop-author giving away lots of books at parishes across the land asking us to 'rediscover' Catholicism. There is currently a fair bit of discussion going on in Catholic social media circles about the nature of this type of outreach. I don't intend any critique here of Matthew Kelly or his works, but rather a critique of the mindset that is hardly exclusive to Mr. Kelly.

Recently, I had to attend the One Eight Lifteen confirmation preparation program for one of my sons. I had to sit through the mandatory several-hour session with my son. It was painful beyond belief. We had to sit through games and discussions and activities, none of which had anything to do with the sacrament of confirmation, let alone Catholicism. We played Family Feud. We had to form groups to talk about family traditions. After several hours of this, they played a little video which talked about confirmation in very general ways as a sacrament. That was our

~ See *Rediscover Catholicism*/Page 6

The Internet: Alpha and Omega to a Brave New World

By Hilary White

“For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but wanting to have their ears tickled, they will accumulate for themselves teachers in accordance to their own desires, and will turn away their ears from the truth and will turn aside to myths...” 2 Timothy 4:3

In the late 90s, just before I left Vancouver and West Coast secular leftism forever, I had a conversation with a friend who told me to watch carefully

the progression of this new thing that was coming; World Wide Web, and what it was going to do to our civilisation. This was 1995, and he predicted that it would be a bigger game-changer than Gutenberg's press, bigger than the steam engine, bigger than the telephone, even than television. And he was right.

At the time, I'd used the internet twice, once to look up a Russian black bread recipe, and once to check the weather in China. I didn't have an email address, and I had no idea what a website was. Google came along the year after I

~ See *The Internet*/Page 7



'Living' online is awesome!

From the Editor's Desk Cont...

far less popular with practicing, faithful Catholics than the glowing homages in Rolling Stone magazine, Newsweek, and Time Magazine would suggest. In fact, it would seem that the Catholic world—or what's left of it, at any rate—is finally beginning to wake up, thanks in large measure to the regime of Pope Francis.

There was a time when the debate between so-called Traditional Catholics and their Neo-Catholic counterparts may have appeared to revolve around unresolved issues, where a degree of uncertainty about trajectory was perhaps understandable. After all, the clerical sex scandal had not yet knocked a hole in the hull of the barque of Peter at the waterline; the image of the degenerate pedophile had not yet been superimposed over the Catholic priesthood; widespread church closings were still a few years off; so-called gay 'marriage' was not the law of the land from America to Catholic Ireland as it is now; multi-million dollar lawsuits had not yet been filed against nearly every major diocese in the US; we had a rock star for a pope and the whole world seemed enamored with the "renewed" Catholic Church.

What's the problem with these 'rad trads'? How many times I heard this growing up back in the halcyon days of "renewal", when only students of history (read: traditionalists) were scanning the horizon for signs of the advancing hordes of anti-Christians that today dominate our lives. It may have been the

best of times on the face of things but the old traditionalists were convinced that it was the worst of times and that a spiritual reign of terror was imminent.

They were right, of course, but it's a lot easier to recognize the monumental crisis here in the bizarre pontificate of Pope Francis. And only an imbecile would fail to connect the dots between the Pope Francis Show and the 50-year-old regime of novelty of Vatican II and the New Mass that paved his way. The *aggiornamento* of yesterday has turned into the apostasy of today, and even children can now see that the 'spirit of Vatican II' made the pontificate of Francis an inevitable reality.

The good news? The regime of novelty is coming down like the insufferable felt banners that heralded its arrival. Evidence of this collapse is not difficult to find.

The National Catholic Reporter, for example, named a homosexual "married" couple their Persons of the Year for 2015. Why? Well as the NCR editorial explained, because of their "historic roles as plaintiffs in *Obergefell v. Hodges* and for their faithful public witness as gay Catholics." Yes, that's right—the plaintiffs in the landmark US Supreme Court case in which the Court held that the fundamental right to marry is guaranteed to same-sex couples.

Welcome to the 'Catholic' Church of Vatican II.

The problem for the neo-Modernists, however, is that this radical, anti-Catholic spirit indicts the regime of novelty in the minds of many who do not self-identify as "traditionalists" and yet who rightly wonder how and why the National Catholic Reporter is allowed to keep the name 'Catholic' when it's no longer Catholic. Has it become a "rad trad" position to defend the Church's infallible teachings on morality, marriage and homosexuality? Is SAINT John Paul II the GREAT himself a "rad trad"?

These are the questions now being asked by our soon-to-be-former neo-Catholic friends. After all, it was SAINT John Paul and the future Pope Benedict who wrote and promulgated *Considerations Regarding Proposals to Give Legal Recognition to Unions Between Homosexual Persons*, which teaches that: "Legal recognition of homosexual unions or placing them on the same level as marriage would mean not only the approval of deviant behavior, with the consequence of making it a model in present-day society, but would also obscure basic values which belong to the common inheritance of humanity."

Is the National Catholic Reporter—and the huge 'Catholic' constituency they represent—really more Catholic than two popes?

No? So what's going on here?!



A famous photograph of WWI German soldiers in the trenches in 1914 taking time out from killing and being killed to decorate a Christmas tree. They had much more in common with their foes than they realized.

The Church is in schism, obviously, and the honest neo-Catholics are now admitting it. They're not fans of the apostates that run the National Catholic Reporter. They're as sick and tired of this rot as we are! They're weary of defending the indefensible and playing the part of enabler to the anti-Christians who have commandeered the bridge.

Neo-Catholics are not faithless apostates like NCR's editors. They still pray their beads; they go to Mass, albeit more akin to a Protestant service than anything their fathers would have recognized as the Roman Rite; they are pro-life, pro-family, and count themselves among the most faithful Catholics in the world. So it's not surprising—given the auto-demolition of the Catholic Church from Rome to wherever you are sitting right now—that a high percentage of them are ready to abandon misplaced optimism and join the ranks of the Traditionalists (read: CATHOLICS!). When the ruthlessly secularist regimes unleash the fury of hell against all things Christian, no distinction will be made between Neo-Catholic and Traditionalist.

So how about a New Year's resolution? Let's work to convince our Neo-Catholic brothers that we're all in this together and that the dangerously ill-defined new evangelization, the trivialized New Mass, out-of-control ecumenical dialogue, and the entire demonic spirit of Vatican II are the problem here, not the solution.

Let's encourage them to overcome SCS (Self-loathing Catholic Syndrome), which aggressively targets traditional cells, composed of faithful Catholic who are only defending that which every practicing Catholic in the world believed just 50 years ago.

How did this universal apostasy come about? Vatican II, the New Mass and the total abandonment of Catholic Tradition had nothing to do with it? Puh-leeze!

How many practicing Catholics before 1962 rejected the Church's teaching on

marriage, contraception, homosexuality and the sanctity of life? Statistically speaking, none! And *today*? Forget about it!

As was noted at the outset of this article, there was a time when all of this may have seemed academic but that time has passed. Hindsight is 20/20 and the Neo-Catholic game of Let's Pretend has played itself out. As the man used to sing, *Turn out the lights. The party's over. They say that all good things must end.*

Well, the Neo-Catholic game is over. I see it every day—more and more young families flocking to the Latin Mass, the home-schooling movement, up-and-coming young writers and bloggers not suffering from Neo-Catholitis, standing up and speaking out; even some bishops and cardinals shaking their heads and admitting that something has gone very wrong—all of which provides stirring testament to God's good grace and the fact that His Church will never die.

The success of The Remnant's Open Letter to Pope Francis proves that many, many former Neo-Catholics have had enough, thanks be to God, and are coming back to sacred Tradition.

Welcome back, brothers! We're proud to have you down here in the trenches. Let's take our Church back.

Viva Cristo Rey, Happy New Year



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Est. in 1967

A Catholic Fortnightly
Published 22 times per year

Editor/Publisher

Michael J. Matt

The Remnant (ISSN # 0274-9726. U.S.P.S.# 606840) is published semi-monthly (monthly in January and July) 22 times per year by The Remnant, Inc. Periodicals Postage paid at Forest Lake, MN and additional entry offices. POSTMASTER: Please send address changes to The Remnant at P.O. Box 1117, Forest Lake, MN 55025. (Telephone: 651-433-5425)

Subscription Pricing

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Canada: **Print Edition \$45**

Foreign (Outside US & Canada): **\$60**

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Single Copy Price: **\$1.50**

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The Remnant Speaks

Letters to the Editor: The Remnant Speaks P.O. Box 1117, Forest Lake, MN 55025 ~ Editor@RemnantNewspaper.com

Greetings from Spain

Editor, *The Remnant*: I am an avid reader of your articles, and after reading the Remnant's "Urgent Appeal to Pope Francis", I felt tremendous relief that someone had had the guts and the virtue to say it. Your article synthesized in a charitable way the problems of the Church in the last 25 years. Thank you very much for standing up for the Church amidst this tremendous crisis from within. You count with my family's prayers from Madrid, Spain.

Regards,
Carola

What Really Happened to Pope Benedict?

Editor, *The Remnant*: I am growing increasingly concerned about the circumstances surrounding the abdication of Pope Benedict XVI in February 2013 -- particularly the role that was reportedly played by the St. Gallen Group under the leadership of now-deceased Cardinal Carlo Martini. While I have only received snippets of information concerning the activity of this band of Modernist prelates, it is beginning to look like Benedict may have been deposed against his will. If this is so, it puts a truly diabolical spin on the events of the past 33 months and forces us to face an uncomfortable possibility: namely, that Benedict XVI may be the only man alive who has received the charism of infallibility from the Holy Ghost and is *still* the true Vicar of Christ on earth. This would then make Mario Bergoglio a usurper who has ascended to the Chair of Peter by means that could scarcely be defended by Canon Law, either old or new. It would also make it much easier to fathom how an alleged Pope could be doing everything in his power to act as a destroyer of the Faith, rather than its defender.

While I understand that the doctrine of Papal Infallibility has very narrow limits in its fullest expression, I just can't believe that a true Pope could do the things that Francis has done if he is genuinely standing in the place of Christ and has that indelible mark upon his soul. And though he hasn't declared any of his nonsense to be binding upon the Church Militant from the Papal throne, the damage he has done to souls is incalculable! What are we to make of this man and the things that he has done of his own free will? Are we to believe that Francis has received such poor formation throughout his life that he is only *materially* in error? Is he just some unfortunate, but well-meaning, intellectual midget who is completely ill-suited to his post and its responsibilities? Or does he know very well what he is doing and is therefore *formally* leading the faithful into error? Would the Holy Ghost allow a genuine successor of St. Peter -- who he is supposed to be guiding and protecting -- to purposely lead the faithful to ruin?

It may be that Benedict XVI reigns ingloriously under house arrest in the Vatican gardens and is experiencing the plight that Mary warned about when

she told the children of Fatima that "the Holy Father would have much to suffer" if her requests concerning the public revelation of the Third Secret in 1960 and the Consecration of Russia to her Immaculate Heart were ignored. Only those members of the College of Bishops who truly belong to Our Lord Jesus Christ can discover the truth about what has transpired over the past several years. And only then if they can work up the courage to do what needs to be done in this time of crisis and resolve to set things right. We have only one Holy Father in this valley of tears -- and Francis the Humble may not be that man. Mary Immaculate, Queen of Our Hearts, pray for us!

Scott Montgomery
Waterford, MI

Coming Back to the Church

Editor, *The Remnant*: Merry Christmas and hello. I've been slowly working my way back into the church, and since I've rejoined Christendom I've been suspicious that some catastrophe has taken place that no one will discuss, as if a great crime has occurred that we can't admit could happen to us. But I recall my father telling me that his father stopped going to Mass almost entirely when on one Sunday suddenly the priest was looking at the people while guitars played.

Since my own return to the church a few years ago I've several times been outraged at the Masses we've been to. So now I'm coming round to the idea there really is an alternative to the Protestant mass. The question then is where do I go to find the real mass. I live in Brewster, NY now, and am moving to New Fairfield, CT in the next few months. Hoping you can help.

Faithfully,

Chris

Editor's Note: Welcome home, Chris. Try this site in your search to find the Mass in your area: <http://www.ecclesiadei.org/masses.cfm>

Why Don't They Bless People Anymore?

Editor, *The Remnant*: I have an odd observation: Over the past several years,

I have noticed when the Pope / Bishop / Priest bless a crowd, they appear unable to make the complete sign of the cross. I researched this and found that at approximately five of the last papal Christmas Masses neither Benedict nor Francis appeared to do more than raise their right arm as if to wave or salute to the congregation. It's the same in procession and recession, when they just raise their hand, with just a slight lateral movement.

Although the commentators insist the Pope is blessing the crowd it doesn't seem they actually are.

I attended several Festival of Lessons and Carols, including one at a (still conservative) Anglican parish and one at St. John Cantius-Chicago, and in all instances the priest (including the Anglican priest) made the full sign of the cross to bless the crowd. I attended Midnight Mass at the Cathedral of St. Raymond in Joliet, Ill and at the close the Mass, Bishop Conlon's blessing was not much more than the elevation of the right hand.

This odd "blessing" phenomenon struck me several years ago and I haven't been able to put my finger on what's going on. Search YouTube, and pull up Pope Benedict's 2010 visit to Westminster Abbey.

I find this troubling. One of the basic signs of our faith is the Sign of the Cross. Why should our clergy appear apprehensive about enacting a complete sign of the cross. Maybe worried about "offending" some non-Christian? What's going on here?! Have a Blessed New Year

Jerry, Mokena, Illinois

Whatever Happened to Sin?

Editor, *The Remnant* After reading online the much needed and thorough article, "The Year of Mercy Begins," I sent in a subscription to the print edition. I do not want to miss an article. Also, I want to support *The Remnant*, a strong voice crying in the wilderness.

Contemplation of mercy should start with the truth, not the hardships of a particular situation, such as a homosexual or adulterous relationship. The gates of Hell shall not prevail



against the Catholic Church, but the smoke of Satan has obscured the truth.

On October 24, 2015, the Family Synod Final Relatio was voted upon and approved. "Sin" is not even mentioned. One passage quotes John Paul II's "Familiaris Consortio," but omits the part where communion for the divorced-and-remarried is forbidden. The Final Relatio is ambiguous and could be interpreted to provide an opening for divorced-and-remarried Catholics to receive communion. I call upon Pope Francis to clarify the confusion and chaos in the Catholic Church. I call upon Cardinal Burke to lead the true Catholic Church.

The gates of Hell shall not prevail against the Catholic Church, but it will not be the church being changed by Pope Francis.

Joel Fago
Hereford, AZ

Another Bible Gets Luke Right

Editor, *The Remnant*: The Confraternity Version: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will." (The Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ according to St. Luke, Chapter 2, Verse 14.)

