

# 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

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## From the Editor's Desk...

By Michael J. Matt

### A Pilgrimage to the South of France

There are still some ten places available on this year's post-Chartres pilgrimage to La Salette and the South of France. In the interest of filling those places, I'd like to offer these brief descriptions of where we're going and why, over and above the 70-mile walking pilgrimage from Paris to Chartres, for which Remnant Tours will organize the U.S. Chapter for the 25<sup>th</sup> consecutive year. Each destination we've chosen has significance to Catholics living through this most turbulent period in Church history. The 3-day walking pilgrimage to Chartres needs no further explanation from me, after 25 years of my explaining in these columns the massive spiritual awakening that takes place along the road to Chartres. But this year we will also travel to La Salette, for obvious reasons, to visit the place at the top of French Alps, where Our Lady predicted that Rome will lose the Faith. And then it's on down to the South of France where we will visit holy places that were themselves visited by some of the holiest figures in history, including those that stood at the foot of the Cross.

If readers are interested in joining Chris Ferrara, John Rao, Father Pendergraft, Jamie Bogle and me on this 12-day pilgrimage to France, please see our ad on Page 16 for details. The dates are May 11- May 23, 2016. I look forward to seeing you on the road to Chartres.  
**MJM**

### Cotignac: An Apparition of St. Joseph

The Benedictine monastery, on the site of Saint Joseph's Well, is like a splash of light appearing amid the dark woods that surround it. It stands there, on the slopes

~ See Editor's Desk/ Page 2



**Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends. You are my friends, if you do the things that I command you.** - St. John, Chapter 15

## Pope Francis on Confession: Don't ask, don't tell

By Christopher A. Ferrara

The uncontrollable rushing stream of Pope Francis's off-the-cuff sermons and meditations has just undermined another of the foundations of our Faith: the Sacrament of Confession.

The Church has always required for a valid confession a diligent examination of conscience beforehand, the frank enumeration to the priest-confessor of all mortal sins of which one is conscious, no matter how serious or embarrassing, true contrition (either imperfect or perfect, both being promptings of the Holy Ghost) and a firm purpose of amendment excluding *any* will to commit the same sin or sins again.

We also know that God's grace is sufficient for us to avoid the sins to which we might be tempted even after absolution: "but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that which ye are able; but will with the temptation make also the way of escape, that ye may be able to endure it (1 Cor. 10:13)." (Of course, a relapsed sinner can always receive absolution again if he made a sincere commitment before his confessor to amend his life but failed on account of weakness and lack of correspondence to grace. There is no limit to God's forgiveness of the truly repentant.)

In only a few moments of rambling commentary during a sermon given to members of the Capuchin community

~ See Pope Confession/Page 8

## Remembering Nino: Justice Antonin Scalia, RIP

By Vincent Chiarello

What follows is not an obituary as such, but a eulogy to one of the most extraordinary men of our time. Lengthy obituaries can now be read daily in the press and heard on radio and television, but I believe that what you will read here is a far more personal account, written by a friend, of a man whose presence brought great joy and pleasure to many.

By now, most of the readers of *The Remnant* know that the Senior Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, Antonin Scalia, died suddenly and unexpectedly in his sleep while visiting a ranch in Texas. Perhaps many of these same readers may remember that I was

privileged to interview Justice Scalia, the result of which appeared in this newspaper (May 2014). In that article, my primary purpose was to inform the reading audience of the qualities of this very impressive man, not the least of which was his devotion to the Catholic Church, from which his spiritual and moral perspectives were drawn. But to me, his passing was also personal: Erasmus of Rotterdam referred to St. Thomas More as an *omnium horarum*, a man for all times; I called Justice Scalia my "man for all seasons."

The Justice and I met a quarter of a century ago, while I was assigned to the U.S. Embassy to the Holy See. Because



Senior Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, Antonin Scalia, RIP

~ See Scalia, RIP/Page 5



## From the Editor's Desk Cont...



One of many processions in honor of St. Joseph at Cotignac

of the Bessillon mountain, in a place that is twice blessed.

Firstly, it is in Provence, where Christianity was first brought to France, and where the first monastic foundations were established in the fourth century.

Secondly, it is at Cotignac, a place of prayer, a chosen land, visited by the two greatest saints in the history of Christendom, the Virgin Mary and Saint Joseph. The truth of the words of the bishop of Fréjus on the 31st of January, 1661, is borne out today, at Cotignac: "God, through the blessings that he wished to grant in honor of Saint Joseph, sought to make indivisible in the devotion of the faithful, the two holy persons (Mary and Joseph) whom he had joined together on earth, for the mystery of our salvation."

There are few recorded instances of apparitions of Saint Joseph, and perhaps none as interesting as this one. On June 7th of 1660, a shepherd of 22 years of age, named Gaspard Ricard, was herding his sheep to the east side of Mount Bessillon. At roughly 1pm the heat grew stronger and harder to bear. Very tired and thirsty, he decided to lay upon the rocky ground for a rest, when suddenly a tall man stood next to him and pointed to a nearby rock saying: "I am Joseph, lift the rock and you will drink."

The startled young man saw that the large rock looked heavy enough to require about eight men to move it. He asked how he would be able to do this alone, as there were no other men to be found in the area that day. St Joseph reiterated his instruction to lift the rock. Gaspard obeyed and, much to his surprise, he was able to lift it easily. Upon moving the rock he found fresh water flowing from underneath. He eagerly began to drink and, looking up, found that St Joseph had disappeared.

With haste he ran into town, crying this news to the villagers. Since he was known to be an upright and honest man, the villagers tended to believe his story. That belief was confirmed when they followed him to the site of the apparition and saw the water flowing from the

ground. And, indeed, the rock was too heavy for one man to move. Within three hours the small spring had become a fountain of overabundant water.

As a result of these occurrences, King Louis XIV (1638-1715) decreed that day to be a holiday and, after making his own pilgrimage to this place, he consecrated France – as well as himself – to St. Joseph. These waters which sprang forth in Cotignac, France, would become a sign of hope for many people, as these waters have curative properties for both the body and the soul. A sanctuary was constructed in 1663 that is there today. One of the documented miracles that took place was recorded in 1662 by a priest who had gone there the previous year:

"The fathers (of Our Lady of Graces) have assured me that there have been 52 processions between Easter and Pentecost, and that there were 6000 people within the octave of the latter feast. The waters of St. Joseph bring miracles. Since I returned, a man whom we know from Avignon, born lame, went to the spring and came back cured, having left his crutches there. Everyone drinks and carries away the water." – Father Allard of the Oratory, 1662

The facts are duly attested by abundant sources which have been well preserved. One thing which happened in the months following the apparition is remarkable: The Consuls of Cotignac, as politicians and as responsible Christians, believed in the apparition and soon made arrangements to cope with the increasing volume of pilgrims flocking to the site. The construction of a Chapel was decided upon. A charity was formed to pay for it. Building was begun on August 9 and was completed the following October. However, this chapel was soon outgrown, and in 1661 a much larger church was started in the style of the period. It is the same St. Joseph's Sanctuary, consecrated in 1663, which The Remnant Tours group will visit and offer the traditional Latin Mass.

But at the time the big question was who, secular priests or religious order, was going to be in charge of St. Joseph's

Chapel. The population of Cotignac and its elected representatives wanted the Oratorian Fathers of Our Lady of Graces, and the Bishop of Fréjus finally agreed. So it was right up to the Revolution of 1789.

The water source at the foot of the St. Joseph Sanctuary has never dried up; it is still visible beneath the sanctuary on the side. Neither have the graces withered, the listing of which would be impossible, say the Benedictine Sisters, who have made this their privileged abode since 1977 when they returned from Algeria and who have the Latin Mass and wear the traditional habit.

To all those who pray with faith, St. Joseph replies with a father's heart. He brings back the hearts of children to their parents, protects the unborn child, reconciles feuding brothers, and restores the will to live. He is also the patron of departing souls. On a personal note, I intend to make this pilgrimage in thanksgiving for my mother's recent happy death.

St. Joseph, protect your Church!

### St. Mary Magdalene's Cave

Next we will move on to the sites where the great St. Mary Magdalene spent her last days. Yes, she died in France.

The life of Mary Magdalene after Jesus' Ascension is a seldom-told tale. The life of "she who loved much" needs no embellishment, dramatization or glorification. The beauty, the drama, the dignity and grandeur are all there, ennobled with the divinity of Christ's presence.

Church tradition, legend, and the historical record unfold an extraordinary life of repentance, conversion and love. The Gospels reveal that she had been given a mission, namely to announce the Good News; that she had seen Christ risen from the dead. As the first eyewitness to this greatest event in Christian history, Mary Magdalene could not and would not keep this wondrous news to herself. She was a woman of fervor and courage and total devotion to Christ. Such great love must find expression.

When the first persecutions scattered the little Church of Jerusalem, those who were scattered went everywhere, preaching the word of Christ. Thus the persecuted Christians went about numerous ports around the Mediterranean basin that included Greece, Italy, Spain, France, and many other countries within the Roman Empire. France was then called Gaul; and the new life of Mary Magdalene begins there, on its Mediterranean coast.

The area which cradles her tradition is known as "La Sainte Baume".

The tradition that tells of the arrival of Mary Magdalene and her companions on the coast of Gaul goes back to the earliest centuries of Christianity. Her flight from the persecutions in Palestine is set at the year 42, the same year that James the Greater was executed in Jerusalem.

Accompanied by Martha, Lazarus, Mary Salome and Mary Jacoby, the disciples Maximin and Sidonius, with Marcella their servant, Mary Magdalene embarked on a small boat across the Mediterranean, and arrived near the city of Marseilles, then known as Massilia. The small port where they came ashore was called Rha that later became known as Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer (Holy Marys of the Sea). Tradition maintains that the boat with its eight passengers docked safely, and that it had neither oars, sails, nor steering device. It could have run into a storm that destroyed its gear, or it could have been pushed out to sea in that unstable condition by their persecutors; whatever the actual cause of the crippling of their boat, they all set foot in Rha.

Mary Salome, Mary Jacoby and Marcella remained in Rha while the others made their way overland to Massilia. Arriving in Massilia was like entering any other Roman-occupied city with its paved streets, shops, villas, gardens, pools, a stadium or theater, and inns. It was an important commercial port. Whether its people were familiar with the news concerning the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, is not known.

In any event, it is said that the small group began to preach near the temples where the pagan Gods were worshipped. Statues of these Roman deities—Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Diana, Venus, Mars, Apollo and others—adorned the temples, and religious ceremonies were held at the altars dedicated to them.

Mary Magdalene and her companions denounced the false Gods, and preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They converted many. Sometime later, Martha left them to go to Tarascon, a place roughly 25 miles northwest of Massilia, Maximin went to Aix, 20 miles north of Massilia, while Mary Magdalene, Lazarus and Sidonius continued to preach in the city.

After some months, Mary Magdalene and the disciple Sidonius took leave of Lazarus in Massilia, where he became its first bishop, and travelled northward, following the Huveaune river until

Continued Next Page



Reliquary of the Incorrupt Skull of St. Mary Magdalene



Continued....

they reached its source in the hills that would become known as La Sainte Baume. The immense natural cave they discovered in the rocks, the size of a large house, became the new home of Mary Magdalene. Some miles down in the valley was the village bearing the Roman name of Villalata, which in centuries to come would be known as Saint-Maximin-La-Sainte-Baume.

It was in that magnificent cave-grotto that Mary Magdalene spent the next 30 years of her life in solitude, meditation and contemplation. But her solitude was only that of the world, for seven times a day angels came down to the cave and took her to the top of the hill where she was given the grace to hear the music and songs of heaven. From this height, the view stretches as far as the Mediterranean, and overlooks the surrounding forest, hills and valleys. On a clear day, one can visualize the coast of Africa across the sea; and further east, Palestine.

Record states that Magdalene neither ate nor drank for the thirty years that she lived in the grotto. It is also presumed that during her 30 years as a hermitess in the cave of La-Sainte-Baume, she suffered and sacrificed in reparation not only for her own sins, but as a victim soul for others, and that the early Church benefitted greatly from her sacrificial life of penance and mortification, offered in union with her beloved Jesus, for the sake of His Church.

Following the 30 years spent in prayer and longing to be reunited with Jesus, the day came when Jesus enlightened her that death was approaching, and He guided her down the hill toward the village of Villalata. On the way there (and a pillar still marks the place), she was met by Maximin who had been divinely inspired to go to meet her and lead her to his church. Once there, having received Holy Communion from his hand, she fell lifeless before the altar. The date was July 22, around the year 72 A.D.

We will visit her grotto, accessible only by a steep, zigzagging climb up the side of a cliff. The cave is adorned with flickering votives and a beautiful, larger-than-life sculpture of the saint herself, reclined in prayer. I visited this holy place many years ago, and have never forgotten it. In fact, having had a lifelong devotion to St. Mary Magdalene I long to return, especially since the incorrupt skull of the great saint is displayed in the cathedral that is actually connected to our hotel (an old converted convent that dates back to the 17<sup>th</sup> century). I hope you will join us. And if you cannot, please consider helping to sponsor one of the deserving young people whose letters appear on page 3 of this issue.

These are magnificently Catholic pilgrimages that, over the years, have changed so many lives. We offer spiritual direction, daily Mass, Confession and plenty of lectures on Catholic history and Catholic action. Please pray for the success of this our 25<sup>th</sup> pilgrimage to what's left of Catholic France. ■

**Sources:**

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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](mailto:Editor@RemnantNewspaper.com)

**On Popes and Barbarians**

Editor, *The Remnant*: Once upon a time we had a pope, St. Leo the Great, who met Attila the Hun at the gates of Rome, when he was bent on destroying the city. He was dissuaded however, by a vision. According to Paul the Deacon, he saw "an enormously huge man dressed in priestly robes and armed with a naked sword." Other versions say he saw the Pope flanked by angels.

