

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

May 15, AD 2018
Volume 51, Number 8

From the Editor's Desk...

By Michael J. Matt

The Remnant on Glenn Beck

A quick word of thanks to friends of this apostolate who offered prayers for me on Tuesday, May 1, when I appeared on the Glenn Beck Show (the nation's third largest radio program). My objective going in was simple: *This is not a traditional Catholic audience, so don't overstate the case and risk causing more scandal among the tens of thousands for whom all this would be brand new.* Glenn Beck and his team could not have been more accommodating. As for my decision to accept his invitation

I have no regrets and will do it again. The Remnant will speak to anyone, anywhere and at any time when it comes to spreading the Traditional Catholic message. Glenn Beck has a significant following, and I believe it was my duty to accept the invitation and to let his large audience know that there is serious Catholic resistance to the Modernist agenda of Pope Francis. Anyone wishing to listen to my segment can go here: <https://soundcloud.com/glennbeck/problems-with-the-pope-w>

Let's pray for Glenn Beck who was baptized Catholic but who's now a Mormon—another casualty of the Modernist Revolution in the Church. I'm grateful to him for the opportunity to speak to so many about matters that mean so much, even if only for a twenty minutes.

The Remnant On Pilgrimage

The Remnant's team here in the States
~ See Editor's Desk/Page 2



Fr. Josef Bisig, FSSP; Archbishop Alexander Sample; Fr. Gregory Pendergraft, FSSP

Historic TLM at National Shrine in Washington, D.C.

By Olivia Rao, Correspondent, Washington, DC

WASHINGTON, DC, April 28, 2018 ([The Remnant Press](#)) – A Solemn Pontifical Mass according to the Extraordinary Form was celebrated at the Basilica of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington, D.C. The Pontifical Mass was organized by the Paulus Institute for the Propagation of Sacred Liturgy in honor of the tenth anniversary of the motu proprio *Summorum Pontificum*, issued by Pope Emeritus Benedict XVI in July, 2007. Although the tenth Anniversary of *Summorum Pontificum* was in July, 2017, the Pontifical Mass was delayed until the completion of the Trinity Dome over the transept of the basilica. The Mass was celebrated by the

Most Reverend Alexander K. Sample, archbishop of Portland in Oregon. Rev. Fr. D. B. Thompson of the Diocese of Lake Charles, Louisiana, served as assistant priest, Rev. Fr. Gregory Pendergraft of the F.S.S.P. served as deacon, and Canon Andrew Todd of the Institute of Christ the King Sovereign Priest served as the subdeacon. The first master of ceremonies was Rev. Fr. Zachary Akers, F.S.S.P. The second master of ceremonies was Rev. Fr. Gregory Eichman, F.S.S.P. Rev. Fr. Joseph M. Bisig, F.S.S.P., and Rev. Canon Matthew Talarico, Institute of Christ the King, served as deacons at the throne. Rev. Fr. Ernest Cibello, pastor of St. Mary Catholic Church in Hagerstown, Maryland, served as subdeacon of the cross.

~ See *High Profile TLM*/Page 9

50 Years After Vatican II, Are You Still Catholic?

(Take the Quiz)

By Susan Claire Potts, Ph.D.

Look around at our Catholic world. Do you ever wonder why Tradition isn't taking hold? Why the power and beauty of the Mass of the Ages is not enflaming hearts everywhere? Why don't people speak the language of Faith? Have you noticed that, even among those holding fast to Sacred Tradition, there is a reluctance to talk like a Catholic? Have you even noticed a certain superficiality in matters of religion? Have you wondered why?

As a psychologist, I propose a reason. I think that at a deep level—perhaps out of their own awareness—the religious convictions of many have been diminished, if not lost. Their thinking has been altered by false teaching and the constant shaking of their faith.

Everyone has within his mind an intellectual framework—rather like the walls of a house. This foundational structure provides coherence and meaning to the ideas that bounce around in his head. Without it, nothing makes sense. But within its light, experiences, beliefs, and feelings can be evaluated and judged. Thoughts can be put in order. Most people don't notice they're

~ See *Still Catholic?*/Page 13

Afraid of Martyrdom

By Hilary White

I write this on the Feast of the English Carthusian Martyrs, St. John Houghton and companions.

I'm afraid of martyrdom. In fact, I'm afraid of experiencing anything bad - even things as silly as mean tweets - because of the things I believe. And I shy away from even the minor discomforts of fast and abstinence. I moan and complain at the normal aches and pains of being 52. I fear more cancer; I'm afraid of the increasing infirmity of age; I'm as worried as an old biddy about my health.

