

The Remnant

(Est. in 1967)



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

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

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From the Editor's Desk...

By Michael J. Matt

No January 15, 2018 Issue

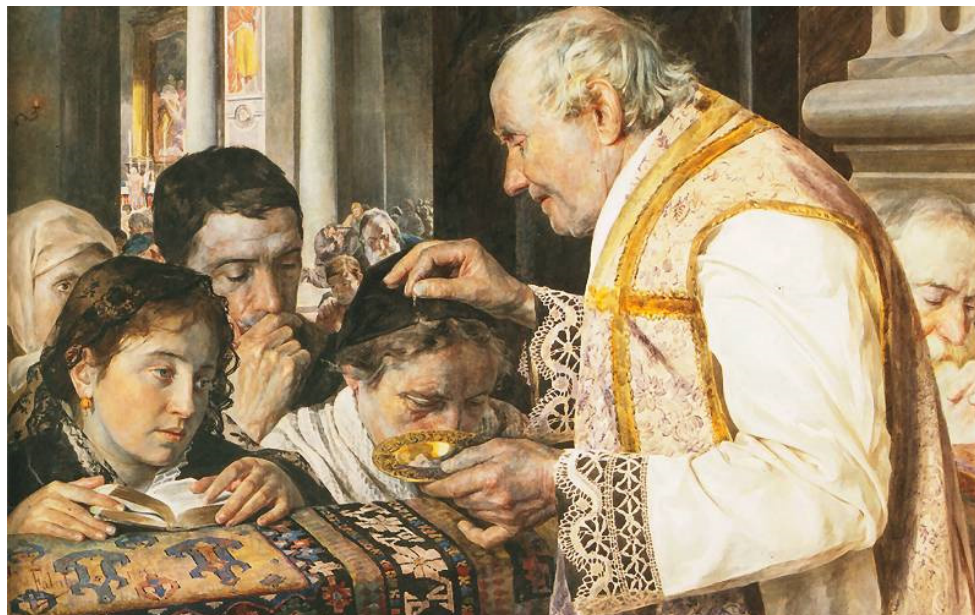
I'd like to warmly welcome the many new subscribers who signed on to The Remnant after our Christmas subscription drive. Thank you, and welcome aboard! Please note that January is one of the two months per year in which we publish only one issue of The Remnant. There was no January 15th edition, therefore, and this is our first issue of 2018.

Bishops Launch Defense of Marriage

On December 31, 2017, Bishop Athanasius Schneider and two archbishops of Kazakhstan issued a “Profession of Immutable Truths about Sacramental Marriage” in response to the Argentinian Bishops’ Conference Pope-approved interpretations of *Amoris Laetitia*—interpretations that allow “remarried” divorcees access “in some cases” to the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. This papal approval was confirmed in December by Italian journalist, Marco Tosatti:

[T]he “private” letter of Pope Francis to the Argentine bishops was published in the October 2016 edition of *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, after they had issued directives for the application of chapter 8 of *Amoris Laetitia* (the chapter with the famous footnotes on giving communion to the divorced and remarried). Directives which, as has been noted and emphasized here, are anything but clear.] The publication of this letter in the *Acta* is accompanied by a brief note from the Secretary of State, Cardinal Pietro Parolin, together with an official rescript from a papal audience

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Lent and Fasting

By Paul Kokoski

The allowance, after Vatican II, for self-motivated substitutions to the obligatory practice of abstaining from eating meat on Friday, resulted in the erroneous widespread belief that the rule itself had been abolished. Not surprisingly, fasting gradually disappeared from the ordinary lives of many Catholics.

The importance of fasting cannot be understated. Sacred Scripture and Christian tradition teach that fasting is a great help to avoid sin and all that leads to it. We first hear of the commandment to fast in Genesis where man is prohibited from eating of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil. After Adam and Eve’s expulsion from the garden fasting is proposed, in the stories of Ezra and Nineveh, as an instrument to restore our friendship with God.

In the New Testament Jesus brings to light the true and most profound meaning of fasting which is to do the will of the Heavenly Father who “sees in secret and will reward you” (Mt. 6:18). Jesus himself sets the example, answering Satan, at the end of forty days and forty nights in the desert: “man shall not live by bread alone

but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God” (Mt. 4:4). True fasting then is eating the “true food” which is doing the Father’s will. If, therefore, Adam disobeyed God’s directive not to eat of the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil, the believer, through fasting, intends to submit himself humbly to God, trusting in His goodness and mercy.

Fasting is recorded in the early church and is frequently encountered and recommended by the saints of every age. Today, however, fasting has lost much of its spiritual meaning. To a great extent it has been replaced by non-religious fasting meant to look good and impress others. While fasting does bring certain benefits to our physical well-being, it is, for Christians, primarily a means of mortifying our egoism, avoiding sin, and opening our hearts to the Love of God and our fellow man.

Fasting represents an important ascetical practice, a spiritual arm to do battle against every possible disordered attachment to ourselves. Freely chosen detachment from the pleasure of food and other material goods helps the disciple of Christ to control the appetites of nature,

weakened by original sin, whose negative effects impact the entire human person.

Denying material food, which nourishes our body, nurtures an interior disposition to listen to Our Lord and be nourished by his saving word. Through prayer and fasting we allow Christ so satisfy our deepest hunger and thirst for God. At the same time fasting helps us recognize the situation in which so many of our brothers and sisters live. In his First Letter, St. John admonishes: “How can God’s love survive in a man who has enough of this world’s goods yet closes his heart to his brother when he sees him in need” (1 Jn. 3:17).

Voluntary fasting enables us to become more like the Good Samaritan. By freely engaging in acts of self-denial we make a statement that those in need are not strangers but rather our brothers and sisters. This practice needs to be rediscovered and encouraged in our materialistic age, especially during the liturgical season of Lent.

Lent is a time when we fast with joy, submitting ourselves to spiritual struggles in preparation for the sorrowful Passion and joyful Resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ. What is demanded of all Christians at this time is fasting, abstinence, almsgiving, restriction of personal desires and pleasures, intense prayer, confession, and similar penitential elements. Lent is a sacred time of divine grace, which seeks to detach us from things material, lowly and corrupt in order to attract us toward things superior, wholesome and spiritual. It is a unique opportunity to remove from the soul every inordinate passion so as to make room for the immense rejoicing and gladness of Easter.

Limiting ourselves to what is absolutely essential and necessary in an attitude of dignified, deliberate simplicity is a formula for patience and tolerance; it is an opportunity to acknowledge and emphasize our need for God’s assistance and mercy, placing our complete trust in His affectionate providence; it is a prescription for salvation. ■

Neo-Catholic Attacks Christendom College

By Jesse Russell, Ph.D.

Introduction by Michael J. Matt

As a Christendom College alumnus (as well as father of a recent Christendom College student, 2015), I feel obliged to add my personal endorsement to Dr. Russell’s defense of the College.

Over the years, I’ve expressed my disagreements with my alma mater from time to time (chief among them being what I consider to be inadequate support for the Traditional Latin Mass on campus); but since I graduated Christendom twenty-five years ago, one of the principal reasons I continue to support the college is because of its principled commitment

to uphold standards of Christian morality on campus—standards that have been abandoned on nearly every other Catholic college campus in the country.

This new attack on Christendom, therefore, strikes me as being somewhat satanic in character. I don’t know how else to describe a blatant hatchet job against one of the few Catholic colleges still upholding Christian morality.

And this obvious click-bait attack was served up, mind you, by one purporting to be a “conservative” arguing—incidentally!—that Christendom’s holding of the morality bar high only leads to sexual assault off campus. Huh? (How this is substantively different from the old

pro-abortion canard where baby killing is concerned—better to make abortion safe and legal, rather than risk abortions in back allies—is anyone’s guess.)

The terrible thing that happened in this case to one Christendom student—who’d driven her accused rapist to a remote area, up into the Blue Ridge Mountains and far from the Christendom campus—cannot in justice be considered in isolation from the overall track record at Christendom for the past half century, i.e., thousands of students educated in an environment of beautiful symmetry with Catholic moral theology and thus where immorality itself (the first cause of rape) is taboo within the campus culture.

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in June 2017, announcing that the Pope himself wanted the two documents — the guidelines and the letter — published on the website of *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*.

What does this mean? That in contradiction to the infallibly defined teachings of the Church—reiterated most recently by Pope Benedict XVI and Pope John Paul—Francis wishes it to become part of the “Authentic Magisterium” of the Church that some public adulterers can receive Holy Communion without repentance and without changing their living situations.

Just one problem: The Pope possesses neither the authority nor the power to do this, which is presumably why just days after the Kazakhstan bishops released their Statement in defense of Marriage, two Italian archbishops signed on to it as well, including the former U.S. Nuncio Archbishop Carlo Maria Vigano. Since then, Cardinal Pujats, Emeritus Archbishop Metropolitan of Riga, Latvia signed on, followed by Bishop Andreas Laun of Salzburg, Austria. This makes three bishops, three archbishops and one cardinal—all dissenting from the Vatican-approved interpretations of *Amoris Laetitia* which, they argue, will cause “rampant confusion, spread a plague of divorce in the Church, and are alien to the Church’s entire faith and Tradition.”

So we can add de facto approval of public adultery to the long list of gifts given to the Church by the Spirit of Vatican II. In the past, there was no such thing as a divorced and remarried

practicing Catholic. If a Catholic couple’s marriage came onto hard times, they may have found it necessary to live apart, or to separate, but they did not get remarried. Period! Why not? Because marriage is indissoluble, marriage is for life. Even if a man discovered he was married to a cheating alcoholic-- he was still married and to marry again would put him outside of the sacramental life of the Church.

But the Church of Pope Francis disagrees. His is the “Church of Accompaniment”, where Catholics can’t possibly be expected to abide by the rules to which their grandmothers and grandfathers lived up for a thousand years—especially not when it comes to sex!

Francis reminds us of the conniving divorced-and-remarried dad, trying to undermine the authority of his faithful ex-wife where their kids are concerned: “You’re right, kids. It’s not fair. You can’t be expected to follow such unreasonable rules. Your mother has always been a rigid goody-two-shoes. That’s why I divorced her!” But, again, the Pope does not have the power to override the teachings of Christ: “and I say to you, that whosoever shall put away his wife...and shall marry another, committeth adultery: and he that shall marry her that is put away, committeth adultery”. And this is why some bishops and cardinals are gradually coming to realize that they cannot remain silent in the face of these outrageous “interpretations” of *Amoris*. It’s not a matter of opinion. The Statement out of Kazakhstan couldn’t be clearer:

We affirm therefore in the spirit of St. John the Baptist, of St. John Fisher, of St. Thomas More, of Blessed Laura Vicuña and of numerous known and unknown confessors and martyrs of the indissolubility of marriage that it is not licit to justify, approve, or legitimize either directly or indirectly divorce and a non-conjugal stable sexual relationship through the sacramental discipline of the admission of so-called “divorced and remarried” to Holy Communion, in this case a discipline alien to the entire Tradition of the Catholic and Apostolic faith.

And Bishop Schneider is not backing down. Here’s a man who lived out much of his life behind the Iron Curtain, who had to make his First Holy Communion in secret, who knows something about the underground Church and totalitarian regimes. And in a recent *Rorate Caeli* interview, he doubled down:

Catholics have to bear in mind that the Pope is not the creator of the truth, of the faith and of the sacramental discipline of the Church. The Pope and the entire Magisterium “is not above the Word of God, but serves it, teaching only what has been handed on. The Pope cannot be the focal point of the daily life of the faith of a Catholic faithful. The focal point must instead be Christ. Otherwise, we become victims of an insane pope-centrism or of a kind of popaltry, an attitude which is alien to the tradition of the Apostles, of the Church Fathers and

of the greater tradition of the Church.

It seems clear that the Catholic Church is now in a crisis that exceeds that of the Arian Crisis. But what are you going to do—go along with the new Arius? Condemn the new Athanasius as a 'rad trad' extremist? Be silent in the face of this rejection of Catholic Dogma? This is not possible, as even many non-traditionalists are admitting. The Catholic Herald, for example, is backing away from the irrational defense of Francis and his revolutionary synodal exhortation. Writing on January 5, 2018, Canon Lawyer Ed Condon writes:

The real goal is to spin the Church into an abdication of her objective and absolute moral authority, especially in the realm of human sexuality. The language of “personal conscience” is being used to dress up the grave evil of moral relativism. Those fighting for it are the remnant and inheritors of the liberal generation of the 60s and 70s. Which brings me to the reason I am predicting that the debates around *Amoris Laetitia* will come to an end in 2018. The reason is NOT that the Communion issue will be resolved, but that the faction will move on to their real agenda. This year will mark the 50th anniversary of the issuing of *Humanae Vitae*, Pope Paul VI’s affirmation of the dignity of human sexuality, and the intrinsic and unbreakable link between the unitive and procreative aspects of the sexual act. Last year the National Catholic Register’s Edward Pentin quoted a “well-respected Church figure” as telling him during the 2014 family synod: “Of course, you realise this is all about *Humanae Vitae*. That’s what I think they’re after. That is their goal.” Pentin says the current mood in Rome suggests his source knew what she was talking about. I have to agree with him: the efforts to “interpret” *Amoris Laetitia* and the Church’s teaching on the indissolubility of marriage will prove to have been a mere dress rehearsal for an all-out assault upon Pope Paul’s great encyclical.

Well stated! In fact, my New Year’s prediction at RemnantNewspaper.com went even further, predicting that the ultimate endgame of this next Synod (October 2018) will be to open the door to gay unions. There is a homosexual cadre inside the Vatican that know full well once you manage to separate the ends of marriage—procreation and education of children—from the sexual act—once you’ve broken the intrinsic link between the unitive and procreative aspects of the sexual act—anything goes, including homosexual acts. And *Humanae Vitae*, with its defense of infallibly defined Church teaching on the ends and purposes of the sexual act, stands directly in the path of gay unions.

But this war on Catholic teaching on human sexuality, as reiterated in *Humanae Vitae*, is nothing new. It’s all part and parcel of the Modernist revolution in general. It’s what they’ve been up to for fifty years. This is the revolution traditional Catholics have been resisting for half a century. It was not just the Mass. It was theology, philosophy, moral theology,

customs, prayers, traditions—all the Christocentric beliefs and practices that stand directly in the path of the New World Order itself. If the New World Order (Antichristendom) is to be established, the Catholic Church must first be neutralized and then transformed into the Church of Accompaniment, with no real rules to speak of, other than Thou Shalt Be Inclusive. Thou Shalt Tolerate Evil. Thou Shalt Be Accepting.