In the opening lines of The Aeneid we find the phrase: "Inferretque deos Latio"--- meaning that Aeneas brought his gods with him to found his new kingdom. Now we have a communist Jesuit occupying the Holy See, who comes to our border preaching revolution and invasion, flanked by those horrid Aztec devils, Huitzipochtli and Quetzalcoatl. And not one bishop or priest from the (former) United States opposed him.

How many of the signs of the beginning of the end times have already happened? May Our Lord and His Blessed Mother have mercy on us.

In Christo Rege,  
Andrew Senior

**To Brian McCall**

Editor, *The Remnant*: I would like to respond to Brian McCall's article, "Why Traditionalists Are Not Afraid of Sedevacantism" posted on the Remnant website January 11, 2016. Mr. McCall seemed to put the future of the papacy completely on the existence of Cardinals. Nicholas Gorey, in one of the subsequent comments to his article, asked the question to the effect that if all the present Cardinals were to be wiped out after the death of a pope and before they could elect a new one, then would the remaining bishops have the authority to elect a new pope? This question was not addressed specifically.

There was a point in history, prior to the creation of the office of Cardinals, where only bishops elected a new pope. Unless there is a defined doctrine of which I am not aware, I see no reason why, in a crisis, the Church could not recall this apostolic custom of bishops electing a new pope. And I don't understand the over-emphasis on the Roman Clergy in this regard. Say, if a hydrogen bomb, God forbid, wiped out all the so called

Roman Clergy (the city of Rome), could the remaining bishops reestablish a new see for Peter's new successor? What say the experts and traditional theologians? I'm not trying to belittle Mr. McCall's article. It just seemed to beg these and Mr. Gorey's questions.

Sincerely,  
Robert Higdon

**Mr. McCall Replies:**

Since the eleventh century the Church has used the election by the Cardinals as the means to continue the papal office. Prior to that time, it was an election by all the clergy of Rome (and at some point all Romans, lay and clerical). There has never been a tradition of election by the bishops of the world, so the question you ask seems to be unprecedented. The problem for the sedevacantists is that the legal principle is that each pope has the authority to establish the methods for his successor's election. Pope Pius XII established the then traditional election by 2/3 of the Cardinals. That, therefore, is the last law on the records (from the sedevacantists' point of view). A pope could establish another procedure, but from their point of view there is no pope to do that. In any event, election by the world's episcopacy has never been a procedure used by the Church.

Brian M. McCall

**Girls in Combat**

Editor, *The Remnant*: My heart is just broken and filled with disgust at what is being done to women with the very thought of their being allowed into combat units. I come from a military family and my father would die at this if he were not already dead. The feminists have destroyed the entire beauty of womanhood to the extent that it is no longer valued or wanted. Truly feminine or chaste young women and girls are laughed at. Heaven protect the young woman who wants to stay home and raise her children and run a home properly. It is hard to believe that two people (78 and 82) could be eternally grateful to be the age they are. We remember a different world that we knew and appreciated.

Judy Martin  
Powell, OH

**Welcoming Neo-Cath Converts**

Editor, *The Remnant*: Regarding the recent article on the Cure for Neo-Catholics: Thanks to your work and other sites like yours, I count myself among those former Neo-Catholics who have seen that they had compromised on the full integrity of the Truth and Tradition and not even realized it. Thank you.

One request - recovering Neo-Catholics now need A LOT of teaching on Tradition and traditional Catholic practices, the things that have been hidden and veiled - please consider that as a way to "take back the Church."

God bless you,  
Charles from the Internet

**Francis Has Me Talking to Myself**

Editor, *The Remnant*: I am an 87 year-old recently-returned reader of The Remnant, having been 'lost in the wool', as they say, for several years but I'm back...boy am I back.

I have to tell you that I am on the brink of becoming a true believer in Sedevacantism since the entrance of Pope Francis. This guy is really a 'piece of work', as the saying goes. I am at a loss just thinking of the things he is writing about. It's just plain heresy, and coming from a Pope, that's what gets me. It's not some inebriated bishop or cardinal talking here, it's someone who is supposed to represent Christ Himself.

He cannot be a catholic, talking like that, but who is he? What would Pope St Pius

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## Inside this issue

February 20, 2016

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# Letters to the Editor Cont...

X think of him? What advice would he give if he were alive today? I am really a depressed catholic right now. I was messed up before, but this guy has me talking to myself. I'm ready for the nut farm.

Many years ago there was a commercial that said, "How do you spell 'relief'?" "Get ROLAIDS'!" Now it's, "How do you spell 'relief'?"..... "GET RID OF FRANCIS'!"

Russell Montminy

## On True Humility

Editor, *The Remnant*: Padre Pio once wrote: "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." I am honored to see included the quote from Padre Pio in your Christmas article. A French aunt was very devoted to him, and gave me a medal stained with blood from his gloves, which I set as a relic next to my 1949 missal while reading the Mass.

At first reading, the quote seems a bit "off color, off center", but it isn't if the reader has known the Church holy, intact and unified, with holy yet skilled prelates like Raphael Cardinal Merry del Val (I only know his story, as he died in 1929, a veritable foster son of St. Pius X and Papal Secretary of State in only his thirties. His advice about centering in prayer is very helpful. Few have had so many gifts and yet utilized them all in the service of God and His Church, and humbly at that). The Litany of Humility is his. And when I see mention of Pius XII, I miss anew the certainty we had of holy leadership.

I know you have ties with English people, (as I do having lived and worked there nearly twenty years, and my wife was English) but you may be interested to know that Cardinal Merry del Val, born in the Spanish Embassy in London, of a Spanish nobleman diplomat and a lady of some kind of Irish title, was desirous of bringing England (I suppose the CofE) back to Catholicism. Although

a VERY young man, Pope Leo XIII chose him to lead the investigation as to whether CofE "orders" were still valid, in order to finally make a definitive decision, which the Pope did, to the negative. Thank you again, "and may we be made worthy" ...

Philippe Cavanagh

entire life at the FSSP parish of St. Michael's in Scranton, PA.

My Catholic Faith has always been more precious to me than anything in the world and I have come to realize how much I will need it in the years ahead. As I enter into the world after high school, I know that it will require a lot of courage and suffering to remain strong in the Faith.

The upcoming Chartres Pilgrimage for 2016 seems like the perfect opportunity for me to strengthen my Faith and grow in grace. My father was blessed to experience the Chartres Pilgrimage twice when he was a young man and to this day still talks of the wonderful effect it had on him. He was able to see the sources of our Catholic heritage and the graces he received on that pilgrimage surely sustained him, and continue to sustain him, in the difficulties and trials that have come his way. He has often spoken of it to me and I have a great desire to experience the same Chartres Pilgrimage.

I have worked hard during the past few years and have saved up enough to pay for some of the pilgrimage cost. However, I am unfortunately unable to meet the total required costs and as such, I respectfully request the financial aid of Remnant sponsors.

I thank you in advance for any support you will be able to give me, and will gladly remember you all in my Pilgrimage intentions.

May God reward you for your generosity. Sincerely yours in Christ and Our Lady,

Robert Seeley  
Waymart, PA

## Remnant Tours' Youth Fund

PO Box 1117 Forest Lake, MN 55025

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**

## Waiting for Sponsors:

- Sara Bischel, Ohio SPONSORED
- Jack Heape, Maryland \$2000 thus far
- Peter Kanzenbach, WI, SPONSORED
- Christina Kanzenbach, \$500
- Anthony Mitchell, \$100 thus far
- Mary Bowen, ID \$200 thus far
- Martin Bruns, KS \$50 thus far
- Molly Brannon, WI \$0 thus far
- Robert Seeley, PA \$0 thus far

## Seeking Pilgrimage Partners



Molly Brannon



Joie Brannon

Dear Remnant Readers,

My name is Molly Brannon and I will be fifteen years old in April. My dream is to be able to travel this year with The Remnant group to take part in the pilgrimage to Chartres. I have several reasons for wishing to attend: my parents met on this pilgrimage many years ago, and consequently, throughout my own life, I have heard their many spiritually inspiring stories of their time on pilgrimage with The Remnant Tours.

I'm certain the pilgrimage would be a cherished experience for me personally. And, being fortunate enough to be homeschooled, visiting the holy shrines throughout France, including to La Salette, would tie in beautifully to my family's approach to education as well.

Another reason I hope to go is that my grandmother, Marilyn Matt, died this past January, and I would like to offer walking the pilgrimage for the repose of her soul. In years past, my grandmother walked the pilgrimage to Chartres three times. As this year will mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Remnant's participation in the Chartres Pilgrimage, she was sad because at 86 she could not take part once again, in honor of the occasion. Now that she had died I believe that if I'm blessed with the opportunity to participate, in some small way I could fulfill that dream for her.

I have never travelled so far from home without my family, and so I am hoping I can help find the funds for my younger sister Josephine to join me in this spiritual adventure. But, as she and I know well, money does not grow on trees! Unfortunately, the small income I have from a paid volunteer position at our local prolife center does not come close to covering the pilgrimage costs.

I'm hoping and praying a Remnant supporter who is unable to make the walk to Chartres, might be willing to allow me to walk on his/her behalf by sponsoring me, and by some miracle, my sister as well. I know this is a very big request, but I also believe in miracles! And so I will hold onto to my dream and pray for the intercession of the Saints in Heaven as I humbly promise: I will offer up every step of the way to Chartres, every prayer and every joy, not only for my grandmother and my own family, but also for the special intentions of anyone willing to sponsor me.

With a full acceptance of God's will for me, I'm praying that I will be blessed with this opportunity of a life-time!

Very Sincerely,  
Molly Brannon

Editor, *The Remnant*: My name is Robert Seeley. I am seventeen years of age and the oldest of nine children. I have been homeschooled for my entire education. By the grace of God, I have been privileged to have attended the Traditional Latin Mass throughout my



## The Remnant

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Michael J. Matt

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# Remembering Nino:

## Justice Antonin Scalia, RIP

V. Chiarello/Continued from Page 1

of the ambassador's inability to attend a conference in the Vatican, I went in his stead, and after being seated, I turned to the man seated next to me and asked: "Aren't you Justice Scalia?" He was. The Justice and his wife, Maureen, would visit Rome to see their son, Paul, now an ordained priest in northern Virginia, who was then at the North American Seminary.

When I returned to Washington, I was asked to create a program that would inform foreign diplomats and journalists about the differences between the U.S. government and those of their respective countries. I immediately thought of our court system, and sent a letter to Justice Scalia which began, "You don't remember me but..." Three days later, the distinctive envelope with the Justice's letterhead arrived saying that he would meet with the group. Until my retirement four years later in 1996, Justice Scalia graciously met with scores of members of the Washington diplomatic corps and journalists at least once a year, and I do not exaggerate when I state that whomever he met, the chances were that he left a lasting, positive, impression, for he radiated a charm and *joie de vivre* (Justice Scalia spoke French, not Italian) that few could resist successfully.

One such example was when a friend of mine and his wife, both of whom are very liberal in their politics, came to visit our nation's capital from Utah three years ago. I suggested that we go to the Court and hear the oral arguments that day, which pleased them very much. After the arguments were concluded, Justice Scalia's secretary brought all four of us (my wife came along) into his chambers where, for more than half an hour, he absolutely charmed this visiting couple. To this day, they have never forgotten that meeting, and it is easy to understand why. They were among the first to send condolences upon hearing of the Justice's death.

But there was something else about my friendship with Justice Scalia that I believe was also part of our long association, for we shared a lot of things in common: we were of similar backgrounds, close in age, married the same year, deeply interested in what was happening in the Church of Rome, and last, but not least, were "tifosi" (fans) of "the nectar of the gods." We both enjoyed a glass - or two - of good wine.

As I wrote in my interview, Justice Scalia's father was a Professor of Romance Languages at Brooklyn College of the City University of New York. Another of my friends, the Chairman Emeritus of Modern Languages Department at Louisiana State University, who had been a student of Prof. Scalia, would relate how the professor, often in class, would describe the intellectual accomplishments of his son, and with good reason: the young man who was to become a Justice of the US Supreme Court was the valedictorian of his graduating class at the Jesuit Xavier



Remnant columnist Vincent Chiarello and Justice Antonin Scalia

High School, *summa cum laude* (the highest academic achievement) at Georgetown University, and the Copy Editor of the Harvard Law Review. On a personal note, I once asked Justice Scalia why he was named, "Antonin," since the normal Italian way of writing it would be, "Antonino." I recall his words verbatim: "My father wanted my name to be more American!" That spirit, along with his dedication to his Church and family, were the guiding lights in the life of Justice Antonin Scalia.

In visiting the Justice's chambers, one would never know who also might also be there: distant relatives from New Jersey, or a group of cadets from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point studying law, or, on other occasions, notable figures. As I was entering his chambers a few years ago, an elderly gentleman was departing. "Do you know who that is?" the Justice inquired. I didn't. It was the author of *The Exorcist*, William Peter Blatty, who was suing Georgetown University, the alma mater of both the Justice and the author, to remove the word, "Catholic" from its masthead. Blatty had gathered over 2000 signatures to his petition which was winding its way to Rome, and I suspect the author's effort was supported by the justice.

The three-legged stool that supported the Justice's personal framework was: love of his God, his family and his country. For many years, the Justice's Christmas card was a photo of his very large family: nine children and many, many grandchildren. I never failed to ask how many additions there were to the Scalia clan each time we met, and he would often respond with a certain number and then, with that winsome smile add, "And two more on the way!" His family, whose countless photos graced his chambers, was an endless delight to the Justice and his wife. When the number of grandchildren was approaching three dozen, I asked him, "How do you remember all their names?" Again, that devilish grin, a shrug of the shoulders and: "Who

remembers all their names!" He loved to laugh, and it proved infectious to all around him.

I have not been alone in wondering how a man with such a legal and jurisprudential worldview could befriend people whose views were polar opposites of his. It is well-known that his closest "friend" on the Court was Ruth Bader Ginsburg. Often, he would express to me his concern over her health and her lack of appetite; yet, their legal opinions could not be further apart. When I asked him how he could reconcile their friendship with their lack of agreement on legal matters, his response was immediate: "Then I should look for another job." Another Justice who has also proven to view legal matters differently is the most recently confirmed: Justice Elena Kagan. Shortly after she was sworn in, Scalia attempted to teach her the virtues of hunting, which, along with fly-fishing, were his two other passions outside the law. In his chambers, aside from legal texts, endless photos of his family, and a bust and portrait of St. Thomas More, two rather large bucks with antlers are mounted on the wall.