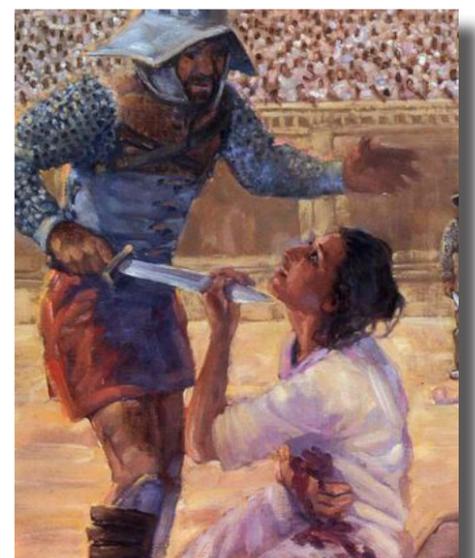
And at the same time, I'm not only

afraid of martyrdom and the opprobrium of the world, and of the discomfort of even mild, modern penances, I'm afraid of the judgment of God. *Really* afraid. I know what I am. (I don't know it as well as He does, but even the little bit I do know is horrifying.) So I know what I deserve.

And this fear of judgment, just punishment and aversion to penance - perfectly natural and I bet more or less universally experienced - is exactly why we commemorate and venerate the martyrs.

What do they “witness” to us?

~ See *Martyrdom*/Page 14



The Martyrdom of Perpetua

From the Editor's Desk Continued...

is bound for France next week. God willing, we will once again be walking with our traditional Catholic brothers from all over the world on the grand Pentecost Pilgrimage of Notre-Dame de Chrétienté to Chartres.

I ask readers to please keep their 70 fellow American pilgrims in their prayers as we once again attempt the 3-day pilgrimage across France. The now 27-year-old U.S. Chapter of Our Lady of Guadalupe will remember all of the readers of *The Remnant* in their prayers every day on the road to Chartres.

The generous readers of this newspaper who sponsored 15 young American pilgrims this year will be remembered each and every day on the Pilgrimage by name. And we will be reminding the American pilgrims about all the Remnant sponsors who will be with us in spirit. This year's pilgrimage is dedicated to St. Joseph, and after the pilgrimage we will be travelling to the convent where the Holy Face devotions originated, where we will be offering Mass for the intentions of all the Remnant sponsors back home.

The Chartres Pilgrimage is all about young Catholics—10,000 or more, in fact. Very few things matter more to the future of our world than putting all of our energies and recourses toward encouraging young Catholics to keep the Faith against seemingly impossible odds. What difference do our efforts make if in the end we fail to keep the next generation in the trenches fighting for the preservation of everything that matters?

We at *The Remnant* place so much emphasis on the Chartres Pilgrimage because nothing impacts young people more immediately and with greater spiritual force than the Pilgrimage to Chartres. It is making a difference, and is well worth the many sacrifices that go into making it happen and bringing so many young Americans overseas to be part of it.

The pilgrimage is a major victory, and it reminds us that total victory will be ours in the end—so long as we keep the old Faith. Please, join us in spirit over the three days of Pentecost pilgrimage this year. Let us unite in prayer and penance, and let us resolve anew to keep the Faith always, come what may. Nothing else matters.

Look for video updates from The Remnant: Please watch [The Remnant's Facebook page](#) for daily updates. We will also be providing Pilgrimage updates on our site every few days.

International Meeting of Traditional Catholics

“What are you gonna do about it?” It's a question we get on a regular basis: “Okay, Remnant, you've informed us of the problems, so now what are you gonna do about it?” Well,

we just did something about it! We published a newspaper, hosted a conference, organized a pilgrimage, wrote an article—whatever it is. Living in this secularist post-Christian paradise of ours, the options are rather limited. There are no Catholic countries left. There is no Catholic army in which we might enlist. We could start yet another blog, I suppose. But how many of those do we really need? Pretty soon there are going to be as many blogs in this movement as people. Might it not be a better idea to look around at the men and women who've been down in the trenches forever, and maybe see if we can lend a hand to the initiatives that are already working?

Dr. John Rao has been around a while. To give you an idea of how long, he used to write for my father back in the 1980s. John was a close personal friend of Michael Davies, and the great Dietrich von Hildebrand was his mentor. I've been honored to call John my friend all of my adult life, and I'm no spring chicken. So, yes. John's been around the block a few times.

John's also one of the great Catholic historians of our time. And he's doing something every year on the shores of Lake Garda in Italy that really should give us all tremendous hope for the future. He's bringing together the best and brightest scholars, journalists, priests and academics from all over the world for a nearly two-week conference that's been bearing good fruit for over a quarter of a century.

