

The Remnant

(Est. in 1967)

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



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From the Editor's Desk...

See How These Christians Love One Another?

By Michael J. Matt

“We should separate the paranoid hate mongers from the rest of the traditionalists. They are not traditionalists. They are Protestant fundamentalists wearing traditionalist Catholic clothes. I know about Protestant fundamentalism. I was raised and educated among Protestant fundamentalists. Among them were many good and sincere Christian people, but also among them, and driving their religion—was a certain type of religious person whose attitudes mirror exactly the Catholic fundamentalists on the rise today.” (*Ten Traits of Catholic Fundamentalism*, by Fr. Dwight Longenecker, Patheos.com)

With life in an increasingly Christophobic world going from bad to apocalyptic, one wonders what motivates a relatively orthodox Catholic priest to wake up one morning and say: *Today I think I'll launch an Internet attack against traditional Catholics.*

Traditional Catholics have their problems, to be sure, but is Father Longenecker unaware that the next president of the United States may well be Hillary Clinton? Did he somehow miss the news that homosexual ‘marriage’ is now the law of the land? And for that matter, doesn't Father realize that “fundamentalism” these

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Traditional Latin Mass 101

The CONSECRATION: Last Supper and Calvary

By Father Ladis J. Cizik

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

The “Lord's Supper” was a Biblical term adopted during the Protestant ‘De’-formation of the Church to deny the Sacrificial nature of the Mass and to replace it with a simple “memorial.” Protestants and Modernists* endeavor to separate the Christ-centered Sacrifice at Calvary from the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, turning a solemn event into a community-centered “happy meal.” However, Sacred Scripture and Sacred

Tradition both affirm that Calvary was omnipresent in the very First Mass ever offered. That First Mass in the Upper Room was the Last Supper in which Our Lord and God, Jesus Christ, anticipated His Salvific Death on Calvary. [*See the Encyclical *Pascendi Dominici Gregis* (39) where Pope Saint Pius X defines Modernism as “the synthesis of all heresies.”]

The Last Supper, the First Mass, was not a “memorial meal” in consideration of the fact that Christ had not yet died on the Cross. The Last Supper presents a

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Martyrdom of the Body of Christ

by Jason M. Morgan

When Tertullian wrote, probably in the late second century, that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, the images in his mind, of bloodied, dismembered, mangled, and maimed Christian bodies subjected to persecution and put to death for the sake of Christ, were likely little different from those that crowd into our own minds today. Turn where you will, you will find men and women crucified, beheaded, blinded, burned, imprisoned, and impaled—the Church Militant here below shading awfully, and yet supernaturally, into the Church Suffering above.

What Tertullian could not have foreseen, some dozen centuries before the fact, was that the Church itself, the Mystical Body of Christ, would be rent in two, and then cleaved again and again, divided like the garments of the One Whom all Christians still preach, and Him crucified. The internal separations of the Church often left, not martyr's blood, but bitter recrimination and suppurating uncharity. For a time, God allowed His Church to suffer under its own persecution, too.

But this new orgy of Christians tortured—in Syria, in Nigeria, in North Korea, in China, in Iran, in Egypt, in Iraq—returns our attention to the fact of ongoing Christian martyrdom that, in the last few decades in the West, at least, we had grown largely too complacent to see. The Body of Christ, flesh in tatters, still hangs from a near-to-hand tree, the executioners making no distinction

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The Case of the Illusive Hermeneutic of Continuity: Pope Benedict's Search Continues

By Christopher A. Ferrara

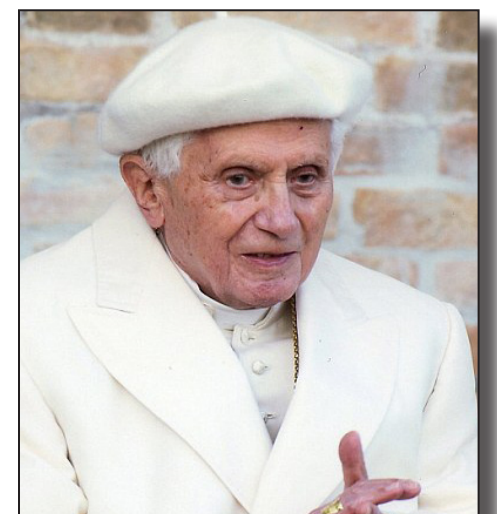
Avvenire, the newspaper of the Italian bishops' conference, [has just published](#) a previously unpublished interview of Benedict XVI in October of last year by the liberal Jesuit theologian (forgive the redundancy) Jacques Servais, a leading exponent of the *Nouvelle Théologie* once suppressed by Rome. Servais is an avid promoter of Hans Urs (“Dare We Hope that All Men Be Saved?”) von Balthasar, who dropped dead days before John Paul II could accomplish the indignity of making him a cardinal.

The interview is being spun as a

devastating admission by the Pope Emeritus that the Church has gone badly astray on the question of the salvation of non-Catholics. If only it were so. We have here, on the contrary, a correct diagnosis followed by the usual post-Vatican II prescription: more of the same confusion that has plagued the Church since the Council's volcanic ash cloud descended upon her.

Being a proponent of universal salvation à la von Balthasar, Servais posed a blatantly loaded question, clearly designed to elicit Benedict's confirmation that the dogma *extra*

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Pope Benedict XVI

From the Editor's Desk Cont...



Fr. Dwight Longenecker

days includes the belief that Adam and Eve actually existed, for example, or that homosexual marriage and abortion are evil crimes that cry to heaven for vengeance?

As I read through his completely unprovoked attack against us, a couple of thoughts came to mind: Father Dwight Longenecker must have a lot of time on his hands, and Father Dwight might be a little obsessed with traditional Catholics.

He must have time on his hands, for how else would he know as much as he claims to know about these sick, angry, paranoid, violent, hateful traditionalists unless he's been combing through the fever swamps of the Internet in search of evidence? He evidently stumbled across a couple of wingnuts and, based on that discovery, launched his offensive against traditional Catholics in general.

This is ridiculous. It would be like The Remnant deciding to cite Fathers Corapi and Francis Mary Stone as Exhibit A and B of everything wrong with the neo-Catholic establishment, based on the following syllogism: Fathers Corapi and Stone are neo-Catholic priests; these two priests were exposed as womanizers; therefore, all neo-Catholic priests are womanizers.

His logic (or lack thereof) suggests that Father Longenecker may be a little obsessed with traditionalists. But why?

Perhaps Father has a guilty conscience? A priest who decides to sit on his hands and offer nary a word of warning to his sheep during this ghastly reign of Pope Francis may well wrestle with his conscience, from time to time. And maybe it's just easier for Father to assassinate the character of those who are speaking out about the naked emperor, rather than confronting the problem himself. It's a fun little strategy, I would imagine, if you're smart enough to fool yourself that you occupy the high ground in doing so.

Perhaps Father's superiors would take umbrage at him pointing out the obvious about this unconventional pope of ours who insists atheists go to heaven, Mary at the foot of the Cross felt the angel had lied to her, Jews don't need to hear the Gospel, contraception to prevent the Zika virus is just fine, and even popes need to 'chill out' when it comes to gay priests. I don't know what it is, but the main problem I have with Father Longenecker is his failure to be forthcoming about exactly who he's targeting.

Instead, he just sort of lumbers out onto the World Wide Web and starts firing scud missiles in every direction and at all traditionalists, except for those few with whom he happens to agree--those "friends and family" who must also remain nameless, of course. Yes, he says he's on the side of the good traditionalists—evidently those who like Latin Masses, have no problem with the New Mass and can be counted on never to question anything Pope Francis says, no matter how offensive to pious ears it may be.

All the other traditionalists, according to Father Dwight, are "fundamentalist, obnoxious and unlikeable people who get a sick thrill out of anticipating persecution." (I wonder if my 7 children would agree that I'm obnoxious and unlikeable, and that I just can't wait to see them all martyred.)

And of course Father kisses right up to the far-Left Southern Poverty Law Center when he writes that Catholic traditionalists are "tinged with anger" and "given enough rope will move from verbal violence to physical violence," since they are all, "paranoid hate mongers."

I kid you not! This judgmental priest actually went online and spewed this rot against Catholics he doesn't particularly like. No wonder anticlericalism is on the rise!

Why did Father Longenecker calumniate a couple of million traditional Catholics as "paranoid hate mongers" ready to turn violent? What was he thinking? There is absolutely no reason for anyone anywhere to jump to the outrageous conclusion that, given enough rope, traditional Catholics (even the nutty ones) will resort to physical violence. This is calumny, pure and simple. It's wrong on so many levels—but coming from a Catholic priest it is dangerous and scandalous.

Through guilt by association, it also naturally runs the calculated risk of dragging the whole movement into the fever swamps of domestic terrorism where the Southern Poverty Law Center and other far-Left groups have been trying to confine traditional Catholics for years.

Here's where Father's article enters into the realm of the indefensible, regardless of how well meaning he may be. There is no excuse for this—none at all—and he's too intelligent to have failed to anticipate the fallout. This was either malicious or incredibly stupid. I prefer to presume it was a stupid mistake on his part. But Father must still publicly retract, lest we are left to conclude that this is the extent to which neo-Catholics are willing to go in order to silence traditional Catholics.

Hardly the patient approach one would expect from a Catholic priest trying to reach souls traumatized by an endless series of priest/sex scandals in the Church today. Where's the compassion these same neo-Catholics insist upon when it comes to dialogue with homosexuals, Protestants, the Orthodox, atheists, etc.?

"Rack him", snarled Sir Richard Rich to Cromwell as he threw St. Thomas More under the horses' hooves in a boot-licking attempt to curry favor with the enemies of the Church in 16th century England.

"Arrest them," implies Father Longenecker, "for sooner or later these traditional Catholics will resort to violence anyway."

Really, Father?

Since he names none of us, he is obviously accusing all of us. Father tells us he won't name names because he doesn't wish to "wallow in the sewage", and so his readers are left to come to their own conclusions as to which of us he is referring. All traditionalists? Some? A few? Most? Many? Who knows! Father doesn't say. He is non-discriminating in his calumny, which he attempts to justify on the basis that traditionalists "have no true repentance in their hearts, anyway, and are driven by the worse kind of pride: spiritual pride".

How does he know that? Has he interviewed them all? Has he heard their confessions? And, by the way, who is he to judge?

According to Father Dwight, traditionalists know better than the pope, which makes them no better than Protestant fundamentalists. (I guess ecumenism has its limits after all.) Traditionalists also think they are "the Remnant [curios, how Father capitalizes that word] of faithful ones

who remain," and their response to his completely unprovoked attack will be to "retreat further into their self-made holy fortress and throw stones over the parapet at me—not addressing my point, but resorting to name calling".

The irony of this silly attempt to preempt any legitimate defense against his petulant attack is evidently lost on Fr. Longenecker, who just penned an entire blog post calling fellow Catholics "paranoid, fundamentalist, hate mongers, conspiracy theorists with a persecution complex, who are angry and self-righteous, and given to violence." No name-calling here.

As the walking wounded of what's left of the Catholic Church must now endure the homosexualization of their priesthood, the protestantization ('trivialization' was the word Pope Benedict used) of their liturgy, the "silent apostasy", the falling away from the faith of their children, and the bizarre spectacle of a pontificate that has clearly gone off the rails—it's Father Dwight to the rescue in a rather desperate effort to demonize those with whom he disagrees while, at the same time, demonstrating to the powers that be just how thoroughly he can be counted on to carry their water for as long and as far as they wish.

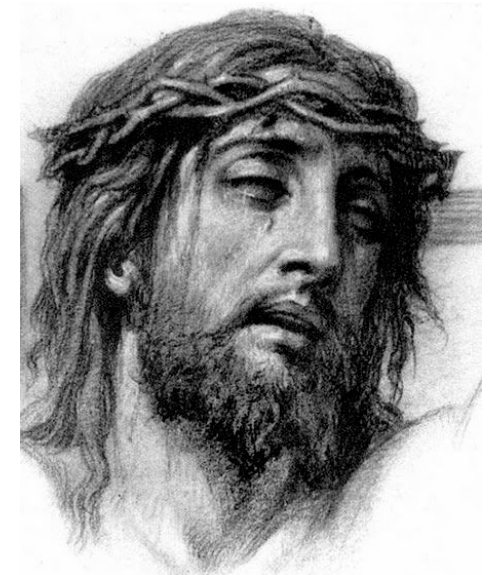
Whether or not he's referring directly to The Remnant in his attack, we asked for a retraction from Father Dwight Longenecker earlier this month in the name of all the traditionalists he has slandered. So far, there has been no reply. ■

Martyrdom of the Body of Christ

J. Morgan/Continued from Page 1

among denominations and sects. To profess Christ crucified, dead, and risen is enough. The blood of the martyrs now not only nourishes the Church ever-resurgent, it also heals the wounds of the past carried forward.

But this is not all. We are in constant need of reminding that our struggle is not just with the world (those who persecute Christians) and the flesh (that unwilling mass that craves its own unity over others' or Christ's), but also, and principally, with the devil. As St. Athanasius makes clear in *On the Incarnation*, "The demons, knowing their weakness, because of this [refutation by Christ of their own weakness and nothingness,] formerly set human beings at war with each other, lest if they ceased from mutual strife, they should turn to battle against the demons. Indeed, those who became disciples of Christ, instead of fighting against each other, stand arrayed against the demons by their lives... and what is most wonderful is that they scorn even death and become martyrs for Christ." The devil has divided us and then sent his own followers to lap up the riven spoils, but here, as everywhere, the paradoxical victory of Christ holds fast. We die in Him, and through Him are defeated, not only the demons who hound us, but also our own sins that have separated us, and, finally, the death and sin that confound us still. We die, but Christ is triumphant in saecula



saeculorum. Taken together, then, these two Church Fathers—Tertullian and Athanasius—reveal, kaleidoscopically, glimpses of a larger truth: Christ's Church must always return to Calvary, where He for Whose sake the martyrs suffer draws into Himself the blood shed in His Name, overcomes utterly the demons that would scatter the Body asunder, and revivifies, always and everywhere, the broken Church.