But he also had a serious side. Over the course of many meetings in which we discussed the changes within the Church, the Justice was often perplexed to the point of annoyance at the direction the Church of Rome was traveling, but he never for a moment thought that the Church would fail to do its appointed task. Still, he questioned the emphasis on "the social justice" doctrine that now seemed omnipresent in all of the Church's teachings at the expense of its emphasis on the doctrinal truths of the Magisterium. He referred to most of formerly Catholic Europe as "post-Christian."

Near my desk, there are at least 25 Supreme Court decisions in which the writing of Justice Scalia, in concurrence or dissent, and in his unmistakable style, are included. Many of these ringing dissents were collected and edited by

Kevin Ring, a former legal staffer on the Senate's Constitution Committee, and published under the title, *Scalia Dissents* (2004). In one such case, *Lawrence v. Texas* (2003), Justice Scalia's dissent would prove prophetic, for he believed that the Court would eventually recognize homosexual marriage. In that case he wrote: "Today's opinion dismantles the structure of constitutional law that has permitted a distinction to be made between heterosexual and homosexual unions.... What justification could there possibly be for denying the benefits of marriage to homosexual couples exercising, 'the liberty protected by the Constitution?'" Twelve years later, the Supreme Court fulfilled the Scalia prophecy, and the "liberty" in question now focused on whether a photographer or a baker could exercise his religious liberty by not taking photos of, or baking a cake for, homosexual couples. The loss of Justice Scalia's presence on the nation's highest tribunal is potentially a great tragedy for those whose religious liberty will come under attack because of what Scalia in that decision also wrote: that the Supreme Court was "... sign(ing) on to the so-called homosexual agenda." That, too, has been prophetic.

During our last time together (Dec. 8, 2015), I mentioned that the principal of our parish school had asked if I could arrange a tour of the Court and a meeting with the Justice. I raised the question, and, always gracious, Justice Scalia replied: "Bring them." In early February, I wrote and asked for the tour and meeting, and was informed that on March 14, the Justice would be available to meet the group, which would include two priests. On Thursday, February 11, I wrote and asked if it was possible to have the group meet in the Justice's chambers rather than the conference room. I was awaiting a response to that request when I heard of his death. To me, it was as if someone in my family had passed away.

Finally, although I cannot really separate my admiration for the man from what I believe will transpire, I am convinced that we shall not see the likes of Justice Antonin Scalia in our lifetime. He was what the Romans would call, *sui generis*, truly one of a kind.

As part of the Funeral Mass, we who knew the Justice would wish that he: "*et dormiunt in somno pacis*," sleep in the sleep of peace."

*Requiescat in pace*, Nino. ■

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# A Tale of Two Churches: Conciliar vs. Catholic

By Francis Fox

## Part 2

(Continued from 12/31/15 Remnant)

### Prologue

An orchestra plays the overture from ‘A New World Symphony’ as the sun sets on the historic climate-change summit in Paris. It is the same city recently rocked by a return to its past, though the Reign of Terror revisited has quickly given way to renewed hope in a future assured by human goodness. For the media now agree the day has dawned when the “ultimate evil” of our time may finally have been put to the sword. And all the world, uniformly clad in new clothes the emperor once wore, is out and wildly dancing in the streets, as man worships man in a man-made liturgy, the fruit of Catholic treason. “*But beware of men. For they will deliver you up in councils.*” (Mat. 10: 17)

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### I will not leave you orphans

David King from down the road is a top bloke. He makes his living selling cars others no longer require. Outside office hours he runs the local volunteer Country Fire Authority and, with his wife, Beth, raises pure-bred, long-haired goats on their hobby farm.

David was adopted out as a kid, and in all his fifty-nine years I doubt that a day has passed when he hasn’t wished to know the truth of his origins. Last year, he finally tracked down his mother to a nursing home in the north of Tasmania. But she who bore him could not bear to see him. He went to visit her anyway. She told him the details of his birth and spoke briefly about his father—a man she herself never really knew. Their uneasy conversation was broken by a bell, calling her to dinner. She permitted him to kiss her once, almost ceremoniously, and they parted. Some months later he learned of her passing.

I don’t know David well, so it’s kind of odd that he opens up to me the way he does, over the fence at the end of a long summer’s day. He’s been told I’m one of those Latin-Mass-going Catholics—that crowd from the church-on-the-hill whose women wear their skirts and hair long and breed like rabbits—and while he’s never been one for “organised religion”, he’s always believed in doing the right thing. For sure, I say to him; I’d be happy to have one tenth of the faith you have. He’s not sure “faith” is the right word, but he’ll admit he’s a pretty stubborn character. Close enough, I assure him.

### Father of the Nation

I taught with Lu Qing at Wollongong University and we became good friends over the years. She told me that back in the 60’s her parents both lectured at a Beijing university. When Mao launched the ‘Cultural Revolution’ they were arrested and sent to forced labour camps, her father to the north near the Russian border and her mother to a province in the distant south.



Six-year old Lu Qing and her younger sister were cared for by their grandmother in the family home. They were made to wear red armbands in public, announcing their status as enemies of the state. On their way to school and on the way home, other children spat at them and hit them. One day the Red Guard came to the house and smashed treasured family heirlooms with their rifle butts. The old woman they shoved to the floor, kicked her with their boots and broke her teeth and her mouth.

Chairman Mao, revered as the loving Father of the Nation, established a cult to himself as saviour and redeemer of a people oppressed. Lu Qing fled when she could, years later as a young woman with a degree in linguistics, preferring exile to the brutal lie of home.

### They have taken away my Lord

Like David’s and Lu Qing’s, my life is essentially a clinging to the hope that my homeland, the little church-on-the-hill, might one day be restored to the mother in the waters of whose love I was baptised, and she be restored to herself. Meanwhile, what more can we do than insist that “Catholic” and “Conciliar” are disjointed realities? With every passing day in this era of forced adoption to the Council, we can only pray that the bloodless sacramental slaughter enacted in the name of novelty may end; and that the hireling clerical guardians of the tomb that Catholic truth has become might repent and hear the cry we make with Magdalen: “*they have taken away my Lord; and I know not where they have laid him.*” (John: 20, 13). Just maybe, God-willing, in time, they might hear and be moved.

But let’s be clear about this. It’s not that we fear change. How can anyone live and not accept change? As for the accusation that traditionalists are somehow addicted to “bells and smells”, let me assure you that’s just smoke and mirrors. The slogans advanced by modern theologians draw more from marketing psychology than they do from the Church Fathers. Of course it’s disconcerting to bump into my parish

priest—call me “Father Phil”—at the beach, and he’s barefoot, wearing swimmers and a t-shirt. But shouldn’t I cut the man a bit of slack? After all, it’s a hot summer day and the poor guy probably just wanted to cool off. Is there really anything wrong with that? Not necessarily, but, well...let’s just say that dignity *could* be an issue here. As for what’s lying near naked all over the beach or frolicking in the shore-break, it’s not exactly an invitation to purity.

Nor am I suggesting that it’s necessarily wrong when he asks me my name at the communion rail—or where the communion rail used to be—because he wants to ‘personalise’ the experience by announcing: “the body of Christ, Francis” as he pushes a wafer of bread into my hand and looks me in the eye, so that how could I possibly not feel what a great human being he is. But I do feel like saying to him that I really don’t go to Mass to meet human beings; I go to Mass to meet God. And I certainly don’t want a priest to “*personalise*” my experience. In fact, I want him to consecrate and divinise it. I want him, by a power that has nothing to do with personality, to lift me out of myself; to free me from the endless preoccupation with self that preys upon my thoughts, affections and values. A priest can do that, not because he is a gifted man, but because he is a man gifted to God.

Don’t get me wrong, Father Phil, not for a minute do I doubt that you’re a great guy. You’re obviously creative and, no doubt, well intentioned; but this laying on of flesh on flesh in the kiss of peace, this is an action that breeds distraction from the truth. You see, Father, liturgy is really not about you and me and our communion with each other. It is a magnificent, mystical and sustaining conduit of grace, an umbilical between earth and Heaven that can never be a merely human invention. But the cord can be cut. Most certainly it can.

### Unfaithful

As a son of Adam, I have to admit that things change; but I am also adamant that not all change is for the good, and some change is downright evil and must

be resisted. For we are all the sons of Adam, Fr. Phil, even those who occupy the highest ranks in the hierarchy of the Conciliar Church; and let’s not kid ourselves that it is beyond our holy mother Church, the bride of Christ, to cheat on her spouse in private, while publicly concealing the fact behind a mask of fidelity. Naturally, she denies that any rupture has occurred. She protests innocence of any wrongdoing. But methinks the lady doth protest too much, while the protestants have stopped complaining at all.

In fact, Father, if the truth be known, isn’t that what the controversial maneuverings at the Synod on family were all about? Rome, *bound* by the logic and status of her unfaithfulness, has no choice but to change the regulations on divorce and remarriage—for those who don’t live what they believe, are condemned to believe what they live, and strive to ensure that everyone else believes it. What “unfaithfulness” you ask? How very ingenuous of you! The “striking departure from the Catholic theology of the Mass as it was formulated in Session XXII of the Council of Trent”; the “grave break with tradition” that has separated Catholic Rome from her divine spouse; because though she continues to keep His house, her heart and mind delight only in the World. This is the unfaithfulness she hopes to redeem through changes designed not so much to accommodate the millions of her children who find themselves outside the law, but primarily to legitimise her own adultery.

We’ve seen it before; a world continually revolving; a world in constant revolution.

### The Judas Principle

The ideologues who captained and continue to steer the radical rethink of all things Catholic initiated by Vatican II assure us with a look-you-straight-in-the-eye, cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die sincerity that they are purely and simply the children of their age, with no agenda other than to hear and respond to the

Continued Next Page

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Continued...

unique and urgent needs of the church in the contemporary world. To them, the very idea that Catholic doctrine—whether of itself or as it is realised in liturgy and pastoral practice—could somehow be immune to the (so-called) universal law of change is arrogant nonsense. How is it, they demand to know, that every single thing under the sun is subject to change, except the Catholic faith?

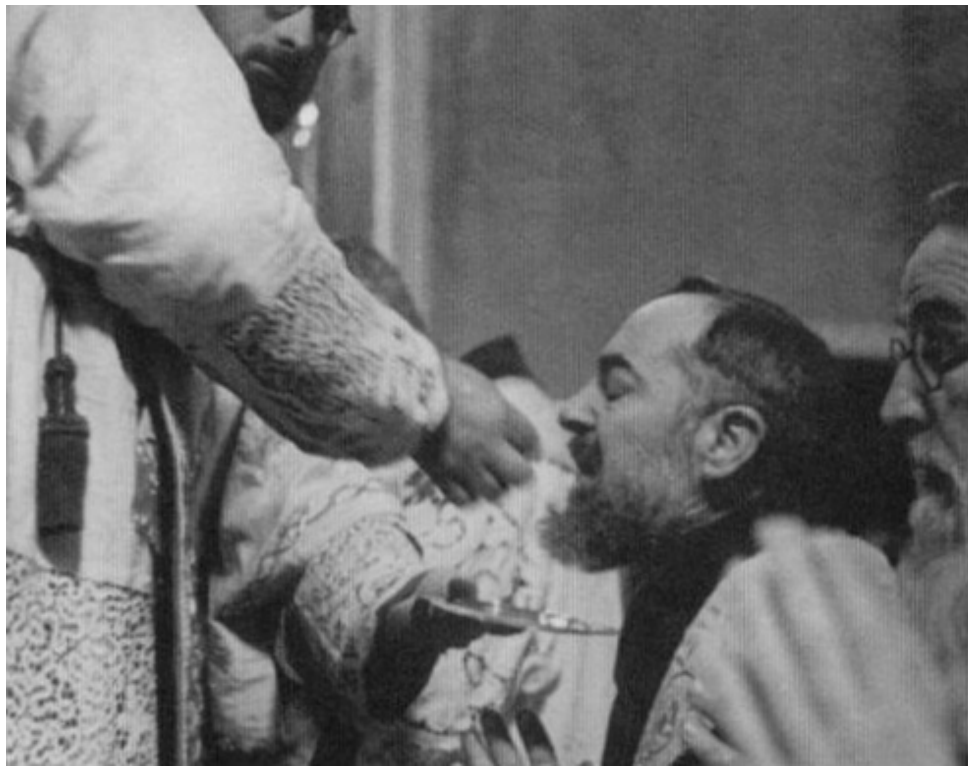
Fair question. But let's turn the coin over and ask a few questions of our own: you who call yourselves the children of the contemporary world, submitting your reason to the will of the age in which you live, can you also stand before the eternal God and call yourselves "Catholic"? Do you not know that there is no single grain, no fibre, microbe or millisecond of "temporary" in God? Your "temporary", therefore, is a *con-temporary* argument. Because, while we cannot deny that everything under the sun is subject to change, we must also assert that the Catholic faith is, in origin and substance, divine. As such, it is *not* under the sun, but under the Son. We need to be clear about that. We need to get beyond the lip-service we routinely pay to so many mere slogans and insist with Chesterton that "nature is not our mother but our sister", and the six wives of Henry VIII were in fact one wife and five mistresses.

In any case, the sincerity or deceptiveness of the reformers is of less concern than our interest in the reform itself. And not just this particular reform, but in how it aligns with all reforms in the long history of attempts to radically change the Church from within. For, despite its inevitable local variations, heresy, like disease, has certain clearly recognisable symptoms. I mean, the reformers might believe, and would dearly love us to believe, that they are theologically cutting-edge—at one with the newness of God, as it were—and their revised Catholic doctrines historically unique and categorically superior, in accord with the evolutionary dictum that each succeeding age is an improvement on the last. They protest that they acted alone, and for the sovereign good of modern man and contemporary society. With a catch in the voice and tears in their eyes they protest a consuming love for the Catholic faith. And who am I to dispute that?