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Letters to the Editor Cont...

You may have already been aware of it but, if not, I thought you would want to know. Merry Christmas.

Sincerely,
Patrick Benedict

Growing up Protestant, Ending Up FSSP

Editor, *The Remnant*: As usual, good stuff in *The Remnant*. I don't actually know what you think of the FSSP, but I am going to give you a bit of a "testimony" as we used to say back in my Protestant days.

Don't give up hope. I and my wife and 2 of my 3 adult children are converts to the Catholic faith, coming from a line of Protestants. My dad was a Methodist minister and, frankly, the most honest and righteous man I've ever met. With an ancient Protestant missionary and ministerial tradition {definitely "small t"} I was sort of heading his direction and thus I have a degree from a Protestant seminary, after a BA from an evangelical liberal arts school. But a life of studying the Bible drew me to the Church, and the Early Church Fathers clinched the deal.

For myself, the realization of and relief of being a member of the true Church was offset by the observation that something in what I came to know as the Novus ordo culture was very, very, gravely wrong. Yet what was wrong was only PART of what I had converted to. Never forget that! Eventually I found a FSSP parish and after much resistance on my part I "visited" and... there I found what I can only describe as the fullness of the Catholic faith. I am overjoyed! And my wife little by little is seeing the difference and how important that difference is!

But my "kids" (they are all adults and married or engaged), being so happy they have found what is so much fuller than the faith they left, are still among those whose experience is limited to what the Novus ordo culture is or has become. It would be wonderful to see the culture of the FSSP spread everywhere so they could join us. But it isn't so. Not yet anyhow. Mr. Matt: We are in a sense in exile. Tough. BUT THAT IS NOT WHOLLY BAD.

God does not leave us, though the sense and sensibilities of men no matter what their rank and station in the Church may take leave! Take hope! We have no idea how long it took St Paul's "resistance to the face" of St. Peter to take effect! {Admittedly, I doubt it was half a century...}

But as a Protestant, I have experienced far greater exile from the true faith than even my kids are experiencing. So I keep praying. Certainly there is always room for growth, for each of us and for the Church. We are being tested. We are being challenged. We must stand up to it. Mr. Matt, I praise God for your father. And I praise God for you.

Chin up. God is not done with us yet! And the funny part is that my last, my holdout daughter and her husband, contacted the local NO priest for RCIA training and he hasn't even responded

to them. But the FSSP priest who is absolutely swamped with a growing parish and is 65 miles away has, and she and her husband will begin learning about the faith {besides from me... LOL} from an FSSP priest! Even if much of it is by Skype! Praise God for Skype!

Keep up your work in the tradition of your father. Honor his name and keep living the witness of our Lord and Savior to your beautiful family.

God's blessings on you, Mr. Matt.
Anonymous

Strange Bedfellows

Editor, *The Remnant*: It is very ironic that both a Traditionalist Catholic like myself and a member of the LGBT community can see that the Novus Ordo school system isn't Catholic.

On Dec. 17, 2015, in the case *Barrett v. Fontbonne Academy*, Norfolk County (Mass.) Superior Court Judge Douglas Wilkins ruled in favor of the plaintiff, Matt Barrett, after he was rescinded a job offer as head chef at all-girls prep school Fontbonne Academy in 2013 after he listed his "husband" as the emergency contact. Fontbonne is run by the Congregation of Sisters of St. Joseph, who by now have been Novus-ordeized. They thought they could get an exemption from the Massachusetts Anti-Discrimination Laws (M.G.L. Ch. 151B) which have included sexual orientation as a protected class since 1989. But the judge did not buy it, and authoritatively interpreted the law, which defines a "religious school" as a place where all students are of the "same religion."

So in plain English: because Fontbonne, like most "Catholic" schools today, is elitist and accepts any student whose family can afford the outrageous tuition, they are not Catholic under Massachusetts law because not every student is Catholic! (Bear in mind that the bulk of these laws were written well before Vatican II, when it was understood that Catholic schools were for Catholic kids, and when Massachusetts was the most Catholic state in the Union.)

There is only one Catholic school in the Commonwealth in compliance with the law: Immaculate Heart of Mary School (Grades 1-12) at the Saint Benedict Center in Still River, which begins the school day with the 7:30 AM Latin Mass.

Practically every bishop has sold-out the Catholic schools to the highest bidder, leaving out people from middle to working class families like me who could have never gone to Catholic school. The bishops of the Commonwealth better change course for the 2016-17 academic year or they will keep losing lawsuits in the Bay State. While the 1983 Code of Canon Law is silent on the characteristics of pupils in Catholic schools, it would be helpful to hear Chris Ferrara's legal opinion on these matters.

Name withheld

A "Neo-Catholic" Comment on the Remnant's Letter to Francis

Editor, *The Remnant*: I am impressed

by the impact of the "urgent appeal" and by the fact it has been translated in so many languages. I have followed your site since 2014 (with "The rise of Bergoglianism" which was an eye-opener to me) and have learned a lot as a "neo-catholic". I appreciate your frankness and your defence of the Truth!

Yesterday I talked about it with a friend who has apparently contacted you already with the suggestion to translate the "urgent appeal" into Dutch (we live in the Dutch speaking part of little Belgium). I proposed to help him and we hope to get ready before Christmas.

I send you this, to inform you that you may expect a Dutch translation and that no other Dutch-speaking persons (in case they would propose) need to engage in the same undertaking.

Yours sincerely,
Name withheld at the discretion of The Remnant editor

Padre Pio and the Myrrh of Bitterness

Editor, *The Remnant*: I think I read your mention of bitterness in the December 8th issue, probably from the "Editor's Desk": As one who was born and raised to maturity under the papacies of Pius XI and Pius XII, parochially schooled, in a "old school" Jesuit parish, obtained cum laude graduation from a notable Catholic university, which long since apostatized, with all four children apostatized and with seven pagan grandchildren, I offer the following from a Padre Pio letter of December; 27, 1917 to a spiritual correspondent:

"...if you have neither sufficient gold nor incense to offer Our Lord, you will at least have the myrrh of bitterness. And I perceive that He willingly accepts this"

Philippe Cavanagh

Remembering Solange Hertz

Editor, *The Remnant*: I just read your Year of Mercy article, urging this pope to resign. Brilliant. And I signed it as soon as I read it. Classic article, which I hope will bring about the intended result as soon as possible. I also read nearly all of the comments. Keep up the great work. I will post a little donation in the mail to you.

I attended the Requiem for our dear friend, Nellie Hertz. It was elegant—just like Nellie. She was a giant, and I am privileged to have been her friend. Thank you for the tribute you gave in the Remnant. The Remnant keeps me sane in an insane Church. I have said that for years—when the nu-church people question my reading of something so "radical." This papacy certainly puts Vatican-Too! in perspective—it is the culmination of VII's agenda. God help us.

Elizabeth Poel
Front Royal, VA

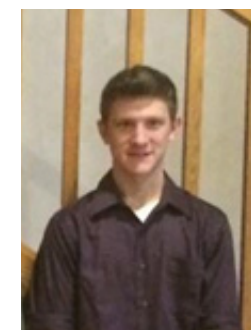
Leave Mr. Voris Alone!

Editor, *The Remnant*: I just finished the Nov 5 edition of *The Remnant*. I love getting this newspaper and appreciate the clarity of many of the writers. Thank you especially for the wonderful work of Mr. Ferrara for such a comprehensive explanation in his article on the synod. I also was deeply struck by Mr. Archbold's "Apocalypse Now?" and I appreciate that his article sought to

inform, and not primarily to strike fear or incite anger. I was, however, perplexed that you thought it worthwhile to include another complete article discrediting Michael Voris. If Voris' views are not worth considering, then why do we keep hearing about them in *The Remnant*? The article a few issues back about the part of his hair was the low point-- I have considered sharing *The Remnant* with many people, but know it would be counterproductive to introduce them to traditionalism by way of a paper that also includes such juvenile non-connections as the direction of a person's part. More recently, "Defending the Wolf against the Cries of the Sheep" seems to be all about getting people on the bandwagon of hating Voris, rather than about evaluating the helpfulness or the danger of the comments he made about Pope Benedict. If his comments merit a real evaluation, then readers deserve one (such as you already gave several months back to counter his attacks against the Remnant). If his comments do NOT merit evaluation, then they should be ignored. Thank you and God bless your wonderful work.

Meghan Onochie
Kyle, TX

Pilgrims Seeking Sponsors



Dear Remnant Readers: My name is Peter Kanzenbach. I am 17 and the sixth of twelve children in our homeschooled family. We have gone to the traditional

Mass all my life, serving at the altar and singing in the choirs. In 2011 my Dad had a logging accident and is now a quadriplegic. That same year my older brother and sister went on the Chartres pilgrim-age. Since they came back and told all of their stories of the pilgrimage, I've been waiting for my chance to go. I have walked the pilgrimage in Auriesville, New York many times before, and so I know I am capable of walking. The thought of walking this pilgrimage where the saints and millions of other traditional Catholics have walked centuries before us is inspiring. I will keep my benefactors and their intentions in my prayers every day. Thank you for considering sponsoring me.

Peter Kanzenbach
Silver Cliff WI

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As has been the case for the past 25 years, young pilgrims will walk the pilgrimage to Chartres in the name of their sponsors. The cost of the entire pilgrimage is \$3200. The names of sponsors and their special intentions will be carried to Chartres and read aloud each day on the Pilgrimage. Your donations to this effort are tax deductible. **MJM**

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Even God Needs Mercy?

(A Troubling Homily by Pope Francis)

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of what he said was foolish, mistaken, superficial or heterodox. Nevertheless, it will only take a small drop of venom to make a rich and delicious Christmas cake highly dangerous for your health. Likewise, just one shocking affirmation in a papal homily can make its overall effect deeply unsettling and dangerous for our spiritual health.

In this case, the Pope has said something which makes many of us shudder; for it is something which it is not easy to exculpate, at least at the objective level, from the charge of blasphemy. Intentionally or otherwise, he has spoken words which, taken in their natural, unforced sense, imply that *the Son of God himself has committed sin*.

Consider these words by which His Holiness, preaching in Italian, commented on the Gospel incident: "We know what Jesus did on that occasion. Instead of returning home with his family, he stayed in Jerusalem, in the Temple, provoking great suffering (*provocando una grande pena*) to Mary and Joseph, who were unable to find him. For this little 'escapade' (*questa scappatella*), Jesus probably had to ask forgiveness (*dovette chiedere scusa*) of his parents. The Gospel doesn't say this, but I believe that we can presume it."

Now, I can already hear the immediate, almost instinctive, response of those Catholics whose default position is to spring to the defense of the Holy Father no matter what he says or does. They'll be insisting right away that since popes should always be given the benefit of the doubt, a benign reading of his December 27 homily must be the correct one.

Now, I believe in giving people the benefit of the doubt too, when the doubt seems reasonable. Especially the Holy Father. But just how much of a "doubt" can reasonably be found here? "Oh," my neo-Catholic critics will protest, "You're putting the worst construction on his homily! The words 'little escapade' show that the Pope doesn't consider the Child Jesus' action to be anything seriously blameworthy." Ahem. *Seriously* blameworthy? Excuse me, but even venial sin, if charged to the Son of God, is already a massively big deal! It's an utterly unacceptable charge against the perfect divine holiness. Moreover, does an alleged sin that "provoked great suffering" to the Mother of God and St. Joseph really sound like something trivial?

"Well," I will be told, "Maybe Francis doesn't mean to ascribe any sin at all to our Lord. We should assume he means that the 'forgiveness' Jesus sought was the kind you ask for when you've made a completely innocent mistake that has unintentionally turned out to harm somebody else".

Sorry, but that won't work either. In the first place, if that's what Pope Francis really meant, *couldn't he have said so clearly?* Is it really expecting



The God of Surprises Strikes Again

too much of the Vicar of Christ to say that he should be more sensitive to the fundamental revealed truth that his Lord and Master is "without sin?" (cf. Heb. 4:15, 2 Cor. 5: 21, and many other biblical texts)? Sensitive enough, that is, to anticipate that certain words might well be taken to cast doubt on this revealed truth and so scandalize the faithful? Sensitive enough, therefore, to either not use those words at all or carefully explain the orthodox sense in which he's using them?

Secondly, and perhaps more importantly, the above whitewash won't wash in any case. If the Pope had in mind a *completely* innocent mistake on the part of the Child Jesus, he could scarcely have called it an "escapade" - a word Webster's dictionary defines as "a reckless adventure or prank". Recklessness is always at least a venial sin against the cardinal virtue of prudence. Finally, the context also makes the whitewash quite implausible. For Francis goes on in the very next sentence to liken this imagined forgiveness-seeking on the part of Jesus to that which takes place in our own homes and families: forgiveness-seeking, that is, which is occasioned by our sins. He says, "Moments like these become part of the pilgrimage of each family; the Lord transforms the moments into opportunities to grow, to ask for and to receive forgiveness, to show love and obedience. In the Year of Mercy, every Christian family can become a privileged place on this pilgrimage for experiencing *the joy of forgiveness*."

In short, these rationalizations attempt to excuse the inexcusable. Like the child who recognized that the Emperor had No Clothes, any child will also understand that when you say someone "had to ask forgiveness", you mean *they had done something wrong*. They sinned.

But enough of that. It's still the glorious Christmas season, so let me try to restore the joy to this mystery by offering an alternate explanation of the Finding in the Temple - one which upholds the stainless innocence of both Jesus and his holy Mother. Of course, we don't know all the circumstances (crossed wires,

misunderstandings, or whatever) that led to his being left behind in Jerusalem. But our Catholic faith itself gives us certainty that there was no sin of disobedience, imprudence or negligence on the part of Jesus or Mary. There was very probably no sin on the part of St. Joseph either.

One possible scenario that occurs to me derives from Jesus' own question to his parents, in response to the Blessed Mother's question as to why he had "done this" to her and Joseph. He asked, "Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?" We can suppose that young Jesus was so intimately and deeply conscious of his own unique and intimate Sonship in relation to the Father that, at the level of his developing human knowledge (from which he sometimes temporarily 'blocked' out his divine omniscience, so as to share more fully in our human learning experiences), he ingenuously took it for granted that Mary and Joseph would understand that as well, and would thus naturally seek him first in his Father's house, the Jerusalem Temple.