That the blood of the martyrs may be the seed of the Church made whole again is the blessing that our murdered brothers and sisters in Christ surely pray for now from Heaven. Let us join them, where we cannot follow them yet, in that prayer. ■

The Remnant Speaks

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

A Clarification from Father Harrison

Editor, *The Remnant*: Please allow me to comment on some secondary fallout from the online version of my recent *Remnant* article in which I lamented Pope Francis' shocking insinuation, in his homily for the Feast of the Holy Family, that our Lord himself committed sin at age 12 by remaining in Jerusalem without his parents' knowledge.

A couple of the many commentators on my article, while agreeing entirely with my criticism of the Pope, accused me in turn of heresy, and even blasphemy, because I offered the opinion that the Child Jesus "sometimes temporarily 'blocked out' his divine omniscience" from "his developing human knowledge... so as to share more fully in our human learning experiences". Those readers evidently assumed I was ascribing *ignorance* to the 12-year-old Jesus, and concluded that I was thereby implying the Nestorian heresy that he was a human (not a divine) *person*.

Well, even if the assumption were true, that conclusion would not follow. The great traditional theologian Ludwig Ott (in his masterly *Fundamentals of Catholic Dogma*, TAN books edn., p. 165) says it is not *de fide* that Christ's human knowledge was free from positive ignorance and error, only *theologically certain*. Therefore, denial of that truth would not be heresy (much less blasphemy), but only theological error. (On the other hand, Ott, along with other approved

theologians, does affirm on p. 168 that our Lord's total freedom from both personal and original sin is *de fide*; which I am afraid means Pope Francis' recent homily was implicitly heretical. Our Lord's perfect sinlessness is also taught in a string of magisterial statements referenced in Denzinger, and is affirmed three times in the *Catechism of the Catholic Church*: cf. §§ 467, 540, and 612.)

In any case, the above assumption is not correct. When I said the Child Jesus "temporarily blocked out" certain things from his mind, I did not mean he was temporarily *ignorant* of them, i.e., simply did not know them. Consider your computer. At least 99.9% of the information it "knows" cannot be on the screen at any given moment. It's stored on the hard drive. Likewise, at least 99.9% of what you and I know is not consciously present to our minds at any given moment. Right now, as I write this and as you read it, our minds are conscious of pretty much only one topic - the human knowledge of Christ. But we all have a vast storehouse of knowledge of other things that we can 'bring up' at another time by the use of our free will.

Our Lord had both a human and a divine will. If he used either or both of them to temporarily 'block out' some knowledge from his immediate human consciousness, that would not diminish the perfect knowledge of all reality which he enjoyed from the moment of conception onward through the Beatific Vision, any more than a cloud passing over the sun diminishes in any way its own immense store of light and heat. As Sacred Scripture tells us, the Divine Child actually "grew" in wisdom (Lk. 2: 52); and as Ott also points out (pp. 167-168), the consensus of approved theologians is that this means his human intellect acquired knowledge through ordinary human experience of certain things he already knew through the Beatific Vision (and, probably through infused knowledge as well - cf. Ott, p. 167).

This is a difficult area of Catholic dogma wherein the Church allows theologians liberty to explore how this growth in Christ's acquired, experiential knowledge might have worked at the psychological level. The comment in my article - and its clarification in this

letter - are simply offered as theological speculations in that area.

Fr. Brian W. Harrison, OS, STD
St. Louis, MO

Trump and the Satire Wars

Editor, *The Remnant*: After reading the first supposed "quote" from Donald Trump in the article ("Converted Trump..." in the Feb. 29 issue of *The Remnant*), I thought I smelled fish, and went off to hunt the web for verification. It should have been everywhere, for so explosive a revelation. As it was, our 21-year-old son however left the house convinced that Trump is a Roman Catholic. Like probably 98% of your readership who have never heard of A-CNN (Allium-Cepa means Onion, oh, ha-ha: too, too clever--no, really), my first assumption was it was an affiliate of CNN (like CNBC, and MSNBC), but still I stopped reading and checked the top of the story and the bottom for confessions of hoaxing.

I found none. What I did find was a Washington Post editorial from February 18 suggesting to Trump that what he really wanted to run for was the papacy. It would be a good guess that this was the source of the idea for the "satirical" article. I'm a long-time subscriber. And a long-time gift-subscriber too. But you blew this one. Big time. I hope to see a printed apology in a future issue, and this sort of "entertainment" relegated to a page which can be conveniently removed from the worthier parts of the paper for ease in discarding. The world does not need "send-ups" of things Catholic. A-CNN is superfluous. I'm sorry. I'm embarrassed. Et tu, Remnant?

David Nelson

Editor, *The Remnant*: I just read the great satirical piece by Chris Jackson. It was filled with truth, yet laced with terrific humor. Jackson also picked up the way Trump delivers his stump speeches. I had many belly laughs as I read this terrific piece. This should win some kind of award. I am an avowed Trad. Thanks,

Joe DeCarlo
Sewell, NJ

Editor, *The Remnant*: I read the article "Converted Trump Now Running for



Pope" with particular interest as it was certainly different from the norm. It was quite humorous and very well written, but I feel, not really suitable for *The Remnant*. Although entertaining, it seemed quite out of place. This is simply my modest opinion. I am and will remain a faithful reader.

Sincerely,
Marc Shea
New Brockton, Alabama

Editor, *The Remnant*: Chris Jackson's piece is hysterical, not to mention therapeutic. I have trouble sleeping. Last night I read it in bed and I laughed so hard I nearly rolled out of the bed. I didn't think I had it in me to laugh that hard. The side effect? I slept for an unprecedented 6 hours straight. Thank you for publishing it and thanks to Chris for his clever understanding of what we Trads are suffering.

Barbara Morris, R. Ph.
Escondido, CA

What About Evolution?

Editor, *The Remnant*: The picture you paint of the situation in today's Church is pretty grim. It suggests the curtain is about to fall on our religion. Is it just because of poor liturgy and badly trained

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The Remnant

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clergy? Could there perhaps be a more fundamental cause? Perhaps a hidden heresy lurking in the shadows? An offense to God cutting off saving grace and effective communications with His creatures.

It used to be thought the greatest heresy was Arianism. One of the greatest theologians, patristics scholar, Fr. Jurgens, estimated that in the middle of the fourth century over 90% of the prelature was in communion with Arians. Today, it is being realized that evolutionism, numerically speaking is the greater heresy. Yet, amazingly it is escaping most people's attention.

Pius X saw the problem in terms of evolution of dogma (*Pascendi* 1907). He was alive at the time to steer St. Peter's bark on the right course. Herculean task, to prevent the disaster he foresaw - **the end of the Catholic Faith!** He undertook measures to protect the infallible universal Magisterium from succumbing to the constant attack of its enemies. His efforts came to an end upon his death in 1914.

Two world wars (and one Ecumenical Council later) the Faith's seamless garment was in a sorry state. How could it be otherwise? The first verse of Sacred Scripture as explicated by Lateran IV (confirmed subsequently by Vatican I) had been abused. Creation was henceforward attributed to natural causes. The unimaginable phenomenon of giving existence to things in their total substance from nothing was replaced by eons of evolutionary production by mutation.

Although, no more than a hypothesis, evolution was seized upon by the prelature and the scientific community as worthy to be taught as fact. The moment the terrible decision was taken; the Church's hierarchy was plunged into heresy. It has been that way ever since, and the terrible drama being played out in our rapidly growing atheistic/pagan society is the inevitable penalty. Fortunately, Cardinal Sandoval has endorsed a study of Lateran IV/Vatican I, expounded by several traditional theologians; has endorsed a study, a road-map leading the way out of the modernist labyrinth.

They know that that to return to God's favor His Word can no longer continue to be disrespected. Evolution is a monstrous lie that has to be destroyed. It's full of holes both theologically and scientifically. All that has to be done is to restore the Church's conciliar infallible teaching and the curtain can be hoisted high. A new council is not even needed; the dogma is already in place, just waiting to be used. This is a demonic situation, based upon enormous confusion at all levels. If *The Remnant* and similar orthodox organizations with media outreach were to pick up the baton left by Pius X; Darwin like the *wicked witch* would be destroyed and the flood-gates of grace reopened.

Peter Wilders

Susan Potts is Right On!

Editor, *The Remnant*: Oh my goodness. You have almost gone over the top, Michael. I've just read ON THE RESTORATION; A WOMAN'S

PERSPECTIVE by Susan Claire Potts and couldn't have agreed more with her, she really hit my button of what I've been saying for years to whomever would listen to me, which isn't many.

Let me tell you, I'm 80 and have watched the full decline of the dignity of woman, her manners, dress and general behavior and I mourn our fall from the pedestal we once stood upon. Susan Potts hit the nail on the head. Do you know how hard it is these days to practice what she preaches? You stand out like a sore thumb wearing a dress to the mall, let alone a hat to church and I believe the world yearns for a return to the genteel way of life again, we've lost so much. The other column regarding the conversion of Donald Trump was a treasure, it sums politics and the church in one nice swoop. They're identical.

I'll stop here, Mr. Matt, with the praise although I could go on.... I've been a subscriber off and on since your grandfather, I think, 1963?) so don't stop now, we need you more than ever. God bless,

Elizabeth James
Scottsdale, AZ

On Ann Barnhardt

Editor, *The Remnant*: I am not a fan of the current pope, quite the opposite, but I still believe that he deserves to be addressed with respect as the valid holder of the chair of St Peter. To refer to him as 'Bergoglio' time and again is insulting, and diminishes the effectiveness of Miss Barnhardt's arguments, in my view. It smacks of Sedevacantism, and its inclusion in your online service doesn't reflect well on your newspaper's other excellent articles. God bless you and your family for your continued work bringing excellent analysis of the current state of Catholicism in the world. I keep your mother in my prayers - she sounds a most wonderful mother, RIP.

Sincerely,
Victoria Blake Firth

Editor, *The Remnant*: We have received by snail mail the Remnant for a few months now this side of the Atlantic, but I have just read Ann Barnhardt's article on line. Proverbs 22:6 "Train children in the right way, and when old, they will not stray." Very many of us can look back to things we wouldn't do again, but I can't help but notice that Ann justifies even in hindsight, living with a man under the same roof for reasons that it saved money and lent security. Since when has it been wise, prudent or giving good example when two single people of the opposite sex to live in the same house? I notice one correspondent on line mentions this, as he draws attention to the near occasion of sin. I agree with him. To live so in order to save money or for security is not sufficient reason. God always provides for us to do the right thing. If we need to make sacrifices, so much the more to offer up. I can save money by not buying sufficient clothing to dress modestly, but that doesn't excuse immodesty. I can also save money long term by having an abortion now, but again that doesn't excuse murder. Ann's article reads uncomfortably with good ideas mixed with bad. Therefore it is dangerous. I

would want children to grow up knowing that tradition and a devout life is more than liturgy or head knowledge of holy things. It is a way of living. And this is my reason for taking the step of writing this letter. There is a mixed-up outlook evident in Ann's writing. For whose sake did she impose her will in washing up her flatmate's dishes on the occasion he offered to wash his own? I have read that in one 19th Century village, the refinement found there in the working people was owed to their religion - I am looking for the refinement in language and example right down to the living arrangements in this article and am left feeling disappointed because they are missing. This article is not something I would pass on for others to read. Yours sincerely,

Ruthie Smith
Lancaster, UK

Editor's Note: Thank you for your constructive criticism. I appreciate your concerns. It was certainly not our intention to endorse cohabitation, and as the father of 5 daughters I can assure you that I agree with your position. My read of Miss Barnhardt's rather confessional piece was that those details of her life before she'd converted to Catholicism were rather essential to her larger point, which is that a woman's God-given feminine qualities and virtues are not easily suppressed, even by those not living a Christian lifestyle.

Generally speaking, it is my belief that Miss Barnhardt will help us connect to so many disenfranchised young people who did not grow up in Catholic homes, whose parents may be divorced and who have never heard the case for traditional Catholicism. I believe that Miss Barnhardt, given her long journey out of the darkness and recent discovery of the truth of Jesus Christ and His Church, will (despite whatever rough edges longtime traditionalists may find disconcerting) be someone who can now help us reach out to those lost souls. After so many years of revolution, we are all broken vessels to varying degrees, but I'm intently interested in using whatever resources we have in order to form some sort of loose knit coalition of truth seekers to begin work on a more effective and organized counterrevolution. That will require some compromise on all sides, and Miss Barnhardt and I are attempting to see what might be feasible in this case. Please pray for this effort and thank you for your patience. **MJM**

Editor, *The Remnant*: Kudos to you, sir, for again proving that The Remnant can think outside of the box. Those of us who have been following Ann Barnhardt online for years were ecstatic to learn that she has joined forces with the Remnant. Man, talk about two Titans clashing with the world! This is going to be fun. Of course Ann isn't for everyone, which she regularly admits. She's too fed up to mind her p's and q's, and she's tapping into the angst of tens of thousands of us who have had enough with the occupation of our Church by madmen, muckrakers and modernists. Long live The Remnant! Welcome home, Ann.

Gerry Zangs
Chicago, IL



Seeking Pilgrimage Partners

Dear Remnant Readers: My name is Margie Mohun. I'm a midwife living in California, and I was recently introduced to the Remnant and the Chartres pilgrimage through some friends and was instantly intrigued. As a so-called 'cradle Catholic' I have been given a life enriched by the teachings of the Catholic Church from infancy. Over the years, the faith I was taught from childhood has developed into a deeply rooted love of my Catholic heritage. I am blessed to call my faith my own, thanks to the faithful environment provided by my parents and the promptings of the Holy Spirit. Despite my solid Catholic foundation however, I feel a strong need to continue to discover the richness of the Church as a means of improving myself as a Christian in order to better serve God and my neighbor. My hope is that this pilgrimage to France will be an opportunity to further my spiritual development and rekindle in me a fervent love of Christ and my fellow Christians. The carefully selected locations along the route as well as the knowledgeable guides seem to be an ideal environment in which to learn from the saints in a historical context that lends a very real and inspiring element to the journey. Furthermore, I am interested in traveling with this particular group because of my relatively recently discovered love for the Tridentine form of the Mass. I was raised in a primarily Novus Ordo household and grew up familiar with the Mass celebrated in Latin as they do at Thomas Aquinas College, which is in my family's home town. Though we attended the traditional Mass on occasion, it was not until recent years that I became more familiar with it through Mater Dei parish in Irving, TX. I am eager to spend time in community and conversation with fellow Catholics who can teach me more about the traditions and history of the Catholic Church, which are so profoundly rooted in the Tridentine mass. Thank you very much for your consideration and support.