Fortunately, we don't need to judge the intention of the reformers. They and their reforms are already judged. Judged in the person of Judas, that proud and much-deceived bishop and prototype "reformer" of the New Covenant, who would substitute for the sublime virtue of Christian sacrifice, the seeming good of political correctness: "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?" (John, 12: 5) The truth is that Judas was enraged by the sublime perfection of Magdalene's act of public worship of the Son of Man—an act that prefigured the Lord's own outpouring of His total substance. And "he that was about to betray Him" (John, 12: 4) was humiliated by her love.

#### Liars and Thieves

The "Old Mass" had to be pensioned off, not because it failed in its duty to honour God, but because it is demeaning to man. That was and is its sin. And in his flesh,



Judas will ever condemn Magdalen, "not because he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and having the purse, carried the things that were put therein." (John, 12: 6). Thus are the reformers judged, not as evil men—for Christ loved His Judas to a bitter end and sweated blood for him—but as liars and thieves.

We suffer their lies in the conciliar church's contention that 'this unique modern age requires more flexibility in its moral and religious codes and a pastoral approach willing to acknowledge and accommodate the specific needs and configurations of contemporary society'. Such arguments would exile us to an island in time and

shackle us to the brute logic of survival. Save the earth. Save the forests. Save the whales. Feed the poor, liberate the worker, and do whatever it takes to reduce your carbon footprint...like removing the sole of your shoe.

#### Epilogue

My mother lives in Rome. She's old now, but pretends that she is young. She tells me I'm old-fashioned and couldn't possibly be her son. Concerning my father, what is there to say? A Jewish shoemaker, she gave him the boot; a good man in his own way, but the truth is it never would have worked. His views were too extreme. She moved on long ago and has kept moving ever since. She suggests I do the same. I tell her: thanks, Mum, but I'm not looking for anything new in life; my sole longing is to return to the Father in whose love alone I will find a certain home.

[In the next part of this sequence—*Literature, Liturgy and the Permanent Things*—I will seek to affirm the divine origins of Catholic liturgy and its nature as an umbilical between Heaven and Earth; and this I will do via an excursion into the life and troubled times of the heroic and much inspired Dom Prosper Gueranger, author of one of the most important books ever written—in my view, of course—*The Liturgical Year*.] ■

This Week at RemnantNewspaper.com...

## Say Goodbye to Your Daughters: The Gods of War Want to Eat Them

by Michael J. Matt

According to The Washington Post, The top officers in the Army and Marine Corps testified on Tuesday that they believe it is time for women to register for future military drafts, following the Pentagon's recent decision to open all jobs in combat units to female service members.

Gen. Mark A. Milley, chief of staff of the Army, and Gen. Robert B. Neller, the Marine Corps commandant, both said they were in favor of the change during an occasionally contentious Senate Armed Services Committee hearing on the full integration of women in the military. The generals, both infantry officers, offered their opinions in response to a question from Sen. Claire McCaskill (D-Mo.), who said that she also is in favor of the change.

"Senator, I think that all eligible and qualified men and women should register for the draft," said Milley, echoing the remarks of Neller.

After the hearing, Neller added in a short interview that any young American as a rite of passage should have to register for Selective Service....

"Carter's action allows women for the first time to apply for a variety of physically punishing positions, including Army and Marine Corps infantryman, as well as Special Operations jobs, including Navy SEAL and Green Beret. The Defense Department plans to begin implementing associated changes in training and evaluation by April 1."

I have five daughters, and the day that this increasingly demonic government attempts to drag them into combat is the day I take my family and leave this country. I don't care what they do to me, but I fear the sick tortures of mind and body these globalist Christophobes have in store for my children and grandchildren.

My mother died last month, and so death came knocking in a close and personal way for our family. But, you know what? I think my mother had grown so tired of this psychotic brave new world of ours, where men marry men, women murder their babies and now girls will be sent onto battlefields not as nurses, like my mother had been, but as bloody combatants.

God help us, what a monster this evil Goddess Liberty has turned out to be. Mothers, sisters and daughters in combat—how liberating! Here's where their precious 'pill' has taken them, to a world robbed of the civilizing leaven of femininity, with no maternal heart, no womanly gentleness, no queenly grace, no beauty, no life.

Just an ugly, sterile, globalist prison filled with testosterone, crime, drugs and brutal sex. Not only is chivalry dead but its point and purpose no longer exists.

The Godless ones are clearly transforming our world into a place where the sting of death may soon seem a small price to pay to get out, and where the living may well come to envy the dead.



This is the New World Order...and it will be no place to live. Everything true, good and beautiful is being systematically eradicated before our eyes, and now this modern Moloch wants to devour our little girls on the altar of Liberty.

They've taken God's greatest gifts and urinated all over them all—from life, to love, to family, to innocence, to grace, to true liberty. I've grown so weary of the whole bloody reign of spiritual and moral terror. I cling to my faith, my rosary, my family—but the statue of the king has been knocked to the ground and I can hear the mob gathering in the Place de la Révolution once again.

Lord bring on thy wrath for it can be no worse than the hell on earth that is rising up before us now. Only Christ can deliver us from this beast, which is why I swear allegiance to Him and to Him alone as though my life and soul depended on it, which, of course, they do. ■



## Pope Francis on Confession:

## Don't ask, don't tell

C. Ferrara/Continued from Page 1

attending his morning Mass on February 9, Francis managed to undercut every one of these truths, essentially reducing absolution to a kind of entitlement on the part of anyone who requests it. Herewith the remarks in question with my comments:

- “The person who comes, comes to seek comfort, forgiveness, peace in his soul; may he find a Father who embraces him and says: ‘God loves you very much’; and makes him feel it! And I do not like to say it, but how many people—I think the majority of us have heard it—say: ‘I never go to confession, because once I was asked these questions, they did this to me ...’ Please ...”

Please *what*? Why is Francis mocking confessors who question people about their sins when the real problem is prideful sinners who resent being questioned? A priest, being a doctor of souls, can no more treat what ails a sinner than a medical doctor can treat a patient without inquiring into his history and symptoms. However painful it may be, a confessor must “diagnose” the penitent in order to give advice and prescribe the appropriate penance; and if the penitent is not forthcoming about his condition the priest (like a medical doctor) has a duty prudently to probe into it, not simply make a penitent “feel”

that “God loves you very much.”

As Saint Alphonsus Liguori, a Doctor of the Church, observes: “A confessor would commit a great sin against the holy sacrament of Penance, *if he did not in every proper way assure himself of the contrition of the sinner.*” Yet Francis suggests that sinners are justified in shunning confession because “once I was asked these questions...” This is ridiculous.

- “There are so many languages in life: the language of word, and there are also languages of gestures. If a person approaches me, at the confessional, it is because he feels something that weighs on him, which he wants to remove from himself. *Perhaps he does not know how to say it, but this is his gesture.* If such a person approaches, it is because he wishes to change, not to do something anymore, to change, to be another sort of person, *and he says it with the gesture of approaching.* he says it with the gesture of approaching.... *It is not necessary to ask questions:* ‘But you, you ...?’”

Even after nearly three years of this strangest of pontificates, it is hard to believe that this semi-coherent advice comes from the mouth of a Vicar of Christ. It is patently absurd to suggest that the mere “gesture of approaching”

the confessional suffices, and that “there is no need to ask questions.” As even the new Catechism (§ 1456) affirms unequivocally: “Confession to a priest is an essential part of the sacrament of Penance: *‘All mortal sins of which penitents after a diligent self-examination are conscious must be recounted by them in confession, even if they are most secret...’*”

The idea that penitents don’t know how to express in words that they skipped Mass, committed murder, adultery, fornication or sodomy, stole, lied, etc., and that they should not be required to enumerate their sins, under questioning if necessary, is as laughable as it is prejudicial to the integrity of the sacrament. According to Francis, the Sacrament of Confession *need not involve confession.*

- “If a person comes [to Confession], it is because in his soul he does not want to do something anymore. But so often they cannot, because they are conditioned by their psychology, by their life, by their situation ... *Ad impossibilia nemo tenetur* [No one is held to do the impossible].”

Granted, certain circumstances may tend to diminish the subjective culpability for an objectively grave sin. But here, incredibly enough, Francis opines that “so often” it is *impossible* to expect people to avoid mortal sin because of their “psychology,” “life” or “situation.” But practically anyone could come under the mantle of such sweeping justifications for sin. In which case, who would need to go Confession at all in order to receive Holy Communion? No one. And this, in fact, is already the practice throughout the Novus Ordo, as empty confessionals and strictly limited availability of the sacrament (usually to 45 minutes on a Saturday) demonstrate.

And what of the firm purpose of amendment that, as Saint Alphonsus teaches, “is the inseparable companion of true contrition” and “a necessary condition to the forgiveness of sin”? As Saint Alphonsus concludes in line with all of Tradition: “*It is impossible for God to pardon the sinner who still retains the will to offend Him....* Who can doubt the confession of such a man is a mockery of penance? Who can believe that his absolution was of any value?” Likewise, Saint Padre Pio: “Sin to confession to sin without repentance is a deception of conscience; in essence, a sacrilege.” Francis does not appear to agree that a firm purpose of amendment pertains to the essence of the sacrament.

In the same sermon Francis deploys one of this favorite epithets for the orthodox, warning his priestly audience: “Do not fall into Pelagianism! You must do this, and this, and this, and this ...” What? No penance to make satisfaction for sin, nor any specific measures to amend one’s life? This smacks of the Lutheran “Reformers” heretical rejection of the *satisfactio operis* (“satisfaction of deeds”) as a devilish imposition of “human works” on souls who can never satisfy God by their own efforts. It also dovetails quite well with Luther’s own

condemnation of the Catholic Church as steeped in Pelagianism because it requires “works” rather than faith alone.

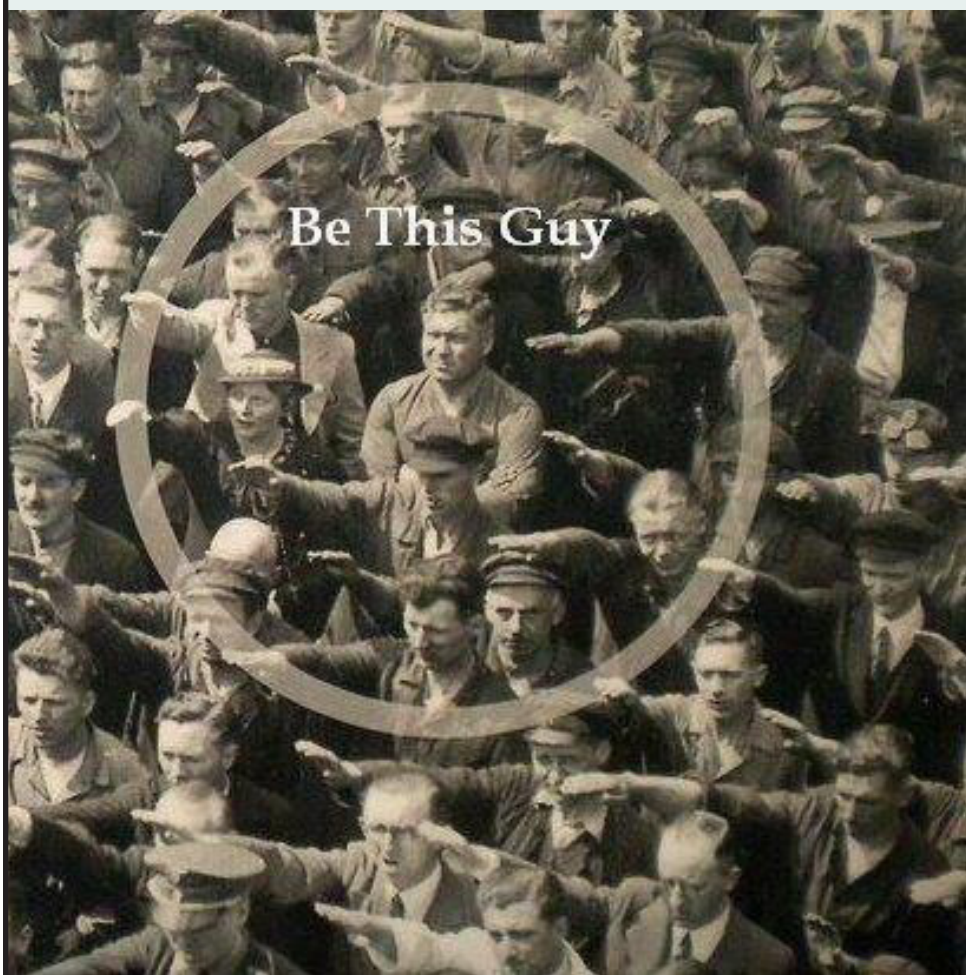
In view of Francis’s constant railing against what he thinks is Pelagianism in the Church, one commentator has identified the pregnant question: “As one brave priest noted, the once-rhetorical question, “Is the Pope a Catholic?” no longer provokes laughter. Perhaps it is time to replace it with a more pointed question: “Is the Pope a Protestant?” The question is hardly frivolous, especially in view of Francis’s upcoming participation in a “commemoration” of the Reformation in Sweden, including a Vatican-approved joint liturgy whose prayers include this astonishing proclamation: “Thanks be to you O God for the many guiding theological and spiritual insights that we have all received through the Reformation.”

**Query:** Does this call for absolution with no questions asked or requirements imposed apply to Mafiosi, arms dealers, greedy billionaires, usurers, polluters of the environment, corrupt public officials, “rigid” Catholics, opponents of unrestricted immigration, and the other politically correct targets of Francis’s public denunciations of sinners? Or does it apply only to the sins Francis does not appear to consider particularly serious, as he never condemns those who commit them: abortion, contraception, divorce, adultery, fornication, sodomy, pornography, heresy, blasphemy, sacrilege, and so forth? For that matter, is this sermon yet another hint at the coming admission of public adulterers to Confession and Holy Communion because their “life” or “situation” in second and even third “marriages” supposedly makes it impossible for them to cease their adulterous sexual relations? We shall soon see, as publication of the post-Synodal Apostolic Exhortation appears to be imminent. This sermon, however, is not a good omen.