It’ll be the *Church of Who Am I To Judge?*

In other words, the only moral authority the world has ever known is raising the white flag of surrender. And the challenge for all of us is not to become so scandalized by what they do that we give up the fight. No matter what happens, we keep the old Faith, keep fighting, pray the Rosary and resolve to stand with the few bishops and cardinals who have been given the grace to resist Peter’s to His face. The Remnant stands with them because they stand with Christ, Who will be with us always. As faithful Catholics, we have no choice.

Some Potential Good News

Edward Pentin of the National Catholic Register reports:

One of the late Cardinal Carlo Caffarra’s last wishes — to have an international conference to examine ways to resolve the current crisis of division in the Church — will take place in Rome in early April, the Register has learned. Details have yet to be officially released, but the conference is expected to explore the limits of papal infallibility as well as seek ways to overcome the division in the Church, exacerbated by what many see as pastoral and doctrinal confusion on key moral issues.

This thing is far from over, and Pope Francis does not win in the end. The late archbishop emeritus of Bologna, Cardinal Caffarra, pointed out shortly before his death on September 6, 2017, that “at the root of this is the work of Satan, who wants to build an actual anti-creation. This is the ultimate and terrible challenge which Satan is hurling at God. ‘I am demonstrating to you that I am capable of constructing an alternative to your creation. And man will say: it is better in the alternative creation than in your creation.’”

Cardinal Caffarra also let it be known that he’d received a letter from Sister Lucia, reminding him that “there will come a time when the decisive confrontation between the Kingdom of God and Satan will take place over marriage and the family.” He went on the record, that he believed Sister Lucia’s prediction was “being fulfilled in these days of ours” but that in the end the Immaculate Heart will triumph and the enemies of God would fail. Perhaps His Eminence—one of the original “dubia cardinals”—is still working in Rome even in death, trying to save the Church from the Modernists who have her by the throat. Let us pray that whatever it is, this conference will be imbued with the spirit of Carlo Cardinal Caffarra. ■

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Michael J. Matt

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Anne Catherine Emmerich Called It

Editor, *The Remnant*: Many faithful Catholics are today very worried about the turmoil within the world, but most especially that which is causing Holy Church to be on the point of capsizing (ref. Emeritus Pope, Benedict XVI). Blessed Anne Catherine Emmerich, describes what she saw in vision on 25 August 1820: "Then I saw an apparition of the Mother of God, and She said that the tribulation would be very great... they **must pray, above all** for the Church of darkness **to leave Rome.**" This then is the remedy given by Our Lady, Mother of the Church, to rid Holy Church of the scotos, i.e. diabolical darkness, that has "... entered the temple of God" (Pope Paul VI). Fervent unremitting prayer. Day and night. **Nothing less.** Storming heaven to send Our Lady of Light and Wisdom, Destroyer of all heresies, to drive the usurping church of darkness, swiftly away from Rome. This involves ALL of us, no one is exempted. Even the sick can offer their prayers and sufferings, beseeching God, through His Glorious Mother, to come without delay. Begging Her to pour the Most Precious Blood of Jesus on His besieged spouse, Holy Church, that the repulsive stench of Satan's presence and our sins, within the Temple of God, be entirely dispersed by the infinite fragrance of Our Saviour's Precious Blood. Pray. Pray. Ceaselessly. Any little ejaculation is most urgently needed. "Jesus, mercy. Mary, help" "Arise O Lord, let Thy enemies be scattered. May those who hate Thee, flee before Thy Face." Viva Cristo Rey.

Nigel Beaumont

Trump's Lip Service?

Editor, *The Remnant*: This is something Trad-Catholic "Never-Trumpers" will simply never understand, for they have not eyes to see. Aside from mere lip service, he has appointed more pro-life Christians to federal judgeships than any other president. He has surrounded himself with Christian, pro-life advisors, and appointed many of them to director positions. He has protected doctors, nurses and other health-care professionals from violating their faith. He scuttled the "Mexico City" policy. He repealed the so-called LGBTQ "guidance" policies of the Dept. of Education. And on and on.

John Smith



Bad Popes Come and Go

Editor, *The Remnant*: In a recent Remnant, Frank B. states that he has left the Catholic Church because of Francis. I'll say this candidly, Frank, shame on you. You obviously put your faith in Francis instead of Christ, and, when Francis let you down, you left the only means of salvation, the Church. Please study Church history and you will see that we have had many rotten popes in the past. Francis is just history repeating itself. Many of us feel exactly the same as you do regarding the Vatican II popes but we choose to remain as part of the remnant, the faithful few. We realize that our faith is in Christ and trust His promise that the gates of hell will not prevail. I believe that things in the Church will continue to get worse until all seems lost and that will be the time for the Immaculate Heart to triumph. Frank, come on back and patiently wait for the triumph. It will be glorious.

Steven McCallan

Pray for Ireland

Editor, *The Remnant*: I always enjoy reading "The Remnant" on the occasions when my family can get it over here in Ireland. Therefore, now that my country is in dire need of prayers, can I please ask you all to generously join with us in saying the rosary? This spring, Ireland is going to have a referendum on abortion. If we lose, the results will be catastrophic - our wonderful pro-life laws will be replaced by liberal access to abortion.

I need hardly say that the media, government, universities, and many ordinary people are in favour of this

happening. Indeed, this week on national radio one of our politicians declared plainly that victory for the pro-abortion side in this referendum would be seen as a "seminal defeat of the catholic church"

We're fighting for Catholic Ireland, and we desperately need help! A rosary crusade is underway, and we're contacting you in the hope that you'll ask your readers, in America and elsewhere, to join their daily rosaries with ours. Then, if it is God's will, Our Lady will give us victory in May! Many thanks, God bless,

Lucia Kennedy
(Tipperary, Ireland)

Wrong Picture

Editor, *The Remnant*: My name is Fr. William Patrick Slattery, a priest of the Diocese of Fargo, ND. In a recent edition of your newspaper you published an Interview with Fr. William (J) Slattery about his new book, Heroism and Genius. It was a fine article, and the author is a good priest. My only issue is that you have mistakenly used my picture and have attributed the book to my authorship. As the author and I both attended the same Pontifical Seminary during the same years, this confusion is not new to either of us. However, I thought I should at least point it out, that you may have the possibility to correct the mistake (If you look at the dust cover on the book you will see that we do not look similar at all).

Sincerely,
Fr. William Slattery

Editor's Response: Dear Father Slattery: Yes, the other Father Slattery

already alerted us to this embarrassing mistake on our part. We have changed the accompanying photo online, in our e-edition, but I'm afraid it's too late to correct the print-edition. Thank you so much for your patience, Father. I really am very grateful to you for your kind understanding. MJM

On Archbishop Lefebvre

Editor, *The Remnant*: Thank you for publishing the historic and prophetic words of Archbishop Lefebvre from 1976. What a breath of fresh air! Most telling, and most frightful, is the part about how the Masons planned and slowly infiltrated the very heart of the Church, the seminaries. It brings to mind what Bella Dodd revealed, that she herself knew of thousands of young men who were sent to deceive and destroy from within. What is even more frightening is the increasing evidence that the same slow process is underway in the traditional movement. While we always need to remain vigilant to external threats, we also need to wake up and shine the light inside. There are definite signs of neo-modernism creeping in. The Carbonari plan is still in operation, even in places once considered safe.

Thank you for the light of The Remnant in the darkness. St. John the Baptist was *vox clamantis in deserto*, you are the *vox remnantis in catacumbis!*

In Christo Rege,
Andrew Senior

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Testimonies from Former Chartres Pilgrims

Editor, *The Remnant*: I am french, I have been living now in Canada with my family for almost 20 years (my husband and I are celebrating our 20th anniversary in May, we married in the suburb of Versailles in a 13th century roman style (versus gothic) little country church).

I appreciate very much your commitment to the pilgrimage of Chartres as I have been marching many times there as a french resident, first as a Catholic girl guide and then as a student with the traditional movement (Pelerinage Chretiente), I was walking with an american girl friend from California along with an american chapter (I wish I could recontact them). All those pilgrimages have built in me strength and fortitude throughout all the challenges that we all have to face in our lives. It has been giving so much strength even though I could not participate anymore. I strongly encourage the parents to send their children there or/and even to participate themselves. I encourage everybody to go. It is such an uplifting experience. It is worth the effort as our Lady basically carries us...we do not feel the miles accumulating "in our legs"... when we get closer to the beautiful Cathedral of Chartres that is built up on a hill, the last steps are tough, the closer we are the tougher it is...but then, miracle of miracles, we are basically floating in the Cathedral...we feel like in heaven...purified by the penance, the walk, carried by angels...so close to the Sacred-Heart of our Lord...we feel renewed and so much love... wrapped up in the mantle of tenderness of our Lady. Surrounded by many brothers and sisters in Christ, all united in one, yet personally encountering our Lord Jesus-Christ, renewed in His love. It is an unforgettable experience: a journey to get closer to Christ and strengthened in Him.

"Together we are fortress!" I wish I could go along with my Canadian husband and our 8 children (the oldest is 17 and the youngest 2)..It seems a rather impossible mission as we do not have means to travel. (I have not gone to France for almost 15 years) Anyway, I hope many young people from the United States of America will be able to go... God bless you and your hard work! In Corde Mariae Matris,

Carole Jobin

Editor, *The Remnant*: I hope this finds you and all your family well and that you had a holy Christmas season. All the pics and ads for the pilgrimage are making me a bit jealous that I can't go back this year but by the grace of God, I am hoping to by that time have followed my vocation to religious life. It's a work in progress but the mercy and love of God are inexhaustible. I firmly believe with all my heart that the graces of the pilgrimage never cease to keep pouring forth from the hearts of Jesus and Mary and are one of the main springs from which came the call I seek to follow. Pray much for me, as the situation in the church doesn't exactly scream for abandonment and submission these days; but God still calls and expects us to do our best. He will complete the rest.

That said, I was struck by Veronica Hoffmann's bio on the pilgrimage youth page and her journey and possibility of following a vocation. I just sent a credit card donation for her sponsorship since I can't imagine a better way for me to go on

pilgrimage than through her prayers. Will you please give Veronica my address and tell her to write to me?

Please keep me in your prayers as you are in mine! Say hello to all on pilgrimage this year...especially give Joanie a big hug for me...I miss that woman! God Bless you forever for all you do to make this pilgrimage happen every year. The sacrifice wins so many souls!

Chartres Pilgrimage Veteran

Seeking Pilgrimage Sponsors:

Dear Remnant Readers: My name is Zoe



Frisch. I am 16 years old, homeschooled, the eldest of 8 kids, and a member of St. Stephen of Hungary Church in Allentown, PA. Our parish priest is Father Pendergraft who is also The Remnant Tours' chaplain. Our family goes to Latin Mass because it is immensely more reverent and beautiful than the Novus Ordo Mass. The Latin Mass feels extraordinarily close to God and Christ's sacrifice. Last fall, Father Pendergraft mentioned the Chartres Pilgrimage to me and that I might want to consider going. This was before I went on the Pilgrimage for Restoration to the Shrine of Our Lady's Martyrs of New France in Auriesville, NY. While on the Pilgrimage for Restoration I grew closer to our Lord and learned more about our beautiful faith. When I returned from the pilgrimage I was spiritually refreshed and eager to walk again! It was amazing and uplifting to see hundreds of people flourishing in their love for Christ, being a public witness to those around us, and striving to make reparation through penance and prayer. Thus, I began to ponder how miraculous it would be to see thousands on the Chartres Pilgrimage amplifying Christ as they make an inspirational journey. That is only one of the reasons that I would be delighted to take part in the Chartres pilgrimage. The Church militant (current pilgrims) are united with and walking in the footsteps of the Church suffering and triumphant who went before them. It would be magnificent to take part in that and to join my prayers with theirs through our Holy Church.

I was looking at the pilgrimage stops and all of the places look utterly amazing! My sister's birthday is on Martinmas so she has a special devotion to St. Martin and I would like to pray for her in Tours. I will pray for all my siblings especially my brother with Down syndrome and all children with mental and physical disabilities. All throughout the pilgrimage I will pray for the success of the FSSP and our awesome parish priests. I would like to grow in my faith and love for our Lord and Lady throughout my life and I believe that this pilgrimage and tour would be a blessing to me, my family, and my parish. I intend to carry many intentions with me, let me carry yours!

I have committed to this pilgrimage by registering with money I had for Catholic Girls' Summer Camp. I will be grateful for all donations and pray for your intentions before, during, and after the pilgrimage! Thank you so much for your time and consideration. God Bless!

Zoe Frisch (\$525 thus far)

Dear Remnant Readers: My name is Brad Montgomery, I am 22 years of age and a traditional Catholic from southwest Ohio. I have recently begun attending Holy Family (FSSP) in Dayton, Ohio along with my brother when we are not away at school. I am a senior at a conservative Catholic college in Ohio where I attended my first Traditional Latin Mass. Since that time, I have come to embrace the Church's tradition which has radically changed the way I think, pray, and believe.

As a Catholic who did not have the opportunity to grow up with the Traditional Latin Mass and was ignorant of the depth of the Church's tradition for most of my life, I would like to attend the pilgrimage to Chartres, France this Spring so that I might receive graces which would help me to persevere in the faith throughout my adult life. I first learned of the Chartres Pilgrimage at the recent Catholic Identity Conference, and have also learned more about it from a friend of mine at school, whose experience, having gone several times himself, has encouraged me to make the effort to attend. I look forward to the pilgrimage for the unique opportunity it would be to honor Our Lord and King of the Universe and in the hope of obtaining graces for myself and others. I hope that such an experience would better assist me in serving Our Lord and staying close to



his Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of his Mother. In a world that hates Christ and rejects his kingship, perhaps more than ever before, I would be ever grateful for such an opportunity which would help prepare me for my own earthly pilgrimage.