As to why he was not with the caravan at the time it set out for Nazareth, we can of course be sure it was not because of disobedience to an instruction on the part of his parents to be at a certain time and certain place in order to begin the journey. For such disobedience would have been sinful. There was no accurate method of telling the time anyway in those days, and if there was a misunderstanding or uncertainty about when the caravan was due to set off (dawn? mid-morning? noon?), young Jesus may well have felt called by his Heavenly Father to visit the temple while waiting for the caravan to get under way, assuming his parents would fetch him there when it was time to go. (Prayerful people in modern times will often visit an airport chapel when they have quite a while to wait before their flight starts boarding.) It is also possible that Jesus asked a companion to tell Mary and Joseph where he would be waiting, but that the message never got through.

When Mary and Joseph never came to

fetch him on the day of the caravan's departure, Jesus prudently remained in the temple until they eventually found him there. Going somewhere else in the big city, where, as a Galilean child, he may have known nobody, could have been very unsafe as well as making him even harder to track down. The scribes and doctors in the temple would of course have fed and looked after this prodigiously wise and learned boy, after he had explained to them that there was a misunderstanding about the departure of his caravan destined for Nazareth.

How the caravan got to set off without the Child Jesus, but also without any fault of negligence on the part of his parents, or at the very least, on the part of Our Lady, is another point on which Luke's Gospel account is silent. But there certainly *was* some explanation. Now, historians tend to frown on imaginative possible reconstructions of events that involve something that seems unlikely. They usually prefer the principle of "Occam's razor": the simplest, least complicated, most plausible explanation, they'll say, is most likely the true one.

But the fact is, life brings us many "improbable" events and experiences - both good and bad. Take the following true example. Several years ago I flew from St. Louis to Atlanta, having made a prior arrangement with friends to pick me up at the airport. I had given them, of course, my flight number and time of arrival. I made the plane journey, and shortly after the flight arrived on time, I was duly in my friends' car heading out of the airport. Now, if that is all the data that a historian was given about the incident, what would he conclude? Why, that nothing unusual happened, of course! I met my friends as planned and all went exactly as we expected.

Well in fact, that wasn't the case at all! Occam's razor, if applied by our historian in this case, would shave off a large and remarkable slice of reality. For what in fact happened at the Atlanta airport was more complicated and totally improbable. My flight landed on schedule at Atlanta, but my friends somehow went to the wrong baggage claim area to meet me, some distance away in another part of that very big terminal. After I had waited a few minutes, with no sign of my friends, another priest came up to me. He saw me in my clerical suit and noticed that I was looking around waiting for someone. He said to me, "Hello, Father. I don't suppose that by any chance you are waiting for José and Mercedes Pérez, are you?" Surprised, I answered, "Yes, as a matter of fact, I am!". "Well," the priest went on, "I happen to be the pastor of their parish, and by coincidence I met them a few minutes ago when we were all coming into the airport.

We said hello, of course, and they told me they had come to pick up a priest friend who would be visiting with them for a few days. We split up when they told me they were going to the Delta baggage claim to meet him. It just so happens that I've come here to the United baggage claim to meet a friend of mine who's arriving about now." Pleasantly astonished at this little serendipitous gift of divine Providence, I

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Why Must We ‘Rediscover’ Catholicism?

(Can’t they just give it back?)

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allotment of Catholicism for the day.

I am friendly with the pastor, a very good man, and I needled him about the uselessness of the program. He responded back to me:

“Honestly one eight is not for your family – it is for pre-catechetical families (most of which are the families in this and every parish). We start off silly to get their attention but eventually move them to solid material. It really does work – the teens eventually get it. It is at least a solution outside of the box which has failed most of our families. God bless you – we can always count on good families like yours to be there – it is the others we are trying so hard to reach.”

Whether it is Mr. Kelly, Lifeteen programs, or just the pastoral approach of thousands of pastors, there is one underlying idea. Pastoral care is principally directed toward trying to reach the young and unschooled Catholics, the fallen away Catholics, and lukewarm Catholics. In order to do this, we must evangelize in a way that is not overtly Catholic. We need to ease them into it. We need to give them just the smallest of servings in hopes they develop a taste for it. We must take even the thinnest gruel that is modern Catholicism and strain it even thinner in order to reach those who have fallen away or maybe just attend mass a



"How about a little homily about my bunny friend?"

few times a year. And those Catholics serious enough to come to mass each week, what about them? Well, we don't need to worry about them, they are still here.

It begs the question, where do they think that un-catechized, fallen away, and lukewarm Catholics come from?

We are constantly asked by our pastoral thought leaders to rediscover Catholicism in this way. We are asked to ‘rediscover’ the very same watered down post-conciliar Catholicism that bred the last three generations of uncatechized, fallen-away, and lukewarm Catholics in

hopes of reversing the trend. Does that seem likely to work? But we are told that the only way to feed these sheep is on the thin gruel they have already spit out?

There are many well-meaning individuals that have embraced this approach out of ignorance or indoctrination. Do we introduce aspiring teenage musicians to their craft by only allowing them to listen to mediocre music by mediocre musicians for fear that Mozart will be too overwhelming? Do we hide the Bach under Wiggles CD's? No, of course not. Is this what the Church did during its wildly successful periods of evangelization for nearly two

millennia? No, the Church was front and center in what it believed, clear in its liturgical focus, and She trumpeted her beauty in music, art, and architecture. It had saints willing to go to the ends of the world to bring the only Truth that can save to people who needed saving. This is what needs to be ‘rediscovered.’

So here is my suggestion for well-meaning pastors and outreach program managers. You want to reach those fallen-away, lukewarm, and uncatechized Catholics? Stop producing them. Let us turn our attention to shutting off the source.

Focus on those people parked in the pews. They are there, catechize them. Pastors, give real homilies and sermons in which you focus on real Catholic teaching, use pre-conciliar language to teach the immutable truths of the faith. Give them genuine God-centered liturgy. Give them the tremendous gift, their birthright, the most beautiful music ever made; give them music suitable to that God-centered liturgy. Burn away all the dross of the last fifty years and teach them. Might some still leave or become lukewarm? Certainly. But it will not be because they weren't catechized.

Implicit in all the “we must water down Catholicism to make it palatable” approach is that real, genuine, unabashed, fully-orthodox Catholicism isn't attractive. They treat Catholicism like the ugly girl who has a nice personality if you just get to know her. Enough! Catholicism, real, whole, and traditionally genuine is the most beautiful thing in the world. Show it to them. All of it, every day.

And if you do, a funny thing will happen. When those once in awhile lukewarm Catholics pop in for a visit, they will see it too. They, who thought thin gruel was all there was, will see the rich sumptuous feast that is Catholicism.

I know that in some places this will not be easy. There are many people very invested in the gruel-thinning business and they will insist that their way is the only way. But their way has been a disaster. For those real pastors out there, bring back Catholicism and I guarantee you that you will bring back the Catholics as well. ■

A Troubling Homily by Pope Francis

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thanked the very priest very much and went on down to the Delta baggage claim, where, sure enough, my friends were awaiting me! We all laughed and thanked the good Lord for helping us all avoid a long and possibly fruitless search for each other. But the main point of this anecdote is its inherent improbability. A writer of fiction would not have invented such an incident, with its string of unlikely coincidences, because he'd think it would make his story too implausible and artificial. Yet I assure you, dear reader, that it all actually happened just as I have described.

Therefore, it should not be too hard for us to believe that divine Providence allowed certain other seemingly improbable events to take place, without any culpable parental negligence on the part of Mary and Joseph, that resulted in the departure of the caravan without its most important Member. We need to remember several things. First, as among many Middle Eastern peoples right up till today, men and women did things in segregated groups. Secondly, extended family groups tended to play a bigger role in that culture than in ours, which for centuries has been centered on the ‘nuclear’ family: a husband, wife and their children. Finally, it could well have been that this pilgrimage caravan included a lot more people than just the

folks from Nazareth. For greater security in age when brigands and wild animals often endangered travelers, several of the nearby Galilean towns quite likely banded together for this Passover trip to Jerusalem and back, in which case there could have been a thousand or more people in the entire caravan.

We can envisage, then, a scenario in which two distinct groups, composed of men and women respectively, each included hundreds of people, and were travelling separately. As regards the children, in a culture that didn't necessarily expect them to be under the direct supervision of their own parents in such situations, the custom was for the older boys to travel in the men's group, while the smaller ones would travel with the girls in the women's group. Now, the Child Jesus, at 12, was just at that age when it would have been quite reasonable for him to have traveled in either the men's or the women's group. St. Luke tells us (2: 44) that during the first day, Mary and Joseph both thought that Jesus was safely in the caravan. Evidently, then, each of them assumed he was in the other group. And the assumption might well have been supported by mistaken testimony: someone assures Our Lady confidently that they've seen Jesus up ahead in the men's group and she accepts that calmly, seeing no need to look for him prior to

their encampment that evening, when families will be mixing again. Meanwhile, Joseph, not seeing Jesus in the men's group, assumes he is with the women. Possibly - remember the implausible, but real, coincidences from my Atlanta airport experience! - he too was reassured by a mistaken report to that effect.

There could of course have been other seemingly unlikely combinations of circumstances that led both our Lord's holy Mother and his foster-father to continue through the hours of that first day's journey assuming, *without blame*, that Jesus was safely there in the big caravan. Divine Providence, in any case, permitted this misunderstanding so as to leave all future Christians with a precious and unique testimony from our Lord's boyhood as to how early in life he manifested his supernatural wisdom and consciousness of being the Son of God, whom he calls “*My Father*”, in a completely unique way.

It is deeply disappointing, and indeed, profoundly shocking, that the Successor of Peter himself should purge this Joyful Mystery of its joy by daring to pronounce words which, taken in context and in their natural, obvious sense, cast doubt on the spotless sinlessness of the Son of God himself. ■

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The Internet: Alpha and Omega to a Brave New World

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left BC, YouTube and Facebook were another six and seven years away respectively. Cell phones were still rare and mostly used by business people for work, and were just phones. Computers still sat on people's desks instead of in their laps. The mainstream media dinosaurs still roamed the land dominating the political debate and telling us all how and what to think. Being "media savvy" meant reading the *Globe and Mail* and the *New York Times*. How little we book-people could have imagined how drastically the world was about to change.

I remember a Calvin and Hobbes cartoon in which Calvin reads the famous Marxist axiom, "Religion is the opiate of the masses," and says only, "I wonder what that means." The TV set, with an evil little smile, quietly says, "It means Marx hadn't seen anything yet." Now the strip would have to have to add another section in which Calvin's iPhone says, with a sinister chuckle, "Wait 'til they get a load of me!"

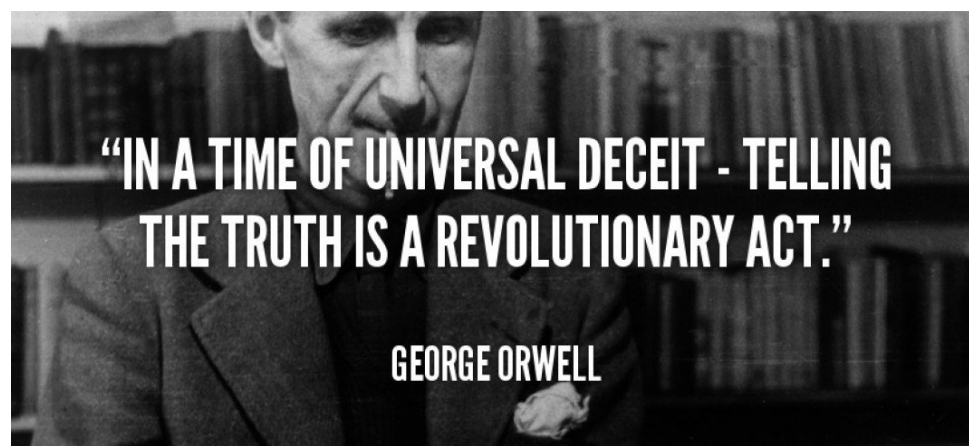
The social media marketing firm, NowSourcing, estimates that there were more than 2 billion web users in 2012, a 566.4% increase from the year 2000. An article from Techcrunch says that by 2020, there will be 6.1 billion smartphone users in the world, a number that amounts to about 70% of the human population. It is estimated that the "total mobile" subscriptions by 2020 will be about 9.2 billion.

"When you take into account Internet-of-things and M2M services, mobile broadband and even some basic remaining feature phones, there will be 26 billion connected devices in five years' time."

Last month I wrote about the physical effects that some scientists are starting to say prolonged internet use is having on our brains. Considering the predictions that over 6 billion people are going to have smartphones by 2020, surprisingly little research is being done on the effects that nearly constant internet use is having on us neurologically. The very, very little that is being done is consistently showing that repeated internet use is actually making us different, literally *physically rewiring our brains*. Is it possible that the iPhone-toting researchers are worried about what they will discover if they start doing serious investigations?

Researcher Nicholas Carr wrote a book, "The Shallows: What the Internet Is Doing to Our Brains," in which he contends that the internet has made us into a race of shallow readers with short attention spans, impatient with prolonged reading and in-depth study and thought. I wondered aloud what this profound alteration in our mental faculties could be having on our spiritual lives, particularly in its negation of interior silence, that absolute prerequisite for a deep prayer life.

But today I want to swing the camera outwards to the wide world and ask what do we see has been the effect on our civilisation of the nearly total take-over of our institutions by the online



culture and internet technology. What is it doing to our cultures? What effect has instant global communication had on geopolitics? What about the gruesome spectre of Islamic jihad?

Christians and others are worried, and rightly, about the internet's content. Quite apart from the porn, there is serious concern that the material we are being fed is nonsense; trite, shallow and banal "think pieces" on pop culture trivia and the doings of celebrities. There is a running joke on social media: "What would they think of us in the Middle Ages if we told them, 'I have in my pocket a device which gives me access to all the accumulated knowledge of mankind. And I use it to look at cat videos.'"

When I was a kid, my elders called the television a number of derogatory nicknames, "the gogglebox," "the idiot-box." I remember that serious parents took to heart the warnings of the documentaries and books that children's TV time should be strictly rationed. They were worried about kids sitting in front of the screen all day while *Leave it to Beaver* was still being made. What would Ward and June have thought of kids taking the TV with them wherever they went? I know an orthodox Jewish rabbi in New York who has nine children and still refuses to get an internet connection at home. I asked him about it once, and he said it wasn't the porn, he just didn't want his children growing up to be idiots.

One of the greatest unnoticed effects of the internet, particularly of social media and the habit of including comment boxes with nearly every article, has been a great social flattening. The internet has made it possible to make true in a practical sense the idiotic notion, first popularized in the 70s, that "everyone's opinion is equally valuable." It was neatly illustrated in a conversation on Facebook in which the great British conservative writer Theodore Dalrymple had made some kind of assertion of objective truth, only to be suddenly attacked by what seemed like a swarm of virtual mosquitoes. These were persons of dubious mental ability and stability who dove in and started what they clearly thought was a courageous challenge to the "hater" and "bigot" and his "linear, hierarchical thinking." The internet had granted them the ultimate expression of their "right to express their opinions," that they had obviously heard about all their lives from their parents and teachers and the progressivist world in general.