Margie Mohun
California

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The CONSECRATION: *Last Supper and Calvary*

Fr. Cizik/Continued from Page 1

catechism of sorts on the Real Presence of Christ in the Most Blessed Sacrament, the institution of the ordained Priesthood and the Sacrificial nature of the Mass. The prayers of Consecration in the Traditional Roman Missal (*Missale Romanum*) call to mind Our Lord's Sacrificial Death on Calvary in the context of Jesus' words and actions at the Last Supper. In the person of Christ (*in persona Christi*) the Catholic Priest, following the words and gestures of Jesus at the Last Supper, Consecrates and transforms bread and wine into the Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity.

Using the proper "matter and form," the same matter and form that Jesus used at the Last Supper, and with the proper "intention" of the Priest, the miracle of Transubstantiation takes place. Thus, the Latin Rite of the Catholic Church prescribes that the proper "matter" for the Eucharist must be unleavened bread and natural grape wine. Unleavened bread is that which Jesus would have used for His Last Supper Passover. The Old Testament tells us that the Jewish people were to eat only unleavened bread each year during the Passover, as a commemoration of their Exodus from Egyptian bondage (Dt 16:3). In a similar way, the unleavened bread that Jesus would have used at the Last Supper Passover could represent the Exodus of His followers from the bondage of sin and death following His Salvific Death and Glorious Resurrection. Note that leaven in the Bible is almost always symbolic of sin (i.e. Lk 12:1). Grave sin is what occurs when leavened bread is introduced into a Latin Rite Catholic Mass – although the 15th century Council of Florence confirms current understanding that such an illicit Mass would still be valid.

The proper "form" for changing bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ are the "Words of Consecration" (aka: Words of Institution). These sacred Words are at the spiritual center and pinnacle of the Mass. **The HEART of the Mass is the Consecration.** Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihl declares in his classic work, *The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass*: "The moment of Consecration is the most important and solemn moment, the most sublime and holy and fruitful of the whole Sacrificial celebration; for at that moment is accomplished that glorious and unfathomably profound work, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, in which all the marvels of God's love are concentrated as in a focus of heat and light. The change of the bread and wine into Christ's Body and Blood can



proceed only from Him Who 'alone effects what is wonderful': it is an act of creative omnipotence. But for this act of almighty power there is required a human act, human cooperation on the part of an ordained Priest" (666-667). The validly ordained Priest must have the "intention" of changing the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ to have a valid Mass. Saint Thomas Aquinas affirms: the Priest's "intention is required, whereby he subjects himself to the principal agent; that is, it is necessary that he intend to do that which Christ and the Church do" (*Summa Theologica*: Part III, q64, a8).

Just before the Words of Consecration is the *Qui pridie* prayer. The Priest mystically takes us to "on the day before He suffered," when Jesus took bread in His Holy and Venerable Hands (*sanctas, ac venerabiles manus suas*). At this point, the Priest has rubbed his "canonical digits" (thumbs and forefingers) on the corporal to further purify them before taking up the host with those four fingers alone. At the words, *elevatis oculis in caelum*, the Priest, *in persona Christi*, looks up to Heaven to God His Almighty Father, gives Him thanks (by a bowing of his head) and blesses (*benedixit*) the host. The Priest then calls to mind Jesus breaking the bread and giving it to His disciples as he gives voice to the words of Our Lord: Take and eat ye all of this (*Accipite, et manducate ex hoc omnes*).

Note that the Priest is not merely reading a narrative of a past event, he is *in persona Christi* 're'-presenting the event through the words and simultaneous actions of Jesus Christ, Himself. Christ is not reading an "institution narrative" in the past tense. The Christ-Priest is not merely repeating the words of an old "over and done with" meal-time story. Christ is presently working through the Priest. This is also why we say that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is an unbloody 're'-presentation of Christ's Sacrifice on Calvary.

Bending low over the corporal, with forearms resting on the edge of the Altar (signifying his union with Christ, represented by the Altar), holding the host in the canonical digits of both hands, the Priest pronounces the Words of Consecration over the bread. In

the Traditional Latin Mass Missal, the Words of Consecration are printed twice as large as the surrounding print and bolded so that they stand out from the rest of the text. The Priest, with his eyes on the host, is to give voice to Christ's words distinctly and attentively, without pausing and in a whisper:

HOC EST ENIM CORPUS MEUM.

Translated as: "**For This Is My Body.**" It IS now the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist: His Body, Blood, Soul, and Divinity. Note that just as human flesh contains blood, so too does the Church teach that the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ is present in each of the Eucharistic species. One does not have to "drink from the cup," as they say in the Novus Ordo Mass, in order to receive the Precious Blood of Christ. Jesus is whole and entire in the Consecrated Host alone. This supports the practice that Holy Communion at a Traditional Latin Mass is only distributed under the appearance of Bread. The words "**This is My Body**" appear in all four Last Supper accounts of the Bible (Mt 26: 26-28; Mk 14:22-24; Lk 22: 19-20; and 1 Cor 11: 24-25). The word "**For**" does not appear in the Scripture accounts, but is considered to be a part of Sacred Tradition, as a word that the Lord would have said.

Note that after the Sacred Host has been Consecrated, the Priest will never separate his thumbs and forefingers, except to hold the Most Blessed Sacrament, until they have been "purified" after Holy Communion to ensure that any particle of the Host remaining on the fingers has been reverently consumed during the ablutions. In addition, from this moment on, the Priest will genuflect in homage each time before and after he touches the Sacred Host.

After the Consecration of the Sacred Host, the Priest moves to the *Simili modo* Prayer, after removing the pall from the Chalice. Retracing the actions and words of Jesus at the Last Supper, the prayer begins: In a like manner (*Simili modo*) after He had supped, taking also this Precious Chalice in His Holy and Venerable Hands (here the Priest lifts the Chalice with both hands slightly above the corporal), and giving

thanks to Thee (bowing his head), He blessed it (Priest makes the sign of the Cross over the Chalice) and gave it to His Disciples saying: Take and drink ye all of this (*Accipite, et bibite ex eo omnes*). Holding the Chalice in both hands, slightly above the corporal, bent low over the Altar with forearms resting on the edge (signifying his union with Christ, represented by the Altar), the Priest gives voice to Christ's Words of Consecration over the wine distinctly, attentively, and in a whisper:

HIC EST ENIM

CALIX SANGUINIS MEI,

NOVI ET AETERNI TESTAMENTI :

MYSTERIUM FIDEI :

QUI PRO VOBIS ET PRO MULTIS

EFFUNDETUR IN REMISSIONEM

PECCATORUM.

Translated as: "**For This is the Chalice of My Blood, of the New and Eternal Testament: the Mystery of Faith: Which shall be shed for you and for many unto the remission of sins.**" In regards to the words "**for This is the Chalice of My Blood,**" Gihl opines: "According to common opinion, these words alone constitute the essential formula for the consecration of the Chalice; for they signify and effect the Presence of the Blood of Christ under the appearance of wine" (675). Gihl continues: "The remaining words... are appropriately added. It is generally accepted that they were once spoken by the Lord Himself; moreover, they explain the dignity and effects of this Sacrifice" (675).

All of the remaining Words of Consecration over the wine can be found in one or more of the Last Supper accounts, except for "**Eternal**" and "**the Mystery of Faith.**" These extra-Biblical words, including "**For,**" noted above in the Consecration of the bread, originated from the other font of Catholic Truth: Sacred Tradition, which is every bit as valid as Sacred Scripture. Keep in mind that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was being celebrated by the Apostles prior to the assembly of the New Testament section of the Bible by the Catholic Church. In particular, Pope Leo IX declared that the words *mysterium fidei* (the Mystery of Faith) are a "tradition transmitted by Saint Peter, the author of the Roman liturgy." Indeed, Saint Peter, the First Pope, heard Our Lord speak at the Last Supper and presided in Rome, where he died and is buried. The words "New and **Eternal** Testament" (aka: New and **Eternal Covenant**) are essential in our traditional Catholic understanding that the New Covenant, sealed in the Blood of Christ, forever and completely abrogated the Old Covenant, which was to last only temporarily until the coming of the Messiah, Our Lord and God, Jesus Christ (Denzinger 712; *Ex Quo* 61; *Mystici Corporis* 29 & 31).

The Words of Consecration include: *qui pro vobis et pro multis effundetur in remissionem peccatorum* (which

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Last Supper and Calvary

Fr. Cizik/Continued from Page 5

shall be shed for you and for many unto the remission of sins). Although these words never changed in the Traditional Latin Mass, it is incredible that when the Novus Ordo Mass was presented in the English vernacular, the words *pro multis* were deliberately mistranslated to read “for all” (*pro omnibus*). Changing the Words of Christ was an outrage that supported the Modernist heretical thinking that ALL are saved; and reinforced the heresy of religious indifferentism which claims that it does not matter what religion, if any, that one professes since everyone goes to Heaven. Studies were done that led many to believe that the deliberate mistranslation invalidated the Novus Ordo Mass. After forty long years of confusion, scandal and heart-break, the English translation, under the direction of Pope Benedict XVI, was rightfully changed back to “for many” (*pro multis*). This is an example of how the Traditional Latin Mass serves to safeguard the Faith: by the Canon being free from error (Trent: Session XXII, chapter IV); by the Canon being unchanged; and by the traditional *Missale Romanum* being only in Latin.

Note that *effundetur in remissionem peccatorum* is understood to mean that the Blood of Christ was shed for the remission of sins: all sins from the Original Sin of Adam and Eve; and all other sins in the past, present and future. However, “not all receive the benefit of His Death, but those only unto whom the merit of His Passion is communicated” (Trent: Session VI, First Decree, chapter III). As such, not everyone is saved: “He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned” (Mk 16:6); “Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is no other Name under Heaven given to men, whereby we must be saved” (Acts 4:12); “with fear and trembling work out your salvation” (Phil 2:12); and then, there is that single unrepentant, unforgiven mortal sin that can lead anyone to eternal damnation (Denzinger 1002; Catechism of Catholic Church 1035). Note also that the “merit of His Passion is communicated” by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass: “By virtue of this Sacrifice the infinite merits of Christ, gained by His Precious Blood shed once upon the Cross for the salvation of men, are applied to our souls” (Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo XIII, *Caritatis Studium*, 9).

It is important to note that immediately after the Words of Consecration, first over the bread, and then over the wine, in both instances the Priest genuflects and the bells ring out before the Priest elevates the Sacred Species. This helps ensure the Catholic understanding that the miracle of Transubstantiation, which has just taken place, has nothing to do with the affirmation of the congregation. Hence, once the Host or Chalice is highly elevated for the adoration of the faithful, the bells ring for the second time, and not for the first time. Upon placing the Sacred Species back upon the Altar, the Priest genuflects again and the bells ring for the third time – symbolic of the Blessed Trinity. In regards to the Precious Blood, the Chalice is covered with the pall at this point, which safeguards against profanation by insects or other foreign material.



As a personal point of meditation on the Words of Institution, when I was assigned as the Priest-chaplain to a state home for the mentally retarded, two of my many units contained residents who were severely crippled (physically and mentally) and could not speak. They generally made unintelligible vocal noises all day, except when the Words of Consecration were spoken at the Mass and the elevations took place – then, there was an uncharacteristic complete silence in the room. They knew! Their innocent minds sensed that the Real Presence of Christ had entered their living space. In another higher-functioning unit, where the average mental age was no higher than four years old, upon the elevation of the Sacred Host, one boy, Joey, would cry out: “My Lord and my God!” And Jesus said: “Out of the mouth of infants and sucklings thou hast perfected praise” (Mt 21: 16). Indeed, Pope Saint Pius X issued an indulgence of seven years to all who, while gazing upon the Sacred Host while elevated during Mass, exclaim with faith and devotion: “My Lord and My God!” At the elevation of the Precious Blood, Joey’s best friend, Butchie, would join him in saying: “My Jesus, mercy!”

Immediately following the Consecration of the Precious Blood, the Priest prays: *Haec quotiescumque feceritis, in mei memoriam facietis* (As often as ye shall do these things, ye shall do them in remembrance of Me). The Church traditionally has taught that this moment was the institution of the Sacrament of Holy Orders. The Last Supper on Holy Thursday was also the institution of the Sacrament of the Eucharist; it was the First Mass. The Last Supper

was a serious event. It was a somber anticipation of Calvary, not a “joyous celebration.” At the Last Supper, the miracle of Transubstantiation took place for the first time: Our Lord and God, Jesus Christ, as the Eternal High Priest, changed bread and wine into His Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity.

At the Last Supper, Christ was also leaving the Church His Last Will and Testament: “Do this in remembrance of Me.” With this *Haec quotiescumque* prayer after the Consecrations, Jesus was directing the Apostles and their successors in the Priesthood to offer the Holy Mass and to thereby continue offering Sacrifice to Almighty God, bringing His Real Presence into the world for adoration and as Spiritual Food. Christ did not order Priests to preside at a ‘community meal.’ At the Last Supper, Christ commanded Priests to do what only they can do: offer the Sacrifice of God the Son at Calvary to God the Almighty Father. In his *Catholic Dictionary*, Father John Hardon defines the priest as: “An authorized mediator who offers a true sacrifice in acknowledgment of God’s supreme dominion over human beings and in expiation for their sins.” The Priest is ordained to offer Sacrifice, not to prepare meals. Throughout the Bible and Church Tradition, God demands Sacrifice, not a meal. Whereas all Catholics are obliged to go to Sunday Mass to worship God at the Sacrifice; not all are able to receive Holy Communion by being in a state of grace.