- He [a priest Francis knows] always found a way to forgive, or at least to leave a soul in peace with an embrace. And once I went to see him and he said to me: “Listen, you are a Bishop and you can tell me: *I think I sin because I forgive too much*, and I get this scruple ... “I go to the chapel, before the Tabernacle, and I say to the Lord: Sorry, Lord, forgive me. I think I have forgiven too much today. But, Lord, *it was you who gave me the bad example!*” See. Be men of forgiveness, of reconciliation, of peace.

Sheer sentimentalism combined with flippant blasphemy. Our Lord never gave a “bad example” by “forgiving too much” as it is impossible for God Incarnate to be guilty of excess in any respect, much less in the forgiveness of sin. Our Lord forgave no one who had not received the grace of humble repentance as opposed to excuses; and far from the lips of today’s “pastorally sensitive” confessor is His admonition to the man He had healed at the pool in

## When it Comes to Pope Francis the Great



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Last year, Pope Francis spontaneously went face-to-face to confession in St. Peter's when TV cameras just happened to be there to record the whole thing.

Bethesda: "Behold thou art made whole: *sin no more, lest some worse thing happen to thee* (John 5:14)."

For that matter, it is impossible for a priest to "forgive too much." First of all, it is not the priest, but God, who forgives. That is why a priest must insist on what God requires for a good confession before he can grant absolution in God's name: the frank disclosure of all the mortal sins of which one is conscious, true repentance, a firm purpose of amendment and the performance of the penance imposed. Indeed, if the penitent is rightly disposed, the priest *must* grant absolution, whereas Francis—evinced the very Pelagianism he attributes to the orthodox—seems to view the granting of absolution as some sort of discretionary human function whose output depends upon how personally "merciful" the confessor is. Here a hidden Donatism is also at work: the efficacy of Confession depends upon the priest's personal "quality of mercy" rather than the Church's objective requirements for absolution.

Then again, a priest *can* "forgive too much" if he is granting absolution to sinners who show no repentance or firm purpose of amendment. Perhaps, following Francis's line, the priest he cited believes that "psychology," "life" or "situation" make it "impossible" for people to stop sinning and so he grants absolution to people who clearly intend to go on committing the same sins because they "can't help it." This is the Novus Ordo-style absolution—dispensed, ironically, in a most Pelagian fashion as a human favor to people who plead they cannot overcome their limitations by human effort, as if divine grace were not involved. Given this attitude of post-conciliar confessors, the widespread practice of contraception and divorce has been excused throughout the Novus Ordo, where "pastorally sensitive" priests also "forgive too much," claiming to follow Our Lord's "bad example."

In fact, where does Francis perceive this imaginary plague of unmerciful confessors, given that absolution is anyone's for the asking in the Church of Joe Biden and Nancy Pelosi? No wonder the few people who enter the confessional in most non-traditionalist parishes are reticent or even defiant when it comes to owning up to what they have done. No wonder many of them view absolution as an entitlement to be dispensed to them like a coupon redeemed on Christmas or Easter Sunday.

The minority of Novus Ordo priests who still insist on a good and honest confession and a genuine commitment to amendment of life are now being confronted with the results of Francis's endless "mercy without limit" campaign. As one priest in Italy *testifies* concerning the "Francis effect":

The number of faithful who approach the confessional has not increased, neither in ordinary time nor in festive. The trend of a progressive, rapid diminution of the frequency of sacramental reconciliation that has characterized recent decades has not stopped. *On the contrary: the confessionals of my church have been largely deserted.*

.... I reviewed the "quality" of the confessions I have heard and I asked—while respecting the secret of the confessional concerning the identity of the penitent—for news from a few fellow confessors of long experience. The picture that presents itself is certainly not a happy one, both concerning the awareness of sin and in reference to the awareness of the prerequisites for obtaining God's forgiveness (in this case as well, I know the term "forgiveness" is giving way to "mercy" and is in danger of being mothballed soon, but at what theological, spiritual, and pastoral cost?).

Two examples stand for all. One middle-aged gentleman whom I asked, with discretion and delicacy, if he had repented of a repeated series of grave sins against the seventh commandment "do not steal," of which he had accused himself with a certain frivolity and almost joking about the circumstances... responded to me with the words of Pope Francis: "Mercy knows no limits" and by showing surprise that I would remind him of the need for repentance and for the resolution to avoid falling back into the same sin in the future: "I did what I did. What I will do I will decide when I go from here. *What I think about what I have done is a question between me and God* [!]. I am here only to have what everyone deserves at least at Christmas: to be able to receive communion at midnight!" And he concluded by paraphrasing the now arch-famous expression of Pope Francis: *Who are you to judge me?*

One young lady, to whom I had proposed as an act of penance connected to the sacramental absolution of a grave sin against the fifth commandment "do not kill" that she kneel in prayer before the Most Holy Sacrament exposed on the altar of a church and perform an act of material charity toward a poor person to the extent of her means, responded to me with annoyance that "no one must ask for anything in exchange for God's mercy, because it is free," and that she had neither the time to stop at a church to pray (she had to "run around doing Christmas shopping downtown"), nor money to give to the poor ("who don't even need it that much, because they have more than we do").

Add the plague of cruel and merciless confessors to the other imaginary problems of which Francis complains incessantly while he ignores the real problems in the Church—the ones he and his fellow members of the relentless Vatican II vanguard created and have been exacerbating for nearly half a century.

But Francis saved the worst for last:

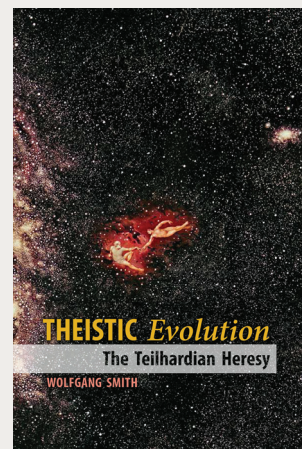
"And be great forgivers, because one who does not know how to forgive ends up as these Doctors of the Gospel: he is a great condemner, always ready to accuse ... And, who is the great accuser in the Bible? The devil! Either you do the office of Jesus, who forgives—giving his life, prayer, many hours there, seated, as those two [Saint Leopold and Saint Pio]; *or you do the office of the devil who condemns, accuses...*"

It is painful to read such crudely demagogic, almost childish rhetoric from one who is charged to be the wise and prudent spiritual father of the universal Church. Here Francis's reliance upon the Modernist ruse of the false antithesis reaches a new low: either a priest grants absolution or he is a diabolical false accuser. And Francis has the audacity to say this in the very presence of the relics of Saint Leopold and the incorrupt body of Padre Pio, who sent many a penitent away without absolution for lack of the proper disposition. But the devil's work is precisely to grant absolution where it is not warranted, thus paving the prideful or self-deceived sinner's road to hell.

So, in sum, Francis suggests that priests who are really "merciful" should absolve sins without asking cruel and judgmental questions, and that they should grant absolution even to sinners who do not articulate the nature of their sins because they have made a sufficient "gesture" merely by showing up in the confessional! By the time he is done with it, the Sacrament of Confession has become the Sacrament of Don't Ask, Don't Tell. It is no longer the Sacrament of *Confession* at all, but rather exactly the kind of empty ritual Francis is always mocking.

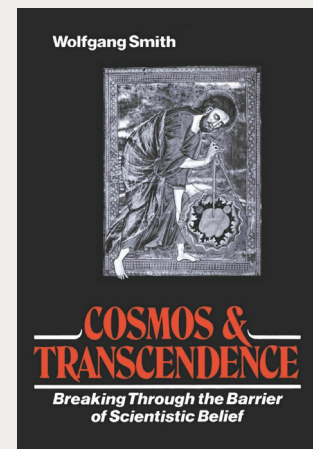
Fortunately for souls in dire need of the precious grace of true absolution rather than a worthless mercy coupon, Francis's opinions in this sermon—as with so many others he has tossed off without the least concern for the consequences—can safely be contradicted. Moreover, given our experience with this pontificate, it would not be surprising if, in a different context and before a different audience, Francis contradicts it himself. ■

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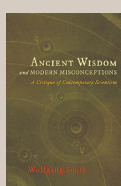
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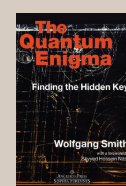


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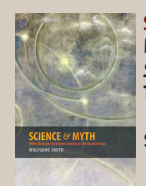
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# Great Catholic Men of History

The Baptism of Clovis

## King Clovis I

The Frankish King Clovis I (465-511) established and ruled the Merovingian kingdom of Gaul, the most successful of the barbarian states of the 5th century. He is widely regarded as the founder of the French nation.

Gaul was once a wild and fractured country. The people in these parts were splintered, volatile, warring nomads from which gradually emerged three recognizable tribes: the Visigoths, the Burgundians, and the Franks. In the days of Julius Caesar, they were ruled by the Romans, but though this rule had a civilizing effect on these three barbarian tribes, they grew impatient for independence.

From the last of these great tribes, from a subset called the Salian Franks, came Clovis, the strong man who would unite them all. His grandfather, Meroveus, gave the name "Merovingian" to a line of kings, and of this line Clovis was the greatest. His father was the warrior king Childeric, but when Clovis was only fifteen years old this warrior died.

It was not long before the name of Clovis became known to kings and leaders of the other tribes. He led his warriors to battle and victory, gaining more lands and more power. He asked for the hand of a Burgundian princess in marriage, and was not refused. This princess was a devoted Catholic named Clothilde.

Clovis was a pagan. In the fifth century, many men were pagans. Nevertheless, the Church of Christ had already begun to show some little power. Clothilde prayed mightily for the conversion of her husband, and though for years he showed no signs of a change of heart,



she never ceased to believe that one day her prayers would be granted. Her hopefulness, her gentleness, and her strength in sorrow impressed Clovis in spite of himself. It made him think about this new religion and wonder what there was in it which could make a weak woman so strong.

St. Genevieve was at this time making an impression throughout Gaul by her faith and courage. Clovis chose her to

be a counselor. Her influence, added to that of his sainted wife, finally began to incline his heart toward the one true God.

All the while he fought many desperate battles for his ambition's sake, winning power and fame in the land. In one of his fiercest encounters, the King suddenly became aware that the battle was going against him. His keen eye saw that where the blows rained thickest the Franks were giving way; they were being slowly but steadily beaten back by the Allemans.

In final desperation, Clovis prayed to the God of Clothilde and of Genevieve, promising that if the tide of battle turned in his favor, he would renounce his pagan gods and be baptized Christian. Led by Clovis, the Franks rallied, and gathering strength with every inch of recovered ground, at last put their foes to flight. Clovis vanquished the Allemans altogether, and it was not long before they were forced to re-cross the Rhine and return to their own country.

The King faithfully kept his promise. When he returned victorious to Clothilde he told her the good news, and on Christmas Day, 496, the holy Bishop St. Remy baptized him, and three thousand of his warriors with him, in the Cathedral at Rheims.

It was a great and glorious day. Judge for yourselves whether Clothilde rejoiced or no, and whether she did not praise God in prayer and good deeds all the rest of her life. Her name is written down among the saints in the calendar of the Roman Catholic Church.

As for Clovis, the good bishop told him on his baptism to "hate those gods

which he had adored, and adore that One which he had hated". The age in which he lived was a fierce and cruel one, but certainly, he did one good thing, and for that he is now remembered. By the help of the Church, by his own strength and prowess, using cunning and truth alike, Clovis, before he died, accomplished his end. He ruled over the whole of Gaul. He made a divided and turbulent country into a united kingdom. He, drawing upon the large white sheet of the history of his country, till then scarcely marked save by scribbles, worked out a rough and shadowy outline. And from this rough and shadowy outline was shaped, in time, the fair and comely form of the Kingdom of France.

Clovis died in Paris on November 27, 511, at the age of 45. His widow, St. Clothilde, retired to the Abby of St. Martin at Tours. She died in 544 and was buried by her husband's side in the Church of St. Genevieve. In keeping with Frankish tradition, his four sons (Chlodomer, Chilbert I, Clothar I, and Theuderic) divided the kingdom he had fought so hard to unify, but his people largely remained Catholic. The influence of Catholic leadership is unmistakable. Conversely, the effect of today's godless rulers can be seen as well, in a terribly vivid light. It is useless to deny that this matters. How blessed the world would be to have another Clovis reigning in France, or any country, for that matter. ■

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# The Man Who Saved Art: A Parallel Traditionalist Movement

by Hilary White

## Part 1 Who Destroyed Art, and Why?

Nearly all Traditionalist Catholics know the story, at least in bold outline, of how the current condition of perpetual crisis was visited upon the Church in the second half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. We've all done the reading: The Ottaviani Intervention, the works of Michael Davies, Dietrich Von Hildebrand, and the like. We have grown in our understanding not only of the crisis but of the Catholic Faith in general, and this reading is what brought many of us out of the Matrix of "conservative" neo-Catholicism, that deadly no-man's land that I have nicknamed "novusordoism". Of course we are all painfully aware that the culture of the secular world had also changed dramatically and apparently abruptly in the period immediately following WWII, and understood in general terms that the changes in both the Church and the world are closely related. Even without being Catholic the difference between 1945 and 1965 was obvious just from watching old movies and television shows, as I did.

But how many know that there has been, in almost exactly the same period, a nearly precisely parallel movement back toward tradition in the world of visual arts – painting and sculpture, and to a lesser extent architecture and music? The same millennial pursuit of truth, goodness and beauty; the same abrupt repudiation of these transcendentals; and, in the second half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, a resurgence, a deliberate rescue by a tiny group of determined people we can only describe as "traditionalists."