I clicked on one or two of their pages. These were teenage girls, graduates of some kind of London inner city remedial school where these kinds of mantras were clearly all they had been taught to recite. They were little girls, and for some reason, no one had the intestinal fortitude to tell them, "Be quiet children. The grownups are talking."

And it seems to take quite a bit of spine to stand up to the swarms of online zombies, orcs and morlocks who seem to have nothing to do with themselves but to go back to the same kill-site again and again for another chunk of carrion. The stories we hear in the press of celebrities, mainstream journalists and high-level bloggers being forced to issue fawning apologies, or to quit, by the screeching of the mob over a Twitter post, end that way mainly because of the lack of spine of editors and publicists.

We who use the internet a great deal will have nearly endless processions of such stories. This medium has made nearly impossible the kind of reasoned discussions that adults used to consider normal in printed periodicals and journals. It has done to our thinking institutions, to academia – in which professors are terrified of their students – and finally to the Church, what the most optimistic Gramscian dreamer could not possibly have imagined. And now, at the bitter end of this parched road of idiocy, a pope who glories in taking selfies with teenage girls.

Most people don't think much about how the internet is eroding what we might call "cultural diversity". Linguists and anthropologists have begun to sound a warning that the internet's very narrow cultural and linguistic background is accelerating the already advanced process of linguistic extinctions.

Some years ago, I started reporting on the news from around the European Union, a body that encompasses 28 countries, and innumerable languages and dialects. I never had a problem working with the main European languages on the internet, with automatic translations and online dictionaries. But when it came to the smaller places, I had to rely exclusively on my list of contacts in the countries, sending reports to friends and acquaintances in places like Estonia, Belarus and Macedonia. These are places and languages too obscure for Google Translate.

According to the Linguistic Society of America there were about 6700 languages spoken in the world in 1996,

give or take the distinctions between languages and dialects.

"A century from now, however, many of these languages may be extinct. Some linguists believe the number may decrease by half; some say the total could fall to mere hundreds as the majority of the world's languages - most spoken by a few thousand people or less - give way to languages like English, Spanish, Portuguese, Mandarin Chinese, Russian, Indonesian, Arabic, Swahili, and Hindi. By some estimates, 80% of the world's languages may vanish within the next century," they say.

"Language is a powerful symbol of a group's identity. Much of the cultural, spiritual, and intellectual life of a people is experienced through language. This ranges from prayers, myths, ceremonies, poetry, oratory, and technical vocabulary to everyday greetings, leave-takings, conversational styles, humor, ways of speaking to children, and terms for habits, behaviors, and emotions.

"When a language is lost, all of this must be refashioned in the new language—with different words, sounds, and grammar—if it is to be kept at all. Frequently traditions are abruptly lost in the process and replaced by the cultural habits of the more powerful group."

The narrowness of the internet's language capability also contributes to the shrinking of our conduits of information. A while ago I visited Malta a few times and fell madly in love with this tiny Catholic island nation that has acted so many times as the "keyhole" of Christendom. When I got back to Italy I immediately subscribed to a number of Maltese news websites. After a short time, I realized that I was going to be restricted to English language sources (Malta was an English colony until recently and is still officially bilingual) because the magic of Google Translate simply had no effect whatever on Malti, the odd, ancient native tongue.

I did quite a lot of reporting on Malta when I did the news and I still believe Malta is an incredibly important country, a major front in the titanic social, cultural and spiritual war going on right now. At the moment, nearly all Maltese speak their native language, with English mostly as a second, but the number of native speakers is declining. Linguists believe that the presence and use of a language on the internet is a deciding factor in whether it will survive the long term.

Because it is physically tiny, with a population of about 416,000 souls, and Malti is spoken and read almost nowhere else in the world, Google barely notices it, and that means the world outside very rarely hears any news coming from that little canary in Europe's cultural coal mine. Did you know that Malta had not legalized divorce until 2011? They are also the last (yes, the very last) European country that still outlaws abortion. Don't worry, most people outside the UN and EU abortion lobbies don't know, and it won't likely last much longer.

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The Internet: Alpha and Omega to a Brave New World

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Right now the internet uses about 5% of the world's languages. That does not necessarily mean that the other 95% is in danger of extinction, but Hungarian researcher András Kornai wrote recently in a paper titled "Digital Language Death," that the internet is indeed helping to kill the languages outside its narrow range.

"A language may not be completely dead until the death of its last speaker, but there are three clear signs of imminent death observable well in advance..." These are "loss of function," "loss of prestige" and "loss of competence."

"In the digital age, these signs of incipient language death take on the following characteristics. Loss of function *performed digitally* increasingly touches every functional area from day to day communication (texting, email) to commerce, official business, and so on. Loss of prestige is clearly seen in the adage *If it's not on the web, it does not exist*, and loss of competence boils down to the ability of raising digital natives in your own language." [Emphasis in the original.]

"Michael Krauss' famous remark 'Television is a cultural nerve gas... odorless, painless, tasteless. And deadly,' applies to the web just as well," Kornai comments.

In global politics there is perhaps no other issue so frightening as the re-emergence of violent Islamic supremacism and experts agree that the whole thing is almost entirely fuelled by the internet. How does ISIS recruit jihadists from Australia, from Norway, even from Japan? Would they have been able to do so in the '90s? Right now, the cause of global Islamic jihad is mainly run on the internet; recruitment, finance, propaganda and communication.

How does the modern jihadist threaten Catholic bishops these days? They send them text messages on their phones. Asianews reports: "Islamic radicals have texted death threats ahead of Christmas to Mgr. Bejoy D'Cruze, bishop of Shylet, and Mgr. Paul Panen Kubi, bishop of the diocese of Mymensingh [Bangladesh]."

The leftist Anti Defamation League released a report in 2002 outlining this often overlooked fact, saying, "In many ways, the internet is a tool tailor-made for these Islamic extremists, who use it covertly and overtly to plan attacks, raise money, and spread anti-Semitic and anti-American propaganda written in English, Arabic, and other languages." The report points out that the September 11th attacks were planned using "thousands of messages in a password-protected section of an extreme Islamic Web site."

Army Brigadier General John Custer, head of intelligence, responsible for Iraq and Afghanistan, said to 60 Minutes as far back as 2007, "Without a doubt, the internet is the single most important venue for the radicalization of Islamic youth."

The general summed up the power of the internet for jihad; it's not guns, it's

perception. "It's a war of perceptions. They understand the power of the internet. They don't have to win in the tactical battlefield. They never will. No platoon has ever been defeated in Afghanistan or Iraq. But, it doesn't matter. It's irrelevant."

In May 2015, Reuters reported, "Since the May 4th attack by two gunmen in Garland, Texas, the top US spymasters have been taking turns to ring the alarm bells about ISIL's growing internet threat. FBI director James Comey has warned that the terrorist organization has 'thousands' of online followers in the US. Homeland security secretary Jeh Johnson has raised the specter of lone-wolf jihadists who can 'strike at any moment.' And Mike Rogers, director of the National Security Agency, has noted that the group's ability to recruit online is 'clearly increasing.'"

In 2007, when General Custer made his remarks to 60 Minutes, the US believed there were about 5000 jihadist recruitment websites. Immediately after the November Paris attack, an internet hacker group calling themselves Anonymous, made a comprehensive sweep of social media looking for anyone using Twitter or Facebook or other sites who was associated with ISIS or other radical Islamic supremacist organisations. The result was more than 10,000 Twitter accounts being deleted. But this is a drop in the internet's colossal bucket.

As for the internet's use as a direct tool in geopolitics, we know that the power of communication it lends to organised subversives like the Muslim Brotherhood can topple governments. Analysts agree that had there been no Twitter, there would not have been an "Arab Spring," with all the long term and disastrous consequences, especially for Christian communities, of the rise to power of Islamic extremist regimes – and finally ISIS. In the case of the 2011 Egyptian Revolution protesters in Cairo organised themselves almost exclusively through Facebook and Twitter accounts, and radical Muslim Brotherhood connected imams took control through these conduits.

Something that tends to get forgotten in the popular image of ISIS – mostly depicted as throwback medieval savages with guns – is their incredible proficiency with social media and the internet in general.

There's more. There's a lot more that we haven't even begun to think about. What has the instant global communication capability done to government? To global finance? To the corporatization of agriculture and other food sourcing work? What is the internet's contribution to the power of the LGBT lobbies at the UN and EU and the whole gender/feminist ideology?

What we do know, just from direct observation, is that the internet as a medium has brought us the final products of Modernia, the globalization of institutional stupidity, the glorification of pig-ignorance, shallow thinking and venal aspirations. With the internet, we have finally come to understand completely what the Canadian

philosopher and media theorist Marshall McLuhan meant by his most famous expression, "the medium is the message." The internet is Modernia's message to mankind: everything is trivia, nothing really matters, there is nothing deep and nothing transcendent; nothing is really Real.

Our usual reaction as bookish Catholic Traditionalists is to retreat. We look at the world gone mad and our instinct is to try to find a way to build a barricade. But is this the right way? It is clear that the internet is not about to collapse. Nor is there going to be a great spontaneous global realisation of the error of our ways and a return to a human scale of life. And because of its complete decentralization the internet really can't be killed (yes, I looked it up.) Even massive natural disasters, tectonic shifts and huge mega-storms would only temporarily knock out parts of it in some parts of the world.

So how do we deal with the new world it has created? We Trads have used the internet, perhaps somewhat belatedly, to organise our little movement and help it grow. The Church has had the benefit of up-to-the-minute bloggers through the last two Synods that made it impossible for the ecclesiastical revolutionaries to get away with as much as they wanted. Certainly without the internet a great deal of the progress made to restore Tradition over the last three decades would not have happened. But

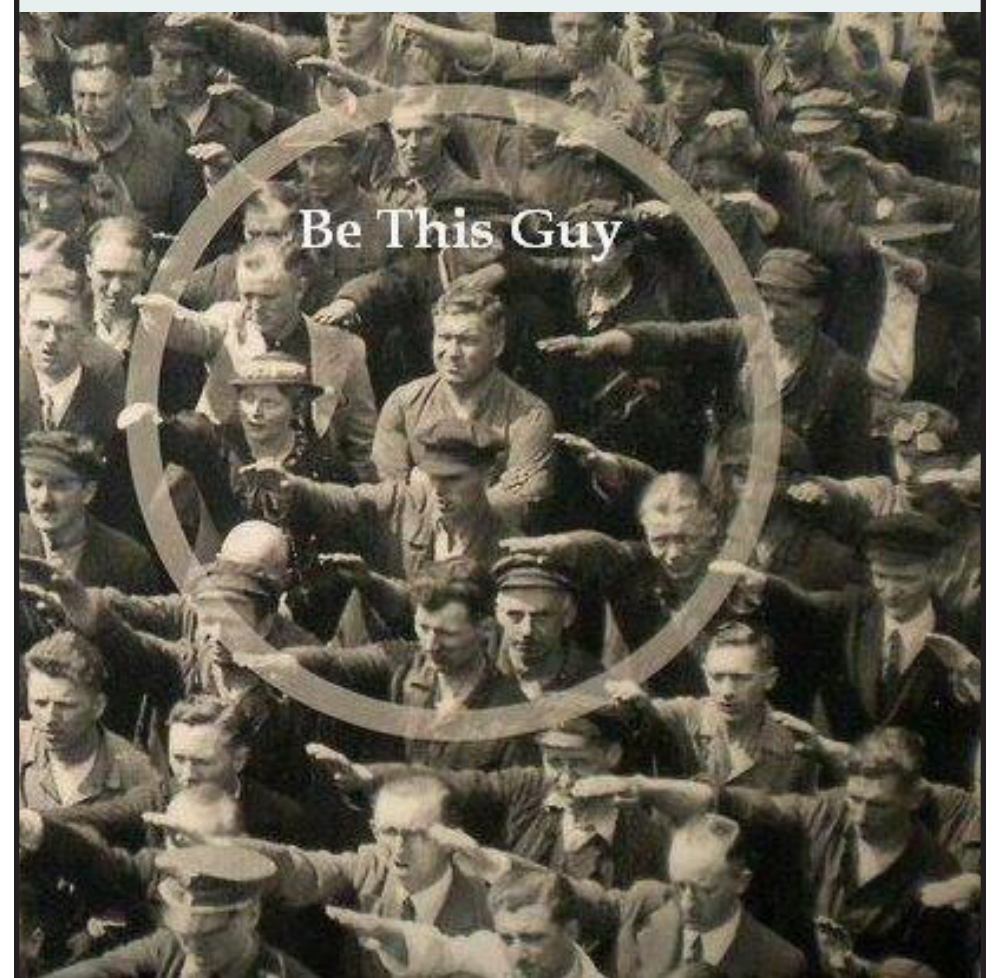
something I have noticed is our tendency to love safety. We preach mainly to each other.

The other day someone asked me what I thought the solution was to global jihad. I said that clearly it is impossible to stop it through force of arms. You do not stop a heresy – which is what Islam is – simply by going to war, as the Crusaders found out. The most you can do with armies is contain the physical threat. And even that has mainly failed recently.

I then said that I had once met some fundamentalist Protestant missionaries who went into countries where owning a Bible was a capital offense, and started underground study and prayer groups. They did what we should be doing, though they could have been killed for it. They knew the urgency of the Great Commission, as we Catholics had forgotten or from which we had become distracted by our civil war.

As uncomfortable as the conclusion is, there really is only one way out, and that is to complete the task we were given two millennia ago. The pope might not like it, but I said that the only way forward is an aggressive campaign by all remaining Catholics of proselytism, of preaching, teaching and conversion. I have no answer about the interminable debate over how much we can use the internet to bring this about, but the internet itself shows us daily of the extreme urgency of this task. ■

When it Comes to Pope Francis ...