The two separate Consecrations, first of the Body and then of the Blood of Jesus at the Last Supper and at the Mass, ‘mystically’ signify the Lord’s

Death on Calvary. At the Last Supper, Jesus anticipated His Sacrifice on Calvary. On that first Good Friday, at Calvary, the violent separation of His Precious Blood from His Body caused the actual separation of His human soul from His Body, which caused His Death. At the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, His historic Death on the Cross is recalled and signified by the mystical separation of the Precious Blood from the Sacred Body of Christ by the double Consecration. Jesus dies mystically every time Mass is offered. Keep in mind, however, that following His Glorious Resurrection, the Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Christ cannot actually be separated ever again. The separation at Mass is mystical, yet the Sacrifice is real. Christ cannot die again. Hence, the Eucharistic Lord is Truly Present on the Altar in a living glorified state, as He is in Heaven; and His living Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity are Present in both Species, at all times, immediately with the Consecrations.

In conclusion, the Last Supper and Calvary are intimately connected. As a final reflection, consider a possible link between the Last Supper and Calvary that is believed to date from the time of Christ and is still not able to be explained by modern science. It is the burial shroud that Saints Peter and John beheld in the Empty Tomb, which is most likely the Shroud of Turin, presently located in the Royal Chapel of the Cathedral of Saint John the Baptist in Turin, Italy. The Shroud is believed by many, including this writer, to be the long burial cloth of Christ that covered the length of the front and back sides of Our Lord’s Body. This Shroud contains remarkable and inexplicably formed images, as well as Blood stains, of a Man who had been crucified and crowned with thorns. Curiously, in addition to the Blood stains, there also appear to be wine stains.

Studies connecting Joseph of Arimathea to the Upper Room and to the burial of Christ, along with the reported wine stains, lend credibility to the awesome possibility that the table cloth used for the First Mass at the Last Supper is also the Shroud of Turin that was present at Calvary. It is theorized that on Good Friday, the shops which sold the coarse 1x1 simple weaved burial cloths would have been closed for the Passover, such that Joseph of Arimathea would have used the finer 3x1 intricately weaved herringbone table cloth from the Last Supper as the burial shroud out of necessity. In addition, it is believed that the Upper Room, part of a synagogue led by Joseph of Arimathea, where the Last Supper took place, was built over the tomb of King David. How wonderfully appropriate that Our Lord Jesus, the King of Kings, the “Son of David,” should offer the First Mass over the celebrated King David’s tomb; as well as appear there after the Resurrection on Easter Sunday. And how interesting that the Catholic connection between the Last Supper and Calvary, which Protestants and Modernists deny, seems to be affirmed in our time by Almighty God through the Holy Shroud of Turin. God writes straight with crooked lines. He leaves it to us to connect the dots in faith.

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

The Case of the Illusive Hermeneutic of Continuity:

Pope Benedict's Search Continues

C. Ferrara/Continued from Page 1
ecclesiam nulla salus is now a dead letter. All translations are mine:

In the Spiritual Exercises, Ignatius of Loyola, does not employ the Old Testament images of vendetta, contrary to Paul (as is evinced in the Second Letter to the Thessalonians); nonetheless he invites contemplation of how men, until the Incarnation, “descended into Hell” and consideration of the example of “innumerable others who ended up there for sins much less than what I have committed.” It is in this spirit that Saint Francis Xavier lived his own pastoral activity, convinced of the duty to attempt to save from the terrible destiny of eternal perdition as many “infidels” as possible. Can it be said that on this point, in recent decades, there has been a sort of “development of dogma” of which the Catechism should take account?

Notice, first of all, the snide dismissal of both the Old Testament and Saint Paul regarding God’s judgment and the threat of eternal punishment. Servais is the classic Modernist, who thinks nothing of divine revelation as opposed to his own theological sensibilities, informed by the hottest new developments in “post-conciliar thought.”

Contrary to the way this interview is being spun by optimistic commentators, Benedict takes the bait, admitting the (de facto) death of the dogma and the crisis this has caused, but avoiding any suggestion that what is needed is simply a recovery of the Church’s traditional teaching on the necessity of faith and baptism for salvation (cases of invincible ignorance being a matter of theological speculation as to which the Church can say nothing with any certainty):

There is no doubt that on this point we are faced with a *profound evolution of dogma*. While the Fathers and the medieval theologians could still be of the view that in substance all of the human race had become Catholic and that paganism now existed only at the margins, the discovery of the New World at the beginning of the modern era changed that perspective in a radical manner.

In the second half of the last century it has been fully affirmed the understanding that God cannot let go to perdition all the unbaptized and that even a purely natural happiness for them does not represent a real answer to the question of human existence.

The Pope Emeritus here blithely accepts the very essence of Modernism, condemned as such by Saint Pius X in *Pascendi*: that the dogmas of the faith can “evolve” according to changing religious sentiments (here a “changed perspective”). That dogma can “evolve” is a sophism which, Pius X warned, “ruins and destroys all religion.” Benedict’s uncritical reference to “a profound evolution of dogma” in itself qualifies the interview as a disaster.

It is absurd to suggest that the mere discovery of the New World

and vast numbers of infidels in need of conversion would alter the understanding of the dogma on the necessity of faith and baptism for salvation. On the contrary, it would all the more impel missionary activity. Indeed, Benedict admits: “it is true that the great missionaries of the 16th century were *still convinced* [!] that he who is not baptized is lost forever, and this explains their missionary task...” Still convinced? So their conviction was wrong and their supreme sacrifices to save souls, including martyrdom, were really unnecessary?

As for the contention that by the last half of the 20th century it was somehow “understood” that God “cannot” condemn the unbaptized to hell and that even a place of natural happiness is insufficient for them, what is this but an acknowledgment of drastic erosion of belief in the defined dogma of the necessity of the Church for salvation? And since when does dogma “evolve” in order to provide “a real answer to the question of human existence”? Are we to believe that the Church had failed to provide a “real answer to the question of human existence” until an “understanding” reached in the last half of the 20th century? With all due respect, this is ridiculous.

And then comes this stupefying declaration regarding the Church’s previous “conviction”—meaning her constant teaching! — that souls would surely be lost without faith and baptism: “in the Catholic Church after the Second Vatican Council, this conviction *was definitively abandoned*.” Read it again in order to convince yourself that this is what the Pope Emeritus actually said. [For the skeptical, herewith the original Italian: “nella Chiesa cattolica dopo il Concilio Vaticano II tale convinzione è stata definitivamente abbandonata.”]

So, the posited change in “perspective” has nothing to do with the discovery of the New World, after all, or the intervening centuries since then, but rather with the seemingly endless lava flow from that ecclesial Vesuvius of ambiguity known as the Second Vatican Council. Why are we not surprised?

It should be noted that the two Popes who reigned immediately before 1962 evinced no “radical” change in “perspective” regarding the necessity of converting the infidels—that’s the right, the infidels—for their salvation. Two examples suffice:

In *Evangelii Praecones* (1951), Ven. Pius XII preached the urgency of missionary work in the aftermath of World II with Communism on the rise. He expressed concern for “the countless peoples who are to be called to the one fold and to the one haven of salvation by the preaching of these missionaries...” and he praised the Society of the Holy Childhood, whose members “pray earnestly for the salvation of the infidel...”



In *Rerum Ecclesiae* (1926), Pius XI referred no fewer than fourteen times to the urgent work of converting “the heathen,” declaring that “[t]he Orders and Religious Congregations may well be proud of the missions given them among the heathen and of the conquests made up to the present hour for the Kingdom of Christ.... Do not be ashamed, Venerable Brothers, to make yourselves even beggars for Christ and the salvation of souls.”

Then, only a few years later, there was a sudden “definitive abandonment” of the very conviction these two great Popes expressed. [Proving entirely the case I made in my recent debate with Mark Shea](#), Pope Benedict admits that the “definitive abandonment” of the missionary conviction in favor of the mysteriously emergent new “perspective” and new “understanding” has produced:

a profound double crisis. On the one hand, this seems to remove all motivation to a future missionary commitment. Why should one ever try to convince people to accept the Christian faith when they can save themselves without it? But even for Christians a question emerged: the obligatoriness of the faith and of its form of life became uncertain and problematic.

If there are those who can be saved in other ways, it is no longer evident, in the end, why the Christian himself should be bound by the exigencies of the Christian faith and its morality. But if faith and salvation are no longer interdependent, the faith also becomes unmotivated. *In recent times there have been formulated different attempts to reconcile the universal necessity of Christian faith with the possibility of saving oneself without it.*

Notice that Benedict does not on this account view the “definitive abandonment” of the Church’s missionary conviction—that is, her divine commission!—as a grave error of the past fifty years that must be corrected immediately. Out of the question! One must never admit that the Church (humanly speaking) took a wrong turn at the Council. Rather, Benedict accepts the “abandonment” as an irremediable given, leaving the Church only with

“attempts” to reconcile the necessity of faith for salvation with the *non-necessity* of faith for salvation—that is, to reconcile X with not-X, a familiar problem in post-conciliar thinking.

Benedict first considers Rahner’s “anonymous Christian” theory, which he views as “fascinating” but rejects because it “reduces Christianity itself to a... presentation of that which the human being is in itself and thus neglects the drama of the change and renewal which is central to Christianity.” Neglects the *drama*? How about neglecting infallibly defined dogmas concerning the necessity of baptism, sanctifying grace, faith, justification and membership in the Church for salvation?

Benedict next pronounces “even less acceptable the solution proposed by pluralistic theories of religion, according to which all religions, each in its own way, would be ways of salvation and in this sense their effects would have to be considered equivalent. The critique of religion of the type exercised by the Old Testament, by the New Testament and by the primitive Church is essentially more realistic in its examination of the various religions. A reception so simplistic is not proportional to the greatness of the question.”

What is this? Literary criticism or a defense of divine revelation? But revelation seems no longer to be in view as the first Pope Emeritus in Church history attempts to negotiate the post-conciliar fog bank.

So, neither Rahner’s theory that everyone is essentially a Christian by virtue of being human nor various theories of religious pluralism can solve the “problem” posed by the “new perspective.” One would think that the Church, then, should reject the “new perspective” and simply reaffirm the dogma *extra ecclesiam nulla salus*, leaving the unknown fate of the invincibly ignorant unbeliever to the inscrutable mercy of God, just as Blessed Pius IX insisted when he forbade all further speculation in this regard in his allocution *Singulari Quadam* (1854): “it is unlawful to proceed further in inquiry.”

Pius IX knew full well that, if left unchecked, the endless speculations of those who “are wont to ask very often

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Gangs of New York

By Patrick Archbold

At the end of the Massachusetts Constitution of 1780, in article XXX, John Adams inserted a line that spoke to the intention of the document, and in large part his wish for America. Extolling the separation of powers, it concludes, "to the end may it be a government of laws, and not of men."

May it be a government of laws, and not of men. It was John Adams belief that the rule of law, applied equally to all, no matter their station or position, is the foundation of genuine liberty and the first best restraint to ever threatening tyranny.

No doubt, the ideal of the equal application of the law has always been just that, an ideal. Throughout our history, those with monetary or other personal privilege have sometimes been able to skirt the law. Yet even though this happened, the ideal remained and such shameful behavior was generally repudiated if ever brought into the light.

But that was then, this is now. Now we cheer when someone successfully flouts the law, as long as that someone is in our gang. It is obvious that this cultural rot is not limited to our political discourse, it infects the Church as well.

Let's start with our leading political candidates. The current front-runners for their respective nominations are as famous and popular for their flouting of the law as anything else. Hillary Clinton, saddled with a lifetime of suspected corruption has moved into flagrant corruption with rumors of pay for play deals and more

obviously completely ignoring federal communications laws and national security, for her own political benefit. Rather than disqualifying her from any elected office, her fans cheer her on and it seems now she has locked up her Democratic nomination, confident that she will not be locked up herself.

Donald Trump, with a lifetime of rumored shady business dealings, recently stood on a debate stage and bragged how, as president, he would illegally order the armed-services to target innocent women and children in order to terrorize the terrorists. When reminded of its illegality, he smugly asserted that they would obey him.

It occurred to me, as I watched these developments, that we are no longer a nation of laws. But at the same time, I don't know if it is true that we are simply a nation of men. The adoring crowds, not just ignoring their leader's supposed transgressions, cheer when they flout the law. They grow more excited for their candidate because of their transgressions. They seem to have no other moral standard other than, "our side is winning." We are not simply a nation of men, we are a nation of gangs. Nowhere is this more obvious than in Trump's rallies and his dealing with protesters. We are truly a nation of gangs, intent on winning at all costs, principles discarded as we would discard wrapping on a birthday present.

This phenomenon did not just burst onto the scene in this election season and it is not just limited to our political discourse. This virus, this might makes right pathogen, has infected the Church as well. For instance, just a year ago,



Trump protestors get physical at a campaign rally in Fayetteville, 3/9/16

President Obama issued executive orders widely called executive amnesty. Orders that the president himself publicly acknowledged over two dozen times he had no legitimate authority to issue before doing just that. This was a blatantly lawless act by the president, which he himself admitted. But no sooner had the president committed this unlawful act than the USCCB issued a statement praising the unlawful executive orders. The USCCB showed absolutely no interest in the legality or legitimate authority of the act, they cared only about winning. They favored the policy, so the means were justified. Principles and legitimate authority never even entered into the equation for our nation's bishops. This is just one instance in a pattern of behavior by our bishops. But I suppose that this gang mentality in the Church is nowhere more evident than in the hero

worship and blind obedience paid by some to the Pope himself. We see this behavior in everybody from Cardinals and Bishops down to the vein-bulging Papal defenders on Facebook. We have seen liberal and progressive Bishops use their newfound perceived power to target their enemies and openly oppose Church teaching without fear of reprisal. We have seen Cardinals and Bishops, formerly thought to be orthodox, either cower in silence or even in some instances, praise the new Church of man's creation. We have seen Catholic media go silent on the daily affronts to Catholic teaching and morality coming from inside the Church. And we see supposed Catholics shouting down and mocking the faithful for pointing out any incongruity, perennial teaching improperly expressed, or being frank about the damage being done to souls by this daily scandal.