As I am unable to fund such an undertaking myself, I must rely on the generosity and assistance of those who have the means. I am able to cover up to a third of the cost myself but must rely on sponsorship for what remains. I will be grateful for whatever assistance you are able offer and be assured that I will not neglect to pray for you and your intentions every day while I am on the pilgrimage. May God bless you and your families, Sincerely,

Brad Montgomery (\$50 thus far)

Dear Remnant Readers: My name is Sophia Rose Stuckey. I am a 20-year-old sophomore at a Catholic university where I study the Arts. I attend the Traditional Latin Mass at St. Stephen's FSSP parish in Allentown, PA when I am home. When I am not home, however, the constant attack on our faith can cause spiritual fatigue. The Rosary and the sacraments sustain me in the daily battle, yet over time, restoration is necessary. I hope to be sponsored to walk the 2018 Chartres Pilgrimage and here is why:

This world is steeped in an oily cup of

drivel, claptrap, and twaddle. Today's "normal" is yesterday's illness. Our civilized society endlessly sips from a nauseatingly sweetened cup of self-servitude, every swig stimulating a thirst for more (St. Thomas Aquinas reminds us that pursuing pleasure alone causes a desire for itself). This Bacchanalia is egged on by the constant input of shameless sensuality, morally misleading media, and celebrated excessive curiosity. Stir in a glob of foul language and there you have it! – a concoction of mind-poisoning goo. Underneath harmless sounding jingles such as "self expression" and "personal freedom" lay effective and corrupting weapons against virtue, right thinking, and even the ability to find objective truth.

College life, even at a Catholic university, can be taxing physically, mentally, and most of all, spiritually. Being constantly surrounded by Post Vatican II ideas is exhausting and confusing. I wish to be clear of this muddled mess.

I hope to walk this pilgrimage to be refreshed and fortified to keep up the fight, for we are fighting in the midst of a relentless war, one that threatens to boil us one degree at a time, one half truth at a time. I seek to cut through the seeming ambiguity of our daily purpose and be reminded that it is simple, it is clear, and it is a mighty mission: wake up every day for God.

I would like to take up the arms of prayer and walk with brave hearts that are striving to fashion themselves to the Sacred and Immaculate Hearts of Our Lord and Lady. The full power of this pilgrimage includes dutifully carrying intentions for the faithful who cannot themselves tread this path of St. Joan of Arc. We pilgrims, through prayer and procession, will become vessels through which God Himself encourages, encounters, and edifies all of us in the Church Militant.

I hope to write here, in the Remnant, as a witness to the power and magnificence of this pilgrimage for Our Lady, from Notre Dame to the Cathedral of Our Lady of Chartres. I wish to report and contribute to the current of growing numbers of the faithful, learning of our Church's deep roots and gifts, especially the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and the steadfast weapon of the Rosary.



Allow me to carry your intentions along with mine. Please consider sponsoring me as a pilgrim to walk, do penance, and pray. Offering every blister to God,

Sophia Stuckey (\$550 thus far)

To help the young traditional Catholic pilgrims walk this pilgrimage in honor of Our Lady and the Holy Face of Jesus, please send your donations to:

The Remnant Youth Fund
PO Box 1117
Forest Lake, MN 55025

Neo-Catholic Blogger Attacks Christendom College

Dr. Russell/**Continued from Page 1**

In her effort to grind her great big axe, Christendom's eager critic demonstrates what appears to be a singular lack of concern for the massive spiritual threat so prevalent on college campuses nationwide (where the date rape problem, by the way, is completely out of control, even despite administrative rejections of Christian moral standards. Go figure!).

Christendom is fighting against that culture out of concern for both body and soul of its students. Their policies against PDA, immodesty and coed dorms—so reviled by this neo-Catholic critic—were in place when my wife and I first met as Christendom College students. Were there violations of the rules? Were sinners counted among Christendom's student body? Of course! But Christendom's fundamentally Catholic campus life did more than merely discourage immoral behavior, it caused such behaviors to be regarded as politically and socially incorrect among the student body. The result was a fostering of the wholesome maturation process so conducive to a healthy and truly Christian learning environment. Ultimately, this led to countless marriages among Christendom alumni and a veritable explosion of large Catholic families in the Shenandoah Shores, Front Royal, and all around the country.

As Christendom College graduates, my wife and I are forever indebted to the faculty and administrators of Christendom who had enough concern for the souls of their students—including ours, back in the day—to commit themselves entirely to building a truly Catholic college campus, where students at least had a fighting chance of withstanding the barrage of assaults served up by a Godless society that was out of control back then and that truly defies all reason and standards of decency today. Serious differences of opinion notwithstanding, God bless Christendom College and shame on Simcha Fisher. — **MJM**

The past two years have been full of unexpected surprises. 2016 saw the surprise election of Donald Trump as President of the United States of America and the “Brexit” of the United Kingdom from the neo-Stalinist EU. 2017 saw the defeat of ISIS and, instead of the toppling of the Bashar al-Assad regime as the next in line after Iraq and Libya, we saw Assad regain control of his country through the open cooperation of Russia and the quiet help of President Trump who cut off Obama funding for ISIS—I mean the “Free Syrian Army.”

2017 also witnessed the emergence of the #metoo campaign. However, while the left desperately has tried to seize the narrative of #metoo as an attack on the “patriarchy” and evil men, their efforts have largely failed. The overwhelming majority of men accused of unwanted sexual advances in the media happen to be liberals; some of them, like Harvey Weinstein, major Democratic Party donors.



Moreover, as the British magazine *The Tablet* and even the notorious comedian Larry David pointed out in a Saturday Night Live monologue, many of the acts of abuse very likely stemmed from the racist and anti-Christian bias of many powerful men who preyed on young women who came to them looking for work.

This catastrophe has not stopped one “conservative” Catholic blogger from jumping on the #metoo bandwagon and using instances of alleged abuse to attack Catholic institutions. The Neo-Catholic feminist, Simcha Fisher, has recently scribbled a series of articles attacking Christendom College for not protecting the women on campus

Fisher is in many ways a typical “John Paul II generation” internet personality, whose writings and social media presence are loaded with erratic behavior, decorated with all kinds of detritus from pop culture and pop psychology, and seasoned with the “soft” modernism of neo-Catholicism.

On the other hand, Fisher is unique in a field of often cartoonish characters that populate the remnants of conservative Catholic media. Due to her *extremely* vulgar online comments, Fisher was fired from *The National Register* along with the unrecognizable (as Catholic) Mark Shea.

Fisher, happily a convert from Judaism, nonetheless markets her Jewish identity in a manner that is offensive to both Christians and Jews. On her *Twitter* account, she uses the notorious and crude ((echo parenthesis)), developed by the Alt Right to denote names that were Jewish or at least appeared to be Jewish. Secondly, identifying Hanukkah as a way for Jews to “push back” against Christmas, Fisher, in a 2012 Register article, argues that she celebrates Hanukkah as a means of fighting back against attacks on the Church online. It is difficult to understand how the celebration of Hanukkah is a way to fight against the Church's enemy if Hanukkah is, according to Fisher, a way for Jews to push back against Christians.

This is not to fault Fisher for celebrating her Jewish heritage; rather, it is to note

that the manner in which she argues and presents herself is usually haphazard and often offensive.

Having been chastised by the conservative Catholic media for her vulgarity, Fisher has rebranded herself also as a sort of feminist fighting against the uptight and oppressive conservative Catholic patriarchy. On her blog, for example, she has as her totem figure, one of the oldest Indo-European artefacts, the Viennese Venus, Photoshopped into an easy chair.

Bitten by Catholic authority, Fisher has now taken aim at one of the most notable conservative Catholic colleges in the country: Christendom College. In “Are Women Safe in Christendom College's Bubble,” Part I and Part II, Fisher exploits the cases of young girls who have claimed to be assaulted by Christendom boys but ignored by Christendom authority, to wage a war against, not only Christendom College, but traditional Catholic modesty and decorum in general.

Before addressing Fisher's article, I want to make a few points clear. First of all, sexual assault is an extremely serious matter, and those found guilty of it by proper authorities should be punished according to the full extent of the law.

Secondly, in regard to the cases that Fisher brings forward, I have no personal knowledge, and thus I am not in a position to make any judgement on them or the manner in which Christendom College handled them. Rather, I intend only to address *how* Fisher presents her case.

In her attack on Christendom, loaded with unnecessarily graphic detail, Fisher mocks the college as a “sheltered” “bubble,” and, quoting a student, a “prison,” insulated from the outside world. The implication here is that Christendom unjustly shelters students from the morass of contemporary pop culture which could enrich, nurture, and strengthen them. However, it is this gross, violent, racist, and ultimately Satanic Hollywood culture that, ironically, has inspired the #metoo campaign. Why would Christendom want to break the bubble and expose

its students to the prevailing and vile Hollywood culture?

In addition to being a “bubble,” Christendom is “rigid,” and, again citing alleged statements by students finessed with Fisher's own words, “the school's sheltered, highly structured campus culture actually facilitates sexual assault.”

Quoting an anonymous student, Fisher further laments that there was “no touching” or closeness allowed between the sexes. The implication here is that sex crimes happen at Catholic colleges because they are too strict. According to this logic, under the heavy patriarchal hand of the Catholic establishment, students are pressured into bad behavior. If only Catholic authorities would “loosen up” and allow for more relaxed and intimate interaction between the sexes, then abuse would not happen with such frequency.

This pseudo-Freudian deconstruction of millennia of Christian custody of the sexes crept into the Church back in the heydays of the Old Liberals (during the 80s and 90s, conservative seminarians were routinely dismissed for being “rigid”), which sadly have been revived under Pope Francis and which, by the way, were rife with sexual abuse.

Finally, Fisher takes aim at Christendom as an oppressive, male-dominated institution, which is part of the “notorious boys club” of Front Royal, Virginia. Quoting an anonymous student, Fisher writes that girls were unfairly subjected to “hours and hours and hours of talks on modesty, dress code, how to act, how to keep boys chaste, all of those things.” Again, your author has no way of verifying whether or not this is true, but Fisher's implications are that conservative patriarchal institutions (like the family, the Catholic Church, and the Indo-European Western Civilization that produced Fisher's totem Venus) are essentially corrupt and need to be deconstructed and equalized.

In the end, we can hope and pray that these situations at Christendom College are clarified and that justice is done for all parties involved. Furthermore, we pray that the #metoo campaign as a whole continues its efforts of exposing how both men and women are routinely abused by (largely leftist and “male feminist”) predators in the media as well as in the political establishment. On the other hand, we cannot allow the left and its useful stooges like Simcha Fisher (who masquerade as conservative Catholics) to turn the #metoo campaign into an attack on the Church.

It is, ironically, the Western Christian tradition of chivalry, itself rooted in the Gospel, classical culture, and the Germanic warrior code, that has protected and exalted women for millennia, and it is only by a return to the traditional Christian values of chivalry that Christian women will be protected from predators inside the Church and out. ■

The Monks of War by Desmond Seward

Reviewed for The Remnant
by Vincent Chiarello

Jesus ... spoke to them, saying: "Go therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. —Gospel of Matthew Chap. 28

"Certainly, blessed are they who die in the Lord, but how much more so are they who die for Him.» —St. Bernard of Clairvaux, Cistercian Monk

"Take this sword: its brightness stands for faith, its point for hope, its guard for charity. Use it well..." —Hospitalier Rite of Profession.

The Missionary impulse to "teach" the nations of the world the doctrines and dogmas of the Catholic Church was very active in early Christendom. In large part, that Missionary spirit was directed toward places in Europe and the Holy Land, for the New World and Asia were still "terra incognita," whose existence would not be known for centuries. In the 12th century, however, that missionary mindset, fostered and aided by Catholic monasteries, would be aimed at the known corners of the globe. St. Bernard, considered "the greatest moral force of his day," sought the establishment of institutions that would join, "chivalry and the cloister." Still, the practical question remained: how would this idea be turned into reality?

A goal of that melding of the sword and the missionary spirit was, among others, to regain those places in the Holy Land, once Christian, but now occupied by Moslem caliphs and sultans. One indication of the explosive growth of that "chivalry and cloister" movement was when St. Bernard joined the Cistercians in France in 1113 at Citreaux, there was only one monastery openly calling for an organized military organization to achieve that objective; by his death in 1153, there were 343 such houses.

Knights Templar



Time and events would shape the formation of the three major houses of military Religious Orders: the Templars, the Hospitallers of St. John, and The Knights of the Teutonic Cross. Each of them in its own way would seek to bring to fruition St. Bernard's dream, but in the end, each of them, battered by rivalries with kings, along with changing conditions worldwide, would ultimately lose in its struggle. To begin at the beginning...

"The three greatest military Orders, the Templars, the Hospitallers and the Teutonic Knights, were founded in the 12th century, an earlier renaissance which saw the birth of Gothic architecture, the zenith of papal monarchy, and the intellectual revolution that would culminate with Aquinas. Perhaps the most outstanding figure was the Cistercian monk, Bernard of Clairvaux, last of the Fathers of the Western Church." So begins Seward's description of the formation of those military religious Orders.

The Templars "wore white-hooded habits" in the cloister, as did their Cistercian brethren, but on active service, the hood was replaced by a cloak. They emphasized silence, including at meals, and the ideals of the Cistercian "Silent Order" format were duplicated where possible, which meant no talking, even using signs in the refectory, or dining hall. (N.B.: on a visit to a Cistercian monastery in Virginia last autumn, I was informed that, for all intents and purposes, the "Silent Order" Cistercians no longer existed.) They sought inspiration from the Old Testament books of Joshua and the Maccabees, which included tales of the wars against infidels. All Templars were required to attend Matins, say the Little Office and memorize prayers that could be recited when on military duty: thirteen Pater Nosters were said in lieu of attendance at matins. A Templar had to crop his hair and grow a beard, and was forbidden to kiss even his mother or sister; no nuns would enter the Order. His Master was not only a commanding officer, but an abbot, too.

Seward: "For the first time in Christian history soldiers would live as monks."

The second major military religious organization was the Order of the Hospitallers of St. John (hereafter: Hospitallers) The historian of the Roman Empire, Edward Gibbon, wrote: "the firmest bulwark of Jerusalem was founded on the Knights of the Hospital of St. John and the Temple of Solomon on the strange association of a monastic and a military life which fanaticism might suggest, but which policy must approve." Eventually, with the Christian defeat

and the capture of Jerusalem by Muslim armies, the Hospitallers devoted themselves to protecting Christian merchants against the Turks and the Barbary corsairs.