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Communicantes

Martyrs for the Faith

By Father Ladis J. Cizik

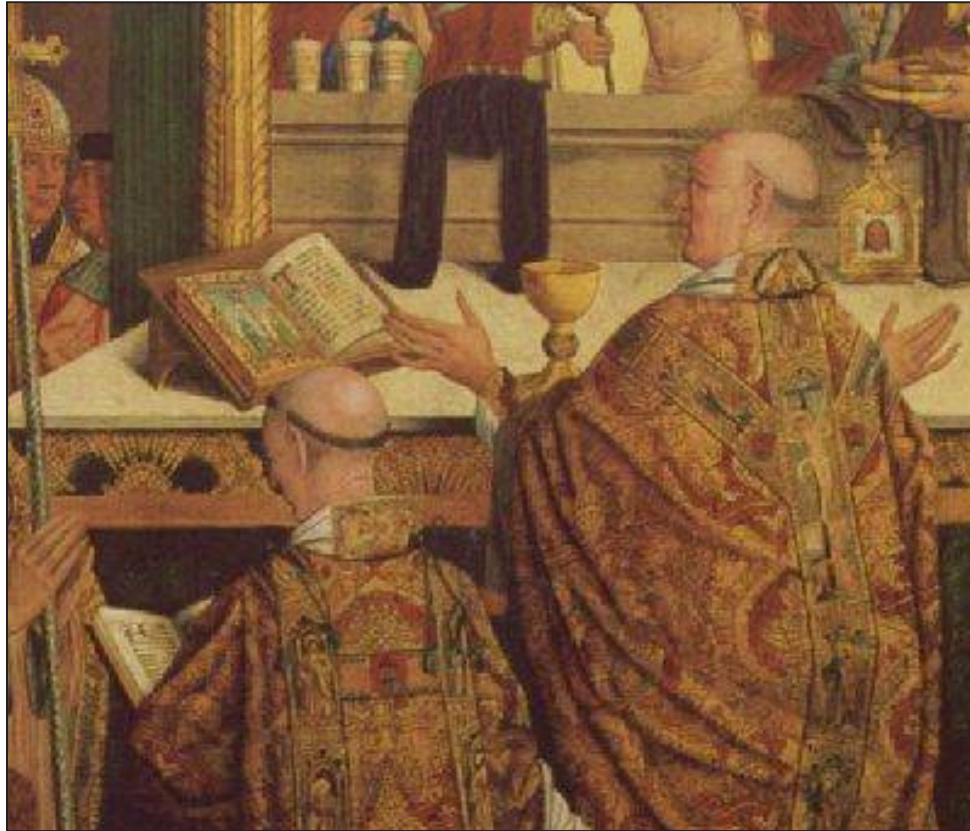
In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

Communicantes ... (In Communion with...) The working of the Communion of Saints is evidenced in the *Communicantes* prayer of the Canon. As we, the Church Militant, fight against the powers of evil rampant in the world today, the priest invokes the intercession and inspiring examples of the Saints in Heaven. The priest prays that they, the Church Triumphant, may assist the faithful through our sufferings and trials here on Earth, so that just as they triumphed over the satanic forces of darkness in their times, we too might win the crown of glory.

In the *Communicantes*, in communion with the saints and honoring their memory, the priest prays that by the sake of their merits and prayers that we may be, in all things, guarded and helped by God the Father's protection, through Christ our Lord. Traditionally, only the names of martyrs were listed in this part of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The *Communicantes* reminds us that WE must be willing to take up our crosses and sacrifice everything, including our very lives, as did the martyrs, to follow Our Lord and God, Jesus Christ, into Heavenly Glory.

In primis... In the first place, among the saints, is the glorious ever Virgin Mary, Queen of Martyrs, and Mother of our God and Lord, Jesus Christ. At Calvary, there can be no doubt that the prophecy of Simeon was fulfilled: "And Thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts, thoughts may be revealed" (Lk 2:35). Just as Our Lady of Sorrows was present at Calvary beside the Cross of Our Lord, we can imagine Her present at Mass beside the priest, who is *in persona Christi*, at the Altar of Sacrifice. Our Lady is the ultimate Martyr/Saint to help us by Her example and intercession to join the sacrifice of our very selves to that of Her Crucified Divine Son. In his classic work, The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gehr writes:

"The Victim of the Sacrifice of the Cross and of the Sacrifice of the Altar was given to us through the Virgin Mother, Mary; He is the fruit of Her most noble body by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost. She 'stood by the Cross of Jesus,' and while Her maternal tears were mingled with His Blood and the sword of sorrow pierced Her soul, She offered Her crucified Son for the salvation of the world. She is justly called 'the Queen of Martyrs.' Her name therefore is inseparable from the Sacrifice of Christ..."



Next we have the blessed Apostles (12) and Martyrs (12). The number twelve is a perfect symbol of our Apostolic Faith. All twenty-four of these saints were martyrs. Worthy of reflection is that all of the Apostles listed (with the exception of Saint Paul) would have been present at the First Mass, the Last Supper. Among the martyrs who were not Apostles, the *Communicantes* lists: five popes; a bishop; a deacon; and five laymen. All twenty-four were subjected to the final trial of martyrdom, willingly sacrificing all of their possessions and their very blood for the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Faith and are fittingly included by name in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

As the Mass is prayed, and as we face our own sacrifices for Christ and His Church, it is extremely edifying and inspirational to meditate upon the lives and sufferings of these special twenty-four Saints listed in the *Communicantes* of the Canon, as we invoke their powerful intercession:

- **Peter – Apostle and first Pope** – Peter was crucified upside down since he did not deign himself worthy to die upright, as did Our Lord. He was martyred on Vatican Hill in Rome under Nero in 64AD. His tomb is located in an area directly beneath the main Altar of Saint Peter's Basilica, calling to mind the words of Our Lord Jesus Christ: "And I say to thee: That thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My church, and the gates of hell

shall not prevail against it" (Mt 16:18).

- **Paul – Apostle to the Gentiles** – Having suffered shipwreck, stoning and imprisonment, he finally won the crown of glory as he was beheaded with a sword on the left bank of the Tiber River in Rome under Nero in 67AD. The Church of the Three Fountains is built on the site where Paul's severed head is said to have bounced three times, at which springs of water miraculously sprang forth.
- **Andrew – Apostle** – Andrew is said to have preached in Russia, Turkey and Greece. He was crucified on a transverse (X-shaped) cross, since he did not deign himself worthy to die upright, as did Our Lord. Andrew was tied, not nailed, to his cross in order to prolong his suffering. He was martyred in 60AD in Patras, Greece, during the reign of Nero.
- **James (the Greater) – Apostle** – Having spread the Faith for years in Spain, James returned to the Holy Land where he was beheaded in Jerusalem under King Herod Agrippa (44AD). He was the first Apostle to die a martyr's death.
- **John – Apostle** – John miraculously survived an attempt to execute him in

boiling oil in Rome under Domitian. This attempt on his life is said to have won for John the palm of a martyr. There are also accounts of an attempt to poison this beloved disciple. He was banished to the island of Patmos, moved to Asia Minor, and later served as the Bishop of Ephesus, where he is believed to have died at about the age of 100 years old sometime after 98AD. Although he was the youngest of the Apostles, he is believed to be the last to survive, and the oldest at the time of death.

- **Thomas – Apostle** – Thomas preached in Parthia and Persia and labored for many years in India. Eight miles outside Madras is a mount near the Bay of Bengal named after Thomas. On this mount, near Mylapore, India, Thomas was pierced with a lance and martyred in 72AD.
- **James (the Lesser) – Apostle** – Having survived Jewish assaults of being thrown down from the pinnacle of the Temple, and then being stoned by the scribes and Pharisees, James, the first Bishop of Jerusalem, was finally beaten to death with a fuller's club in 62AD.
- **Philip – Apostle** – Believed to have spread the Gospel in Asia Minor, Philip was crucified upside down in Hieropolis (in present day Turkey) in 80AD.
- **Bartholomew – Apostle** (aka: Nathanael) – Credited with having preached in Mesopotamia, Persia, Egypt, and India, Bartholomew's missionary efforts finally took him to Armenia, where he was flayed alive with a knife and finally beheaded.
- **Matthew – Apostle** – Believed to have written his Gospel in Syria, and having preached in Persia (present day Iran), Matthew is said to have been beheaded in Ethiopia.
- **Simon – Apostle** – Simon was said to have preached in Egypt, later joining forces with the Apostle Jude (Thaddeus). He was sawed into pieces in Mesopotamia.
- **Thaddeus – Apostle** (aka: Jude) – Thaddeus worked with the Apostle Simon in Syria, Persia and Mesopotamia. Thaddeus was axed to death in Mesopotamia.
- **Linus – 2nd Pope** – Preceded by Saint Peter, Linus was the second Bishop of Rome. He was decapitated in 76AD and buried by the side of Saint

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To be “Speakers of the Greatest Words and Doers of the Greatest Deeds”

By John Rao

“Now is the hour for us to rise from sleep” (Rom. 13:11)

An Austrian professor sent me a very perceptive article a few months ago demonstrating through historical examples that a civilization—as opposed to a mere piece of land—can only be conquered by an invading force if it is in effect already culturally dead. When basic moral and intellectual elements of a civilization remain viable it can hold its own and even eventually triumph over adverse elements despite its physical weaknesses. This is especially true when the intruding force is itself a cultural inferior.

Western Christendom is not merely “in crisis”. It is already stone cold dead. Its basic cultural building blocks—Church, State, Family, Education, and Artistic Achievement—have all been pulverized. They no longer exist as effective sociological forces. Anyone who does not recognize that fact is sleepwalking

amidst the ruins of a civilization that “survives” only as tourist attractions in what is, at heart, one big western Disneyland.

Sadly, this pulverization is self-inflicted, due to suicide by poison. That poison is one that Christendom and its deluded members have been taking in perilous doses since the time of the Reformation. Yes, we still have a Pope, but one who is presiding over a corpse. And terrible to say, the Supreme Pontiff will most certainly happily celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of Christendom’s first seriously consequential quaff of doctrinal poison in 2017.

In short, the situation is more dangerous today than it was at the beginning of the fifth century, when St. Augustine penned his *City of God* explaining how the work of the Church would continue even if the Roman Empire disappeared. One must remember that that was a thought as inconceivable to the men of late antiquity as the truth that the American

Empire will also inevitably one day vanish may be to our contemporaries.

Our situation is more dangerous because in Augustine’s time, the Christian building blocks of the politically and militarily crippled imperial society were still suitable for use in new construction projects. Moreover, Catholics learned to fit these blocks together nicely with what was left of the Greco-Roman achievement. Working with both, they managed to provide a foundation viable enough to house the culturally inferior German outsiders and domesticate them—although even here with enormous suffering, repeated and terrible setbacks, and bitter, bitter tears. Today, despite the fact that the treasure chest of Revelation and sacramental grace undeniably remains intact, its “paper tiger” custodians do not want to open it up and use it for the protection not just of believing Christians but of the entire human race. They are merciless. But, then again, mercilessness is one of the selfish as well as self-destructive

manifestations of any love affair with suicide.

That brings me to our little band of Traditionalists, as we stumble through the ruins of what once was Christendom, eager to find a way to rebuild a civilization that was slowly and to a large degree voluntarily deconstructed. There can be no effective construction without a preliminary blueprint based on clear-headed thinking about what serves one’s needs and what does not. The following Syllabus of Traditionalist New Year’s Resolutions for 2016 are my modest but considered contribution to that blueprint.

Although they are many in number, these resolutions really all boil down to the central thesis of my book, *Black Legends and the Light of the World*: the need to face the full message of the Incarnation head on. An honest confrontation with that message—the message of the Social

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Communicantes Martyrs for the Faith

Fr. Cizik/Continued from Page 9

- Peter, who had converted him to Christianity.
- **Cletus – 3rd Pope** (aka: Anacletus) – Ordained to the priesthood by Saint Peter, Cletus was martyred during the persecutions of Domitian in 88AD.
- **Clement – 4th Pope** – It is said that he was drowned in 97AD, at the command of the Emperor Trajan, with an anchor attached to his neck. A miraculous low tide is said to have revealed a marble chapel, built by the hands of angels, which contained his body, along with the anchor.
- **Sixtus– Pope** – There were two popes revered with this name in the early Church and it is uncertain as to which one the Canon refers. The **7th Pope, Sixtus I**, suffered martyrdom under Hadrian in 125AD. The better known was **Sixtus II, the 24th Pope**. He was beheaded by Roman soldiers under Valerian at or near his Episcopal chair in the Catacomb of Praetextatus on the Appian Way in 258AD. Along with Pope Sixtus II, there were slain six

- of the seven deacons of Rome. The 7th deacon, Lawrence, would be martyred three days later and is also mentioned in the *Communicantes* of the Canon.
- **Cornelius – 21st Pope** – Suffering under the constant expectation of death under Decius, and then Gallus, Cornelius was finally banished to Centum Cellae, in central Italy, where he received the crown of martyrdom in 253AD.
- **Cyprian – Bishop of Carthage** – Cyprian fought boldly against heretics and schismatics. He was put to death by the sword in the public square of Carthage in 258AD.
- **Lawrence – Deacon** – Lawrence was responsible for the administration of Church goods under Pope Sixtus II. When asked to deliver the wealth of the Church to the Roman government, Lawrence presented orphans, widows, lepers, the blind and the poor as the Church’s treasure. Outraged, the Romans had him scourged, struck with lead balls, stretched on the rack, burned with red hot metal plates and, finally, roasted on a burning

- gridiron. His famous comment on the red-hot grill was that he was roasted on one side and should be turned over.
- **Chrysogonus – Layman** – Imprisoned under Diocletian for converting scores of pagans to the Catholic Faith, Chrysogonus was finally sent to Aquileja, where he was beheaded in 304AD.
- **John and Paul– Laymen** – John and Paul were distinguished Roman brothers who refused to sacrifice to idols. For this they suffered decapitation in their own palace in 362AD, under Julian the Apostate.
- **Cosmas and Damian – Laymen** – The Arab brothers, Cosmas and Damian, were physicians who studied medicine in Syria. They provided free medical care to the poor, thereby securing many converts to the Catholic Faith. The enraged pagans inflicted many tortures upon them prior to their beheading at Egea, Cilicia (in present day Turkey) in 297AD.

The centuries old *Communicantes* traditionally had listed only martyrs

for the Faith. Then, as a harbinger of a tsunami wave of earth-shaking liturgical changes to soon follow, Pope John XXIII added, in 1962, the name of Saint Joseph after that of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was the first change to the Canon of the Mass in over one-thousand-three-hundred years since Pope Gregory I (590-604AD). After Vatican II, a significantly reworked version of the Roman Canon would be renamed as “Eucharistic Prayer I,” which would then become just one of more than a dozen of other Eucharistic Prayers to choose from in the Novus Ordo Mass.

The ancient maxim of the Church had always been “*lex orandi, lex credendi*” (“the law of prayer is the law of faith”). The Church believes as she prays. Hence, when the way we worship changes, we run the risk of changing the way that we believe.

WE DARE NOT CHANGE the One True Faith handed on to us from the Apostles. The Traditional Latin Mass serves to preserve what has been handed on to us from the Apostles. In this time of great assaults against our One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Faith, we NEED the example and intercession of the martyred heroes of our Faith to assist and inspire us in making the supreme sacrifice of our own lives for Christ and the One True Church that He founded. We NEED the *Communicantes*.