There is no principle, no matter how sure, holy, authentic, or ancient that is of any consequence to these people. All that matters is that their side, their leader is winning and that his enemies, real and perceived, are destroyed. All that matters is that their gang succeeds. Principles and morality are for losers.

If ever we were a nation of laws, that time is certainly passed. We now prefer a kakistocracy, a government by the worst element of a society. But governments and nations are not eternal beings. A nation that has lost its soul will eventually be annihilated. The risk to the Church of this gang mentality is much greater. Souls, eternal souls, are at stake. If we become a Church that rejects God's law in favor of man's law, we will all pay an eternal price. ■

Father Says, "Read The Remnant!"

And, Clearly, Father Knows Best



A Catholic newspaper that calls a spade a spade, no matter who is using it to bury God.

RemnantNewspaper.com

Pope Benedict's Search Continues

C. Ferrara/Continued from Page 7

what will be the lot and condition after death of those who have not submitted in any way to the Catholic faith" would erode the dogma and lead precisely to what we see today: the "exceptions" swallow the rule so that, in the end, *not* being a member of the Church effectively becomes the ordinary means of salvation.

The result, as Benedict himself laments, is both the end of the missionary impulse and rising doubt among Catholics about why they should even bother shouldering the burdens of the faith.

But no, the "new perspective" must be served. And so Benedict finally suggests that perhaps none other than Henri de Lubac can save the Church from the dilemma of having no way to explain how the "new perspective" can be reconciled with the traditional teaching of the Church on her own necessity for salvation.

This would involve what Benedict calls "the concept of vicarious substitution," according to which the Mystical Body of Christ, which is the Church, would somehow save souls outside the Church by the very fact of her existence.

But that is just another formula for universal salvation without faith or baptism, which would do nothing to solve the "double crisis" Benedict admits has arisen because the missionary

conviction has been "definitively abandoned" on account of the "new perspective." Indeed, Benedict admits "it is true that the problem is not entirely resolved" by Lubac's notion.

So there we have it: There is no real explanation for how the necessity of faith for salvation can be reconciled with its non-necessity according to the "new perspective," which has led to a "definitive abandonment" of the Church's perennial missionary conviction that souls will be lost unless they are brought into the Church.

But under no circumstances can it be admitted that the "new perspective" is mistaken, even though it is a novelty unheard of before Vatican II. In fact, as Servais admits, not even the new Catechism has adopted it as Church teaching.

The Pope Emeritus thus concludes: "It is clear that we must reflect on this entire question." It is as if the entire teaching of the Magisterium for nearly 2,000 years on the salvation of non-Catholics suddenly disappeared in 1962, leaving us with no one but Henri de Lubac to attempt to fill the theological vacuum.

Unbelievable. But such is the post-conciliar crisis in the Church. And with Francis on the Chair of Peter, we have not yet seen the worst of it. Our Lady of Fatima, pray for us! ■



[Illustration by Rodrigo García for Adelante la Fe-The Remnant]

Communion in the Hand:

The Ground is Stained with His Blood

By Miguel Ángel Yáñez
Spain Correspondent

(Translated by Carolina Santos)

“If anyone denies that in the venerable sacrament of the Eucharist the whole Christ is contained under each form and under every part of each form when separated, let him be anathema.”

- *The Council of Trent* -

I have been observing discussions about the topic of “communion in the hand.” In all of them I notice a set of arguments frequently made by the laity and the clergy alike, some justifying the reception of communion in the hand, others the administration of it, which shows that, despite their good intentions, they do not understand the true nature of the problem at hand.

Dear laity, we must stop thinking in this way: what *I* like, what doesn’t offend *me*, what *I* think is normal, what *I* consider to be serious, what allows *me* to have devotion, what *I* believe, what *I* think, what *I* read that someone said or did in some unknown century... that is to say, *me, me*, and more *me*.

Dear priests who want to give communion in the hand and, also, those who don’t want to but do it anyway, you must stop arguing in this way: *I* prefer communion in the hand, *I* believe that *I* should be obedient above all else, *I* don’t want any problems, *I* don’t think it’s that serious, *I* am not the one who makes this decision, *I* think that if both the Pope and my bishop do it, then *I* should too... that is to say, *me, me*, and more *me*.

No, dear laity and clergy, this perspective is completely wrong. The problem is not *you*, what *you* believe or don’t believe, the consequences for *you* if you do not give communion in the hand, what they might say to you,

what many or few do, not even what the bishop or pope does. No, no, and no. *I* will stop now and say loudly:

The problem is not what is happening to you—the problem is what is happening to Him!

Your point of view is not important, nor is the hypothetical reason that you may or may not have; your good intentions, your desire for obedience; all these arguments collapse under their own weight when seen from *His* perspective and not from *your own*.

What is His problem with communion in the hand?

It is dogmatically defined in the Council of Trent that every particle of the Sacred Host is Jesus Christ in Body, Blood, Soul, and Divinity.

For this reason, the tiniest particle that might fall to the ground is exactly the same as if the whole Host fell.

And if particles fall to the ground, it is a dogmatic belief that it is the same Jesus Christ, His Body and His Blood, that are now on the ground. For this reason, if we step on these particles we are stepping on Jesus Christ. Yes, let me repeat myself: We are stepping on Jesus Christ. And we do it through our own fault, willingly, and complicity, not by an uncontrollable accident.

If we would contemplate just for a moment the Dantesque scene that is produced in our churches, we would be horrified. Rodrigo García’s fantastic illustration provides us with but a glimpse. Does it seem crude to you? It is exactly what happens but we don’t see it.

It’s easy to understand the Love that is the Eucharist, the place where Jesus has shown Himself to be the most fragile, where He has risked being contemptibly stomped on in a second, silent and invisible Passion, but one no less cruel. And it is easy to understand

the respect and care with which we should treat the Eucharistic Jesus in His voluntary state of fragility and vulnerability, to which we are obligated in an absolute and inexcusable way, and without which we have no worth. Our only obligation is to protect Him from everything and everyone, even at the cost of our honor or position.

Some might say that I exaggerate, that there can always be particles in one form or another, and that there may be some indeed; but the thing is that we cannot humanly control a microparticle that, for example, passes by our eyes unnoticed. It’s a very different thing to say, however, that it falls through our fault, negligence, cowardice, etc. It’s true that this can also happen when receiving on the knees and without a paten – another responsibility of the priest – but the possibility is infinitely less than if we submit the Host to the friction caused by contact with the hands.

In the many observations that I have made, I have to say that I have never managed to see – although surely there was someone unknown to me who did it, that is, the exception – that not a single communicant who received in the hand tried to remove any particles that might have remained, nor was there even any attempt to look for them.

Any priest who has given communion with a paten knows that even in the Traditional Mass, there are always particles present; and in the same way, there are always particles that remain on the hand. The mere act of placing the Host in the hand, and from the hand to the mouth in order to communicate, introduces an unavoidable detachment. In practice this will mean hundreds of particles profaned and stomped on through our own fault.

All of this becomes even more painful if we think for a moment about how actively this practice is promoted, even forcing First Communicants to receive

communion in the hand, as happened in my small town’s parish with the full knowledge, silence, and passivity of the Archbishop of Seville (1).

No priest is obligated to give communion in the hand, and the same canonical legislation that supports it (2), allows the priest to decide not to give it when there is a risk of profanation. Perhaps there is no risk of profanation in which Jesus Christ falls to the ground and might be stepped on? Perhaps there is, in this practice, no risk of profanation to the Sacred Host as has been seen recently in Pamplona? Dear priest who, in good faith, has been giving communion in the hand, look at our illustration, meditate on it, and tell me: Do you sincerely think that it is harmless to give communion in the hand, even if only to one single person?

No one, I repeat, no one should risk the possibility of the Body of Christ being stepped on and desecrated, and this is what’s done with a single communion in the hand. Could a law be made requiring a child to expose his mother to the possibility of being stomped on, abused, and violated? Even if there were such a law, who with the least amount of common sense could maintain that this person has the moral obligation to follow said law?... how much more is it when we are talking about Jesus Christ, our Lord and Creator.

I have no doubt that most of you who give or receive communion in the hand do not have this intention because you continue to see it from your own perspective, that of *me, me, me*. Stop for a moment, reflect, and look at it from *His* point of view, trampled on the ground or profaned by undesirables, the Church filled with streams of Our Lord’s Blood, and I am sure that you will neither give nor receive in this way again.

If there have been thousands of martyrs that have died for not profaning an image, a holy book... are you going to tolerate the Body, Blood, Soul, and Divinity of the same Jesus Christ be profaned and stepped on before your eyes?

I’d rather die than have Our Lord on the ground because of my fault. ■

Notes:

1) I personally reported to the Archbishop of Seville, Monsignor Asenjo, that the children received, out of obligation, their First Communion in the hand while standing. His response was that “I can do nothing.” Poor children, used and manipulated by those who want to wreck the Faith, who should always remember the strong words of Our Lord against those who manipulate the little ones: “it would be better for him to have a great millstone hung around his neck and drowned in the depths of the sea” (Mt 18:6)

2) “If there exists danger of profanation, Communion should not be distributed to the faithful in the hand” (Redemptionis Sacramentum 92).

The Chronicles of Norcia: Home

by Hilary White

March 9, 2016, **Feast of Francesca of Rome, patroness of Benedictine Oblates**

*Yea, the sparrow hath found an house,
and the swallow a nest for herself,
where she may lay her young,
even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my
King and my God...*

*Blessed are they that dwell in thy house;
they will be still praising thee...*

*For a day in thy courts is better than a
thousand. I had rather be an abject in
the house of my God, than to dwell in the
tents of the ungodly.*



Norcia, Italy

It's the beginning of the second week of March and the middle of the fourth week of Lent, and we're having one of those foggy Nursini mornings where the whole valley is sunk to the bottom of a gigantic bowl of milk. I can see nothing this morning past the line of trees across the road that mark the edge of my neighbour's field. The birds, though, are singing mightily in the dripping trees, having risen much earlier than I. Today is a writing day, with the Remnant deadline looming, but it is anyway a good day for staying home and keeping the fire going.

In fact, we have had a funny inverted spring. January and February were so sunny and balmy that my daffodils came up and bloomed nearly a month early, the roses and lilac hedge have started sprouting and I spent a week digging over my vegetable bed, mixing last year's composted oak leaves into the stony soil. But just as I was thinking of putting away my woolie coats and breaking out my spring walking jacket, the late winter weather closed over our heads again, and in the first week of March we have had brief, strange and violent snow and wind storms, pouring like a ghostly white waterfall over the tops of the mountains. The snow stayed on the peaks and we've had rain and fog down here every day. Every morning has been damp and chilly, and I'm back to drying laundry in front of the fire.

I have been running through my pile of firewood at an alarming rate, in fact, and will soon have to go ask Luigi and his son to bring me up another truckload. With the unrest and near chaos of the world outside the valley, where the gas and oil comes from, it seems only sensible to have a cheap, local and very renewable source of fuel. Without an oven in my kitchen, I've been experimenting with baking things in my cast iron dutch oven, set into the coals in my big Umbrian fireplace, learning how to control the temperature and avoid burning the stew onto the sides of the pot. As I write this, I am drinking my morning coffee that I made on the coals of last night's fire.

And this is normal here. Umbrians are a decently old fashioned people and nearly every house has one of the typical large, corner fireplaces, with a wide flat stone hearth where at least some of the cooking is done. Every ferramenta will sell you any kind of fireplace cooking utensil you can imagine, from fish grills (for the Nera river trout) and cages

for toasting nuts, to roasting spits and tripods and hooks for your tea kettle. I know a lady in town who has a B&B with a typical Umbrian kitchen that includes an ordinary modern gas stove and a little open grate fireplace set at stove height where Nonna in past times would have baked grill cakes every morning.

This is the ancient lifestyle that was once the norm all across Christendom, and one that for some reason survives, at least in part, in this valley. And it is the foundation of all Catholic social teaching. The home is what our social lives are about, and our laws and social structures are supposed to be about supporting and protecting that core. In such a world, the widow, the orphan, the stranger and the middle-aged spinster, all had a place and a role and none were outcast. The degree to which laws tend to break down and de-prioritize home life, family life, village life and their cohesive, natural protections, the more they are unjust and ordered towards evil.

In his compendium of Catholic social teaching, "The Framework of a Christian State," Fr. Cahill gives (p. 331) a clear priority to the rural, village life for families. The state, he says, has the duty to protect and promote *stable* families, the creation and maintenance of which urban life makes nearly impossible.

"Few things are more important for the stability and security of the state than the existence within it of a dominating number of small village and rural proprietors, each enjoying means for a modest but sufficient livelihood, and each secure in the *permanent* possession of his own small homestead.

"...Besides as a rule it is only in the country that the family is attached to a particular locality and a hereditary home. It is this stable rural population whose interests and traditions are intimately associated with the very soil of their country, that form the core and strength of a nation."

In a footnote, he adds, "The family that is attached to an ancestral home and estate, which pass on within the same stock from generation to generation more easily preserves the ancestral family traditions and ideals, and thus becomes what is called the *stable* family. The family on the other hand in which there is no hereditary home belonging to the family as such, usually loses the

family tradition, as the members all scatter or migrate. This type is called the *unstable* family. Thus the families of the feudal classes and of the agricultural population of medieval times were stable families... Town dwellers, the trading and professional classes, floating populations of all kinds belong mainly to the category of the unstable family."

I have a book of social history called *The English Countrywoman*, published in 1953, that records the daily lives of housewives in England starting in the Elizabethan period. It talks about the home – in this case a country seat of Tudor nobility or gentry – as a unit of production, an almost factory-like enterprise where all of life's necessities were produced in-house and the needs of everyone, spiritual as well as material, were overseen by the lady of the manor.

And this was because there was, for the most part, no travel and very little trade, and people "did not see more than three or four hundred people in the course of their lives," spending all their lives in one spot, working to support themselves, and their families and villages, as a community.

"Most necessities were made at home... Quite a proportion of the things that today are bought at the village shop were unknown. Those that were known were made at home because there was no village shop, and if there had been, people would have had little or no money to spend there. All this kept people busily employed at home, men and women alike..."

"The family was a unit that worked in a partnership... It was a rough and ready kind of life, lacking in convenience but not joyless."