Not only were the traditional aesthetic standards in art, music and architecture abandoned at nearly the same time, but a very little digging into the history shows that it was for precisely the same reasons. That exactly the same philosophical trends and movements did to art exactly what they did to the Catholic Church's liturgy, philosophy and theology? Moreover, how many know that there is also now flourishing in the art world a nearly perfect parallel to the Traditionalist movement in the Church? A small, but growing movement to return to those abandoned principles and transcendental pursuits.

Since that rescue, that started in the 1960s, the movement of "classical realism" or "contemporary realism" has begun, only in the last decade, to gain ground in the mainstream art world. Where there is still a heavy dominance by the radicals – bolstered by a multi-billion-dollar industry – the traditionalist schools, called atelier's, are popping up all over the world and more of their work is being carried by mainstream galleries.

### What happened to art and when? –

In a video made by the increasingly indispensable "Prager University," the contemporary realist artist Robert Florczyk described the trend of the last hundred years of modern art, the kind I usually describe as "the school of nailing chairs to walls." What Florczyk

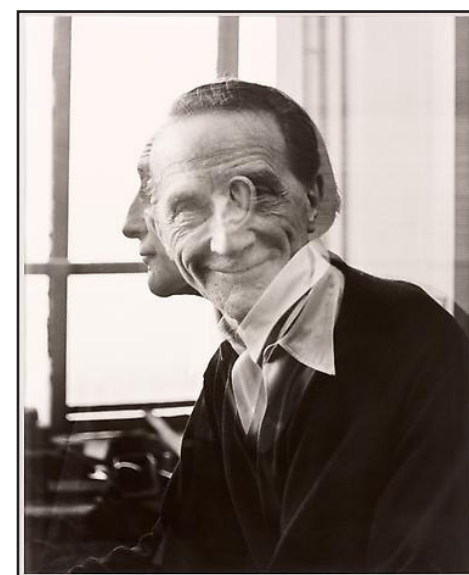
describes is in fact a deliberate and calculated drive to change the goals of art from the pursuit of the profound, inspiring and beautiful, to our current mania for the "silly, the pointless or the just purely offensive."

An "installation" of a dirty, unmade bed; a "dress" made of slabs of rotting meat; a trio of tins of the artist's feces; a porcelain urinal titled, "Fountain" ... a rock ... All are actual examples of this descent into nihilistic meaninglessness that has been made the standard fare in contemporary "art". All of this, moreover, is rejected by the general

public – who simply no longer go to art galleries – and all lauded by the art world's elite. (And heaven help any student of art or architecture who points and laughs.)

But how did we get here? In one sense it was quite abrupt. In 1917, an artist and ideological change agent named Marcel Duchamp placed a porcelain urinal on a pedestal in an exhibition in New York, scrawled the word "fountain" on it and signed it "R. Mutt." This "work" was at first rejected by the Society of Independent Artists who were running an exhibition of new works. After they

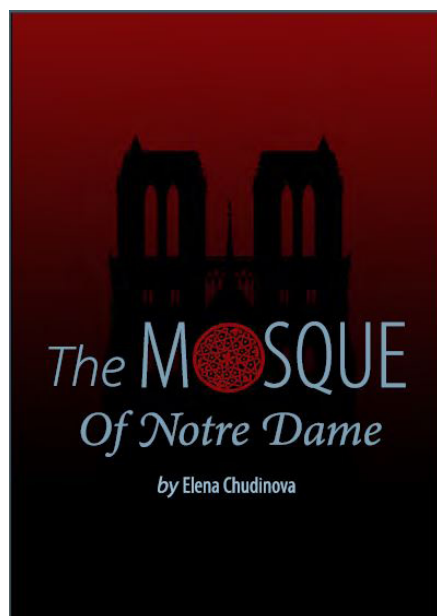
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Portrait of Marcel Duchamp, 1953.

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## A Word from the Author...

I am very happy to introduce my book to American readers. This year *The Mosque of Notre Dame* turned ten years old. So far, it has been published in Russian, Serbian, Polish, Bulgarian, Turkish, and French, and translated into Norwegian. I find it hard to express my appreciation to all the novel's friends and supporters, whose selfless efforts have made it possible for the book to reach countless new readers around the world.

We live in times when it is harder and harder to follow the great Alexander Solzhenitsyn's behest to "live not by lies". Ecumenism prevents people from asserting that the only true path is to follow Christ the Lord. Political correctness prevents people from calling the threats to our Western, Christian civilization by their true names.

My book took ten long years to reach the American reader and that is hardly surprising. That is why I am very grateful to Remnant Press for its courage and principles - rare qualities in these times. Thanks to Remnant Press, today I can speak the truth in the English language - an uncomfortable, unpleasant truth, but surely a necessary one that must be heard today, because tomorrow may be too late.

**Elena Chudinova**





# The Man Who Saved Art

H. White/Continued from Page 11  
were forced to accept it (Duchamp had had himself placed on the board) the Society tried to hide the piece at the exhibition, giving the opening for Duchamp's ideological followers to stir up a controversy. This publicity brought out the fashionable intellectuals defending it, thus launching the entire industry of modern art criticism whose role every day since then has been to praise every new invisible suit the latest Emperor of Art cares to don.

"Fountain" was reproduced several times by Duchamp in the '60s, and one of those copies still sits in pride of place at the [Tate gallery in London](#). This object is regarded by art historians to be the turning point in 20<sup>th</sup> century art that ultimately rejected all the traditional canons of artistic excellence. After this point, such "avante garde" pieces started to become at first forcibly accepted by mainstream galleries and art promoters, to eventually become compulsory, almost entirely eclipsing traditional art and instruction. Duchamp is still hailed by art critics as one of the three most important figures of 20<sup>th</sup> century art, with Picasso and Matisse, who brought us all that still plagues the art scene – particularly [conceptual art](#) – that artistic branch of philosophical Nominalism that insists that any object is art if the "artist" says it is.

The occasionally cross-dressing Duchamp, who may be likened to his ecclesiastical counterpart Annibale Bugnini in both his influence and ideology, perhaps ironically, had himself received the classical academic education in drawing and painting that he was to have a major hand in destroying. (He was later to denounce what he called "retinal art".) But of course, Duchamp didn't just come up with the idea one morning for "Fountain".

## Hegel, Bolshevism and Dada -

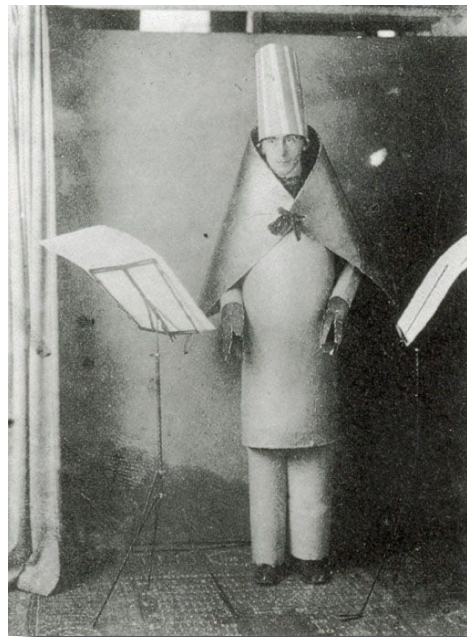
It is always instructive to trace the philosophical lineage of such moments in cultural history and when one does, it becomes clear that these deeply atheistic and anti-traditional cultural revolutions came from the same sources and spread from there in concentric circles into the visual arts, literature, (in the person of the [Bloomsbury Group](#) in London) architecture, ("Le Corbusier") and music (Erik Satie, et al).

Although he was not the first, Duchamp was by far the most successful of the artistic atheistic-leftist subversives. By 1913 he had coined the term "anti-art" for what he wanted, and was a moving force behind the movement later called Dadaism that was briefly trendy in Switzerland during WWI and then was spread throughout the western world.

In 1916 Dadaism came onto the European scene at a trendy salon called the Cabaret Voltaire in Zurich, founded by a group of German, Hungarian and Romanian Bolsheviks and anarchists connected to the earlier avant-garde artistic movements that rebelled against what they called "rigidity" and devotion to reality in traditional Academic painting; and in poetry and literature, to the connection between words and meaning. This "advance guard" of the left had fled to neutral Switzerland during the convulsions of

WWI where many of them stayed to found the post-war intellectual (many of them deliberately "anti-intellectual") movements of the later 20<sup>th</sup> century.

Dadaism is described as an "anti-rational" or "anti-art" movement, associated with early Bolshevism, that proposes "the meaning of meaninglessness" in painting and poetry as a way of breaking down "bourgeois" artistic and cultural assumptions. Later, this idea was to be taken up by the philosopher Jacques Derrida (b.1930) and turned into "deconstructionism" through which "western" ideas of logic and reason are subverted and eventually destroyed in academic philosophy. Deconstructionism – that had its equivalent movement in painting and sculpture – has itself become a plague in secular academic philosophy and literary criticism. Both the small artistic circle of the Dadaists and the later massive swelling of philosophical deconstructionism owe their allegiance to Hegel, Freud, Heidegger and Sartre and the entire pantheon of modernist philosophical destructors. Ultimately the entire movement in philosophy finds its roots in the same soil; the 18<sup>th</sup> century "Enlightenment" that rejected classical and Catholic philosophy, and tried to re-define meaning itself.



Hugo Ball, Cabaret Voltaire

The [Dada Manifesto](#) gives an idea of the level of intellectual rigor and competence of the founders of the various movements in modern art. It was written in 1916 by the Cabaret Voltaire's founder, the poet – and useful idiot – Hugo Ball (1886-1927). (The name, Dada, Ball claimed, was chosen at random from a French-German dictionary and meant anything or nothing as the user chose.) Among other bits of nonsense, it says, "I shall be reading poems that are meant to dispense with conventional language, no less, and to have done with it. Dada Johann Fuchsgang Goethe. Dada Stendhal. Dada Dalai Lama, Buddha, Bible, and Nietzsche. Dada m'dada. Dada mhm dada da."

"It's a question of connections, and of loosening them up a bit to start with. I don't want words that other people have invented. All the words are other people's inventions. I want my own stuff, my own rhythm, and vowels and consonants too, matching the rhythm and all my own. If this pulsation is seven yards long, I want words for it that are seven yards long..." Clearly, the content was beside the point.

Ball, who had been raised a devout Catholic, had been a young disciple of Mikhail Bakunin, the Russian revolutionary anarchist, Hegelian and rival of Karl Marx in the International Workingmen's Association, the movement sometimes called the First International, the umbrella group of radicals, socialists and anarchists that was later to resolve into Soviet Communism. Like many of the young ideologues of the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> century, Ball later grew out of his radicalism and reverted to his earlier Catholic Faith living to the end of his short life in obscurity. But the damage was done, and the Dadaist followers he had gathered in Zurich took their "anti-rational" ideology of meaninglessness like a virus into the wide world of culture.

After escaping Zurich and being carried to Berlin and eventually to most of the rest of Western Europe's cultural centres, Dadaism had served its purpose and fell out of favour. It was replaced with an apparently endless parade of various successive "schools" and "movements," that students of Fine Arts must now memorize for their exams: Cubism, Modernism, Fauvism, Expressionism, Futurism, postmodernism, and all the way to Andy Warhol's "Pop-Art" soup tins and Tracey Emin's unmade bed and Damien Hirst's dead animals. Dada, explicitly intended as an ideological protest movement, was the origin of the idea that art must reject beauty and meaning, and that its primary goal was to shock and offend.

## The philosophy behind it will sound familiar

Its explicit nihilism – a fashionable sentiment after WWI – was expressed grandly by an academic as "a phenomenon bursting forth in the midst of the postwar economic and moral crisis, a savior, a monster, which would lay waste to everything in its path... a systematic work of destruction and demoralization... In the end it became nothing but an act of sacrilege." And the critique against it at the time was as ardent. A contemporary reviewer in American Art News described it as "the sickest, most paralyzing and most destructive thing that has ever originated from the brain of man."

Dadaism – and its descendants in art trends – is normally described, by those whose narrative it helped to shape, as a "reaction to the horrors of World War I," an assertion that doubtless remains a popular justification in undergraduate essays to our time. In reality, however, and like all such ploys that manipulate popular sentiment, the movement's opposition to the war was opportunistic. Its self-admitted purpose was not artistic at all but philosophical and political; its purpose was to take over the art and literature scenes and to push out and anathematize traditionalist opposition. The Dadaists were forthright about their goal. It was not to change art, but to *demolish ideas* and ultimately an entire culture. "Dada is the groundwork to abstract art and sound poetry, a starting point for performance art, a prelude to postmodernism, an influence on pop art, a celebration of antiart to be later embraced for anarcho-political uses in the 1960s and the movement that lay the foundation for Surrealism," said

the foreword of a 2007 book of Dadaist poetry.

Hugo Ball expressed it, "For us, art is not an end in itself ... but it is an opportunity for the true perception and criticism of the times we live in." Dada, in other words, was a coup d'état of deliberate cultural destruction, and one that we are still living with.

One of its originators, the Romanian Marcel Janco, said, "We had lost confidence in our culture. Everything had to be demolished. We would begin again after the tabula rasa. At the Cabaret Voltaire we began by shocking common sense, public opinion, education, institutions, museums, good taste, in short, the whole prevailing order."

Duchamp was not the only ideological go-getter of the Zurich group, whose ideas were spread throughout the art world by a concentrated campaign. The Romanian Jewish modernist "performance artist" "Tristan Tzara," – the pseudonym of Samy Rosenstock – emerged as the movement's European leader, writing another, more comprehensible manifesto in 1917, and bombarding French and Italian artists and writers with letters promoting his ideology (the movement failed in Italy). At the end of the war, the enthusiastic young Dadaists, their anti-rational manifestos in hand, re-dispersed to their native countries to begin the work of promoting it throughout western cultural circles.

The movement grew and by 1920 in Germany had already expressed itself in explicitly anti-Catholic terms. The Dadaist group in Cologne held an exhibition that year in a pub that included a woman dressed in a first Communion dress reading obscene poetry. It was closed down by police on obscenity grounds, but the scandal generated by the stunt had made its mark among the intellectuals. (The charges were dropped.)