In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

Continued. . .

Kingship of Christ--is often painful, even for those of us who love Tradition, because it can poke holes in pet heresies and false customs too long accepted as Catholic "truths" and "traditions". Nevertheless, it is only through this difficult analysis of our present situation, personally and socially, with reference to what the Social Kingship of Christ demands of us that we can expand upon and perfect the mission given to Achilles through Homer: "to be a speaker of words and a doer of deeds". It is only in this way that we, the beneficiaries of the complete message of salvation can become the speakers of the *greatest* words and the doers of the *greatest* deeds. Readers can take these resolutions to heart or reject them, but I feel obliged at least to record them on *The Remnant* pages for the sake of my own sense of duty as a Catholic historian and fellow militant.



Fr. Miguel Pro was murdered for that for which we must now learn to effectively fight--the Old Faith, whole and entire

1. I resolve to take the whole of Catholic Tradition seriously; not simply that part of it that suits the present and all too legitimate Church authorities, along with those who for various reasons will slavishly praise anything that these authorities say and do--whether it be black today or white tomorrow. I also resolve to remember that I myself am not the Catholic Church, that I may have my own misconceptions regarding what she teaches, and that I cannot exclude my own pet heresy from the judgment of the whole of the Catholic Tradition.
2. I resolve not to waste any more time fretting about what the Second Vatican Council said or did not say, recognizing that its ambiguous elements are all destined for the rubbish heap of history anyway. When tempted into a debate on *Dignitatis humanae* I will loudly recite passages from St. Dominic and St. Francis against the Albigensian Heresy, or listen to the auto-da-fe scene from Don Carlo in a Catholic spirit instead.
3. I resolve to remember with pride the Holy Roman Empire, thereby calling to mind the historical truth that Christendom is meant to be an international community--not a society of arrogant, parochial, nationalist caves.
4. In conjunction with the above resolution, I resolve to honor the way in which the Holy Roman Emperors did yeoman service for the Church by tossing unworthy occupants of the Holy See off their throne, thereby contributing mightily to the glory of the High Middle Ages.
5. I resolve, sadly, to remember that these Holy Roman Emperors--as well as all those individuals and groups who in every age of Church History have called themselves "Catholic" rulers or "Christian" parties--have also often been guilty of unacceptable and immoral actions. Therefore, I resolve to admit that it is my duty to reject and condemn their bad deeds and not slavishly praise them by arguing that "after all", they at least called themselves "Catholics". I resolve always to demand that those with political and social authority of any kind prove that their use of the word

Catholic means something serious by actually being Catholic.

6. I resolve to remember that even though it is absolutely the case that many Protestants do believe in Christ, are shocked by the wickedness of the contemporary world, should not be attacked as persons, and may often be allies in one battle or another, that Protestantism in and of itself is a horrible evil, whose doctrines bear the poisons of modernity in them and must be spat out like a piece of tainted meat.
7. I resolve to remember that trying to build social unity on the concept of some broad "Judeo-Christian" principles or "basic common sense" is a pathetic fraud. Without sound Catholic doctrine and grace to back these up in thought and action, all such principles and common sense-filled resolutions become nothing other than museum pieces, and perishable ones to boot.
8. I resolve to remember that it is not the rebirth and enhancement of the knowledge of antiquity and science that is the problem with the Renaissance and Modernity, but the way in which many of the supporters of the Renaissance and Modernity destroyed all sense of the supernatural, worshipping nature and seeking to gain power over it with a willful, irrational, and ultimately absurdly magical spirit.
9. I resolve to remember that willful naturalism is the problem of the Enlightenment as well, and that the result of this has been that many different sorts of willful, naturalist individuals and sects have come up with many different kinds of explanations for how a universe without God should function--all of them badly flawed. Some of these have tried to build a world operating by machine-like rules and no respect for the individual; some have tried to build a world on the basis of individual freedom alone with no respect for man's social nature and

universal moral laws.

10. I resolve to remember that the Radical Enlightenment of the French and Russian Revolutions involved an open and direct attack on the Social Kingship of Christ.
11. I resolve to remember that the Moderate Enlightenment of the English and American Revolutions and of that modern Pluralism they engendered involves a much more effective and thoroughgoing assault on the Social Kingship of Christ masqueraded by its apparent promotion of "religious liberty" for all. For they destroy the sacred not by outlawing it but by rendering it socially impotent; not by making revolutionary calendars abolishing Sunday, but by turning the Lord's Day and Christmas into nothing other than shopping opportunities.
12. I resolve to remember that the Moderate Enlightenment's political expression is Liberalism, and that Liberalism is a wicked heresy. But in doing so, I resolve to remember that Liberalism is built upon an exaltation of individual "freedom" that attacks the moral teachings of the Social Kingship of Christ in a myriad of ways, and that what are called Liberalism, Conservatism, and Libertarianism in the United States are all different manifestations of its same basic error. They all have pet liberties that they wish to promote, while irrationally condemning the pet liberties of their competitors. And they all end up ensuring the victory of the strong over the weak--which is the end result of all Liberalism.
13. I resolve to remember that all of the theological and philosophical and scientific stupidities that have been propounded in the modern age do not destroy the value of theology, philosophy, science, and human Reason in general.
14. I resolve to remember that belief in "American Exceptionalism" is an assault on the universal

Catholic moral vision and the entire concept of international Catholic Christendom. I resolve to remember that "my country, right or wrong" is a principle condemned by Blessed Pius IX in his Syllabus of Errors.

15. I resolve never to forget that Islam is indeed a force for evil, but also to remember that the current Moslem invasion of the western world is to a very large degree due to the consequences of Israeli warmongering, neo-conservative passion for "regime change", neo-liberal breaking down of borders in the name of "economic freedom", and detestation of secularist Arab governments ready to play ball with a secularist West.
16. I resolve to remember that even though Traditionalism is very weak in practical terms, that we do have the whole of the Tradition behind us--and the Traditional Mass as its most precious aid. I resolve to remember that we are strong in so far as we constantly bring what that Tradition means before our contemporary "paper tiger" leaders--as *The Remnant* is doing with its current Petition to Pope Francis.
17. I resolve to remember that there are indeed many confused people "out there" whom I must not treat offhandedly simply because they do not know of or have not yet accepted the whole Catholic or Traditionalist Catholic position. I resolve to do my best to play Virgil and Beatrice to all those "lost in the woods".
18. And, finally, I resolve to do two difficult things simultaneously: remember that we are living through a crisis that is unprecedented in the entire history of the Church, and that we must retain a spirit of joy and a sense of humor through this apocalyptic madness nonetheless. For our "drama" is, after all, part of the Divine Comedy, and Christ will win in the end.

Viva Cristo Re!

*Literature, Liturgy and the Permanent Things***Summer in the City of Nō**

The account you are about to read has been prepared because you don't know and you need to know the ruthlessness and cold calculation of those who hold the education of your children in a secret sleeper-hold.

By Francis Fox

Preface

The essay 'Summer in the City of Nō', while complete in itself, forms part of an upcoming sequence of Remnant essays themed under the title 'Literature, Liturgy and the Permanent Things'. You will find little that is new or original in this sequence, but only a personal and particular affirmation of sequence itself. In the spirit of "*Tradidi quod et accepi*" I hope only to pass on a small measure of oil for your lamp and some crumbs of the wayfarer's bread I have received from true servants of the Master.

The Tribe in Time

We typically associate 'tribe' with a people removed in time and remote in place, with hairiness, incoherent utterance, steamy jungle or arid plain; in short, with human society in a primitive state of development. Indeed, it has become second nature to locate 'tribe' within that fictitious landscape we call "the dawn of time", when our early ancestors were living in a world only partially emerged from the dark night of its unspeakable birth.

It's odd, isn't it? It's like the whole question of origin is either too hard—because it's too far away in time and the evidence disputed—or too peripheral and blurred to take seriously, since, and rightly so, our focus is almost exclusively on real things like the overdue phone bill you have to pay, the stiffness in your neck that's been there all day or live breaking news of civil unrest in Mogadishu or Upper Tallabudgera. Based on this brief survey, one might suggest that "reality" can be anything that entertains the senses or pre-occupies the mind for anywhere between two seconds and twenty-four hours. It's all about currency, in both senses of the word.

Meanwhile, returning to "the dawn of time", it seems mother nature—as we affectionately call her—was once anything but parentally disposed, and more a savage tyrant than a loving mother, who ruled over her children without mercy, in a state of constant brutal conflict. Apparently we've moved on since then.

Thus, we find ourselves in 2015, bathed in the sun of a world grown to social and political maturity; a world where tribalism has given way, variously, to feudalism, regionalism, liberal nationalism and digital globalism, without ever really putting away the bows and arrows of childish territorial dispute. Meanwhile, the contagion of constant conflict—between man and



There's More Than One Way to Burn a Book

nature, and man and man—has been wonderfully contained to mild localised outbursts, such as World Wars I and II, Korea, Vietnam, most of Africa and South America, and all the Middle East for the past seventy years.

I guess what I'm driving at is that the more remotely we control the means of survival, the more remote we become from anything civilisation has ever been. With the flick of a switch we banish night and annihilate distance; and through a crude piece of linguistic engineering we reinvent the human mind and make nonsense of the natural law. Chesterton once remarked that a people no longer believing in God will believe in anything.

Forgive us, Father, for the monstrosity we have become, more terrifying than any beast our ancestors may have fought, back in the dawn of time.

The war for hearts and minds

Don't ask me how it happened, but it did. In 2007, the Liberal Government of Australia said: 'Enough's enough. The Marxist infiltration of everything that passes for education in this country has to stop.' A key issue the mildly conservative government was hoping to address was the phenomenon known as 'the black-armband view of history'. This was the view disseminated through schools and universities nationwide that our history was without honour or merit; a history grounded in violent oppression of black, brown, red and yellow; in fact, any colour of culture or people within the nation that wasn't white and Christian.

Years of indoctrination, rabidly supported by prominent left-leaning media houses, had caused us as a society to disown our past, despise a rich cultural heritage and denounce any show of pride in national identity. Geographically remote; remote from any sustaining parentage in tradition, and, at best, only remotely even a genuine civilisation, Australia was, according to

this view, in every sense of the word, an island.

The remarkable thing is that the whole Marxist revolution within the country's social, political, cultural and religious institutions had been implemented gradually, expertly and clinically, with not a single shot fired or drop of blood shed. The majority of Australians—downplayed by the media as a far-right fringe—loathed the gutless, soul-less pawn of political correctness we had become; and we knew we were right to loathe it, because it came with full UN approval.

Some time after this was when the Liberal government took its stand, and so it came to pass that, in the summer of 2008-09, I was paid to attend a two-week, live-in summer school for two hundred high-school English teachers from all over Australia.

What was the Australian Government Summer School for Teachers of English (AGSSTE)?

Let me couch it in terms of a medical metaphor: Marxism is a parasite, a cancer, a colony of like-minded, attack cells with a particularly malignant intelligence that uses the host-organism's vital mechanisms to vigorously reproduce itself. Should the cancer be detected and a medical intervention carried out to suppress it at the primary site, the disease almost invariably goes underground, only to later reappear at multiple secondary sites, by which stage it is pretty much irreversible. A red flag is quietly hoisted, a little celebration held by party faithful and invited guests, and soon after that the undertaker is called. AGSSTE was a 'medical intervention'. As a historical event, it can be viewed from two distinct perspectives: the first an attempt to perpetuate the deception and the second to unmask it.

1.) The Outside-In Video Summary of Summer School as Aired on Prime-Time TV

Blue skies, white-hulled leisure craft in full, colourful sail sliding across the calm waters of the bay; splashes of children laughing and playing on the shore; young and not so young couples walking hand-in-hand along the beachfront promenade; clowns and musicians busking in the park where families picnic by the pretty little harbour. Across the road the old Wool-Stores, a heritage-listed building recently restored, with original, late-1800s brickwork, exposed wooden beams, polished floors, lots of glass and ultra-modern flash metallic sculptures; a sign that reads: Deakin University, Waterfront Campus.

Teachers, young and middle-aged, chatting, smiling, laughing; bright, casual summer attire—some in shorts,

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Father Says, "Read The Remnant!"
And, Clearly, Father Knows Best



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Continued. . .

tee-shirt and thongs; others more formal, more reserved, meeting for the first time on Day 1. Close up of teachers looking attentive, taking notes, nodding agreement in lecture hall; teachers holding frank and friendly discussions in tutorial groups; wait-staff with platters of food and drink sailing between islands of teachers lunching in sunny courtyard; big smiles and great fun all round as mixed teams of teachers fumble clumsy returns in a game of beach-volleyball; teachers relaxing after class with glass of white or local beer at various waterfront restaurants late into the evening; pale half-moon winking above sleepy little coastal city where teachers tired but content resort to 4-star comfortable beds for well-earned rest.

2.) The Inside-Out, Eye-Witness Account of a Survivor

The account you are about to read has been prepared because you don't know and you need to know the ruthlessness and cold calculation of those who hold the education of your children in a secret sleeper-hold.

Seven years after the event, I tremble still to recall those comfortable, O so civilised killing fields. At the end of every day of the summer school I would trudge back to my hotel room, my head reeling under the vicious assault I had just sustained, my heart like a hunted deer, gripped with panic.

Transpose the following historic image—excerpted from a report detailing life in Paris in the aftermath of the French Revolution—from a carnal to a cultural context and you won't be too far away from understanding why I continue to insist the summer school was a moral and intellectual abattoir:

“Eyewitness accounts of these massacres match in horror almost anything to be found in the history of Europe... [one account details] seeing a group of those administering ‘the people’s justice’ resting from their labors during their lunch break. Sitting atop a pile of freshly massacred corpses, they soaked their bread in the blood of their victims.” –pp. 90-91, *To Quell The Terror*, William Bush.

In lectures and tutorials and discussion groups we, the educators of Australian youth, were encouraged to weed out and destroy anything in the curriculum that tended to precision in thought or expression; anything prejudiced towards a belief, not just in the supremacy of truth, but even in the possibility of its existence; anything that wasn't subjective, superficial or perishable—whether in language, philosophy or literature.

Exploding the Literary Canon

I was traumatised to discover that the way I understand and teach literature was entirely wrong. Associate Professor X assured us that literature is a purely subjective study; that the meaning of a text is negotiated through the reader's interaction with the text. Therefore, my 15-year-old student's understanding of Macbeth is as ‘valid’ (whatever that means) and as ‘authoritative’ (ditto) as his 50-year-old teacher's view, and equal even to Shakespeare's understanding of his own work. Why? Because the

meaning is not there until I, the reader or audience, put it there.