It sounds like paradise to me.

The old way of life was, of course, by this time already crumbling, thanks mostly to Henry's dissolution of the monasteries, and the social history of Elizabethan England cannot be complete without mention of the thousands of penurious vagrants that this dismal act of barbarism created out of England's formerly prosperous peasant classes. It was to be eroded still further by more land-grabs by the newly callous and protestantized gentry. Ongoing Enclosure Acts and Poor Acts pushed even more people off the land, while the inhuman poor houses and work

houses were the expected and much-feared destiny of many country people, separated in their last years from their families.

Rising cash rents – along with the new notion that a landlord had the right to simply toss out anyone who could not pay – and the rise of industrialization, both on the land and in the new factory cities, shoved thousands out of their ancestral home villages and into the modern, rootless, wandering existence we now think of as normal. The work and the land, the *place*, were no longer inextricably connected, and wages and monetary wealth became the whole measure of human value.

So much for the Anglo world, and we know the rest of the sad history.

But there are still places where the Old World survives, at least in memory and in little vestiges. It lives here in Norcia in more than memory – the locals are no more than one generation away from a lifestyle that involved ox carts and donkeys. Farming techniques were only "modernized" beginning in 1950, and even so, there are only so many ways one can improve on sheep herding. The memory of and love for the *contadini* lifestyle is still strong here.

The local garden centre has everything one could want to pursue any of the popular local country activities; people make wine and beer, keep bees, grow mushrooms, raise poultry, and can their own tomatoes. Many houses have a water collection system to gather rain water in huge barrels for the summer gardening and a big stash of firewood in a sheltered spot. Even the little town houses inside the old walls – most of which date to the late Middle Ages – have the wood stacked neatly outside the doors, often in a stone niche built for the purpose. The sturdy and realistic people here would know how to get on pretty well, with little change in lifestyle, should the day come when the intrusions and distortions of modernity suddenly vanish.

And of course, this is a place where the concept of "home" is highly developed, though at the same time as besieged as anywhere else in the modern world. There are people here whose ancestors have been here since ... well... literally since the dawn of civilization. This valley has been farmed intensively and intelligently, so the archaeologists say, since the Neolithic. At the height of the Empire, there were 40,000 people here, mainly agricultural slaves, who worked the parcels of land that radiated in strips along the long, straight Roman road that is still in use today. Who knows how many of the remaining 4000 Nursini are descended from them. This sense of belonging to a larger social context is what "home" really means.

When you rent an apartment or do any other official business-like thing in Italy, you will be asked a question that most Anglos don't understand: "What is your *residenza*?" We ex-pats are often puzzled by this question. My residence? It's where I live, right? But in Italy this is a legal concept that has to do with this country's intense

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regionalization. Italy has only been a modern nation-state since 1870. Before that it was divided into regions, and this mentality, no matter how many official “Risorgimento” celebrations we have, is what governs Italian identity. Your “residenza” may have no relation to where you are currently residing. It means, essentially, “Who are you and where are you from?”

To an Italian this question is answered easily and automatically. You are from where your family is from. In Italy still – as formerly all over Europe – one’s roots as a person are deeply sunk into the ancient place of one’s ancestral origin – a notion that is as true for the most stylish Roman principessa as it is for the most rustico shepherd from the Umbrian hills. Everyone knows who he is and where he is from. He might be living in Rome and working as a taxi driver, but he is “from” Rieti or Ascoli or Naples. He is a Neapolitan or a Florentine or a Nursino by his very nature, even if he has not lived there for years. Even if he never lives there again.

This concept can be quite difficult for us deracinated, disaffected, modern North Americans, floating aimlessly around the world in search of we, literally, know-not-what. My mother was born in England’s deep south, in Salisbury, and immediately whisked off north to be raised by relatives in Manchester to escape the path of the buzz bombs (an unfortunate choice as it turned out, since Manchester was shortly smashed to pancakes by the Luftwaffe.) When she was nine, she was taken to the US to be raised by her mother, who had until that moment been known to her only as “Auntie Irene,” and her mother’s new husband.

At 18, she left the DC area and went to British Columbia, became a naturalized Canadian, met my father, had me, divorced my father, went back to England and then back to Canada, floated about for a while after finishing university, ending up in Ottawa as a marine engineer – losing track of me, somewhere along the way. She lived briefly in Nova Scotia and then back to BC where she died of cancer in 2007. By the time she died, my mother, whose life had been permanently blighted and her mind confused by the poisoned ideology of the Sexual Revolution, had legally adopted no fewer than six surnames. My mother spent her entire life homeless after being taken away from Manchester and then being struck down by the tragic mental illness of feminism. Did she ever really know who she was, or where she had come from?

Although I have managed to get to fifty with only the one surname, and I have a pretty good idea who I am, I also suffer from this de-racination – “de-rootedness.” Shortly before I turned 30, I sat down and worked out how many times I’d moved house in my lifetime. It’s easy to remember; 40 times. 40 in 30, including our sojourn in Manchester that was long enough for me to pick up the accent.

My mother’s instability and chronic under-employment had us moving from place to place and her inability to come to terms with motherhood saw me shifted onto relatives and sometimes virtual strangers for months at a time in early childhood. Later as a teenager and a ward of the state, I was shunted

from foster home to group home until I was cut loose at 19. I remember once a social worker, in an unusual fit of human empathy, asked me what I wanted in life. I said, “I want to go home.”

After this I spent the next ten years wandering from job to job and shared apartment to shared house in Vancouver, a lifestyle that is perhaps still the norm for younger people in that ugly, over-rated, insanely over-priced and miserable, damp, grey town. In all that time, I was never offered a place to live by a relative, and few of my friends, nearly all children of divorce, were close to their families either. We bounced aimlessly around our lives like pinballs, with little to do and no natural social or familial context to give our activities real meaning. We were a nation of nihilistic



St Benedict’s Birthplace, Norcia, Italy

orphans trapped in a postmodern Dickensian novel.

In 1997 I fled. I got in a car and drove east, and never went back except to arrange my mother’s funeral nine years later. I went as far away from BC as the North American continent would allow and in Nova Scotia, in the North Atlantic fogs, I finally discovered the Faith (and the Church crisis) and things slowed down.

As I began to learn about what human life is actually for I found my restlessness – while not really diminishing – had finally found its purpose and object. What had been an exterior wanderlust became a burning desire for interior “place”. Having been raised in part by my grandparents, I may have known who I was but I was tortured by my search for what I was supposed to do, what sort of person I was supposed to be, my desperate search for a natural context. But such a search can be conducted without changing residence. I remember the first time I celebrated four years in one apartment; it was a triumph in my struggle to obtain some clarity and stability in life.

Four years in Halifax were followed by a grueling and depressing five years in Toronto and more bouncing helplessly around in that horrifyingly expensive urban hellhole. In 2007, after I had gone through my mother’s papers, I was seized with a furious desire to get out of Toronto and Canada entirely and continue my search for home. I sent her birth and marriage certificates away to the British Consulate and the day the notice came that my British passport had arrived, I walked down to the post office and from there to the travel agent to book my flight back to Manchester.

The minute I got off the plane, and especially the moment I arrived back in the little rural, country village in Cheshire where my only remaining relatives lived, I knew that this, at least was the physical environment that could be called my “natural habitat”. It smelled right. It felt right. It looked right. It sounded right. The accents were right. This, somehow deep in the oldest part of my cerebellum, was home. And the sight of the faces of my long-lost relations told me the rest. I finally know where I am from.

But this was postmodern, post-Blair, post-Christian Britain, in a nation where the Catholic Church had first been violently suppressed for 500 years, and then, in the midst of a reflowering, had been blighted by the Long Winter of

a natural place to come for someone who wants to conduct the spiritual combat in the Benedictine way. Who has searched all her life for “stability,” as it is understood in the holy Rule.

And I’m not the only one. I know a lady who teaches piano who came here from neighbouring Marche, “to be closer to the monks.” A smiling and kindly elderly man came here to retire after living in Rome’s ancient neighbourhood of Trastevere. He got a job as a line cook after his parents died, worked there for thirty years, took his pension and came here so he could listen to the monks sing the Divine Office every day. Another friend who has bought a house here is an Australian priest who spent years in the trenches of the Traditionalist movement in his own country. Another thinking of moving here is another Oblate, a business man from Oregon. When I came, I told the monks that I was not going to be the last.

An endless stream of visitors come to the Basilica and chat on the steps after Mass and the Office, and they all say more or less the same thing, whether Catholic or Protestant or unbeliever. They have either found something here that they assumed was dead and gone forever or that they had never even imagined could exist. One lady, a self-identified unbelieving Jew, attended Compline one evening and came out with an expression of beatific revelation. She asked us, “What was that?” Puzzled, we said, “What, the Office?” She had never heard of Gregorian chant, never known anything about the ancient Catholic tradition of the monastic life. “That was the most beautiful, spiritual thing I’ve ever heard.”

We explained everything we could and answered her questions. At the end she asked, “How can I do this when I get home?” We gave her a card with the address of the monastery’s website where the recordings of the daily Offices can be found, and a place online where she could find the texts and translations. One soul at a time.

Recently, when I signed papers on a lease, I was asked, “What is your residenza?” I gave my usual answer, Tattenhall, Cheshire, UK. But since I am an EU citizen I am legally entitled to a local Italian ID card, and I might do this, officially switching my residenza to Norcia. This long odyssey, this search for home and stability, that drew me to the Benedictine ideals, is still not over. Now, however, it is ordered to a different kind of search. I am still searching for home, and will probably be doing so for the rest of my life. But I can stay here while I do it. And while I stay here, I think I’d like to keep bees.

In today’s Office of Terce, I thought of all this. We hear the psalmist cry out in his suffering, from amongst the ungodly nation, and lament his exile from the courts of the Lord:

Woe is me that I abide in Mesek,
that I must dwell in Kedar’s tents.
Too long already have I dwelt
with them that hate peace.
I lift up mine eyes to the mountains;
whence cometh help to me.
My help cometh from the Lord
who made heaven and earth.
The Lord watched over thy coming and thy going,
from henceforth, now and forever.
I rejoiced when they said to me:
Let us go into the house of the Lord!
Already our feet are standing at thy gates,

O Jerusalem...
Peace be in thy ramparts,
and repose within thy towers! ■

Vatican II. The England I sought was gone forever. It is very, very difficult to be a Catholic in Britain now, and has grown even harder in the eight years since I lived there, and I am in awe of those who have remained to fight the last battles of the war for the soul of the nation they call the “cradle of democracy.” I was there a year, but in six months I knew I couldn’t stay.

So, here I am in Norcia, in a strange state of happy exile, an outsider who feels at home because of the Faith. In Norcia the bells ring throughout the day, reminding all within hearing what kind of place this is. And the native people understand this better than anyone. If you have come here for the monastery, if you are seen going in and out of the Basilica every day, you will be accepted and understood by the locals better than you might imagine. You are a “nuova Nursina.”

For a town that now has a tenth the population of its Imperial heyday, this is a place that in its soul is still devoted to the spiritual life. This is one of Italy’s holy cities. There are at least a dozen churches – though only a handful still in regular use as churches. Around the corner from the Basilica of San Benedetto is the little church of San Lorenzo, built in the early 5th century and thought to be the place where the holy twins Benedict and Scholastica were baptised.

When the monks arrived in 2000, at the written request of the entire town, (a petition begging Rome for Benedictine monks gained 4000 signatures) there had been no monks since Napoleon had kicked out the Celestine fathers in his anticlerical rampage through Italy. But the people had always remembered; this is the place where it all started. It seems

Toward Twilight

By Timothy J Cullen

"This is the dimension of imagination. It is an area which we call ... The Twilight Zone." (Rod Serling)

Only God knows the future, but we His fallen creatures can seldom resist the temptation to try and predict it. My previous (29 Feb 2016) essay "The Sunset Lands" examined what the writer perceives as a decline in Western civilization; this essay will attempt to evaluate what this portends for the Faith and the Church as "sunset" gives way to "twilight" in terms of a civilization in "agony", pun intended.

The Faith and the Church have for more than half a century appeared to no small number of the faithful to have begun an incomprehensible diversion, an internal contradiction well nigh inexplicable to a believer but nevertheless increasingly apparent. How can this be? In a paraphrase of the words of a poem once learned by nearly all English-speaking school children: "Someone had blundered./ Theirs not to make reply./ Theirs not to reason why./ Theirs but to do and die". It is not for us to question God's plan; we keep the Faith and trust in the future.

This we do, but we cannot help but wonder why with respect to the latter. The near-term future is not promising for the Church; the Faith needs no further promise than that of Christ, so we must assume that the same will eventually be true for His Church, however long it may take. The Bride of Christ may have become confused, but in the fullness of time She cannot become unfaithful; wayward, perhaps, but not unfaithful. The covenant cannot be broken, come hell or high water, and one might easily consider that both have come.

The pontificate of Francis is transient, just as all previous pontificates have been. *We* are transient; God is not. Our task is simple: keep the Faith and be patient unto death.

The near-term future of the Church likely holds an increasing divisiveness within the entire body of believers, as is evidenced by the appearance of supposedly "Catholic" splinter groups such as the "Independent Catholic Christian Church"¹ and the "United American Catholic Church"² and the older "Old Catholic Church"³. And, of course, for those who hold fast to authentic Catholicism, groups such as the faithful who adhere to the FSSP and the SSPX.

How does this writer speculate with respect to the future of the Church in the near-term, a future which he may or may not experience?

This writer speculates that the pontificate of Francis will continue on its present course: an increasing dilution of Catholic tradition and an increasing "openness" toward an "inclusive" and therefore treasonous orientation of a Church that rebels against the authority of Her founder; yet as we all know, "authority" in the Church in a present moment is in the hands of the pope. Is the present pope not a validly elected pope? This writer does not believe himself qualified to challenge the credentials of Francis, however strongly he may disagree with his direction of the Church. Francis is the

pope: period. The reason why is beyond this writer's knowledge and he has no difficulty in accepting his limitations of understanding; that God knows why is good enough for him.