Not all of the military religious Orders went to the Outremer, the lands held by the Crusaders, to protect them. The Teutonic Knights were dedicated to eliminating the pagan tribes in what today are called the Baltic States, where the Knights played a vital role in shaping the destinies of Germany and Poland. One aspect of the Knights was to have a lasting effect: the black and silver cross awarded for bravery was chosen as the model for the Iron Cross, which is still the emblem of the German Army. What must be remembered is that these Orders were as much a part of monasticism as the priests and friars in monasteries. Seward: "If mendicant brethren preached the Gospel, military brethren defended it."

The fall of Jerusalem in 638 to Moslem armies sweeping out of the Arabian Peninsula led to worsening conditions for the Christians still living in the city: Maronite, Melkite, Syrian and Armenian. Increasingly, the early harmony that existed between the Christians and Moslems had deteriorated so much that by 1095, Pope Urban II called for the faithful to regain Jerusalem, believing that control of the city by infidels was "contrary to the law of God." Four years later, Jerusalem was recaptured: the First Crusade had ended in victory, but that sweet smell of success would be short lived.

Despite claims by Pope Leo IV and John VIII, stated long before the First Crusade, that those who died fighting for the Church would inherit the Kingdom of God, those who were to join in the Crusades knew the price of defeat. In one instance, a Turkish "atabeg" (Provincial Governor) ordered that captured Crusaders be used for archery practice by his soldiers. In these violent conflicts, charity and mercy were unknown: it was a fight to the death

But was this Christian? Seward describes the moral dilemma that began to appear within members of the regular clergy: "was Holy War an end in itself, and wasn't the shedding of blood, 'intrinsicly evil?'" The topic of what constitutes a "just war" was to create some criticism of the military religious orders. Ironically, it was another Cistercian abbot, Isaac of Etoile, living in St. Bernard's lifetime, who raised this question most forcefully. Speaking of these military Orders, he wrote: "Its members consider that they have every right to attack anyone not confessing in Christ's name,



Hospitaller Knight

leaving him destitute, whereas if they themselves are killed while thus unjustly attacking the pagans, they are called martyrs for the faith... We do not maintain that all they do is wrong, but we do insist that what they are doing can be an occasion of many future evils."

One of the more noted quotes in dealing with the vexing problems associated with conflict is: "Truth is the first casualty of war." That may be true in the modern era, but in the battles between Muslim and Christian armies in early Christendom, "charity" toward the enemy was the first to suffer. Seward describes incident after incident in which captured Christian knights were used as target practice by Muslim archers, had their limbs hacked off, or were crucified. That barbarity sometimes seeped into the Christian behavior, as well among those who came to liberate the Holy Land from the Moslem yoke. Perhaps no other Christian leader personified that un-Christian trait than Richard III, King of England, who invented the term, "Lion-Hearted" to serve his own grandiose hubris. In the novels of Sir Walter Scott, that character flaw in Richard is never addressed, but it did not escape Shakespeare's grasp in his drama, King John: "Richard who robbed the lion of his heart, and fought the holy wars in Palestine." (Hat-tip to Dr. David Allen White for that bit of information.)

Seward describes the English king's "particularly savage attack," which forced the surrender of the Moslem forces at Acre. The Moslem leader, Saladin, asked that the civilian prisoners not be harmed, but "Richard's brutal, unreliable, temperament" refused that request. Instead, he ordered his English troops "to butcher nearly 3,000 (no typo) men, women and children." But this form of war - religious war - was not played by the rules of the Geneva Convention: although Saladin had showed some mercy to prisoners

Continued Next Page

Monks of War, Continued...

earlier, subsequently, every Templar and Hospitaller captured in battle was beheaded on his orders. In his "Provincial Letters," Blaise Pascal captured the *zeitgeist*, or the spirit of the times, of the Crusades: "Men never do evil so completely and cheerfully as when they do it from religious convictions."

Changing events would alter the purpose of the military religious orders, for instead of knights fighting battles against the heretic or pagan, by the mid-16th century the Church's new shock-troops were to emerge: the Society of Jesus, although the monks of war continued in their battle against the Moslem rulers until Napoleonic times. As to the original military religious orders, they, too, would either fade from the scene, or transform themselves into different entities.

Their decline was a direct result of their failure in the Holy Land, as well as the end of the imperial monarchies, and the beginning of national ones. In France, King Phillip the Fair's dream was of becoming the foremost among the monarchies of Europe, but that required huge reserves of money, which the Templars appeared to have. The failure of the Crusaders to regain Jerusalem was put on the shoulders of the Templars and Hospitallers, both of which had received "enormous revenues merely for defending the Holy Land." Pope Nicholas IV said publicly that the quarrels between the Templars and the Hospitallers, "...had contributed to the disaster, and suggested that the two orders merge." But the final nail in the Templar coffin came about when their Master,

Jacques de Molay, was arrested by the troops of the King Phillip, although such an act was illegal, for civil authority did not have that authority in dealing with clerics responsible only to Rome. Trumped up charges of idolatry and homosexual acts were brought forward, but Molay reminded the inquisitors that, "... no other Order had such rich churches or beautiful relics, or priests who celebrated Mass with more dignity and devotion, ...or had given its blood more generously (Seward claims that 20 thousand Templars died as a result of their efforts) in Palestine for Christianity." Fifty-four of the Templars were burned as relapsed heretics; in total, 120 Templars were to be burned, including de Molay, all of whom "...met agonizing death with determination shrieking that they were guiltless." The Templars ceased to exist.

Unlike the Templars, their former brethren, the Hospitallers, saw that King Phillip was a danger to them, too, and they had to adapt to changing times, which they did: they moved to the island of Rhodes as their new headquarters. From that island outpost, they continued to harass and raid Egyptian and Turkish shipping, for which they received the name, "...the Hounds of Hell." Rhodes could claim to be the seventh Crusader state. But what differentiated the new Hospitallers was their organizational change: the Order now divided on the basis of language spoken (*langues*), each with its own hall of residence (*auberge*). In sea battle after sea battle, these "Hounds of Hell" fought superbly against far greater odds, preserving the island's primary objective as a hospital and for the care of the sick. But the increasing

strength of Muslim states was to take its toll on the Order, and by the middle of the 15th century, the Hospitallers, once the guardians of Christian merchants, were incapable of protecting sites in the Holy Land. Given those circumstances, the decision was made to move to a safer location. Although not totally initially welcomed by the Hospitallers, the smaller island of Malta was chosen to replace Rhodes as the center of their organization. It remains there today, with a different name: the Knights of Malta.

The decline and disappearance of the Teutonic Knights was mainly the result of the titanic battles they fought and lost in Eastern Europe. Foremost among them was Tannenberg in Prussia. There the Knights, numbering 80,000, met a force of nearly twice that size, and the Teutonic Knights were decimated. It is fascinating to read that both the Teutonic Knights went into battle with their cry "*Gott mit uns*," (God is with us), while their Polish adversaries sang the battle-hymn of St. Adalbert. But other factors also helped in the decline of the Teutonic Knights. Religious strife created in the wake of Luther's break with the Church began to take its toll: the Margrave (a title of a Prince in the Holy Roman Empire) of Brandenburg (Prussia) converted to Lutheranism, where it would remain the state church for centuries thereafter. In England, the Knights' priory was dissolved; Irish houses were confiscated by Henry VIII. In all, five Knights in Ireland were executed for refusal to take "the Oath of Supremacy."

Unknown to many, there is yet another side

to these former military religious Orders, this one dealing with their impact on, of all places, the United States. Under a section called *Orders of St. John in the Modern World*, Seward includes this comment: "It is not too much to say that a Knight of Malta was largely responsible for winning the American War of Independence. In 1781, the French Admiral, Comte de Grasse, made it impossible for the British Navy to relieve Yorktown, ensuring Cornwallis's surrender. Admiral de Grasse was not alone: many of the best sailors in the old French navy, the *Marine Royale*, which served on de Grasse's ship, had learned their seamanship in the Order of Malta's galleys." Seward: "Over twenty Knights of Malta fought in the war, fourteen becoming members of the Society of Cincinnati, founded by George Washington for officers in the Continental Army."

Desmond Seward has written nearly 30 books, and is considered one of Britain's foremost popular historians. Educated at the Benedictine Ampleforth College, he describes himself as a "conservative Roman Catholic," for which he was criticized by some British critics. Why? Seward apparently believes that there was a religiously inspired phenomenon known as "sun dancing" that took place in Fatima a century ago. Fancy that!

If there is a criticism of this book, it is only in the depth of the details presented by Seward; perhaps, some editing should have been considered. Still, for those interested in the origins, development, and decline of the Church's unique military Orders, you will find this an informative and enjoyable read. ■



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Keep Calm and Ponder What Matters

By Andrew Senior

In a recent issue of *The Remnant* some wonderful poems appeared, by Kipling and Yeats. How admirable and how fitting! Only in *The Remnant* will one find faithful Catholic apologetics, and good polemics, as well as beautiful art and literature presented together.

To study poetry, like drawing a circle, it really doesn't matter where you begin. But study is perhaps the wrong word. It implies industrious effort and scientific analysis, which is the last thing you should do with a poem, as with a beautiful lady. No, the first response is simple wonder, which is the appropriate response in the face of a mystery; it is a reverential form of fear, not a mere servile submission, nor a superstitious false worship.

There are different ways of knowing, and poetic knowledge is one of them. There is scientific knowledge, certain knowledge of causes and effects, and there is dialectic knowledge, probable or theoretical knowledge. This distinction has been so utterly confused in modern times that it is all but impossible to get most people to see the difference. Most of what we moderns think of as scientific knowledge is not, it is dialectic. Both kinds seem the same to us, but there is a serious difference: truly scientific knowledge proceeds from certain premises to certain conclusions, dialectic knowledge proceeds from probable or theoretical premises to probable or theoretical conclusions.

The traditional examples will help to clarify: *All men are mortal, Socrates is a man, therefore Socrates is mortal.* This is science in the strict and ancient sense. *All mothers love their children, Mary is a mother, therefore Mary loves her children.* This is dialectic. In the first case one begins with something which is absolutely, certainly, undeniably true. In the second case, one begins with what is usually, almost universally true, but there can be and are exceptions. The difference between a theory and truly scientific knowledge is that a theory is a possible, even highly probable explanation of facts; true science is achieved when we know the only possible explanation without any doubt. One of the primary examples of the confounding of this distinction is the case of Galileo. He proposed a new theory of the heavens, the heliocentric theory, but he insisted that it was true. St. Robert Bellarmine knew well this traditional distinction between science and dialectic, and thus he told Galileo that he was free to teach and use his new theory *as a theory, but not a fact.* Galileo's pride got in the way, and we moderns are the heirs to his confusion.

Perhaps a better way of seeing this distinction is to look at most of the conclusions of most modern science. Over and over again one hears phrases like "people used to think..... but now scientists know....." And if you wait a few years, the conclusions keep changing. We constantly have new theories to explain the same facts. We have "advances in knowledge". Most of so-called "modern science" is not truly scientific knowledge, but dialectic knowledge. We have a plethora of theories: atomic theory, the

theory of relativity, string theory, the theory of evolution, etc., and we endlessly keep revising these, "in the light of current knowledge"... Because of the confusion of these two orders of knowledge, we have incorrectly concluded that we really don't know anything. We think that "to know" means "to think"! And yet we state it just the opposite way, we think we know more than our forbears. We have lost the distinction between certain knowledge (science in the ancient sense) and useful



The Angel of the Lord Slays the Assirian Army

or practical theory (science in the modern sense). One more example: How many elements are there? (according to atomic theory, that is) Thirty years ago the answer was 106, now it is something like 112, and the list keeps growing. This is due to the very type of knowledge which asks this type of question in the first place. It is a dialectic question which demands a dialectic answer.

Descartes is the other famous modern who confused the distinction between science and dialectic, and reduced reason to method. It is to be noted that he erected his false philosophy on the evanescent foundation of doubt. He wasn't even sure that he existed! He completely ignored the fact of another mode of knowledge, which is even more lost to modern man. The old philosophy books distinguish what is called connatural knowledge, or poetic knowledge. And they say strange things like, this is the knowledge of the mystics, the knowledge which the lover has of the beloved. It is knowledge conditioned by affection. When one says "I know" in this mode, it's not about whether Socrates is a man, or Mary is a mother, it's about "I know she is the right one for me to marry", or "I know that I have a vocation to the monastic life", or "I know I should be a teacher", etc. It's about "I know this is a good poem, which expresses excellently some deep mysterious truth about life, and it cannot be scientifically proven." When Job said: "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" he was not speaking scientifically,

but connaturally, poetically, and mystically.

The modernist error is the misapplication of science to things which are not scientific, like literature and especially poetry, compounded by the confusion of science and dialectic, and the reduction of nearly everything to method, and the complete disregard of connatural knowledge. One cannot measure the value or truth of a poem, or a song, or any work of art. There is no scientific method

Thus, how wonderful it is to be able to present a few poems in *The Remnant*. And although perhaps ultimately one must aim for the highest, for most of us it is best to begin with closer, more familiar things, to begin at the bottom of the ladder. So, here is a commonly good poem which every schoolboy once knew and enjoyed:

The Destruction of Sennacherib

Lord Byron

*The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.*

*Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.*

*For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!*

*And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.*

*And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.*

*And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!*

The usual first question is: "What does the poem mean?" As if it were a puzzle or an equation to be solved, as if to wring out the distilled essence. But that would be like not eating food, only taking pills, which unfortunately is exactly what many moderns do. What it means is obvious; it means what it says. This poem memorializes and celebrates a great battle from long ago, giving the due meed of honor to the dead, which Herodotus says is the purpose of history. It is based on an

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Heroic Catholic Women...

Dhuoda: The Mother Who Wrote a Handbook for Her Son

Dhuoda lived in the cutthroat 800s, when being a man was dicey business. Amid the typical everyday fight for survival, Dhuoda wrote a guide for her teenaged son on how to be a man. This handbook is the only work known to be written by a woman to come out of the Carolingian period. Her work offers insight into that time's educational practices, the raising of children, the order of society, as well as the importance of fathers, and how Christianity impacted the lives of the Frankish nobility.