Dadaism as a specific movement, of course, died off as it gave space for the succession of anti-traditional, anti-rational art movements up to our own time. Its influence can be felt in nearly all areas of visual, plastic arts as well as music, television, film, even comic books, hair styles, clothing, interior design and our most popular styles of political protest. The next time you are downtown in a large North American city, and you see some large, ugly, black metallic object in the centre of the large square in front of an office building, you can thank Marcel Duchamp, and ultimately the whole stream of thought that has also brought us the puppet and clown Masses in Catholic liturgy.

The art world has never recovered from this coup d'état, and art students who want to learn the classical esthetics, drawing, painting and sculpture skills – and who aren't interested in philosophical or political indoctrination – had best give academic fine arts departments a wide berth. But the longing for beauty, as for goodness and truth, is worked into the human psyche in such a way as to be impossible to entirely eradicate. ■

## To Be Continued Next Week

*Reality to the Rescue: Richard Lack's Resistance and the Classical Realism Revival*



# Resurrection

By Timothy J Cullen

“*God is dead*” (Friedrich Nietzsche)

Nietzsche’s bold proclamation is a wail of despair, nothing more, nothing less. Who, pray tell, wishes to live in an absurd universe in which all that exists is written off as “accidental”? Who honestly believes that such a universe is possible? Who can support such a nihilistic posture when confronted with the Mystery? Not you, not I, not anyone who dares take a leap of Faith when confronted with the abyss of *nothing*.

Is there anyone who believes such a proposition in the marrow of one’s bones – in the most recondite precincts of the heart and soul – that one’s pilgrimage through this mundane vale of tears is pointless, nothing more than the never-conscious life of a fruit fly? One who is in one’s right mind cannot believe such an absurd proposition, because belief in such inevitably leads to the inference that life itself is absurd and without meaning; a conclusion that has as its logical end a despair beyond measure, an emptiness so total as to obviate hope, a posture that is anathema to the authentic Catholic. Why, then, does such despair spread among our fellows with a seemingly unstoppable momentum? Why do so many give themselves over to this despair without due resistance, without even the smallest token of hope? How can it be that Satan harvests as many souls in his net as do dragline fishermen who deplete the oceans?

The answer to these questions may be found in the usurpation of the Catholic Church by those whose beliefs are not those of the millennial Church, but rather the beliefs of those who have lost hope in the Transcendent and have placed their “faith” in the potential of God’s fallen creatures: ourselves.

Christ’s resurrection is ours as well if we adhere to His teachings and example. Christ as the Second Person of God gave to His fallen creatures all that is necessary for redemption, eventual resurrection and the transfigured entry into the higher cosmos; that of the Beatific Vision that is the transformation of existence into *essence*, the state of being that is the primordial promise of the Church. Willful rejection of this promise is the reduction of human life to the plane of the non-sentient life forms that have no eternal “being”, that are merely extant but without transcendence. Yes, all these are God’s creatures and the purpose of their existence and possible eventual transformation is beyond our understanding, but so far as we know, it is only human beings that have the free will and self-consciousness necessary to be raised through Grace to the Beatific Vision. Why is this so? It is not for us to say.

The Roman Catholic Faith has one and only one *raison d’être*: salvation of the soul to gain eternal life. In the words of the late Spanish philosopher Miguel de Unamuno (1864-1936): “For a true Christian... every question, be it political or what have you, must be conceived, treated and resolved with respect to its relation to the individual’s interest in eternal salvation,

in eternity.”<sup>1</sup> Granted, the work cited (first published in French in 1930) was placed on the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* (List of Prohibited Books) along with Unamuno’s magnum opus *The Tragic Sense of Life* (1912), but the list last appeared in 1948 and was abolished by Paul VI in 1966. When one compares Unamuno’s work with many books published since 1948, his more heterodox ideas seem nearly tame by comparison. This writer does not believe that the above citation can be considered heterodox, because it is far less heretical, but that is one man’s opinion and should thus be taken with caution.

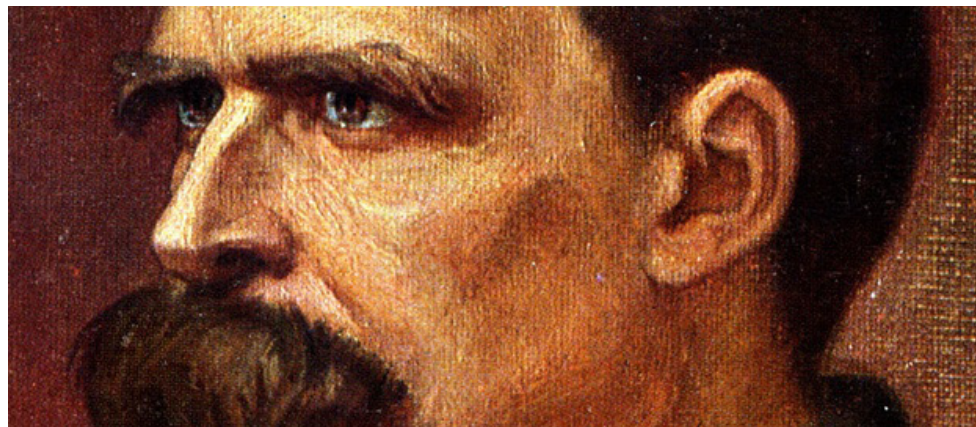
Unamuno went on to add: “The Christian mission is not that of resolving the socio-economic problem, that of poverty and wealth, that of the distribution of worldly goods”<sup>2</sup>, further stating that “Christ has nothing to do with either socialism or private property”<sup>3</sup> and that “What is Christian is grace and sacrifice”.<sup>4</sup> Perhaps were a new, post-Vatican II Index to be created, Unamuno’s work would once more be condemned, but for reasons such as the cited statements rather than the ideas that led to the earlier condemnation.

This writer cannot help but wonder what were the specific causes for the placement of Unamuno’s *The Tragic Sense of Life* (N.B.: the original title of the work is best translated as “On the Tragic Sense of Life in Men and Peoples”) on the Index and apologizes for his inability to obtain this information. Nevertheless, this essay is not about the work of Unamuno; his work is cited simply because he took pains to address the central theme of this essay, to wit, resurrection and eternal life.

With respect to the Church, Unamuno stated: “She stepped aside from Galileo and did well to do so, because his discovery, at first and even taking into account the state of human knowledge at the time, tended to rupture the anthropomorphic belief that the universe was created for mankind; She opposed Darwin and was right to do so, because Darwinism tended to rupture our belief that man is an exceptional animal, expressly created to be eternalized. And, lastly, Pius IX, the first pope to be declared infallible, declared the Church to be irreconcilable with so-called modern civilization, and he did well to do so”.<sup>5</sup>

Without the core belief—the keystone of the structure of Catholicism—in the promise of the resurrection of the individual and immortal soul in a flesh transformed, the Faith is reduced to a set of moral and ethical premises that, when adhered to, ensure a healthy and wholesome life on this mortal plane, but with what purpose beyond the material? The sinless life of Jesus Christ, God made man, was exemplary in human terms, but its earthly reward was an ignominious death on the Cross. Without the resurrection, the life of Christ would almost certainly have gone unremarked in the history of fallen humankind. It

<sup>1</sup> Unamuno, Miguel de, *La Agonía del Cristianismo*, Espasa Calpe, S.A., Madrid, 1942, 1996, p. 79 (my translation).  
<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 137 (my translation).  
<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 136 (my translation).  
<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 135 (my translation).  
<sup>5</sup> Unamuno, Miguel de, *El Sentimiento Trágico de la Vida*, Espasa Calpe, S.A., Madrid, 1913, 1976, p. 109 (my translation).



Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche

was His *resurrection* from the dead and His ascent to heaven 40 days thereafter that was the sign of the New Covenant decreed by God Almighty (of Whom He is the material manifestation) for the redemption and salvation of His fallen human creatures. It is the Resurrection that is the hope and Faith that sets Catholicism apart from all other “religions”, and the mission of His Church is to extend this promise to all who adhere to this Faith.

The obverse of the eternal Beatific Vision that is the reward of the resurrected Catholic is eternal damnation. Those who reject Christ’s promise of life eternal in the paradise of perfect contemplation are damned to an eternal existence in “Hell”, a state of being usually described in human terms as a “place” of punishment and torment, an endlessly torturous existence akin to a gulag that makes the horrors imposed by Stalin and his accomplices seem like a child’s trip to Disney World by comparison. Perhaps this is so, but perhaps Hell may be better visualized as something that to this writer is perhaps worse: the eternal *absence* of the Beatific Vision, a self-consciousness of the absolutely empty echo chamber of one’s own hubristic self-absorption, an eternity of absolutely *nothing*, pure vacuity, an eternal feedback loop of one’s own futility in the face of negation of what-could-have-been if only...

The Church exists to guide fallen humankind to redemption, salvation and the guarantee thereof for those who adhere to clearly defined guidelines—*rules*—as defined by Christ and His Church. The Church is *not* meant to concern herself with worldly concerns (“Jesus answered [Pilate]: My kingdom is not of this world” - John 18:36), but rather with the Kingdom of God. The concept of the Social Kingdom of Christ came later and while it is an admirable *worldly* mission, it is not ever to be considered of greater import than the *primordial* mission: the salvation of the individual soul, a mission meant to serve individuals, not a collective.

The Church is *not* “dead”, but neither is she thriving nor does she appear to be doing her utmost to provide the means by which individual souls can be saved and pagans converted to the true Faith. The Church was not intended to save the world; her mission is to save us *from* the world and lead us to life eternal, to resurrection after the mortal coil has been shed. The world is imprisoned in space and time; Christ came to the world to teach the world’s human creatures of God, that we are merely passing through and eternity awaits us. The nature of that eternity depends upon the Faith the Church teaches and our acceptance or rejection of her teaching as reflected by our actions. All other considerations are

extraneous when all is said and done.

This writer is not well versed in theology and perhaps offers opinions that the more knowledgeable could take issue with and correct. The problem he faces is that while once one could rely upon figures such as the parish priest for sound doctrinal guidance, this is no longer the case; “doctrine” and “dogma” now appear to be subject to “interpretation” that befogs rather than clarifies theological issues. Subjectivity has shaken the once solid and immovable teaching of the Church. The Church is no longer rooted in the spiritual bedrock of revelation, but rather appears to have been transplanted into the shifting sands of subjectivity, concerning herself more with the mundane and less with a focus on the afterlife that awaits her faithful and those who have not found the Faith.

The Church is not an adjunct of the United Nations, is not a laboratory for theological experiments, is not a political party, a “think tank” or a “social network”. The Church is this world’s one unquestionable repository of divine revelation and therefore needs answer to no one; either she teaches immutable truth or she drifts along with all else in a sea of uncertainty.

One thinks of the phrase “back to basics” when confronted with the reality of the growing failure of the Church to evangelize the world, and worse still, to stem the tide of the faithful who have lost their faith and are set adrift in a sea of uncertainty, in which they will eventually sink to the unfathomable depths of an eternity of damnation. The mission of the Church is to guide her faithful to the metaphysical farther shore that is paradise, not to concern herself with the “science” of rising or falling earthly sea levels.

Who does not long for eternal life in paradise? A rhetorical question, really, but one to which the Church must address herself anew in an effort to *save souls*, the purpose for which she exists. Who does not fear damnation? A rhetorical question, really, but one to which the Church must address herself anew in an effort to *save souls*, the purpose for which she exists. The heart of the matter of faith is to provide the means by which all souls can be brought to salvation through the Faith. The means are at hand and, to this writer, it is incumbent upon the Church hierarchy to employ them for the *ultimate* good of God’s fallen human creatures.

The resurrection of Christ is the central mystery of the Faith; understanding it and believing in it is the key characteristic of the Catholic Faith. Resurrection is the key that unlocks the door to eternity. ■



# Betray, Pay, and Shout Hooray!

By John Rao, Ph.D.

Educational questions weigh heavily on my mind and my family's pocketbook this Ash Wednesday. These involve pedagogical issues that affect my teaching at the university and my own children's fate. And they are not without the most serious analogy to the dreadful state of the Church as well. Allow me to take a look at each of these aspects of one big problem, the first in some detail, the others as deeply significant footnotes to it.

Now education has been a difficult project since the beginning of time, with the frustrations involved explaining the all too ready grasp of teachers for rods and whips and the all too eager hunt for students to excuse themselves from the classroom. It is absolutely true that a teacher's ability to convey commitment and enthusiasm for his subject, along with his willingness to understand and respond to each of his student's different character, can help the educational effort enormously. Nevertheless, even under the best of circumstances, learning is to a large degree simply hard, requiring at least—at least!—as much mental grunting and groaning as physical exertion when running and lifting weights. Perfection of the mind requires suffering just as perfection of the body. I have to work to maintain my knowledge of foreign languages by going over vocabulary and idioms for one hateful hour each day, whose boring approach fills me with loathing and hatred for my existence. But it is necessary, so I have to grin and bear it. There is simply no way to avoid the pain to do what one has to do.

When I started teaching in 1979 I was given two bits of advice which have proven to be unfailing in their value: "anything you tell them is news" and "do not irritate the administrators". Heeding the first admonition has enabled me to offer introductory history courses (practically the only thing that I ever teach) that provide the basic information that most of my students have never heard, and that deeper theological and philosophical meaning behind it that was hermetically closed to those coming up from better high schools. Heeding the second admonition has enabled me to proceed with my task of filling in an educational black hole as well as my subversion of elementary and secondary school secularist propaganda without interference from my superiors.

But the times they are "a'changin'", and they are not "a'changin'" for the better. On the one hand, elementary and secondary schools are overburdening students with enormous amounts of homework that I never had to deal with between 1956 and 1969. On the other, they are still succeeding in closing students' minds to any sifting of this increasingly huge slag heap of data for the higher meaning it might possess—and succeeding in producing more willing slaves for the secularist pluralist Regime that holds us all in its clammy grip in the process. And the current "masters of them that know"—our dear friends, the pedagogues—want universities and university teachers to respond to this dreary achievement by building courses around the supposedly greater wisdom of the mentally abused



**American higher education at its best.**

but still badly confused contemporary automatons entering the college classroom.