One observes with increasing interest the possible candidacy of Donald Trump as a future president of the United States of America. Mr. Trump appears to have captured the hearts and minds of a significant sector of the USA population, and one must ask oneself why.

Based upon one's readings, one might be inclined to conclude that there is a "rank-and-file" rebellion brewing against the hubristic posture of an elite that believes its understanding of God's plan for humanity is superior to anything that an "imaginary" God might have in mind; we ourselves are "God" if the secular materialists are to be believed. Somehow, however, most people in fact believe that God knows better. And He does, Virginia, oh yes He does, but try and convince those who believe otherwise and you will find yourself a laughingstock for those who presume to know better.

How long will such a situation endure and what will it take to bring this mistaken idea to a close? Only God knows, but that it cannot continue unto the Final Judgment is an inference that even we His fallen creatures can conclude with no margin for error.

This writer believes that the restoration of authentic Catholicism will not take place until such time as the humanistic utopian mirage dissipates in the face of the crude reality that is the inevitable lot of those who defy God. If Catholicism is indeed the "True Faith" as we believe, no other outcome is possible. God will ensure the revival of the Church. Until such time as the dissipation of the secular humanist mirage, however, authentic Catholicism will remain in the shadows and may even be driven into a latter-day equivalent of the Catacombs, for how long no one can say, but one practices the Faith regardless, knowing as one does that the task has an eternal end rather than one merely temporal.

One who holds fast to Church tradition cannot help but be puzzled by what seems to be a growing drift of the Church into the "Twilight Zone" of Modernist mutability indicating an apparent abandonment of Her age-old traditions and certainties. Has this taken place because of a long-standing secular conspiracy to infiltrate and destroy the Church? That may well be; there is ample evidence to support such a theory. Assuming this theory to be valid, the conspiracy has proven efficacious and shows no signs of waning in influence, a pessimistic outlook to be sure. Short of what used to be known in insurance policies as an "Act of God", the likelihood of the Church going hand in hand with Western civilization toward twilight is high. The two are inextricably intertwined, in truth, and as one goes down to dusk, so goes the other.

This writer believes that the Church will not return to tradition until the night comes, as come it almost certainly will in the West and likely elsewhere. Will the night walk in "on little cat feet" or will it fall as suddenly as it does at the Equator? Only God knows. Let us first assume the former, a barely noticeable but ineluctably progressive

darkening both in civil societies and in the Church. Following this assumption, one imagines an increasingly tyrannical State: the "soft" tyranny of co-opted managerial-elite "democracies" that seek to destroy all remnants of religion and classical republicanism in formally monarchical nations as the secular materialists consolidate their stranglehold on the impoverished nations that were tempted into debt by promising in the moment far more than could reasonably be delivered in the future. These nations will be compelled by their creditors to accept increasingly totalitarian "management" in exchange for the dubious privilege of further indebtedness and dilution of their Western national identities and culture, of the hollowed-out shells of their religions, of a renunciation of age-old values and the Natural Law itself.

Twilight time. And the shades of night that are falling will be anything but heavenly.⁴

Twilight in the Church is likely to be marked by an increasing collaboration with secular materialism, already the dominant "religion" of the present and increasingly so with the young. God's Church won't be going away, simply keeping Herself "up to date" while fading into increasing irrelevancy in the Western Civilization that was her offspring. This same offspring will be restlessly trying to convince Her that, hey, might be time to consider moving into "assisted living" until it becomes time to pull the plug, and when the time comes, well, we'll "mercifully" see you out.

But this can't and *won't* happen, because even leaving aside that it would go against the will of God, there will *always* be those who will keep Her alive, just as She has always been kept alive even during the worst of persecutions, violent or otherwise. The Church and the West are in the final accounting indivisible and if the West should go into the night, the Church will keep the light burning on clandestine altars, should there be no alternative; but that light will *not* go out.

Rome may fall, but she will rise again elsewhere no matter where that "elsewhere" may be, and there will be Rome until such time as the ancient city is once again the seat of God's Church. Just as the Jewish people once said "Next year in Jerusalem", so shall authentic Catholics share that patience and keep the lamp lit until the day of return, however distant it may be. The Bride of Christ remains the mother of mankind until mankind is no more.

All those who would change the Church, all those who would see Her destroyed, Her teachings rejected, Her faithful scorned, all those have lost sight of the fundamental truth that was and is the foundation of Western civilization, even in its eclipse: the Faith and the Church abide; abide throughout time, past, present and future. Do your damndest (pun intended), secular materialists: the Faith and the Church will survive you and your most distant philosophical heirs. Rail against Her all you can, but know that in the final accounting you cannot contradict God's will: dust you were and unto dust you will return, as shall we all, but the Faith and the Church shall endure unto the end of time, a transcendental, revealed *fact* that makes of their efforts nothing

⁴ N.B. : "Twilight Time" lyrics: http://www.lyricsmode.com/lyrics/t/the_platters/twilight_time.html#!

more than dust in the wind of a time beyond our limited comprehension.

Twilight is typically the time of the day when one is alert—as every Catholic should be—to the most basic rhythms of human life: the light of day subsides, darkness gathers, the light of night is dim but by no means a descent into the total darkness that one may experience in the bowels of the earth, deep within a cave within which not even Plato's shadows are projected. Night and darkness are relative terms, as is twilight, but know that the Church may have to endure night and a degree of darkness but will *never* be obscured, not in the short term, not in a medium term, not in the long term: the Faith and the Church will endure until the end of time.

The Church and Her child, the civilization of the West, are passing from sunset into twilight. Twilight will almost certainly bring greater disappointments to authentic Catholics trying to find their way in the gathering darkness that seems to be descending upon the Church and the West before a new dawn breaks, but break it will, perhaps only when all the specious possibilities of secular materialism have been exhausted and a new barbarism far worse than that of today has arisen to test the faith of those who cling to Truth. As this writer approaches his Biblical span of three-score-and-ten years as a life fully lived, he does not despair for himself or for the Faith: what God made, no one will undo and in the meantime, however discouraging may be the direction of the Church, he will go into the twilight, the night, eternity, knowing that in a future he is not privileged to know, God knows, and that is all this fallen creature needs to know.

Should twilight pass and the night come, light a candle, keep the Faith, and know that night gives way to day, just as it has been since time immemorial. The Church in whatever form will bear out the truth of that. She is the Bride of Christ; the Bride of the Second Person of the Trinity that is God then, now, and forever until the end of time.

Twilight is temporary; the Faith and the Church, while not eternal, are not subject to the laws of time. God decides when it is time to close the curtain on the human drama; until then, we play our parts regardless of circumstances.



On the Feast of St Joseph this year, St Peter's Basilica went dark for one hour, joining the international "Earth Hour" effort to raise awareness about climate change.

¹ <http://www.inclusivecatholicism.com/>
² <http://www.uacatholicchurch.org/>
³ <http://www.oldcatholic.org/>

Lives of the Saints...

St. Longinus, The Saint Who Crucified Christ

The holy martyr Longinus the Centurion, a Roman soldier, served in Judea under the command of the Governor, Pontius Pilate. When our Savior Jesus Christ was crucified, it was the detachment of soldiers under the command of Longinus which stood watch on Golgotha, at the very foot of the holy Cross.

Longinus and his soldiers were eyewitnesses of the final moments of the earthly life of Our Lord, and of the great and awesome portents that appeared at His death. These events shook the centurion's soul. Longinus believed in Christ and confessed before everyone, "Truly this was the Son of God" (Mt. 27:54).

According to Church Tradition, Longinus was the soldier who pierced the side of the Crucified Savior with a spear, and received healing from an eye affliction when blood and water poured forth from the wound.

After the Crucifixion and Burial of the Savior, Longinus stood watch with his company at the Sepulcher of the Lord. These soldiers were present at the All-Radiant Resurrection of Christ. The Jews bribed them to lie and say that His disciples had stolen away the Body of Christ, but Longinus and two of his comrades refused to be seduced by the Jewish gold. They also refused to remain silent about the miracle of the Resurrection.

Having come to believe in the Savior, the soldiers received Baptism from the apostles and decided to leave military service. In a spirit of great repentance for his past life, Longinus left Judea to preach about Jesus Christ and His Church in his native land (Cappadocia), and his two comrades followed him.

The fiery words of those who had actually participated in the great events in Judea swayed the hearts and minds of the Cappadocians; Christianity began quickly to spread throughout the city and the surrounding villages. When they learned of this, the Jewish elders persuaded Pilate to send a company of soldiers to Cappadocia to kill Longinus and his comrades.

When the soldiers arrived at Longinus's village, the former centurion himself came out to meet the soldiers and took them to his home. After a meal, the soldiers revealed the purpose of their visit, not knowing that the master of the house was the very man whom they were seeking. Then Longinus and his friends identified themselves and told the startled soldiers to carry out their duty.

The soldiers wanted to let the saints go and advised them to flee, but they refused to do this, showing their firm intention to suffer for Christ. The holy martyrs were beheaded, and their bodies were buried at the place where the saints were martyred. The head of St. Longinus, however, was sent to Pilate.

Pilate immediately sent the head to the Jewish leaders, in his usual style of pathetic appeasement. These leaders gave orders to cast the martyr's head on a dung-heap outside the city walls. After a while a certain blind widow from

Cappadocia arrived in Jerusalem with her son to pray at the holy places, and to ask that her sight be restored. She had sought the help of physicians to cure her, but all their efforts were in vain.

The woman's son became ill shortly after reaching Jerusalem, and he died a few days later. The widow grieved for the loss of her son, who had served as her guide.

St. Longinus appeared to her in a dream and comforted her. He told her that she would see her son in heavenly glory, and also receive her sight. He instructed her to go outside the city walls and there she would find his head in a great pile of refuse. Guides led the blind woman to the rubbish heap, and she began to dig with her hands. As soon as she touched the martyr's head, the woman received her sight, and she glorified God and His heroic Saint.

Taking up the head, she brought it to the place she was staying and washed it. The next night, St. Longinus appeared to her again, this time with her son. They were surrounded by a bright light, and St. Longinus said, "Woman, behold the son for whom you grieve. See what glory

and honor are his now, and be consoled. God has numbered him with those in His heavenly Kingdom." He requested that the woman take his head home along with the body of her son, and bury them together in their homeland. The woman carried out the saint's instructions and returned to her home in Cappadocia. There she interred her son and the head of St. Longinus.

The story of the Roman soldier who watched Christ die, and later became a martyr himself, lives on as a treasured narrative in the long history of the Holy Land saints. The life of this revered early Christian reminds us that God the Father does not hesitate to award His saving grace to anyone who sincerely asks for it and repents of his wickedness. God's grace sought out even a man who was an accomplice in the death of His own Son.

This story of a sinner's rise to sanctity should give us hope and joy, even as we work out our own salvation in fear and trembling. ■

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A Request for Comments from the Remaining Presidential Candidates, 2016

Alexis de Toqueville once said "America is great because she is good. If America ceases to be good, America will cease to be great." One of the leading contenders has been campaigning under the slogan "Make America Great Again," a soundbite that obviously echoes with millions of common Americans and grates on the nerves of the entrenched politicians and elites who have, for many years, derived benefit from the corruption in our government, in academia, and in intellectual circles. If de Toqueville was correct, then the path to "greatness" is for America to be "good" again. But what exactly has been the cause of our decline, from a "good" people to a nation dedicated to spreading wars, corruption, and moral rot throughout the world? Can this loss of "greatness" be addressed by improving government efficiency and economic policy?

As loyal and informed Catholics, we are painfully aware that the post Vatican II era has not been a favorable one for the USA. We are saddened to note that the decline of Catholic schools and other institutions over the past 40 years has been a major contributing factor, along with the decline of morality among Catholics. We note with sadness that a majority of our fellow Catholics campaigned for, voted for, and supported the most corrupt administration ever placed into the highest reaches of our government. And we saw, during this same corrupt administration, the bizarre episode of the resignation of a standing pope and his replacement by a pope whose mission seems to be, thus far, an attempt at providing some "spiritual" component to the radical ideological agenda of the international left. The

Pontificate of Pope Francis has called into question its own legitimacy on a multitude of occasions. [1] Setting aside the bizarre behavior of the current pontiff, it seems quite odd to have a Pope who wants to call himself "Bishop of Rome" instead of "Pope," while a perfectly good "Pope Emeritus" sits by quietly, silenced and sidelined.

We believe it to be the responsibility of loyal and informed Catholics to place this request for comments before the leading candidates. We ask that you provide us, as well as millions of other Catholics and non-Catholics alike, who are puzzled by the behavior of Pope Francis, an insight into how each of you would handle one of the more difficult problems any reasonable, moderately Conservative U.S. president will have to confront. That problem is none other than an ideologically charged Pope whose mission seems to be one of advancing secular agendas of the left rather than guiding the Catholic Church in its mission.

Specifically, we seek your comments on whether you would be willing to authorize an investigation into the following questions:

- Why was the National Security Agency monitoring the conclave that elected Pope Francis? [2]
- In addition to monitoring the conclave, what other covert operations were carried out by US government operatives?
- Did US government operatives have contact with the "Cardinal Danneels Mafia"? [3]
- Why were the Vatican finances

blocked during the last few days prior to the resignation of Pope Benedict? [4]

- Do you believe that the next POTUS should investigate these questions, and if US government agencies were involved in the conclave, to follow up with appropriate punitive actions?
- Would you be willing to release the results of this investigation so that, if there was inappropriate intervention, Catholics may take appropriate action?

We further request your comments on the suggestion that Mr. Edward Snowden should be granted amnesty and allowed to return to the USA and testify before Congress and the American people concerning any knowledge that he may have of involvement by the US government in the affairs that led to the resignation of Pope Benedict XVI and the election of Pope Francis.

Please rest assured of our best wishes and prayers during challenging and difficult period.