Dhuoda was well-educated, a devout Catholic and a dutiful wife. Although we know nothing of her parents, she was most likely noble, and around the age of 17 married Bernard, Duke of Septimania, to whom she bore two sons. Their first son, William, was born on the November 29, 826, and the second, Bernard Plantapilosa, on the 22nd of March, 841. Five years into marriage, Bernard was rewarded for loyal service with the position of chamberlain at the imperial court, and became mentor to Charles, the emperor's six year-old son by his new wife, Judith. Judith was adored by just about everyone except her three adult stepsons, who saw her and her little boy as a grave threat to their inheritance. When they heard that little Charles was to be awarded lands that had formerly been given to them, the brothers struck out against their father and their stepmother, and plunged the empire into a decade of destructive factionalism and civil war.

Dhuoda's young family, which had spent this time at home alone in Uzes while she struggled to maintain her husband's authority in their land, was now caught in the crossfire of a massive royal tiff. Bernard was accused of sorcery and sexual impropriety with Judith, and fled to Barcelona. Throughout the 830s his relatives were hunted. One of his brothers was blinded; another was beheaded. His sister, a nun, was captured and drowned, allegedly for being a witch. In 840, the emperor died, and the conflict between the princes became even more deadly. Now sixteen, Charles asked Bernard to join forces with him. Bernard refused, concerned that backing such a green young thing was too risky a gamble. He would soon regret his decision; the boy proved a worthy contender.

In 841, Charles won a surprise victory over his eldest sibling, which elevated him to a position of great strength. Scrambling to get back on Charles's good side, Bernard made an offering which broke his wife's heart: the fealty of his only child, William, who was sent to live and serve at Charles's court. Such arrangements weren't uncommon among the Frankish nobility, where adolescents were sent to reside in a patron's household as a sort of apprenticeship. With her husband home for the first time in years, Dhuoda became pregnant a second time. But the baby was taken from his mother (also his father's decision) even before his baptism and was sent to Aquitaine in order to be kept safe. Such was the collateral damage of their father's interference in the politics of the day.

Dhuoda hated to part with her boys, especially to see her beloved first born drawn into the "worsening turmoil of this wretched world," as she described the events of her time. Thinking of his well-being in this life and the next, she set out to offer comfort and guidance in the only way she could.

She dedicated an entire volume to him, through which, while admitting her weaknesses, she believed that, with God's help, she could show her son how to be a perfect man. Such a man, she wrote to William, "tramples mud and clay underfoot because of his worthy merits." Worthy men were treasures far above earthen vessels. She wanted her boy to be that man: "I wish you to show him to me."

Dhuoda asked her son to complete with her the work of living a life of love. She spent many chapters on Catholicism, even touched upon such mysteries as the Trinity:

The Holy Trinity, then, as we read, my son, encompasses Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. What I might be capable of composing for you in this portion of my little book, I neither dare, nor have the right. Read the volumes of the orthodox Fathers, and you'll find what the Trinity is.

She also wrote a section of longing and concern for her son. She crafted acrostic



verses spelling, "Dhuoda, to her beloved son William. Read!" Far from sermonizing, she even wrote her son heartfelt blessings:

*In jubilant joy, may he run a glad course,
shining with virtue and reaching the heights.
Obtaining all just things — may this be his aim
You who give without scorn, grant him good sense
Verily to know you, to believe you, to love you,
and praise you with redoubled thanks, Holy One.
Visit upon him your bounteous grace,
with peace and safety of body and mind.
In this world may he and his children flourish,
and have good things here, while not losing them there.*

Dhuoda didn't seek to circumscribe Williams' development. She encouraged him to pursue a broad course of learning and urged him to cultivate friendships with young men and old. She implored,

Sadly, our enemies know this better that we do, and they have used it against us. The devil (and his friends in the advertising business) cannot attack the intellect directly, so they appeal to the imagination and the passions. This is why it is so necessary to have good poetry, to convert our hearts to the love of the good, the true, and the beautiful. If once again every schoolboy could drink deep from these old springs, they would not need complicated and doubtful arguments to convince them, they would be repelled at the first taste of any modern nonsense like the New Mass and the trash that is modern music.

So thanks to *The Remnant* for offering the space and the quiet time to ponder such things. It is vitally important that we keep fighting the good fight, but to do so we must first take heart and be inspired with the living flame of true love for all good things. ■

"Learn all that you can from men who are great and intellectually able." Thus did Dhuoda attempt to mentor her son no matter what course his life took.

At the time, the world seemed a precarious and chaotic place. Bernard battled his enemies, the empire continued to be riven by a civil war and, all the more alarming, came a succession of Viking raids from the north and Moorish incursions from the south. Family life was a luxury for another generation. In Dhuoda's written instruction for William the reader can sense a woman struggling to project a sense of order on a world that seemed bereft of it, while immortalizing all her most valued truths. "I am somewhat ill at ease," she writes in her introduction, "and eager to be useful to you ... Even though I am absent in body, this little book will be present."

One of the handbooks strongest themes is the honor due to paternal authority. Although Dhuoda's broken family was the result of Bernard's ambitions, his good wife never missed an opportunity to temper any resentments to which William might be susceptible. She emphasized the filial respect called for by Catholic principles, as a reflection of the honor and love due to our Divine Father. Her Catholicism permeates the work, and one can hope that her son gained from it.

Charles and his brothers finally came to a truce in August 843. They made it official with the Treaty of Verdun, often referred to as "Europe's birth certificate," since it formally divided the empire in three and established the boundaries of modern France and Germany.

The end of dynastic strife was not the end of Dhuoda's sorrows. In the spring of the following year, her husband was captured by Charles and executed for treason. William was made to witness the awful event. Perhaps in retaliation to this atrocity, William joined a revolt against Charles's rule. He moved to claim the title his father once held: Count of Barcelona. It has been recorded that William took control of the city in 848, "by guile rather than by force." But within two years, Charles had him on the run. By 850, William was dead.

It's unknown when Dhuoda passed away, but it is unlikely that she saw William before his death. There is a small chance that she lived long enough to see her younger son—a man best known to historians as Bernard "Hairy Paws," who also fought against Charles—become the Count of Auvergne and the Margrave of Aquitaine.

The unfortunate saga of Dhuoda's family ends there, but so long as her handbook survives, the memory of one mother's love and righteousness will not be forgotten. ■

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Poetry Corner, Continued...

event from the campaign by the Assyrian king Sennacherib who besieged and attempted to capture Jerusalem in 701 BC.

But to merely state the bare facts, one does not need a poem; that is not the point. In fact, one could enjoy this poem, and learn a lot from it, without ever knowing those mere facts. That is not the purpose. The purpose is precisely to gain some connatural, poetic knowledge. The rhythm of the poem conveys the feel of the beat of the galloping horses' hooves as the Assyrians ride into battle. And it conveys the pungent sense of defeat and death dealt out to them by the avenging angel. This is poetic knowledge, to almost experience something, in the imagination and the passions, not the dry knowledge of analytical detachment, which conveys only measurable results and conclusions. The schoolboys who once knew this poem knew something very real and almost

tangible. It taught them something about men and battle and horse and death and sorrow and victory and the involvement of God in human affairs. They didn't just read it or even memorize it, they knew it by heart.

People are often hesitant when presented with such ideas. They want to know what to do with a poem. To use the usual analogy, one should do the same thing one does with good food, consume it, enjoy it, and let it become part of you. Cardinal Newman says: "The heart is commonly reached, not through reason, but through the imagination, by means of direct impressions, by the testimony of facts and events, by history, by description. Persons influence us, voices melt us, looks subdue us, deeds inflame us. Many a man will live and die upon a dogma; no man will be a martyr for a conclusion."

It's The End of the World as We Know It...

(But, no, that doesn't allow us to quit)

By Hilary White

The Church is teetering on the edge of a multi-lateral, global schism following a controversial ecumenical council. Increasingly contentious factions within the hierarchy, many heavily influenced by corrupt and ambitious secular powers, are locked in a state of permanent and intractable conflict, confusing and corroding the Catholic life of the ordinary faithful. Multiple heresies are rising and Rome seems devoid of strength or authority to stop them.

At the same time, the secular world is in disarray with discontent and cultural exhaustion at home and great powers rising in the east, threatening the traditional political centre and that seems poised to fracture or even end a millennial world order. Huge numbers of foreigners, many with a violent and hostile alien religion, have been allowed to settle but not assimilate, and now more are flooding into Christian lands. A completely new breed of opportunistic ruler – a class that does not share the cultural values of its subjects – is stepping into the political void left by a century of war, depopulation, loss of confidence and social upheaval.

In the midst of all this one young man, the son of well-to-do civil servants, has come to the big city to begin the second half of an education in politics that his family expects will lead to a career in public life. But he has looked around at the dissolute lives of his fellow students and professors and the disintegration of social order in the city and, as a good Catholic raised in the country and schooled at home, he quickly realizes that he cannot follow this path without imperiling his immortal soul.

He's a rather rare bird in these difficult times, neither sheltered nor a bumpkin but an intelligent, serious-minded and devout young man whose moral sensitivities have not been blunted by city living, but have instead been formed by holy clergy who live near his small home town, well away from this corrupt urban life.

The crunch comes, and the young man makes the decision to leave, when a real, honest-to-goodness papal schism breaks out right in front of his eyes. Two different men, with completely opposed characters – and backed by two ideologically opposed groups – are called pope. One is regarded by many of the faithful as a saint, or at least as the lawfully elected pope, and the other as a usurper, put in place by a group of heretics – backed by a foreign secular power – bent on the corruption of Catholic doctrine and the destruction of the Church as it has hitherto been known.

The year is 498 AD, the city is Rome and the two men are Pope St. Symmachus and Antipope Laurentius. The young man will become known to history as St. Benedict of Nursia. And the doom-sayers are right, it was, indeed, the end of an age.

The fifth century of Christianity was

one of great confusion and upheaval. It had barely begun in 410 when Rome herself was sacked by the Goths – an unthinkable calamity the like of which hadn't happened in 700 years. And it was the death-knell of the Roman Empire of Augustus. Three more times, and with increasing violence, the old Caput Mundi would be invaded and put to shame until she would finally give up the splendid old Imperial ghost and be ruled by her foreign invaders, becoming a mere provincial town in the new Ostrogothic Kingdom of Italy.

Already the Church, barely past its period of bloody state-sponsored persecution, was facing devastating schisms over essential doctrine. Arianism was only part of the whole mess, derived mainly from the arguments over the nature of Christ. The Christological heresies – that up to our own day have never entirely gone away – divided and splintered Christendom like no other crisis before it or since.

The First Council of Ephesus in 431 had deemed it necessary to condemn Bishop Nestorius of Constantinople for his rejection of the doctrine of the Theotokos – Mary as mother of God – and this anathema was repeated by the bishops of the Council of Chalcedon in 451. Nestorius held that Christ's two natures comprised two persons and that therefore Mary was the mother of the man, Christ, but not of God. Ephesus declared it “unlawful for any man to bring forward, or to write, or to compose a different Faith as a rival to that established by the holy Fathers assembled with the Holy Ghost in Nicæa.”

But while Nestorius was deposed from his see and his heresy condemned, his followers continued in it. When Christians in the Eastern Empire encompassed or tolerated this doctrine, the Nestorian Schism helped to widen the division between the western and eastern Churches that ultimately resulted in a separation that remains unresolved to this day.

And Nestorianism was only one of a multitude of Christological heresies and disputes of this period. Nestorianism, Eutychianism, Monophysitism, Miaphysitism; the Ecumenical Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon addressed these unpronounceables but were unable to stop their spread in the east, especially in Syria, and into the Byzantine empire's great rival, Persia, Egypt and North Africa.

Meanwhile, Arianism and Semi-

Arianism continued to be a force, united with political power in the barbarian tribes and kingdoms, that persecuted Catholic bishops and threatened the unity of Christendom. Tensions also continued over how the Church should see its unifying authority, the primacy of the see of Rome being far from decided.

In the secular realm, the Empire had been irrevocably divided by the removal of the capital to the city of Nova Roma – later called Constantinople after its

founder – and Rome herself fell deeper into decline, separated from the great movements of religious, political, economic and intellectual life.

The northern Germanic tribes, many of them Arian, began to conquer and invade the western provinces of the empire starting in the north, and began to impose their own system of bishops and dioceses on the old Roman territories whose people were orthodox Nicaean Catholics, the creed that remained the state religion of the whole empire.

The term “barbarian invasions” has fallen out of favour with contemporary historians, who now prefer the milder expression “Migration Period,” but it is difficult to see what difference the terminology would have made to the peoples of the old Western Empire faced with the rebelling Arian Goths in the north and the hitherto unknown violence of the Vandals from the south. The invasions started in earnest the winter of 406 when the Rhine froze over and the northern tribal warriors poured over that ancient barrier to attack their weakened and divided enemy.

After the shock of 410, the city fell again in 455 to the Vandals, and saw a new and unprecedented level of violence. Thirty-five years before, the Arian Goths had at least respected the sanctuary of the churches of Rome – many Romans had taken refuge in Santa Maria Maggiore and the other great basilicas. The pagan Vandals left nothing but devastation and ruin, forever lending their name to the idea of pointless, wanton destruction. In 476 it was finally over; the last western Emperor had abdicated and the Ostrogothic Kingdom – ruled from Ravenna – was born. “Late antiquity” had ended and become the early middle ages.

The final fall of Rome as the capital of the old empire was an outcome that furthered the weakening of orthodox Nicaean, Latin Christianity that was the

Roman state religion, and pleased the various eastern patriarchs who regarded the bishop of Rome as a frequently meddlesome and provoking presence.

The growing distance between eastern and western Christianity finally snapped at the outbreak of the Acacian Schism in 484. The Patriarch of Constantinople, with the collusion of the Emperor, attempted to reconcile the growing Monophysitism and Miaphysitism of the eastern, Egyptian Christians with the Christological definitions of Chalcedon by issuing a document that proposed an ambiguous and imprecise definition of Christ's nature as a compromise.

Called the Henotikon¹, the document attempted to appease both sides by glossing over the question of whether Christ had one or two natures, while repeating the anathemas and condemnations of Chalcedon and subsequent orthodox writers. It was written and approved by Acacius, the Patriarch of Constantinople², and promulgated by the Emperor without the bishop of Rome having seen it, this despite the population of Constantinople being mostly orthodox Chalcedonian Christians.