How? By having the professor betray his responsibility to impart the knowledge that he possesses; a responsibility given to him first and foremost for the glory that the spreading of that knowledge gives to God, but for the immense benefit that it provides to the individual student for his own temporal and eternal happiness as well. It is in the proper fulfillment of this true *vocation* that the professor works to win his entry into heaven, since good teaching, offered in love of God and his students, covers a multitude of sins.

Instead of actually teaching, the pedagogues tell us that we must replace this anachronistic activity with class time dedicated to the work done in little activity groups—something that I was familiar with only in Kindergarten. These activity groups can then discuss "problems". At best, this means that they give their opinions regarding something like the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia in 1914—even though the bulk of them do not know where Europe is, or, if they do, are blind to the nationalist obsessions spewed out as one wretched consequence of the anti-Christian Enlightenment lurking behind the document in question. At worst—and the worst is the most common circumstance—this means bull sessions dominated by the loudest mouth. The professor is supposed to wander around and encourage the uninformed or pointless comments of the members of the activity groups, and even allow them to grade one another for their efforts. In aid of this project, blackboards are being removed from classrooms, with Internet screens serving as Supreme Leader presiding over the carnival in their place. Lecturing? Instructing? They must diminish so that the wisdom coming from the uninformed and the confused can increase. They are banned for the sin against the Holy Ghost as defined by modern pedagogues; for being "boring" in the eyes of students who have themselves become bores as a result of thirteen years of instruction in one-dimensional naturalism. And this in the *sole class in four years of college education* that is required of them in order to understand the *emergence of global society*.

Such an approach to learning does indeed have its value when dealing with

small numbers of students who have already been properly instructed—but not with neophytes, and neophytes who are too old to be neophytes by this point in their lives. Utilizing it for uninstructed or badly instructed eighteen to twenty-one year olds is the coup de grace for their all too botched-up education.

Naturally intelligent students whom I encounter know this truth and want more orthodox, substantive training. What they, and probably the vast bulk of the pedagogues peddling this hoo-ha don't know is whence the stimulus for it comes. For the world at large, it is heavily Rousseau influenced; in the Catholic environment, Personalism plays a major part; where Leftists are involved, Maoism is a significant element in the fraud. All of these different forces look upon education imparted from *traditional*, outside, authoritative sources as chains preventing the minds and hearts of either "natural" (Rousseau), or "Holy Spirit guided" (Personalist), or "oppressed" (Maoist) men and women from oozing out the wisdom that lies within them.

The reason why Rousseau, the Personalists, and the Maoists are eager to break those traditional chains is because this gives them the golden opportunity to impose their own new bonds on the helpless sheep beginning their otherwise formless education without opposition. The wisdom emerging from the supposedly unguided students inevitably becomes the wisdom of the strongest wills in charge of their society. And in modern American society, that means secularist, materialist, enemies of Christ.

That brings me briefly to the future of my children—and that of my readers as well. Not only are we condemning our youth to be trained as willing slaves—cogs in a machine—for our new, worldwide, economic, and libertine Motherland, but we are supposed to pay through the nose and thank our lucky stars for the privilege. Television screens on my campus beam down the smiling faces of students proclaimed as "global citizens", apparently pleased as punch that they owe \$100,000 for the honor of manning menial multinational computer banks.

Finally, all this leads us to the state of the Church today. Although I am sure that many of the clergy and laity playing the post conciliar game are sincere Catholics, clueless as to what is going

on in a world where all the traditional authoritative signposts guiding us to heaven have been pulled down, there are minds and wills responsible for this mess that do know what's what. "What's what" is building slaves for the materialist *Zeitgeist* ever more dominating the ruins of Christendom and the globe at large since the beginning of the naturalist Enlightenment. The problems that we are all facing on the educational level, either as teachers, parents, or both, are merely one reflection of the whole evil modern project, which, as Richard Gawthorp says, is "the Promethean lust for material power that serves as the deepest common drive behind all modern Western cultures". (*Pietism and the Making of Eighteenth Century Prussia*, Cambridge, 1999, p. 284).

The special horror of our time is that the leadership of the Roman Catholic Church is engaged in promoting the same loathsome project. It has betrayed its traditional teaching role, opening up the Magisterium to the input coming from local discussion groups that are supposedly eager to exude enthusiasm for "surprises of the Holy Spirit". But the only acceptable enthusiasm and the only acceptable surprises of the Holy Spirit are those that the leadership has already shaped and tyrannically imposes upon the faithful. These prove to be merely responses to one or the other dictate of modern naturalism. Nevertheless, the Catholic populace is expected to view them as their own deepest spiritual wishes and joyfully whoop it up when expensive ecclesiastical Happenings of boring similarity rip apart one after the other Catholic doctrine.

I am pounding out this article on Ash Wednesday, 2016. Why? I am angry at my inability to do anything to maintain my position at the university other than hiding my stubborn commitment to boring lectures from the eyes of prying pedagogues who will object to my refusal to go along with their wisdom-liberating fraud. I am angry at my inability to lessen the actual financial costs of producing further slaves of the Happy Global Rip Off. I am angry at my inability to do much of anything to prevent my beloved Church from being part of this vile enterprise of "betray, pay, and shout hooray". And I am hoping that by complaining about all of this in writing I might at least be able to turn my anger into a righteous anger, fruitful to my Lenten regimen, offered in love to the *Remnant* community "to cover a multitude of my sins". ■

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by John C. Rao

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## The Last Word...

# On the Disappearance of St. Valentine and other Great Saints Detested by Modernists

By Father Celatus

### Why did the revolutionary church of the 1960s drop Saint Valentine from the liturgical calendar?

One of the common practices in the United States and in many other regions of the world is that of exchanging valentine cards on February 14. Even as children many boys and girls exchange cards and candy, not for a romantic reason but for fun and friendship. We have a rule in my parish school that if you bring a valentine for anyone you have to bring a valentine for everyone—including those you may not like. In this way a somewhat secularized practice is encouraging and reflecting a supernatural quality: love of enemies. As a pastor I am deeply touched by the cards and candy that our children give to me.

How ironic that the name Valentine, which is so popular and universally recognized throughout the secular world, has been abandoned by the modern institutional Church. Yes, along with countless other ancient saints, the revolutionary church of the sixties dropped Saint Valentine from the liturgical calendar. Many other ancient saints fared little better, their feast days having been reduced to “optional” memorials.

Who was Saint Valentine and why do modernists of the *Vatican II Church* hate this Saint of the Heart? Here is a version of the Saint Valentine story from the web with *Last Word* parenthetical remarks added:

The story of Valentine’s Day begins in the third century with an oppressive pagan Roman emperor and a humble Christian martyr (*sounds a lot like modern America*). The emperor was Claudius (*nicknamed Claudius the Cruel, who knocked out the teeth of his horse and later an opponent with a single punch*). The Christian was Valentinus (*a well-educated man who was both a physician and a priest*). Claudius had ordered all Romans to worship the twelve false gods recognized by the Empire and had made it a crime punishable by death to associate with Christians (*so much for separation of church and state in Rome*).

But Valentinus was dedicated to the ideals of Christ; not even the threat of death could keep him from practicing his beliefs (*unlike a majority of modern Catholics who fail to practice without any threat of death*). Claudius had also banned all marriages in the Empire based on his desire to increase the size of the Roman army since husbands and fathers were hesitant to leave their families for wars (*he might have tried opening the ranks to homosexuals, transgendered freaks and women in combat like the U.S. forces*).

Father Valentine ignored this unrighteous imperial decree and secretly brought Christian couples into the sacrament of Holy Matrimony. He was eventually discovered, arrested and imprisoned. During the last weeks of the Saint’s life a remarkable thing happened. Seeing that



he was a man of learning the jailer asked whether his daughter, Julia, might be brought to Valentinus for lessons. She had been blind since birth. Julia was a sweet young girl with a quick mind. Valentinus read stories of Roman history to her. He described the world of nature to her. He taught her arithmetic and told her about God. She saw the world through his eyes, trusted his wisdom, and found comfort in his quiet strength and unshakeable faith.

One day Julia asked, “Valentinus, does God really hear our prayers?” “Yes, my child, He hears each one.” “Do you know what I pray for every morning and every night? I pray that I might see. I want so much to see everything you’ve told me about!” “God does what is best for us if we will only believe in Him,” Valentinus said. “Oh, Valentinus, I do believe! I do!” She knelt and grasped his hand. They sat quietly together, each praying. Suddenly there was a brilliant light in the prison cell. Radiant, Julia cried out, “Valentinus, I can see! I can see!” “Praise be God!” Valentinus exclaimed and he knelt in grateful prayer.

On the eve of his death Valentinus wrote a last note to Julia, urging her to remain close to God. He signed it, “From your Valentine.” His sentence was carried out the next day, February 14, 270 A.D., near a gate that was later named the Porta Valentini in his blessed memory. Father Valentine was beaten, stoned and beheaded. His body was buried and later exhumed and his remains and relics continue to be honored by the faithful in churches of Rome and Ireland in particular. It is said that Julia planted a pink-blossomed almond tree near his grave; to this day an almond tree remains a symbol of abiding love and friendship.

Valentine is the patron saint of engaged couples, married couples and young people. He is also the patron of beekeepers, those who struggle with epilepsy and plagues (*by which Claudius the Cruel fittingly died*).

What a touching story. Who but a modernist could not help but be touched by the courage of Valentine and his devotion to Christian couples and a young blind girl. No wonder his name is associated with love. It is said by some historians that this association between Saint Valentine and romantic rituals is due to the efforts of early Christian leaders to do away with pagan

Roman festivals associated with February 14. That may be so but now the modernists have done away with the Saint and given his day back to pagans.

So why do modernists hate the Saint of Love, or at least want him off the calendar and out of mind? For many reasons: modernists hate anything that has to do with tradition, in this case, an ancient saint whose name and influence have survived for 1800 years; modernists are rationalists who disbelieve in miracles and so they strip the Gospels and stories of saints of anything remotely supernatural; modernist are revisionists, rejecting or revising ancient

accounts, stripping them of history and heroes; modernists hate piety and devotion such that they would rather have their own throats strangled than have them blessed through the intercession of a saint or invoke prayers of an ancient martyr; modernists in many cases are compromisers and cowards and so religious heroism of an ancient martyr convicts their own consciences.

In the spirit of Claudius who said “Away with Valentine!” *The Last Word* says, “Away with modernists!” But to all traditional Catholics who honor February 14 as sacred we say, “Happy Saint Valentine’s Day!” ■



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Apparition site at La Salette

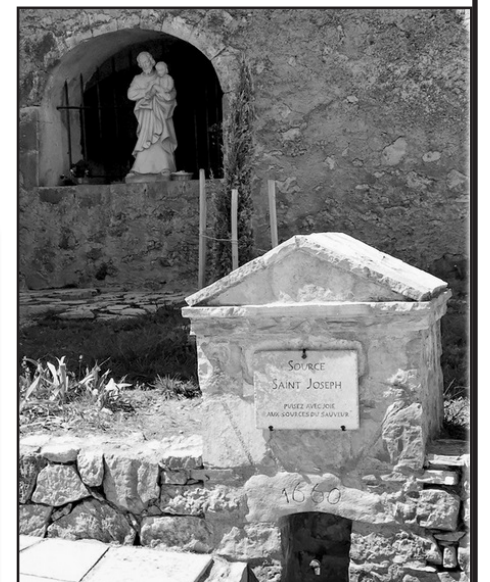


Two Nights in Chartres

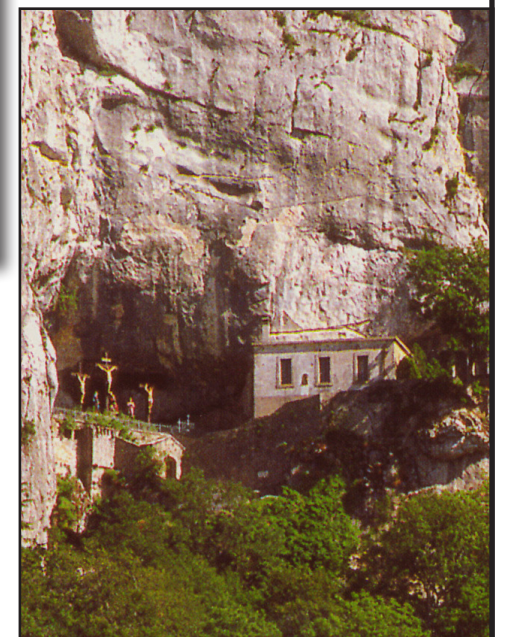
On Pentecost, join 15,000 Catholics who will be walking from Paris to Chartres on the 3-day, 70-mile medieval-style: **Pilgrimage of Notre-Dame de Chretiente!**



Pilgrimage to La Salette, high atop the French Alps



World's only apparition site of St. Joseph at Cotignac, South of France



Cave of St. Mary Magdalene where the great saint spent her last days. Plus, venerate her incorrupt skull

Join Michael J. Matt and 50 American Catholics on Pilgrimage in France!

Guides to Include James Bogle and Oxford Historian Dr. John Rao

- 2 Nights in the Heart of Paris -
- Venerate body of St. Vincent de Paul -
- Rue du Bac (Miraculous Medal) -
- 3 days on Pilgrimage to Chartres -
- 2 nights in historic Chartres -
- 1 Night in French Alps, La Salette -
- 3 Nights St. Maximin, South of France -
- 1 Night in St. Raphael, Near Nice -
- Fine Dining, Fabulous Sightseeing -
- Daily Traditional Latin Masses -

## The Remnant Tours

PO Box 1117 Forest Lake, MN 55025

A \$400 down payment secures your place on a spiritual adventure of a lifetime!  
(Cost not yet determined but will not exceed \$3300, includes airfare, lodging and meals)

Call us today for more info: 651-433-5425

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