Respectfully,

David L. Sonnier
Lieutenant Colonel (Retired), US Army

James Cunningham,
Remnant Columnist

Notes:

1. <http://remnantnewspaper.com/web/index.php/articles/item/2198-the-year-of-mercy-begins>
2. <http://theeye-witness.blogspot.com/2013/10/a-compromised-conclave.html>
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Rethinking Catholicism in Reformation England,

by Lucy Wooding

Reviewed by Vincent Chiarello

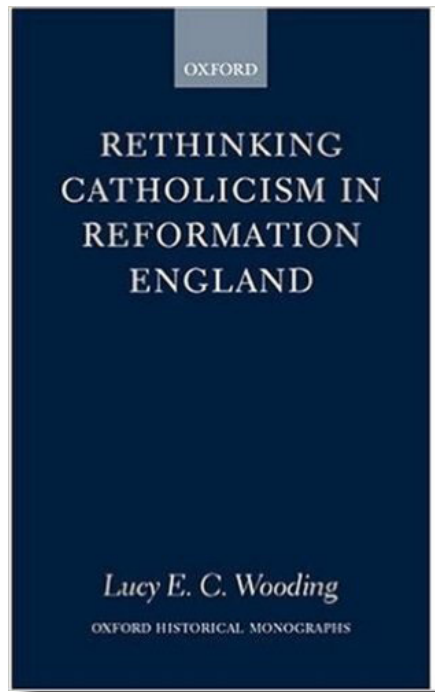
Oxford University Press (2000)

In a recent e-mail, a correspondent and friend used the expression “Tablet Catholic” to describe an author. Although I had heard the term, the use of the word as an adjective was a bit surprising, for in my experience *The Tablet* was of limited literary influence, and I had never heard anyone described that way. However, it soon became evident that what I was thinking of, namely, *The Tablet* of the Diocese of Brooklyn and Queens in New York City, established in 1908, was not what my priestly friend had in mind. His reference was to *The Tablet*, established by a Quaker convert to the Church, and after *The Spectator*, the longest continuous running magazine in Britain. Still, what does it mean to be a British “Tablet Catholic?”

On its website, I received my answer: *The Tablet is a Catholic weekly journal that has been published continually since 1840. It reports on religion, current affairs, with an emphasis on Roman Catholicism while remaining ecumenical.* (Clue #1) It is committed to the teaching of the **Second Vatican Council.** (Clue #2) Followed by this: The editor of *The Tablet* is Catherine Pepinster, who wrote in her first *Tablet* leader (editorial) that the journal will continue to provide a forum for a **progressive,** (Clue #3) but responsible Catholic thinking, a place where orthodoxy is at home but ideas are welcome.” Among the “progressive” ideas that Ms. Pepinster has come up with recently (2013) was to insist that after another priest, this time a bishop in Britain, was accused of conduct unbecoming a clergyman, “... There is no more mileage in this issue for the Catholic Church, and the sensible course would be to put it on the back burner with the heat turned low - to make peace with the gay world and move on.” (Bingo!)

Was my faithful correspondent implying that anyone who is labeled a “Tablet Catholic” is someone who wishes to “move on” from anything resembling what Catholic doctrine has taught for millennia? I was given the opportunity to discover for myself when I came across a book written by Lucy Wooding, a Lecturer at Kings College, London. Was it she who was the probable “Tablet Catholic?”

In laying out the focus and boundaries of her book, Wooding writes: “This book attempts to shed some light on how the English Reformation was created and inspired by looking at a single strand of intellectual development, namely English thought, within the formative years from the 1530s to the beginning of the 1570s.” Shortly thereafter she adds this: “What made a ‘Catholic’ or a ‘Protestant’ in this era was often more a case of self-definition than adherence to a clear set of doctrines.” Wooding



seeks to convince us, then, that during those four decades, English Catholicism had been strengthened by the greater use of the English language, in which these “new ideas” were, “... to interface between religious ideology and popular practice.” This trend was important, she claims, because by 1570, “...English Catholicism was losing some of its distinctive identity and becoming more dominated by the ideas of international Catholicism.” As a result, it was possible, given these “new strains” of thought, “...to remain loyal to the Catholic faith and to Henry VIII at one and the same time.” As to those who maintained their loyalty to the king, “... they cared deeply about reform, which applied the sacred duty of obedience to the monarch rather than the Pope. Its outlook was concerned with practically perpetuating the English Church than with conforming with the expectations of Rome. It may not have fitted the mold, but it was a vigorous strain of Catholicism nonetheless”

What accurately encapsulates the tone of this entire tome can be summarized thus: “It is vital to understand that Catholic identity is a given, but has historically passed through many variations and diversifications... There was therefore a period of some thirty or more years when English Catholicism went its own way, refusing to fit the stereotype of its own or any subsequent age.”

But since we know of cases in which that identity remained adamantly attached to the “international Catholicism” and the papal supremacy the author criticizes, did the English Church during that period really go “its own way?” How can the sacrifices of men like St. Thomas More, St. John Fisher, St. Edmund Campion, or women such as St. Margaret Clitherow, whose devotion to the Church’s “stark principles,” be otherwise explained? Wooding’s answer is to claim that the actions of these four and others led directly to a “twilight zone of the Church in England,” from which had it not been for those Catholics who conformed, “...English Catholicism might have been altogether eclipsed.”

I cannot derive any other interpretation than to believe that Wooding is convinced that the men and women who went to the scaffold or other horrible deaths were actually a negative force in English Catholic history. “It is possible to be a devoted Catholic without having to be a martyr,” she writes.

But if the importance of St. Thomas More and the other martyrs is to be downgraded, then who will take their place in Church history? After all, the English Reformation had winners and losers, and if Wooding would relegate the martyrs into the latter category, then who, pray tell, now rises to hitherto unheralded heights as the winners? The answer to that quandary is to be found in the growth of English Humanism, “an intellectual movement that took itself very seriously.” The English Crown’s break with the Church of Rome is nearly five centuries old, so why would Gooding at the beginning of the 21st century proffer Humanism as a source of what might have saved the Catholic Church in England?

In praising the role of the Humanists, Wooding admits that they came, at least superficially, “very close to Protestant thought.” Such a theological extension was not an unsupported accusation, for although the charge was later dismissed, the Bishop of London accused John Colet, a major English Humanist, of heresy. To that charge, which Wooding dismisses, she adds, “...that English Catholicism drew as heavily on Humanist writing as their Protestant counterparts.” True, perhaps, but to which English Catholics is she referring? Even the author will concede that Humanism may have been, “... drawn into Henry’s construction of Royal Supremacy,” which, after all, shattered the Church’s historical ties to the English nation and its people. In short, what the author claims would have been a helpful intellectual movement that might have delayed or prevented Henry’s split with Rome, may very well have provided the monarch with the ammunition to carry it out.

What might we think of the men that the author called “Humanists?” She pays particular homage to Erasmus of Rotterdam, who “...may have been a foreigner, but thought of as an honorary Englishman.” His writings “remained a constant source of inspiration and his name treated with great reverence.” Erasmus and St. Thomas More were friends and correspondents until More’s execution; afterwards, according to the Catholic Encyclopedia, Erasmus “...was enlisted in the service of Luther and celebrated him in his last writings as a ‘hero of the Word’, a prophet and a priest, though Luther always maintained towards him an attitude of reserve.”

Further, although both More and Erasmus were critical of aspects of monastic life in Britain, in comparing the two on the matter, W. H. Hutton,

a Unitarian, in his commentary on the development of British church history, wrote: “It is absurd to assert that More was disgusted with monastic corruption, that he ‘loathed monks as a disgrace to the Church’. He was throughout his life a warm friend of the religious orders, and a devoted admirer of the monastic ideal. He condemned the vices of individuals, but there is not the slightest sign that his decision to decline the monastic life was due in the smallest degree to a distrust of the system or a distaste for the theology of the Church.” Could it be that the Humanist view of clerical corruption, especially in the monasteries, was in itself a corruption brought on by this new spirit that broke away from theology and Church, undervaluing the medieval culture from which it had sprung?

In his comprehensive account, the noted English biographer of St. Thomas More, Peter Ackroyd, writes that the world of More and his fellow Catholics was under assault by what the author refers to as “the dislocation of values,” and the Humanists were foremost in aiding and abetting that trend. The result, writes Ackroyd, was that, “What emerged in England was an energetic and male-dominated society of commerce and of progress, together with its own state church; it was a religion of the book and of private prayer, eschewing all the ritual, public symbolism and spectacle which had marked late medieval Catholicism. The age of More was coming to a close.” What must be added was that which replaced it was not Catholic at all, notwithstanding Wooding’s protestations to the contrary.

If there one aspect of this book that drew my attention above all others, it is Wooding’s portrayal of Henry Tudor, or “Henry VIII,” as he is better known. For anyone familiar with historiography, that is, the writing of history, the seeds of “revisionism” are part and parcel of the tradecraft. For example, the Civil War in the U.S. was taught very differently when I went to school: it dealt with the growing tension between the states and the federal government, although slavery was a factor as well. Since the 1960s, the historiographers have revised that “irrepressible conflict” and now focus almost exclusively on slavery, with the federal-state issue relegated to the back burner, if there. What Wooding does is attempt to explain Henry’s actions in light of his Humanist tendencies, the consequences of which do not seem to matter. Perhaps the best way to illustrate her “revisionism” is to look at how “Humanist” influence drew Henry to his “devotio moderna” and which simultaneously sought, “...to counter the empty gestures of outward religious display and replace them with genuine inner piety which was so central to the ‘philosophia Christi’ of Erasmus.”

As to the divide between Catholic

Continued Next Page



The Execution of St. Margaret Clitherow

Originally raised Protestant, Margaret converted to Catholicism in 1574. She ran a small religious school and had Mass celebrated above the family shop. She was betrayed to the authorities and put on trial for "treasonable activities". Not wanting to expose her family and friends to either betraying her or denying their faith in public she refused to enter a plea. The penalty for refusing to plead was to be crushed to death, a fate which she duly suffered in 1586.

Continued...

and Protestant churches over ultimate authority, Wooding admits that there were "entrenched positions," but: "Humanist writings, then, used Scripture and the early Church as their authorities, in a way which become the trademark of reformed Catholic writers as the century unfolded, and which was to render their work strikingly similar in approach to that of early Protestants..." Under Henry, Scripture became the major hallmark of that authority; subsequently, it became known as "sola Scriptura." Another effort that author Wooding undertakes is to mitigate the results of the dissolution of the monasteries after Henry's break with Rome.

Wooding cites the precedent of dissolving monasteries with Henry's pious grandmother, Lady Margaret Beaufort, who did so, "...in order to endow the new university colleges," but the author quickly acknowledges that, "Her grandson may have gone far beyond this..." How far, exactly?

It is of some interest to me that in her impressive twenty-two pages of bibliography, Wooding mentions the name of the Swiss historian, G. Constant, only in reference to a magazine article published early in the 20th century. No other mention is made of his thorough and exhaustive writing on the subject. In "The Reformation in England," Constant wrote: "Three-hundred and twenty-seven religious houses - of which two hundred and twenty-four belonged to men and one hundred and three to women... were seized by Henry's underling, Thomas Cromwell." These seizures were not to establish colleges, but to provide Henry with wealth that made him the richest monarch in Christendom, and to pay for foreign military expeditions mainly into France. Unlike Lady Beaufort's intentions, the vengeful English monarch slowly but surely demanded the monasteries pass into the royal domain. Those who resisted paid a heavy price: "The three Benedictine abbots of Reading, Glastonbury and Colchester refused to sign the Royal Decree naming Henry VIII Head of the English

Church. They were attained, and after a semblance of a trial, condemned for high treason. Their heads were exposed over the gateways of their own abbeys, and their quartered bodies in surrounding neighborhoods as an example to all who might be tempted to restrain the king's ravenous appetite for wealth." Writing that Henry "may have gone far beyond this" indicates how much verbal accommodation Wooding will employ to "explain" Henry's effort, and all in the name of the "Humanism" she so willingly confers on him.

There are other aspects of Wooding's book that require additional reflection, not the least of which is the comparison of the time-frames that separate her work and that of Constant. Is it coincidental that Constant's book was published in 1913, and was inspired, at least in part, by the influence of the then pope, St. Pius X? Is it coincidental that Wooding's tome was published thirty-five years after the closing of the Second Vatican Council?

Also, Wooding's attempt to explain Henry's interpretation of "tradition" is an important aspect of the monarch's efforts to force English Catholics to accept his version of "sacred tradition, and ...abandon their conservatism in matters of doctrine." Which leads to "...It was therefore possible to support the break with Rome on the grounds of an appeal to tradition." Yes, but whose? Then there is the questionable role of Erasmus in Henry's decision making and mindset.

No one was more influential, directly or indirectly, during this national upheaval than Erasmus of Rotterdam, who was subsequently awarded the title of, "the intellectual father of the (Protestant) Reformation." Why Wooding seeks to rationalize, if not glorify, the catastrophic consequences for the Catholic Church in England due to Erasmus's influence can only be attributed to a modern mindset, in which the past is moribund and must be frequently revised and purified.

Those of a "Traditional Catholic" bent, however, in completing this particular volume, will encounter the religious

perspective of an author whose world view and research indicate that she was formed by the "progressive" and "ecumenical" influences which now dominate "Catholic" institutions in the West, including the British Tablet. As my correspondent would have it, she is a "Tablet Catholic," whose instincts tell her that the True Church began in 1965. "Tradition" wrote T. S. Eliot, "cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labor," a labor that does not appear in the volume.

Rethinking Catholicism in Reformation England is a publication of the Oxford Historical Monograph section, whose editorial committee, drawn from the History Faculty, has, since 1965, annually selected one Ph.D. dissertation in history for printing and distribution worldwide. The books are very expensive: a copy of the book reviewed here is priced at more than \$150, and very hard to find in bookstores or on-line. I received mine on loan from a university library. ■

The Last Word...

Bracing for Pope's New Holy Thursday Law

by Father Celatus

This edition of *The Last Word* will be a short word due to demands upon my time seeking out women, infidels, apostates and adulterers from within my congregation to have their feet washed for the Mandatum of Holy Thursday, following the lead and new liturgical directives of Francis of Rome—NOT! Speaking of whom, borrowing from the secular side of Easter I have a new title for the pontiff: Peep Francis. Yes, like Peeps, Francis has shown himself to be sugar



coated on the outside and mushy on the inside. For those of you who think that this is over the top and disrespectful, agreed: Peeps deserve better! ■

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