Angered at having the Emperor – a layman – dictating Christian doctrine, the document was rejected by the Patriarch of Alexandria, whom the Emperor Zeno deposed and replaced with a more docile man.

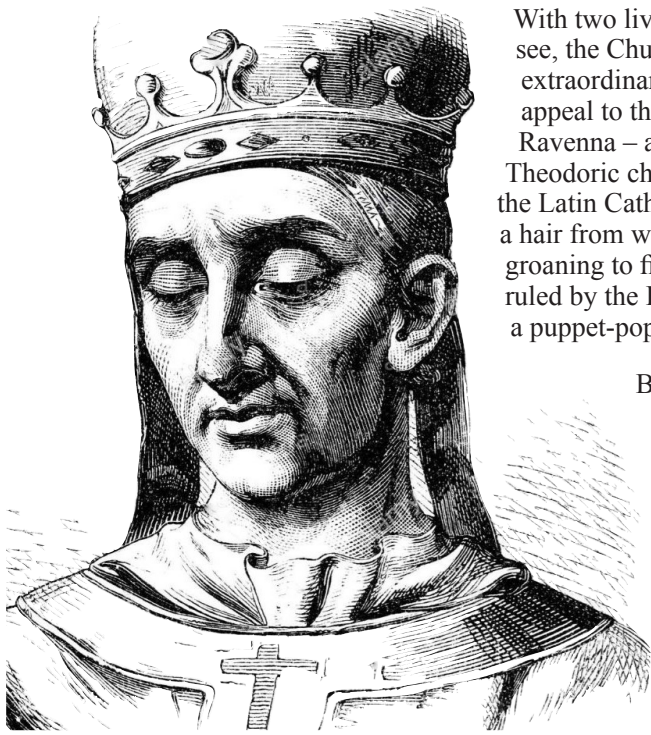
Pope Felix III, meanwhile, after writing to both the Patriarch and the Emperor to remind them of their duty to uphold the orthodox Faith, eventually excommunicated Acacius, who died in 489, followed by the Emperor in 491. Zeno's successor, Anastasius I, was favourable to the Henotikon and Monophysitism, causing tensions within

¹ The parallels between the Henotikon of the 5th century and the Anglican schism of the 16th noted in the [Catholic Encyclopedia article](#) are fascinating: “It was a plea for reunion on a basis of reticence and compromise. And under this aspect it suggests a significant comparison with another and better known set of ‘articles’ composed nearly eleven centuries later; when the leaders of the Anglican schism were threading a careful way between the extremes of Roman teaching on the one side and of Lutheran and Calvinistic negations on the other.” Plus ça change...

² Given our current circumstances, it might be of interest to note a comment from the author of the same article about the character of Acacius. As patriarch of the imperial capital of Constantinople his was an office which, at a time when the papal primacy was not yet a decided doctrine, put him on a footing of influence equal to the pope. Acacius had enjoyed popularity with a winning and commanding personality in public. But his shortcomings as a religious leader became apparent with his writing and promotion of the Henotikon – a new creed, proposing in essence a new religion but one couched in carefully ambiguous terms - the Amoris Laetitia of its day. “It may be doubted whether Acacius, either in orthodox opposition now, or in unorthodox efforts at compromise later on, was anything profounder than a politician seeking to compass his own personal ends. Of theological principles he seems never to have had a consistent grasp. He had the soul of a gamester, and he played only for influence.” The article continues, saying that it was his machinations over these Christological definitions that succeeded in deposing one emperor – a holder of the orthodox Chalcedonian creed – and replacing him with Zeno. Acacius's objective seems to have been to use the controversy to exalt “the authority of his see...claiming for it a primacy of honour and jurisdiction over the entire East, which would emancipate the bishops of the capital not only from all responsibility to the sees of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, but to the Roman Pontiff as well.”

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It's the End, Continued...



Pope St. Symmachus

the Eastern Empire that culminated in an attempted coup in 514.

The Acacian schism was not settled until 519 when the Emperor Justin I recognized the excommunication of Acacius and the eastern and western Churches were temporarily reunited, though this left the ancient patriarchates of Alexandria and Antioch firmly Miaphysite, a break that was never healed³.

Pope Felix had died in 492. His successor, Pope Saint Gelasius⁴, wanted to confirm the primacy of the Petrine See and put a stop to any more meddling in theology by emperors. After Gelasius's death in 496, with the Acacian schism with the east still unresolved, Emperor Anastasius attempted to intervene again by imposing his choice as pope in 498.

Laurentius was an antipope chosen to succeed Pope Anastasius II by a Senator and former Consul of Rome who had promised the Emperor to find a man who would accept the Henotikon and take a less intransigent, more tolerant, attitude to the Monophysite heresy, appease the heretics and thus reconcile the growing split between Rome and the other patriarchates of Constantinople, Alexandria and Antioch.

The problem of course was that following Gelasius's decrees that Emperors could have no say in purely ecclesiastical matters, the Roman clergy, who were orthodox Chalcedonians, were not having it. On the same day, November 22nd, that Laurentius was acclaimed pope in Maria Maggiore by the Emperor's followers among the clergy and Roman Senate, a majority of Roman clergy elected Symmachus,

³ These eastern congregations are known in our time as the Oriental Orthodox Church, including that of the Armenians and the Copts in Egypt and Ethiopia.

⁴ Gelasius is worth reading about; he was the first pope to assert doctrinal authority over the whole Church, east and west, and the first one to insist that the Emperor must bow to the bishops in spiritual matters. He was the first to propose the doctrine of the "two swords," meaning the separation of the power of the state and the power of the Church, with the former being subject to the latter. This idea was to form the basis of Catholic doctrine on Church/State relations down to today. His letters to the eastern patriarchs – of which over 40 survive – form a treatise on the primacy of Rome.

down the road in the Lateran Basilica. With two living claimants to the papal see, the Church found itself in the extraordinary position of having to appeal to the Ostrogoth king of Italy in Ravenna – an Arian – for arbitration. Theodoric chose for Symmachus, and the Latin Catholic Church was saved by a hair from waking one morning and groaning to find itself Monophysite and ruled by the Byzantine Emperor through a puppet-pope.

But this was not the end, and Laurentius's supporters (really the Emperor's) continued to agitate for Symmachus's removal, resulting in disputes that lasted until 506⁵. Eventually Symmachus was confirmed as the lawful head of the Catholic Church and reigned as pope until 514. A Synod held in 499 decreed that any clergyman should be deposed who would attempt to gain votes by campaigning for a successor to the papacy during the lifetime of a pope.

The resolution of the schism in Rome allowed Symmachus to continue to promote orthodox Christianity in the face of the Acacian schism and continued Gelasius's efforts to oppose the Manichaeans who had begun to grow in numbers among Rome's Christian population.

What lessons can we draw from all this? It is often heard in our own difficult time that we shouldn't worry so much. We've all heard the patronising reassurance, scoldings really, from people who wish we would stop making such a fuss... "Things have been bad before. There have been bad popes, even antipopes, and it all turned out in the end. There have been ups and downs in the secular world too, and life has carried on..."

But if we look at this period – perhaps one of the few in Christian history that is realistically comparable to our own in the sheer number of parallel movements, we see that although, yes, both the Church and more or less regular life did carry on, things were never the same again. The unity of Christendom was ended, and forever⁶. The Acacian schism, brought on by the Nestorian, Monophysite and Miaphysite heresies, helped to widen the gulf between the Latin Western Church and the Byzantine Eastern Church into a final schism that has endured for a millennium.

And old heresies never die; they just put on bellbottoms and tie-dyed t-shirts and adopt the lingo of fashionable socialism. The idea that Jesus was just a nice man who wants you to be nice to poor people and migrants is one that has about it the whiff of these old Christological heresies. Certainly we have seen that the

⁵ Laurentius ended his days surprisingly well, retiring to the private estate of the Roman senator who had first put him forward, doing penance until his death.

⁶ It's also worth examining the shortsightedness, gross incompetence and malicious self-serving idiocy of the Roman generals and governors on the German frontiers who mismanaged the 5th century immigrant crisis sufficiently to turn it into a military invasion that lost the Empire its western lands forever. The fall of Rome was not inevitable.

Bergoglian/Kasperian faction in Rome manifestly do not hold the orthodox, Catholic, Chalcedonian Christology and have no compunctions about correcting the Son of God for His lack of "mercy".

Did not one of their junior lieutenants go so far as to suggest in a Synod of bishops in Rome, and to the pope's face, that it was Christ whose "hardness of heart" they must now correct? "Can Peter not be more merciful, like Moses..." and simply allow or at least wink at divorce? The silence from the successors of the Apostles in the aula that morning at this outrage rang as loud as the bells of St. Peter's. Heaven must surely have heard it.

The main point to be taken away is that while it is true that the "gates of hell will not prevail" – that is, the Church will never be completely destroyed – the things we do have consequences; the harm we do is real and lasting. The damage that can be done by a single person by concrete decisions and actions in a real place and time will last, maybe for thousand years, possibly until the end of time, however close or far off that may be.

But we can also look in hope to the good that comes of such evils. If those controversies had never arisen, the Church would never have heard from the likes of St. Gelasius or the opponents of Nestorius like St. Cyril of Alexandria and St. John Cassian. Without something wrong to push against, the Church would possibly not have been able to speak out so clearly, and so down through the subsequent centuries, on the nature of God and we would not have known Him as we do.

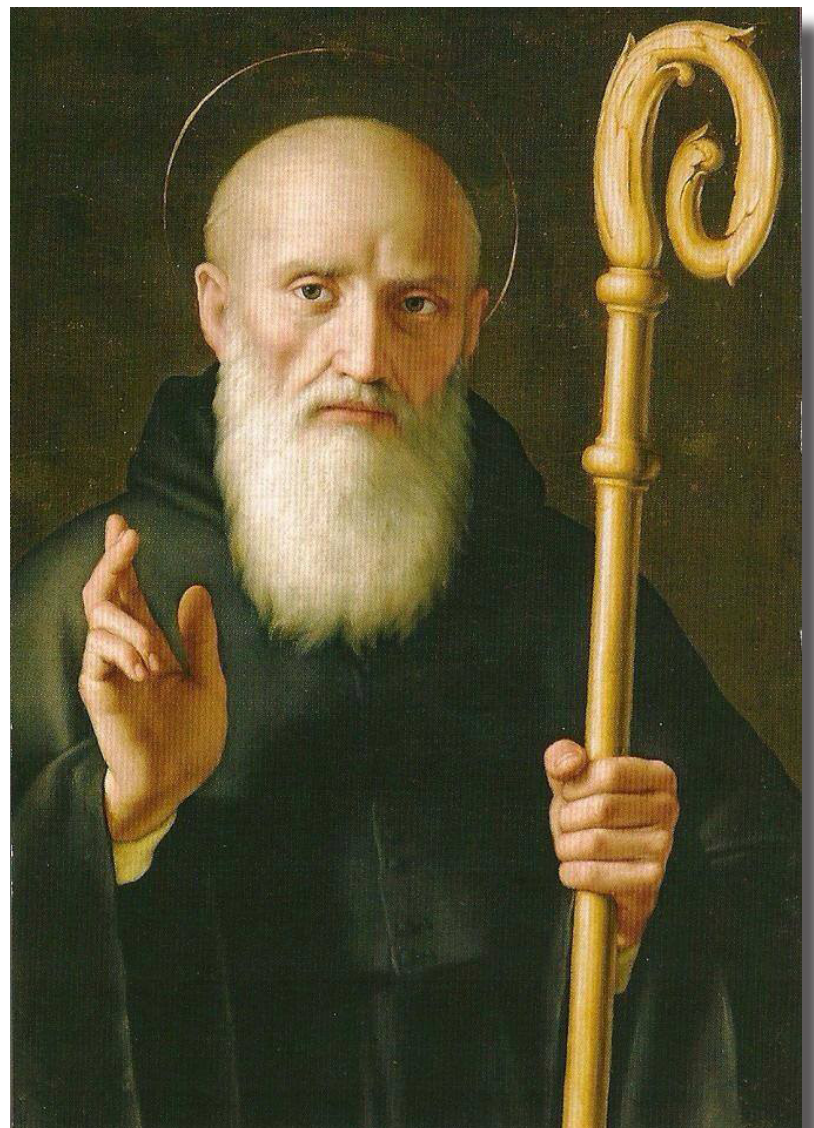
In His permissive will, the Lord allows errors for one reason alone; not to lead men astray, but to give them a chance to define and declare the truth. He allows upheavals and difficulties not to make us miserable, but to "prove" and hone and sanctify us, by giving us something to push back against.

Finally, we can look at the person of the young man at the beginning of the story. Scholars believe that Benedict left Rome at this time, right in the middle of all this upheaval, abandoning his worldly education to live in a small town, probably in a small community of devout laymen, to strengthen his life of prayer. From there he was to retreat even further, to live in a cave on Monte Subiaco, to give himself completely to prayer and the ascetical life, achieving a deep, transforming union with Christ.

It was only after that purification and sanctification that he emerged as the great saint we know today, the father of western monasticism, and the patron of the Europe. The same Europe that, though he did not know it at the time, was being born in Rome, when he was a 20-year-old university student, transfixed, as many of us are today, with the horror of it all.

It is worth remembering that the Rule, a document that has served for the sanctification of thousands upon thousands of people through every imaginable vicissitude of human life, made not a single reference to what was going on in the world at the time it was written. These great and memorable historical movements which the young Benedict was witness to, made not one iota of difference to the task immediately at hand. ■

St. Benedict of Nursia



Celebrating Lee Day

While Thousands of Women Go Marching to Hell

By Dr. Boyd D. Cathey

I was in Raleigh, North Carolina, on January 20th to join over 350 North Carolinians gathered in the old House of Representative chamber of the historic 1840 State Capitol to celebrate North Carolina's 29th annual celebration of Robert E. Lee Day. It was an impressive ceremony that reminded the attendees of the precious historical legacy and cultural inheritance that we have received and that is so gravely endangered these days. I came away encouraged: there were men, women, and children, various members of the military and surviving veterans of World War II, Korea, Vietnam and Desert Storm, with their families, all joined in memory of veterans—not just Confederate soldiers but *all* veterans—who went before us, those who selflessly defended their homes, their land, and their faith, so that we might enjoy and experience those gifts...and pass them on to our children.