I won't go too deep into this view, for fear I might lapse into some crude remark about what issues from the south end of a well-fed male cow. But even at the surface level the implications are obvious. The typical teen response to *Macbeth* is: “What the heck is this garbage?” That means bye-bye Billy Waggedagger from the curriculum, struck down by a unit of study on the lyrics of contemporary pop music or a unit of study on the language of text-messaging. I'm serious. This is no caricature.

Let's consider *Macbeth*, for example, and the play's treatment of the question of repentance—a question of life-shaping, eternity-deciding significance that involves the Creator, His laws, His mercy, the Church and her sacraments, our weakness of flesh and of will, a survey of history and contemporary society.

Macbeth (the character) falls to Luciferian lust, kills his king and usurps power in a kingdom that, under his rule, plummets into a living hell. Is Macbeth, therefore, “evil”? The modern mind and its impoverished philosophical idiom, emptied of metaphysical distinctions, would certainly class him so. Consequently, a modern interpretation would likely assert that, while Macbeth was wrong at the outset, in choosing to kill Duncan, from that point forward he effectively has no choice because, having become an evil man, his fate is sealed. In other words, a modern would teach the play as he would a Greek tragedy, a tragedy of pre-destination, instead of as a Christian tragedy, a tragedy of free will.

This is a poisonous interpretation that misses the entire point of the play, and the key word here is “poisonous”. That the prince of darkness, the prince of lies, originally manifested himself as a serpent reveals a truth we often overlook, which is that the serpent is venomous. His lies are not merely suggestions in the psychological sense; they are actual toxins that, once ingested, command a response from the chemistry of the brain and impact the neural landscape. Sin is not merely the contravention of a rule; it a disease, a malignant colonial power.

If I am teaching *Macbeth*, I point out to my students that not only did Our Lord avoid sin, He avoided the occasion of sin by refusing to dialogue with the Liar. Macbeth is counselled to avoid speaking with the three loathsome hags, but he speaks anyway. They lie to him, the poison goes in, Macbeth's will weakens and he sins mortally. Yes, he then goes on to commit further murders, but never at any point can we say he has **no choice**; that as an “evil” man he cannot help but perpetuate his career of sin. It is a lie, the very lie Macbeth uses to deceive himself; a lie my summer-school mentors have willingly digested and regurgitate—because, like Macbeth, they are assassins of the true king.

I encourage my students to see Macbeth not as an evil man—evil inheres in the choice and the resulting action, *not* in the person—but as a sick man; a man whose will to do good is increasingly paralysed by lies and false arguments. But it didn't have to be this way for Macbeth, nor does it have to be this way

for them as they grow older and fall into sin—and let's not kid ourselves that it won't happen. Forgiveness is always available. Always. For goodness' sake, isn't that why we have the sacraments? He who cured lepers, purified adulterers and raised even the dead; this merciful God, with sacramental facility, can arrest our downward spiral at **any** point in its trajectory, even in the moment before its final fatal impact, as He did for the thief who asked it.

Within the City of Nō

Think about it. What is the value of an education that doesn't feed a student's hunger for truth and beauty? that doesn't serve as midwife to the birth of an orderly, civilised mind? The program of social engineering delivered to us at summer school was nothing short of a cynical “cleansing” program—in the tradition of “ethnic cleansing”. I want no part of it; no part of a world in which God is missing; a world in which the uncaused cause is missing; the possibility of knowing, embracing and loving the origin of all things, He who is our tribe, our truth, our living and eternal Father, denied.

It's not just that God is *missing* from the conclusions they tyrannically impose, but rather that the process they follow to reach those conclusions, their logic and every one of their arguments, has as its *starting* point, the rejection of God; and insofar as they start with a prejudice, there really is no argument.

No argument because they have turned away from the Father; they have rejected his authority and left his house; they have abandoned the familiar order of the village, with its centuries-old cobbled streets and stone houses wherein they are named and known by neighbours. But wanting to do what they wish and be who they will, they have fled and sought the anonymity of the city, the city of Nō. This city worships a monstrous local deity by the name of Nō-god, a being with clearly defined rules, known as Nō-rules, and a strict behavioural code for his people, called Nō-morality.

Commanded by their jealous Nō-god, the citizens of Nō have not been content to remain within their city, but have embarked on an aggressive program of expansion. Using a variety of means and assorted powerful weapons, with education foremost, the city of Nō has succeeded in taking over not only the nation—now known as Nō-nation—but also in conquering other nations. Ultimately, Nō-god intends to be the god of by all using his Nō-priests to implement a policy called ecumenism—whereby all religions effectively become one religion, Nō-religion.

Woe to you, Priests and Doctors of the City of Nō — “because you shut the kingdom of heaven against men, for you yourselves do not enter in; and those that are going in, you suffer not to enter.”- Matthew 23:13 — it were better you had never been born. ■

Please - Pray For Bishops Now

The Church Needs Your Prayers!

In June 2013, in response to the various crises afflicting the Church, a website was launched to reach out to Catholics to encourage them to pray for all the worlds Bishops – *all of them* – each day and perpetually by means of a Morning Offering and at least one decade of the rosary for the particular intention that God's holy Will be accomplished in and through all Catholic Bishops for the glory of God, the good of the Church and the sanctification of souls.

Additionally, any voluntary penance or mortification in conjunction with this prayer is encouraged to assuage that wounded Heart that loved us so much as to die upon the Cross, that God in His mercy would grant grace to those Bishops who need it most to do His will.

The Traditional Latin Mass is offered on the last day of each month by Fr. Brian Harrison, O.S., for the spiritual benefit of all those who participate in this prayer effort. God knows who you are. Additionally, a second Traditional Latin Mass is also offered each month by another priest for all the worlds Bishops for the same particular intention noted above.

Would you please consider joining this ongoing effort? May God bless you for your charity.

For more information please visit www.prayforbishopsnow.com.

Do You See What I See?

By Susan Claire Potts

The snow was falling lightly, frosting the cedar roping on the balcony of Tom and Angelina Reynold's high-rise apartment. Angelina was standing at the railing, her terrycloth robe wrapped tightly around her, looking down at the Detroit River. A single freighter barged slowly toward Lake St. Clair, silent as a raft, its burnt-orange hull the only color on the river.

It was Christmas Eve, and the sun was rising in the east. She heard the door slide open behind her.

"Hey! Angie!" Tom called.

She turned.

"What are you doing out here?"

"Thinking."

"Anybody tell you it's snowing?"

She ignored the question. "You're up early," she said.

"The station just called," he said.

"I've got to go out to Holly."

"I thought you were off today."

"Thought so, too." He made a face.

"Man, it's freezing. You coming in?"

"Sure."

She heard him mumbling as she followed him to the kitchen.

"Had to call me. Couldn't send anybody else... wreck my day off..." he complained as he poured himself a cup of coffee.

"What's going on in Holly?" she asked.

"Some farm kids are putting on a live Nativity Scene or something." He shrugged. "Markowitz thought it'd make a good story. Kids, animals, Christmas... tug all the heartstrings."

He opened the refrigerator for the cream. "Be glad when it's over."

"Tom..."

He didn't want to hear it. "So what are you up to this morning?" he asked.

"Choir practice." She paused. "For Midnight Mass. Want to go with me?"

"Nope." He turned his head. He didn't want to see the reproach he knew was on her face. "I'll drive you, though."

"Thanks."

"No problem."

She was quiet. Except for their wedding, Tom hadn't been to Mass since college. He was a television reporter and only believed what he saw with his own two eyes. Her mother had warned her. *Angelina, he don't go to church, she'd said, wiping her hands on her apron. What're you going to do when the babies come?*

"I'll cross that bridge when I come to it," Angelina answered. *No good. It's no good.*

But Angelina was stubborn. She loved Tom and thought things would be different once they were married. He'd go to church with her, she was sure of it. But he didn't. *No point, he'd said. I wish I had your faith, but I don't. It's just not real.*

"What isn't?"

"The whole thing."

There was nothing she could say, nothing she could do but pray. "When do you have to leave?" she asked.

"I'm meeting Josh at the farm at eleven. We'll set up, go live at noon."

"I'll be back by then. I'll watch."

Tom went into the den to do some background for the story. By eight o'clock, Angelina was in the kitchen, baking Christmas cookies. She was



singing *Tu Scendi dalle Stelle*, the song she had sung since she was a child, the carol of her Italian ancestors. She had translated it for him one night:

*Thou comest down from the stars,
O King of Heaven To a grotto... To the cold... To the frost... What it cost Thee to love me!*

He stopped working to listen. The words touched him in ways he didn't understand. Yet still he didn't believe.

The old farmhouse was set back from the gravel road. Near the barn, in the middle of a field, was a simple wooden stable, built for the live Nativity scene, the roof covered with snow. A glittering cardboard star hung from an apple tree. Behind it all were rolling acres of spruce and pine.

The air smelled like Christmas.

Tom parked his car and hurried across the field to the stable. Josh Evans, his cameraman, was already there, setting up his equipment. A crowd gathered.

At five minutes to twelve, a man—Tom supposed he was the farmer—brought beasts to the stable. *The ox and ass*, Tom remembered. He hadn't forgotten everything. The farmer placed the animals behind the manger. Patting their backs, he leaned down, whispered in their ears, then withdrew, as a children's choir, robed like angels, filed out of the farmhouse.

The Holy Family took their places. Mary, delicate in blue mantel and veil, was carrying a baby, cradling him close in her arms. She smiled at the animals, then laid the baby in the manger, tenderly tucking a thick wool blanket around him. The child gurgled softly.

Tom caught his breath. He'd thought it was a doll. But it was real. *In the cold like Baby Jesus*. Mary knelt down, her veil falling over her face while Joseph stood by. *Could it actually have happened?* Tom wondered, then shook off the question. Moving to the side of the stable, he clicked on his microphone and turned to Josh. "Let's roll," he said.

"Ready."

Tom cleared his throat and looked into the camera. "This is Tom Reynolds," he began, "Reporting live from the Hauenberg Farm, where a group of children are re-enacting the Nativity of Jesus Christ." The choir sang *Gloria in excelsis Deo!* Tom shivered, whether from the wind blowing in his face or from the song of the angels, he didn't know. Shepherd boys came then, leading a small flock of lambs. Entering

the stable, they knelt at the manger. Tom motioned to Josh. *Get a close-up*, he mouthed, and the cameraman moved in for the shot.

Tom finished his report. "That's a wrap," he said with a wave of his arm.

"I don't think it's over," Josh said.

"What?"

"Look over there."

The Three Kings—boys richly dressed with fur-trimmed cloaks and crowns on their heads—were standing across the field, far off. A camel stood behind them. The camel was tall, over six feet, with a single hump. An embroidered blanket with tassels at the corners and glittering stones sewn into the hem was draped over his back. Hanging from his neck was a string of small brass bells. The bells rang as the camel followed the Magi to the stable, bearing gifts for the newborn King.

"I think we've got another story here," Tom said.

When the play was over, one of the boy kings, clad in red velvet, led the camel toward the barn. He was tethering him to a post when Tom approached them. The camel turned and regarded Tom serenely, his intelligent eyes framed by double lashes.

"Beautiful animal," Tom said. "Can you tell us about him?"

"Sure, the boy answered. "He belongs to my uncle. He's got a farm up in the Thumb. When I told him about the Live Nativity, he asked if we wanted to use his camel. Isn't that cool?"

"Very cool."

"He's a dromedary. Did you know dromedaries can run thirty miles an hour?" he asked.

"I didn't," Tom answered. "That would be something to see."

"Watch this," the boy said. He clapped three times, and the camel lowered himself, his head erect.

"He looks like he's kneeling," Tom said.

"He is. They train camels to do that," the boy answered. "Makes loading stuff—and getting on their back—easier." He grinned. "Looks like he's saying his prayers, doesn't it?"

Tom chuckled. "Guess it does."

"His name's Naveed," the boy said as he stroked the camel's neck. "It means *Good News*."

Tom drove Angelina to church in time for a last minute practice before carols at eleven. He parked the car and walked with her through the snow to the

front steps.

"What time do you want me back?" he asked.

"1:30?"

"I'll be here."

"Wish you'd come at midnight... for the Mass..."

He kissed her cheek. "See you later."

Tom waited until Angelina was safely inside. Instead of going home, he went to Sinbad's, the riverfront restaurant near their apartment. He didn't want to be alone. The restaurant was crowded and noisy, just what he wanted. Something was bothering him. What was it? The Nativity? The Mass? Angelina's pleading? All of it, he decided. Even the camel.

He sat down at the bar, ordered a beer and a plate of calamari. Christmas music was playing on the intercom. A boy's voice: *Do You See What I see?*

"No, I don't," Tom said.

"Excuse me?" the bartender asked.

"Nothing. Just thinking."

He wished he could see, but he couldn't. He remembered Christmas as a child. Did he believe it then? He didn't know. He couldn't remember. He swirled his beer and wondered how Angelina did it—how she could be so sure it was true. The waitress had just brought his dinner when his phone buzzed, then rang so loud the man sitting next to him nearly spilled his drink. Tom made a gesture of apology, then took the phone out of his pocket and answered it.

"Reynolds," he said.

"Tom. Markowicz here. Listen, I got a story."

"Angelina's at church. I have to pick her up at one, one-thirty."

"Plenty of time."

"What's going on?"

"You won't believe it."

"Try me."

"You know that Nativity thing you did today out in Holly? With the animals and everything?"

"Yeah..."

"The camel escaped. Broke the tether and took off running. Seems he ducked down some country roads, then headed south, like he knew where he was going. Somebody spotted him in White Lake. The camel disappeared, and then another guy called in from his car, sputtering about a camel running thirty, forty miles an hour, along I-75, heading to Detroit." Markowicz paused for breath. "A racing camel! On Christmas! What a story!"

"Where do I go?"

"Josh is waiting for you on the Mack service drive. Wait there. Way I figure, the camel ought to be showing up anytime now." Tom shoved the phone in his pocket, paid his bill, and left. Fifteen minutes later, he spotted the news van. He pulled up behind it and jumped out. Josh rolled down the window. "Hey," he shouted. "Another camel story! Weird stuff."

"You got that right," Tom said as he climbed into the van. They waited, but the camel didn't appear. Tom called the station. "I think we missed him. Listen, I gotta go pick up Angelina."

"Where is she?"

"Holy Family. Off Lafayette. Josh is gonna stay here. He'll text me if he sees anything and I'll get right back on it."

Continued Next Page

A Remnant Book Review

Creation, Evolution, and Catholicism: A Discussion for Those Who Believe

by Thomas McFadden.