I myself have acquired vital allies for *The Remnant* over the years by attending this event which, by the way, John's organization has financed. I've never paid a dime to be there. Why? Because this is what John's Roman Forum is all about. Bringing together people who oftentimes have more influence than money for an event that specializes in networking, studying, discussing, praying and, yes, eating and drinking together for 12 days.

And it works. One very quick example on a personal note. I'd known Vatican journalist, Ed Pentin, by reputation for years. Last year, John found a way to get Ed to come to Gardone. We all hit it off. A few months later, Ed Pentin was speaking at our Catholic Identity Conference in Pittsburgh. That alliance would never have formed were it not for the Roman Forum. And this happens year after year—alliances, friendships, cooperation between academics, priests, journalists, activists on both sides of the Atlantic. The Traditional Catholic movement becomes stronger every year because of this one, unique event. And, yes, the setting is key to its success. Dr. Rao holds conferences in New York all year long. But, once a year, he hosts one in Italy which draws as many Europeans (perhaps more) than Americans.

Now, like the rest of us, John Rao isn't getting any younger. And over the past

few years, his organization has placed a lot of emphasis on looking to the future of the movement by offering scholarships to young, serious-minded Catholic men and women—the future priests, professors, journalists, pro-family activists, fathers and mothers...young folks who are willing to sit at the feet of the old soldiers to study and learn and prepare to assume leadership roles themselves one day.

And this is not merely some fun-filled vacation in Italy. There are two lengthy and often challenging lectures every day. There are in-depth discussions and debates. There are roundtable seminars whereby Europeans can share with their American counterparts some of the ideas and strategies of their work in the field of Catholic preservation and restoration. This event is not for the intellectually faint of heart. It's challenging.

So much happens during those 12 days to impact both the present and future of our movement that this should not be seen as something beneficial merely to those fortunate enough to be there in person. From the days when Michael Davies, William Marra and Dr. David White were “regulars” at Gardone to the present, this event is a premier leadership conference for the Catholic restoration movement.

And not everyone there is a traditionalist, by the way. That's the other fascinating aspect of this project. It is so well-respected that many influential persons, who may not be “traditionalists” per se, nevertheless attend each year, and so the traditionalists who organize it have ample opportunities to evangelize in the name of sacred Tradition, the glorious Traditional Latin high Mass (exclusively) being a daily occurrence throughout the conference. If you're at this event, you don't skip the Mass! It just isn't done.

So, John and his team have been pounding the pavement again this year, trying to find sponsors for their lecturers as well as a few deserving young participants—handpicked by Dr. Rao himself. As time is now running out, he's asking for help with just a handful of the last candidates on his list.

Every year John serves as faithful Remnant Tours' guide/historian, giving generously of his time and working for us for free. He supports our work with young people every year, and I try to help him with his vital work in return. So please consider helping John get over the hump. He's raised the vast majority of what's needed already, and only needs a comparative few dollars to finish the job and get ready to host yet another meeting of Catholic minds from all over Europe and the Americas.

“What are we gonna do about it?” Well, I have an idea: How about we help John Rao recruit a few young fighters for the army of Christ the King?

The Roman Forum

11 Carmine St., Apt. 2C, New York, NY 10014

Website: www.romanforum.org

Email: drjcr@aol.com

The Remnant's Catholic Heroes

Aside from chronicling man's fall from God's grace and eventual redemption, salvation history is also a magnificent human saga that includes a cast of the most diverse characters of all time. There are so many stories to tell—lists of heroes and villains, saints and sinners, angels and devils—in the epic that is Christianity. One could spend a lifetime reading about them and still have only scratched the surface. This stands to reason, of course, since Christianity built the greatest civilization in the history of the world. In fact, in the midst of today's massive apostasy and Modernism-induced amnesia, perhaps telling the old stories of Christendom is itself the most effective means of evangelizing. After all, we can't do much to change a modern world that is now hell-bent on killing not only God but also everything that reminds modern men of His existence.

Perhaps it is time for us to do as the early Christians did—worry less about reforming a world that is beyond reformation (humanly speaking) and more about keeping the Faith and outlasting the zeitgeist. If the world doesn't end first, God will raise up a second Constantine to rebaptize the new pagan empire that was once old Christendom. But until that happens, we must survive. And we survive the future by keeping the past alive. We know where we must go but in order to not lose our way, we must never forget whence we came or who we once were. Thus, the old stories must be told and retold.