When I walked the short distance from a crowded parking lot to the State Capitol, I noticed that my car was surrounded by dozens of other cars emblazoned with bumper stickers with such messages as: "Dump Trump, Keep Your Hands Off My Vagina," "Abortion Free and Legal," "Open Immigration NOW!," "Lesbians Unite to Smash the Right," "Resist!"—those are just the ones I noticed. And I wondered if, when I returned, my little Kia (with a Confederate license plate) would be scarred or damaged by those latter-day liberated amazons. As I walked up the sidewalk to the Capitol I noticed hundreds of women—most of whom I would have certainly avoided had I met them at a social gathering—headed for a rally, an event concurrent with our event, just a few blocks away on what is called the Bicentennial Plaza, a much larger event for certain, but in no way comparable in quality or merit.

It was the Raleigh extension of the "Women's Resist" movement, a grab bag manifestation of a whole motley crew of what is best described as an expression of "feminist, anti-racist, anti-sexist, Marxist and anti-Trump sentiment," which was held on the one year anniversary of the inauguration of Donald Trump as President of the United States.

Despite a mammoth Pro-Life Rally in Washington the day prior—perhaps as many as 200,000 participants and the president addressing them (the first president to do that)—it was the women's march that was practically the only thing the media could or wished to concentrate on, those hundreds of thousands of #Resist movement women (with some of their poor, bedraggled husbands and brainwashing-in-process young daughters and sons in tow), now supplemented by the supposedly-sexually-abused #MeToo militants, out in the streets demonstrating for a variety of feminist and civil rights causes.



If there was and is anything that should convince us of the absolutely deleterious and poisonous effects of modern public schooling and university education and the effects of our entertainment Behemoth, it was to behold those women (and their menfolk) heading to their rally. Most carried signs, bearing expressions which, when not just foul-mouthed or profane, partook of what I would call "illiterate-speak." That is, sloganeering based on fiercely weaponized and half-baked nuggets of thought; those bits of ideas spread throughout our dominant culture, which for them are in fact unquestioned and which under normal circumstances would not bear up under any close analysis or scrutiny.

Those women live their lives based on Progressivist slogans, incorporating a deconstructed—or, rather, reconstructed—language of short catch-all phrases and terminologies, buttressed by pseudo-scientific gobbledegook: "racist," "sexist," "homophobe," "voting rights," "gender equality," "transgender rights," the list is interminable. Their explanations and definitions are usually circuitous, and generally all come back to a foundation in what they call "equality" and "liberation" from traditional—and thus "oppressive"—rules and moral (and natural) law, which they almost always misunderstand or simply ignore. In other words, those foundations that have created our civilization and given it life over the past more than twenty centuries are discarded, become mere impediments in the way of Progress that must be overthrown, or at least radically altered, transformed or re-interpreted.

One thing you can be sure of is that tomorrow we shall see another "right" invented for whatever new barbarity will be intuited to have been miraculously found in the "penumbra of the Constitution," and that there will be some federal judge or judges

out there who will confirm that that is exactly what the Founders and Framers of the Republic truly intended, whether it be for some dehumanized "metrosexual" male who all of a sudden "declares" that he "feels" like a woman and demands that he be allowed to use a lady's restroom, or for some husky female who decides that she should be a tackle on the Minnesota Vikings football team so she can run up against a player who weighs in a 320 pounds (and has three convictions for wife abuse).

Now it is transgender rights and gender fluidity, but tomorrow it will be incest and polygamy, no doubt. And there will be a series of "experts" and assembled PhDs in psychiatry and counseling brought in to testify that such practices are indeed just fine and—shall we even use the word?—normal.

Yes, that is most assuredly what James Madison, John Jay, Alexander Hamilton, and other fathers of this republic envisioned!

I have argued previously that what we see presently in our society, and not just with the so-called "women's movement," is a form of collective madness, the existence of an artificial counter-reality; a condition in which certain broad strata of our population, ingesting decades and, yes, centuries of both intellectual and spiritual disinformation, have constructed around themselves a pseudo-reality to match their ideological indoctrination. Reality for them must match what they have been told and instructed to believe. So, instead of accepting the God-given reality and the natural order as created, instead of accepting their own creaturehood and an understanding of the flawed nature and limitations of humanity, itself, they construct a revolutionary counter-existence to explain things and events, what German philosophers might call

"gestalt," as a way of justifying their beliefs and resulting actions.

And thus there is the need to diagnose and explain why the rest of us—those who reject their worldview—do not accept the new template and the new reality they propound. Whether it be the attempts of historic liberalism of the 19th century to define traditionalist, religious and royalist thinking as "reactionary," "anti-democratic," and "opposed to the inevitability of Progress," or

more recent efforts in the old Soviet Union, when not exiling dissenters to the Gulag, to send those who opposed the new orthodoxy to mental and psychiatric hospitals for treatment and "re-education,"—no matter what the example—those who advance the counter-reality (which in essence is a rebellion against God and His creation) seek to deauthorize and delegitimize their opponents.

Just recently a veritable gaggle of "expert" psychiatrists and non-medical pundits spent an inordinate amount of time on air, "diagnosing" Donald Trump as "mentally unfit" for office. Obviously his physical examination tests were skewed, obviously his doctor (who was also Obama's) was lying... this is what we were told. Even as I caught a bit of NPR riding in my car to Raleigh (the program "What! What! Don't Tell Me") and later that night (Jimmy Fallon), the unhumorous attempts at humor, characterizing Trump as "mentally abnormal", were shot through with bitter scorn and hatred, a drippingly vile condescension exhibited not just toward the president, but at anyone who would not follow the new dogmatism and accept the new reality. (Remember FBI agent Peter Strzok's description of being able "to smell Trump supporters at Walmart"?)

The Progressivist syllogism goes as follows:

Premise #1: What we in the media, academia and the dominant culture dictate and proclaim as true cannot be legitimately contested;

Premise #2: But Donald Trump and millions of those "deplorables" in the despised "fly-over country" (to quote the condescending pornographic novelist Philip Roth) deny and refuse to

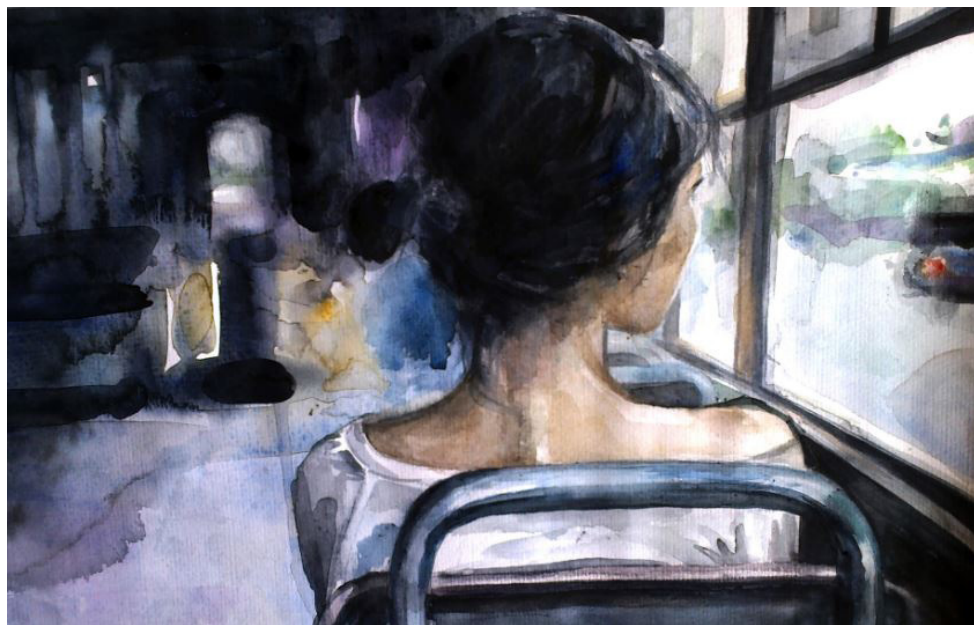
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Riding the Bus

Evangelical Poverty in the Modern World

By Clare Wilson

Whenever I take advantage of the local bus system, I find myself thinking about St. Francis. Legend reports that Our Lord once told the poor man of Assisi that if he wished truly to know God's will, he had to eradicate every carnal or earthly desire and preference.



Later this led Francis to an astonishing act of charity: upon meeting a leper, for whose disease Francis had a particular loathing, he leapt off his horse, kissed the leper's disfigured hand, and pressed a coin into it. By following this practice every time he met a leper, and even by actively seeking out such afflicted persons for this extravagant almsgiving, he overcame his distaste so

completely that for a while he actually moved his dwelling place to a hospital for lepers and there tended to them with perfect peace of soul.

Let me now reassure you that there are no lepers on the buses in Eastern Washington. There are, however, any number of fellow human beings, whose

socioeconomic status ranges from upper middle-class comfort down to poverty and homelessness. All these people jostle against you; they sink onto your bench seat without asking permission. I've been riding the bus for four months, as I commute to and from the two campuses where I complete my graduate school requirements. Each day, I watch students and professionals

climb on, head as far into the back as they can, and immediately insert their earbuds in the hopes of tuning out the environment for the next ten, thirty, fifty minutes. Meanwhile, the poorer bus riders keep to the front, often chatting with each other or the driver, seldom using phones or iPods. They have strong opinions about their hardships, or the political climate, or mutual acquaintances not present, and they share them with each other or with the bus at large, causing everyone else to hunker down and avoid eye contact as if it might poison them.

I use my time on the bus to pray the rosary, so I seldom check my cellphone. Instead, I pile my beads on my lap and wonder who will sit beside me. For the most part, once someone does take the seat paired with mine, he or she immediately becomes absorbed in technology, and I am not prompted to talk. Occasionally I contemplate initiating conversations, but it's daunting when faced with the prospect of wresting someone from a screen. I do often smile at some stranger balancing upright a few paces from me. Here and there I make a little conversation with an acquaintance also heading to school, or perhaps with a particularly garrulous rider. The parents of small children are generally willing to exchange smiles or tidbits about their charge. No matter their background, the elderly will also often make some remark or other. Throughout these interactions (or non-interactions, as the case may be), I notice how absolutely many of

us are ensconced in our private worlds. We stare at small screens, watching Netflix or texting friends, with our bags on the seat beside us in the hopes of discouraging anyone from sitting next to us.

In part this is understandable, given the fact that a small percentage of the poorer riders are obviously homeless, or mentally unstable, or drug-addicts. Sometimes they mumble to themselves through toothless mouths; they smell of unwashed skin and cigarettes (or likely enough, of the marijuana now problematically legal in Washington State); they make awkward conversational sallies. Even though there is minimal danger from these unfortunate people, the experience is not comfortable or pleasant. At the same time, though, I cannot help but notice that they are the most engaged with the world around them, the hungriest for human contact and conversation. There is something touching about their openness, their unspoken plea to be welcomed as fellows and equals.

During these moments I imagine St. Francis stepping onto the bus—a small man with smiling eyes, head shaved, brown woolen robe a complicated web of patches, held onto his emaciated frame with a knotted cord. He was the son of an upper middle-class merchant, a self-made man. Would he also have dived to the bus's safe recesses, fished out some form of entertainment, and

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Women's March to Hell, Continued...

accept what we demand they accept;

Conclusion: Therefore, Donald Trump (and all those unwashed deplorables) are "mentally sick" and "unadjusted," requiring counseling and correction, and if that doesn't work, condemnation and exiling from the public square.

(And, let me point out, that one doesn't have to agree with the president on every issue to fall victim of this new dogmatism—I certainly have my disagreements on some issues.)

And thus we see the broadly erupting epidemic, which becomes fiercer as the days pass, of suppression of "dissident" speech on college campuses in the name of protecting students from racism, sexism and homophobia; of firing or penalizing employees who question the Progressivist narratives on race and sex; the censoring of those on Facebook or Google who question the new totalitarian templates; the abject fear of *any* politician (Democrat *or* Republican) or any public personality of transgressing the steadily-moving-to-the-Left goal posts

on race or sexual "liberation." To do so will result in overwhelming demands for a complete and groveling apology—and perhaps a handsome donation to the NAACP or Planned Parenthood, to help make up for the "sin" committed against the new dogmas.

I have termed the counter-reality that produces this palpable intellectual and spiritual totalitarianism as a form of lunacy, a kind of madness that inverts and attempts to pervert creation and nature itself, so as to match a synthetic and imposed, essentially anti-human, ideology. To protect itself from dissent and probing questions, it must continually be on the offensive, continually convulsed and convulsive like all fanaticisms, and always on guard that some "reactionary," in some place, will speak up and notice its intellectual vacuity and artificiality... and its horrid and genocidal effects.

Those women yesterday professed that they were marching for "equality," for the expansion of something they called liberty. But they have no idea of what genuine liberty is or entails.

In his volume, *The Poet and the Lunatics* (1929), G. K. Chesterton's character Gale asks the question: "What exactly is liberty?" He responds, in part:

"First and foremost, surely, it is the *power of a thing to be itself*. In some ways the yellow bird was free in the cage... We are limited by our brains and bodies; and if we break out, we cease to be ourselves, and, perhaps, to be anything.

"*The lunatic is he who loses his way and cannot return...* The man who opened the bird-cage loved freedom; possibly too much... But the man who broke the bowl merely because he thought it a prison for the fish, when it was their only possible house of life—that man was already outside the world of reason, raging with a desire to be outside of everything." [Italics added]

True liberty, and its exercise, requires that it have an object and a terminus. In our European and Christian civilization, with its fundamental inheritances from the three great historic centers of learning and wisdom—Rome,

Athens, and Jerusalem—that means we are entrusted with essential rights and liberties that are both inherited and defined by who we are as a people and by our relationship to our Creator and to those institutions that give us existence and life. This is our inheritance; we have no other. To attempt to overthrow or pervert it is to open the doors to self-destruction.

Those women I saw yesterday, and the millions of other Americans like them, are modern revolutionaries, and, to use Chesterton's parable, are lunatics, "already outside the world of reason," whose unrestrained rage to destroy is only matched by their profound inability to create anything of real and lasting value.