Reviewed by Diane Levero

(Editor's Note: Reprinted here with the kind written permission of the author. Many thanks, Diane Levero MJM)

In 1951, along with the rest of the sophomores in my biology class, I learned about the theory of evolution. Our teacher carefully explained that a scientific theory was a formula of apparent underlying principles of certain phenomena which has been verified to some degree.

We then proceeded to study the theory of evolution as fact. Our biology textbook had helpful sequential pictures showing how man gradually evolved over millions of years from chimpanzees to knuckle-dragging, ape-like creatures to modern man.

We also learned about the Piltdown Man,

named for fragments of a jawbone and a skull discovered by pale-ontologists in a gravel pit in England in 1908. The researchers pieced the fragments together and voilà! Here was the "missing link" in the descent of man from a lower animal. Again, helpful illustrations depicted a half-man, half-ape, complete with hunched back and hairy body.

Two years after we sophomores had absorbed what for four decades had been accepted as the "scientific consensus," the Piltdown Man was exposed as a deliberate fraud—a doctored composite of a human skull, an orangutan jaw and chimpanzee teeth.

Despite this and other embarrassing problems through the years, the theory of evolution thrives today. It is taught as a scientific fact in virtually all public and Catholic schools and by the culture

at-large. Thomas McFadden, a retired engineer and devout Catholic, has written *Creation, Evolution, and Catholicism: A Discussion for Those Who Believe* to demonstrate that this evolutionary indoctrination plays a significant role in the accelerating loss of faith among Catholic youth and the consequent deadly fallout for our culture. But McFadden did not write the book "to promote more of the Catholic handwringing we have seen as America's Humanist-dominated public policy and culture becomes more hostile," he explains.

Instead, he calls for Catholic clergy and laity to fight back: "to discredit the cornerstone dogma of Humanism and rediscover and teach the doctrine of creation as the foundation of the Catholic Faith."

Any practicing Catholic knows that belief and practice among Catholics in the U.S., especially young adult Catholics, is in steep decline. They need only look at the many closed Catholic schools and churches, at the half-filled pews in their own church—and at the frequent abandonment of the Catholic Faith by their children or grandchildren.

McFadden cites recent Pew Research Center studies showing that 1 in 3 Americans were raised Catholic but only 1 in 4 self-identify as Catholic. The author concedes that many factors within the Church itself contribute to this loss of faith: poor religious instruction and homilies, ad hoc liturgies, and well-publicized scandals. But the root of the problem, he asserts, lies in the pollution of Catholic philosophy, theology and understanding of the Bible and the uncritical acceptance of the theory of evolution.

The powerful movers and shakers who have embedded evolution into our schools, media, culture and government are dedicated disciples of Humanism, explains McFadden. They have made it clear that Humanism is not merely a philosophy, but a non-theistic religion.

Humanist Manifesto I, written in 1933, declares that man's larger understanding of the universe and his scientific achievements have rendered theistic religions outdated; therefore, they must be replaced with a new religion that meets modern society's needs.

Number 1 on the Humanist dogma list is the tenet that the universe is "self-existing and not created." Their second most important tenet: Man is the result of a continuous evolutionary process. McFadden details extensively the origin and development of evolutionary theory, from the ancient Greek philosophers through Darwin to more current advocates such as Stephen Jay Gould, Richard Dawkins and Stephen Hawking.

Then, employing meticulous research and solid documentation, he shoots gaping holes in it. His biting narrative of the often contradictory, weird and bizarre theories put forth by proponents in support of evolution is fascinating, eye-opening, and often funny.

McFadden does not hesitate to ridicule where ridicule is richly deserved. For example, the companion book to the PBS TV series, "Evolution," titled *Evolution: The Triumph of an Idea*, states:

Some scientists suspect that life began at the mid-ocean ridges where hot magma emerges from the mantle. The branches nearest to the base of the tree of life, they point out, belong to bacteria and archaea that live in extreme conditions such as boiling water or acids.

Remarks McFadden, "A college student might ask: 'Do you suspect, professor, that if something is not living and you boil it in hot magma it will become a living thing?' If he says 'yes,' the student ought to ask for a tuition refund."

Sadly, many Catholic scholar-theologians have caved to pressures from the "scientific consensus" on evolution, despite the solemn warnings of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XII on the inerrancy of all Sacred Scripture, notes McFadden. They hold and teach that the Church's teaching on the inerrancy of Scripture applies to matters of faith and morals, but not necessarily to matters of history or the physical cosmos—such as the account of Creation in Genesis.

They thus give the stamp of approval to theistic evolution: the concept that evolution indeed occurred, but that God guided it in some fashion. Theistic evolution "works" for many Catholics, but for many others, especially young adult Catholics, it doesn't, says McFadden. Because they are taught in school that man and the cosmos are the accidental results of mindless occurrences and natural selection, but in church and home they are told that God created the world by fiat, many resolve the conflicting teachings by simply walking away from the Church.

Believing Catholics must fight back, declares McFadden. First, get informed yourselves through the excellent books and free online resources available (many of which he cites). Then, follow up with action at a parish level, he urges.

"Fans can help organize student-parent groups in support of getting tooth-fairy science replaced with real science in taxpayer-funded and Catholic schools...."

"Only when Catholics regain the supreme confidence in the Bible and the Magisterium can they stop the hemorrhaging of the Catholic youth from the Church—and the Humanist domination in America," he concludes.

Two thumbs up for this excellently written, witty demolition of evolution theory—and for McFadden's rallying call to action on the part of faithful Catholics. ■

Thomas McFadden a graduate of Villanova, is a past-president of Virginia Right to Life. He and Mrs. McFadden live in Front Royal, Va. They have six adult children and 25 grandchildren. To order *Creation, Evolution, and Catholicism*, email ScienceandCatholicism@gmail.com or write to Institute for Science and Catholicism, 1026 Goodview Drive, Front Royal, VA 22630. Suggested donation is \$10 for cost and mailing.

Do You See What I See?

Continued...

"Keep me posted," Markowicz ordered. "We should hear something soon. Animal control is out. Cops, too. I mean, how hard can it be to spot a camel?"

It was snowing hard as Tom drove back to the church. He parked his car and was just getting out when he heard something move behind the back corner of the building. He waited, listening, but he didn't hear it again. *Probably a cat, he thought, or a stray dog.*

He was opening the side door to go into the church when he heard the tinkling of bells. *Must be coming from the choir, he thought as he went inside and slipped into a back pew.* The people were kneeling, the *Sanctus* was sung, and then all was quiet. The priest prayed in Latin at the altar, his voice low, almost inaudible. Tom glanced from the altar to the silent worshipful people. He wished he could know what they knew, wished he could see what they saw in this ancient Sacrifice.

The *alter Christus* bent low, whispering. Bells rang, then, triple golden sounds, as the priest spoke the Words of the Savior, calling God down from Heaven.

The Mystery of Faith. Silence loomed in the church, heavier than sound, a sacred quiet, wrapping itself around Tom like a mother's arms. Tom felt a stab in his heart. He felt what he had never felt before. Comfort and peace and over it all, a wondrous joy. The priest turned to the people, holding the Host before them, that they might behold their God. *Ecce Agnus Dei.*

And then Tom saw. Not bodily, but with the eyes the soul, he saw the Infant Child in the Host, looking at him. Not smiling. Not holding out his arms. Just looking. Tom looked back in awe, his heart pounding, as he heard the long forgotten words of humility and longing.

Domine non sum dignus, he whispered.

As the long lines of people filed up the aisle to receive communion, the choir

began to sing. Tom could hear Angelina's voice above the others, singing of the Lord God descending from the stars. *Tu scendi dalle stellae, she sang, O re del cielo.* O King of Heaven, Tom whispered as the hard shell of unbelief shattered.

The Mass ended and the people left. The heavy doors were wide open, and Tom could hear the commotion in front of the church—people laughing and talking. Tom ignored it. He stayed where he was, overwhelmed, his head in his hands.

Looking down at him from the choir loft, Angelina wondered what was wrong. *Was he sick?* she worried as she came down the steps and slipped into the pew beside him. *You all right?* she whispered. He looked at her and squeezed her hand. He didn't need to say a word. She understood. Tears flowed down her face.

They stayed there, alone, praying, when Tom heard soft footsteps behind him. He turned around to see who it was, and his mouth dropped open. He nudged Angelina.

It was the camel.
From the Nativity? Angelina mouthed. He nodded.

But how...?
He escaped. Tell you later.

As they watched, the camel walked up the center aisle, regal as a king, his eyes on the tabernacle. He stopped a few feet from the communion rail.

Should you do something? Angelina whispered.

Wait here. I've got to text Josh. Tom went out into the vestibule and notified the cameraman, then called the police and the animal control people. His phone buzzed.

A text from Josh. *Coming with camera.*

Tom went back into the church. As he slipped into the pew next to Angelina, the camel moved. The bells on his neck jingled as Naveed turned and walked slowly toward the Nativity Scene at the side altar. He stood for a moment in front of the manger, then slowly, reverently, lowered himself to his knees.

Outside, the wind blew. The clouds parted, and a single star lit the sky. ■

*The Last Word...***And the Award for Modernist of the Year MMXV Goes To...**

By Father Celatus

With the change of another calendar year come all the accolades from various organizations and publications for their self-declared *Man of the Year*. Traditional Catholics care little about honors that the fallen world bestows on its own and even some secularists lost interest in these annual honors when *Time* magazine announced that *You*—yes, all of us—are the *Person of the Year*. Talk about a farce!

The close of the year 2015 is no exception and the sinful fallen world—including fallen away Catholics—continues to name its *Something-or-Others of the Year*. Even more ludicrous than the 2016 *Time* award to *You*, in fact, are the *National Catholic Distorter 2015 Persons of the Year* recipients. As the NCR boasts:

One Catholic couple who can – and do – tell the story of the benefits of same-sex marriage are Greg and Michael of Louisville. In a committed relationship for 33 years (and married in Canada in 2004), they are lifelong practicing Catholics and active members of Our Lady of Lourdes Parish for 28 years. Together, they are raising two children. By all accounts, they have become vital to their community... For their historic roles as plaintiffs in *Obergefell v. Hodges* and for their faithful public witness as gay Catholics, we name Greg Bourke and Michael DeLeon NCR's persons of the year for 2015.

Speaking of *Person of the Year* awards, two years ago an obscure contender for the worldly title appeared on the balcony overlooking Saint Peter's Square. He would not be the first pope in modernist times to win the title. Past papal *Man of the Year* winners include Pope John XXIII in 1963 and Pope John Paul II in 1994. Prior to the Vatican II revolution it was unimaginable that the fallen world would so honor a pope.

But these are not normal times and the Second Vatican Council and its representative popes have set in place policies and practices of worldly accommodation. Of this fact there can be no longer be any doubt, as is evident by the plethora of worldly awards presented to *Their Pope*, otherwise known as Francis of Rome. Since his election in 2013 *Their Pope* has been named *Person of the Year* by *Time*, *Rolling Stone*, *PETA*, *The Advocate*, and *Vanity Fair*. According to the Vatican, Francis will soon be awarded the 2016 International Charlemagne Prize of Aachen. Francis also tied with Donald Trump in a recent Gallup poll for the title of 2015 *Most Admired Man in the World*. But these two lost the title to Obama and Hillary.

So as a consolation prize to Francis of Rome, *The Last Word* is now declaring Jorge Bergoglio to be the *Modernist of the Year MMXV*. This unenviable distinction is awarded to him in light of the following achievements in the past calendar year and within the relatively short period of

his modernist pontificate:

- For his worldly accommodations to secular forces and popular causes. Notable among these we include his promotion of radical environmentalism as expressed in his encyclical *Laudato Si* and as symbolized in the sacrilegious light show that was projected upon the façade of St. Peter on the most sacred Marian Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Also, in a speech before the United Nations, Francis declared inalienable rights for nature: "It must be stated that a true 'right of the environment' does exist."
- For his promotion of religious relativism and curtailing evangelization. Notable among these must be included his strange silence regarding the holocaust of Christians taking place at the hands of Islam and his insistence that churches and nations admit Moslem refugees and terrorists into their communities, thereby contributing to the spread of Islam and ultimate death of Western Christendom. Also noteworthy is the recent Vatican statement which is critical of efforts to evangelize the Jewish people.
- For his compromise of fundamental moral principles and teachings. Of particular note in this matter we must include the so-called *Synod on the Family* which Francis used as a front and occasion to undermine the teaching of the Church and nature regarding cohabitating couples, adulterous couples and homosexual couples. Other means by which these causes have been advanced include his publicized meeting with a homosexual couple in the United States and his famous question, "Who am I to judge?"
- For his efforts to undermine the sanctity of the sacraments. Among these efforts we include the radical revision of the marriage annulment process, to include an unprecedented expansion of the grounds for annulments. Also to be included are his efforts to open up the reception of Holy Communion to those who are lacking true contrition for their persistent state of mortal sin, to include Catholics remaining sexually active in adulterous relationships and sexually active homosexuals.
- For his rehabilitation and promotion of ecclesiastical radicals. Notable among these radicals are the following individuals: the modernist Cardinal Walter Kasper, whose theological writings Francis promotes and reads on his knees; the revolutionary liberation theologian Gustavo Gutierrez, who had a private personal meeting with Francis; the radical liberal, pro-homosexual Dominican priest Father Timothy

Radcliffe, appointed by Francis as a consultant for the Pontifical Council for Justice and Peace.

- For his unrelenting attacks and insults directed at the faithful. The number of unjust and uncharitable insults hurled against devout Catholics is legion. Here is a sample: *Old Maids, Rosary Counters, Self-absorbed Promethean neo-Pelagians, Whiners, Rigid Christians, Modern Gnostics, Slaves of Superficiality, Ideologues, Elitists, Pickled Pepper-faced Christians, Monsters, Creed-reciting Parrot Christians, Fundamentalists, Vain Butterfly-priests, Pharisaical Christians, Hypocrites.*
- For his unorthodox preaching and revisionism of Sacred Scripture. Among the examples that may

be cited we include two. When preaching about the Holy Family, Francis claimed, "For this little 'escapade' Jesus probably had to beg forgiveness of his parents. The Gospel doesn't say this but I believe that we can presume it." When preaching about Mary on Calvary, Francis stated, "The Blessed Mother was human. And perhaps she would have wanted to say, 'Lies! I have been cheated!'"

Congratulations Jorge! You were a close second to Obama and Hillary for the title of *Most Popular Man of the Year*, but you have won hands down the title of *Modernist of the Year and of the New Millennium*! You will now be entered as a candidate for admission into the coveted *Christian Heretics Hall of Fame*. ■

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