To that end, we're dedicating more column space in the Print Edition to Catholic heroes, devotions, history and the telling and retelling of the great stories of the past, of saints and Catholic heroes. If we keep their memory alive in ourselves and in our children, the New World Order (or whatever they want to call their global war on God) will be powerless to de-Christianize the world completely because we, by our very existence, will stand in their way. We defeat them not by overpowering them, but by rejecting their Christophobic brainwashing, by telling better stories, by letting our grand and glorious Christian narrative obliterate their slogans and terrors for children.

It's not just the Mass, or the problems with Francis, or Vatican II. There's so much more! There's a world of knowledge and history and experience and heroes and songs and poems and saga and epic stories that we must make our own if Tradition is to survive through us.

On Page 5 of this edition of *The Remnant* you'll find a sample of what we're talking about. So please spread the word to family and friends: *The Remnant* is about so much more than the Latin Mass. We want to also be known as the little newspaper that tells the big stories, the most important stories of all, the stories of our glorious Christian past, faith and salvation. ■

The Remnant Speaks

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

Shroud of Turin Still Baffles Experts

Editor, *The Remnant*: The Turin Shroud is astounding science. As methods of evaluation have progressed within the fields of science - a plethora of new, previously hidden information is now making fools of the doubters - as the Holy Shroud remains continually in the public eye.

They have the technology within the field of science these days, to massively magnify each centimeter of information recorded upon the Holy Cloth, which has resulted in "space age type scientific evaluation" being able to study the Holy Shroud in a plethora of new ways.

Along with the hands being recorded imprinted on the Sacred Cloth in their customary beheld crossed position, with increased magnification NEW images can be seen! Those same hands - after a burst of some unknown force akin to Nuclear power, are shown to have altered their position, and in a chain of photographs, that movement has been captured - previously undetected, along with the customary well known image of blood-stained death, - to have become animated. The crossed hands move, one recorded not far away on the cloth, previously undetected on the cloth, as becoming shown as a fist. A previously hidden heel nail, performs oddly, numerous other images are recorded nearby which show that it removed out of the foot!

Science realises that the Man of the Shroud has in a peculiar way, been enabled by some type of radiation to become suddenly alive. Massive bursts of nuclear style energy emitted itself from the moving figure and imprinted on that same image of a dead man, the degrees of movement customary with a suddenly reanimated figure! The image apparently captures the Resurrection! Every movement recorded as He Rose suddenly empowered, by an unknown "nuclear" type of force to perform movements formerly undetected yet shown clearly now upon the Cloth.

This is well worth watching. The scientists also make reference to studies performed upon the face cloth (Sudarium) of Oviedo - which contains identical information and blood patterns to the facial area of the Shroud. The two cloths are forensically examined and it is now well known due to former studies, that

they contain blood which belonged to the same person. Apparently, new studies performed on Eucharistic Miracles (which depict LIVING Flesh) contain the same information regarding blood type as do the Holy Shroud of Turin and the Sudarium of Oviedo. (also the Veil of Veronica - not so well known) The Sudarium (Face cloth) of Oviedo has a long documented history which states that it was brought to Spain at the same time that the relics of St James arrived in Compostella. within the first few centuries of the Church.

So, we now know that the Holy Shroud MUST predate the original 1389 date given it by the men who claimed the Shroud to be a "fake" in the 80's. It predates that date because it has been studied in greater depth (due to the advances in academic science) and it is discovered to contain identical genetic information, blood staining patterns etc.... to the Sudarium of Oviedo - The documented history of that Holy Cloth is well recorded.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B6iQGomNqTw>

Caroline Alexander

But It's Not Nice

Editor, *The Remnant*: I nearly fell off my chair when I saw the acronym used by the much benevolent medical group in England by the name of the "National Institute of Health and Clinical Excellence" (N.I.C.E) as Hilary White mentions in her excellent article on now deceased baby Alfie Evans. May he rest in God's loving peace. As attested to by the sorry demise of little Alfie Evans, the group is anything but "NICE." The thing though that came to my attention was the use of the same acronym by the great Christian author C. S. Lewis back in 1945 in his book, *That Hideous Strength*. In his book the group is a scientific and social planning agency, furtively pursuing its program of the exploitation of nature and the annihilation of humanity, for a race of alien beings, which just so

happens to take place in England.

According to Lewis: "This is a 'tall story' about devilry, though it has behind it a serious 'point' which I have tried to make in my *Abolition of Man*."

In Lewis's book the benevolent organization is represented by the "National Institute for Coordinated Experiments" or N.I.C.E. Somehow Lewis seems to have forecasted a similar organization without realizing it. Or as Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "Fiction reveals truth that reality obscures." God bless all that you do,

Mike Steil

Feedback for Michael Matt on the Glenn Beck Show

Editor, *The Remnant*: Heard most {I think} of the interview today.