And thus that smaller crowd at Lee Day at the State Capitol, while overshadowed in numbers (and by media coverage), represented hope and recovery, and the blessed assurance that our battle goes on... and that numbers and fame, while significant and certainly important, are as nothing if we are on God's side. ■

Riding the Bus, Continued...

studiously ignored everyone around him until, with a sigh of relief, he emerged at his destination a few blocks away? Going even further, would the One who scandalized the Pharisees by accepting publicans and harlots into the kingdom of Heaven seek to distance himself from these poor and often suffering humans?

In the city of Spokane, a non-profit organization—named Blessings Under the Bridge, due to its practice of providing a free weekly meal under the Interstate 90 overpass—offers an opportunity to volunteers of all kinds to spend a few hours every week handing out food and clothing to or even just socializing with the homeless and low-income residents of the city. I had the chance to visit this organization several times a year from 2015 to 2017, due to an apostolate with the local SSPX youth group. Each time I went, I eventually ended up in deep conversation with some homeless person, both of us balancing cups and plates and cutlery as we moved through the food line.

My conservative garb, with the Latin logo of the group proudly displayed, usually led to a discussion of the Catholic Church, and its faith and morals. There I would stand—sometimes in the sweltering heat of mid-July, sometimes in the frozen dark of a northwestern winter—

discussing the will of God, the intercession of Mary, the existence of hell, *sola scriptura*, etc., etc. It astonished me how willing to discuss their religious convictions these unfortunate people were. They actively believed in God, despite their hardships.

In my graduate creative writing program, I currently find myself immersed in an odd assortment of lapsed Catholics, pagans and Wiccans, atheists and agnostics, secular or believing Jews. Almost everyone knows that I am a practicing Catholic, and I've had several conversations with the other Catholics about their reasons for slipping away (poor formation seems overwhelmingly to be the explanation). However, beyond that, perhaps due to the fact that most attendees of a fine arts program are professed progressive liberals, no one really wants to discuss religion. Inquiries about faith are prefaced with carefully couched sentences of politically correct apology for intruding upon this private realm. If conversation on the topic is somehow initiated, the other person is so careful to remain on neutral ground which requires no argument or challenge that no headway can be made. Contrasting this attitude of the typical intelligent, creative, well-educated, stable citizen with the eagerness of a homeless addict to confront God and religion never fails to

illustrate for me why poverty is one of the evangelical councils. Mummied in the cotton wool of comfort and money, who can hear the *evangelium*, the Good News, God's call to perfection for every soul? Stripped of everything, on the other hand, the soul vibrates like a tuning-fork, perhaps more exposed by circumstance to the dangers of the world, flesh, and devil, but also more aware of the action of Providence in every aspect of life.

Last summer, I had an opportunity to visit Fresno, California. On Sunday I found the local Traditional Latin Mass parish, and happened to find myself seated behind a mother with an infant, a toddler girl, and a mentally impaired teenager. She was solicitously attended by a flashily dressed older woman, who was attempting to guide her through the Mass. Obviously they were all poor. Also obviously, the mother had never attended a Latin Mass before, but she followed gamely with the other woman's somewhat inexact directions, while also trying to corral and quiet

her restless children. I was struck by their predicament. Dressed in tawdry clothes, inappropriate for Sunday Mass; whispering loudly to each other; trying to keep a bored toddler and an anxious, handicapped teenager engaged in the ceremony—they stood out as painfully out of place in the quiet, reverent congregation of mostly white and Hispanic, middle-class parishioners. Not one of the latter made an effort to help the uncertain newcomers. And yet what about these five people was not imminently worthy to participate in the sacrifice of God's love, to be schooled in His praise? Why should they seem so exiled?

Later I thought about St. Francis, Mother Teresa of Calcutta, Our Lord himself. These persons, human and divine, succeeded in their evangelical mission because they stripped themselves, lowered themselves to the level of those whom they wished to help. It occurred to me that perhaps the rate of conversion to the Catholic Church is low in the United States because we have forgotten that the poor and suffering are the most likely to be open to God's call. Such people can indeed be dangerously unstable, addicted to any number of harmful substances, enmired in sinful lives. Converting them would be a superhuman effort, requiring a lifetime commitment. I do not know who will

be called to revive such a Franciscan model in the modern world. However, I do know that in the meantime, we can pave the way toward such a movement by a change of attitude.

Human psychology has a strange tic: when we find ourselves in a comfortable position in life, we tend to stay away from those less fortunate, as if they could infect us with their hardships and we might find all our ease swept away. This is the phenomenon I witness daily on the bus. Perhaps through everyone's mind runs some thought like this: if I engage with that homeless person, now scanning the other passengers as he pays his fare, I might find myself pulled into an awkward interchange—whether it be a plea for alms, a request for directions, a discussion of ideas, or perhaps even just the necessity of putting up with another person's unpleasant odor. Faced with such a daunting prospect, many of us immediately raise all our defenses.

by our comfort to ignore the second great commandment of the law: love your neighbor as yourself. Doubtless healthy self-regard would lead each of us to a certain chagrin if every attempt we made to connect or converse was rebuffed by the other person's ducking his head to stare at his phone, or doggedly glaring out the window to avoid the least danger of eye contact. If we ourselves would be hurt by such behavior, we can begin our work of fraternal charity by not extending it to others, especially if their lives are already burdened with hardships. We must cultivate the spirit of poverty—that elusive virtue of detachment from comforts, from human respect—if we want to love our neighbor.

Now, I'm not arguing that we must throw out our belongings and take vows of radical poverty. Hopefully some of us will be called to such a vocation, as St. Francis was, but most of us are not, since our duties of state demand different feats of virtue. However, my experience at Blessings

Under the Bridge indicated that perhaps it is the poor rather than the well-off who today hunger and thirst for Catholic truth, and are—more importantly—open to discussion and education. While the law of prudence must be observed



Today, I headed down to my college campus to work. At the central station, I was obliged to wait for a few moments between buses. A troubled-seeming man nearby suddenly asked me whether I was an employee of the bank across the street. Of course, I had to deny it, but I volunteered that I am a writer, whereupon he informed me that he was left-handed, that he has had his wallet stolen twice recently, and that he turned thirty years old at noon. He seemed grateful that I was willing to exchange even a few sentences. A few minutes later, I took a seat on my bus and was joined by a man with a baby. Upon inquiry, he proudly informed me that the child's name was Paul, the fifth of his line, and that he was 23 inches long at birth—unsurprising, given that his father is six foot, six inches.

As the bus started on its way, all the passengers lapsed into silence, so I started a decade of the rosary and thought about charity. Our Lord declared that there was more likelihood of a camel passing through an eye of a needle than of a rich man entering the kingdom of Heaven (Matt. XIX, xxiv). Observation seems to indicate that the reason behind this is not riches per se, but reluctance to do anything that might endanger the cocoon of self-absorption that riches allow. In other words, the problem is spiritual, rather than practical, in that we are lured

when interacting with a poor stranger on a bus, nonetheless what harm can come from a few polite words, or even an act as small as a smile made with eye contact? Perhaps such gestures may open the door to greater good for the person who receives them. Supernatural charity flows from the life of God, infused in our souls by sanctifying grace. While circumstances may not necessitate a single word concerning religion, if an interaction is motivated by love of God and neighbor, it could prove a source of actual grace for the other's soul.

As I said before, there are no lepers who ride the Spokane Transit Authority, so I cannot imitate St. Francis in his exact actions. However, I can sit beside an unwashed but friendly man and ask him about the child he holds, rather than yield to the temptation to pull my scarf over my nose, take out my phone, and hide inside the impenetrable bubble of myself. My small politeness can be analogous to St. Francis's kissing the leper's contagious hand, or Our Lord's acknowledgment of the unclean woman who crept behind Him to touch the hem of His garment. These small gestures can be rooted in the spirit of poverty—whether it be accompanied by actual poverty or not—which fuels charity and allows it to say, "No matter our backgrounds, we are both the children of God." ■

The Last Word....

Another Great Big Bowl of Francisflakes— Nuts in Every Bite!

By Father Celatus

Merry Christmas, *Remnant* Readers! Though the V2 *Novus Ordo* world has already gone back to what it terms *Ordinary Time*, in the traditional liturgical calendar Christmastide lasts until Candlemas Day, or the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Presentation of the Lord, on February 2nd.

Speaking of Christmas, one of my favorite gifts this year was a snowflake ornament with a photo of Francis of Rome pasted in the center of the flake. Speaking of *Francisflakes*, Bergoglio & Company have outdone the Grinch in ways to spoil Christmas, with their public *Gay Bathhouse*—aka Nativity set—in Saint Peter’s Square and their misrepresentation of the Nativity figures as modern migrants and refugees.

Preaching on the Christmas detail that there was no room for the Holy Family at the inn, Francis noted:

We see Jesus in the many children forced to leave their countries to travel alone in inhuman conditions and who become an easy target for human traffickers. Through their eyes we see the drama of all those forced to emigrate and risk their lives to face exhausting journeys that end at times in tragedy. I see Jesus again in the children I met during my recent visit to Myanmar and Bangladesh, and it is my hope that the international community will not cease to work to ensure that the dignity of the minority groups present in the region is adequately protected. Jesus knows well the pain of not being welcomed and how hard it is not to have a place to lay one’s head. May our hearts not be closed as they were in the homes of Bethlehem.

First, a caveat: if Mary and Joseph looked anything like the figures in the Vatican Nativity set, we would be the first to slam shut the door on them, especially if the naked homeless guy was with them. But, of course, the repulsive figures of the Vatican *Bathhouse* exist only in the perverted minds of their creators.

Second, the reality of the Birth of the Savior has little in common with the fiction fabricated by Francis. Mary and Joseph were not emigrants forced from their home, but law abiding faithful following the licit decree of Caesar to be enrolled in an empire-wide census. They were, in fact, returning to their homeland, since Joseph (and Mary as well) were of the tribe of Judah. Providence had arranged—hat tip to Caesar—the journey of the Holy Family to Bethlehem and certainly Providence did not abandon them at the inn. It was

the plan of Providence that the Son of God was to be born in a manger and not the comfort of an inn. Most importantly, this migration of the Holy Family had Christ and the Church at its very core and center.

Another Christmas account that is high jacked by *Francisflakes* is the Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt. Commenting upon this on the opening day of National Immigration Week, Cardinal Cupich stated:

On this Feast of the Epiphany, we open our hearts to welcome, befriend and shelter migrants in their search for safety and security. Just as the Holy Family fled to Egypt to escape Herod’s sword, today’s refugees are vulnerable populations traveling an arduous and often dangerous path to preserve their families and create better lives.

The Gospel of St. Matthew records few details about this Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt. We do know that it was done in obedience to an angel of the Lord and that they remained only until shortly after the death of King Herod, at which time they returned to make their home in Nazareth. We presume that Saint Joseph labored to provide for the Family rather than sponging off the Egyptians. Once again and most importantly, this migration of the Holy Family had Christ and the Church at its very core and center.

A final example of manipulating Christmas stories by *Francisflakes* comes from Bishop Cunningham:

Christ was born for all of us and no one is an outsider in God’s family...Matthew’s Gospel often highlights the stranger, the outsider, and the person on the fringes who is often ignored and from whom not much is expected. The magi were outsiders, strangers to the Jewish faith and tradition. Yet, it is they who diligently search for the newborn king and, upon finding Him, ‘prostrate themselves and offer him homage.’

It is no coincidence that the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops selected Epiphany Sunday as the start of National Migration Week, as is evident by their flawed association of the Magi with modern immigrants. But are the Magi really models of modern immigrants, most of whom are illegal aliens and infidels? *The Last Word* argues that using the Magi as models for immigrants, these are the key lessons to be learned:

- They entered legally and reported promptly to the local civil



- authority
- They came bearing gifts to give and not as takers seeking social welfare
- They remained for a short time for a godly purpose then returned home
- They came in true faith seeking Christ and the Church, that is, the Holy Family

Notice what all three of these Christmas and Epiphany accounts have in common? Christ and the Church. Notice what is absent in the advocacy of *Francisflakes* for modern immigrants? Christ and the Church. In other words, it matters not to them whether immigrants are legal or illegal and refugees are Christians or infidels. The harsh reality is that the majority of modern immigrants are illegal and refugees are infidels.

Now if your fundamental principle is that “no one is an outsider in God’s family,” as asserted by one *Francisflake*, then it really doesn’t matter if you are legal or illegal, Christian or Moslem or anything else. But that principle is one of many V2 modernist myths which embolden *Francisflakes* to insist upon indiscriminate immigration into the United States and elsewhere, heedless of catastrophic consequences.

Consequences of indiscriminate immigration and refugee resettlement include an accelerated erosion of Western culture, a collapse of constitutional and democratic governments, increased crime and violence in communities, terrorism and mayhem, lawlessness and a depletion

of social resources and worst of all, persecution of Christians and ultimately a replacement of the Church with a diabolical false religion.

Hey *Francisflakes*, how about following the example of the Holy Family and the Magi when it comes to immigration? Be a voice for persecuted Christians and a resource for law abiding Christian refugees. Do that and you may find more of the faithful open to your pleas for support, including traditional Catholics. ■

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News Flash

As the *Remnant* goes to press it is widely reported that President Trump used the “s” word in reference to unsanitary third world countries, from which countries so many folks flee, precisely because the countries are so filthy and impoverished. No surprise, the U.S. bishops are outraged over the remark, coming as it did during National Immigration Week. Abstracting from the language, we love the timing!

Predictably the *FrancisVatican* weighed in on the remark, critical of President Trump for his “particularly harsh and offensive” language. This is the same hypocritical Vatican which is sycophantically protective of the Bishop of Rome, who once used the excremental words *coprophilia* and *coprophagics*. Apparently it’s ok for a pope to use vulgar language but not a president. If only Trump had used Latin, *coprocavum*. ■

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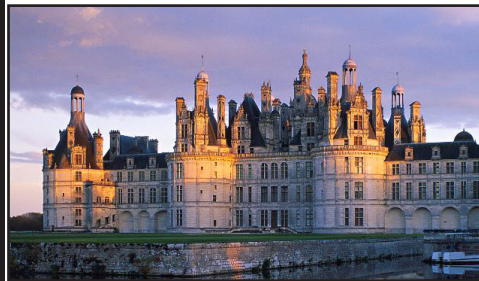
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