Good job, Michael. You did an excellent job getting across the deep concern we have for the current crisis. As a convert, I especially appreciated your honesty and obvious personal pain at the reality we are experiencing. I also liked the fact that you pointed to the leadership the Church has given to the entire world on issues of life which are now apparently of less concern to this Pope and his minions... "the Vatican" as we say. I liked that you pointed out that the world {whether believers or not} see the Catholic Church as the leader in life issues and ALL will suffer if She falters. I hope Beck clearly got it.

Placing my well-polished 20/20 spectacles firmly on bridge of nose, I'd say you could have very boldly explained to lapsed-Catholic Beck that the Church is not the Pope and that bad Popes remind us of that. That our faith is in Jesus Christ and Him Crucified. JESUS CHRIST and no other.

Thank you for presenting heartfelt honesty. Those outside the Church expect subterfuge, lies and coverups from Catholic representatives. They expect dodges. Thank you for being real.



Roderick Halvorsen

Editor, *The Remnant*: Thank you for the incredible job you did on the Beck interview. You handled scandalous questions with poise and intelligent articulation, and most importantly, you proclaimed the divine constitution of the Church and her beneficial impact upon the world. Well done!

Blessed feast of Saint Joseph the Worker!

James Palsa

Editor, *The Remnant*: Having just listened to your interview with Glenn Beck about our Pope Francis, I am most relieved as I thought I was the only practicing Catholic out there with the same feelings. I feel like a heretic and that I should tell my pastor in confession but I just can't.

Thank you for bringing this to light as you have eased my conscience a bit. I've bookmarked your website and most likely will subscribe to The Remnant, perhaps it will be more relevant than The Florida Catholic. Sincerely,

Patricia Masters

Continued Next Page

Inside this issue

May 15, 2018

Reprints of every article are available for \$3.00 for 2 copies. Please check the author's name and send payment to:

The Remnant Reprint Service,

P.O. Box 1117, Forest Lake, MN 55025

- M. Matt Editor's Desk (P. 1)
- Susan Potts You Still Catholic? (P. 1)
- Hilary White Afraid of Martyrdom (P. 1)
- Olivia Rao TLM in DC (P. 1)
- Letters to Editor (P. 3)
- Catholic Heroes St. John Capist. (P. 5)
- Andrew Senior Poetry Corner (P. 6)
- V. Chiarello Book Review (P. 7)
- T. Moreau Chinese Catholics (P. 10)
- M. Matt Iowa Governor Pro-life (P. 12)
- Fr. Celatus The Last Word (P. 16)

Send Reprints To:

Name.....
 Address.....
 City/State.....

Is It Time to Renew Your Remnant Subscription?

*****ALL FOR ADC 64240

030711 June 18 S98 P3
 John Doe
 1945 Main Street
 Anywhere, USA 55443

Please check your renewal date on the front page mailing label. If the second line reads **June 18** your renewal date is June of 2018.

Send your renewal payment now, and save us the costs of billing you!

Please Renew Right Now!

www.RemnantNewspaper.com
 651-433-5425

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



Finally, a metals broker you can TRUST!
 Owned and operated by Traditional Catholics!

Now is the time to invest in Gold and Silver!
 Call us today! 763-444-8214

Visit us online:
www.deenterprisesmn.com

Remnant Speaks, Continued...

“Extraordinary Form”? Not!

Editor, *The Remnant*: My wife and I are senior citizens and we attend the Saturday vigil Mass at a Church, whose congregation is mostly seniors. I have noticed a total lack of reverence among the congregation before and during Mass. People are carrying on a conversation and it is in their normal voice, not even toning down their voices. I remember in pre-Vatican 2 days, the congregation showed reverence in Church, by being silent. Our pastor has never commented about this, nor has anything been mentioned in our bulletin. Submitted by Ronald Stack subscriber Dear Editor of the Remnant,

I just took a look at the article about the Mass in Washington, D.C., and when I bumped into the early words, “extraordinary form”, I as usual had to take a break so as not to sin in anger. I didn’t know that you thought the real mass is extraordinary. I thought you knew it is the mass of all time, the real mass, and that it was not necessary to “allow” anyone to say the mass. I thought you knew that. Whose shoes are we bending down to lick, here? Whose permission does anyone need in order to do what God has told us to do?

I may go ahead, later, much later, and read the article, but it will have to be when I will not be tempted to being ashamed of us creeping hybrid Catholics. Or maybe I will never stop being ashamed of hybrid Catholics. If you do not stand up for the real mass, then who will?

This is not an extraordinary note to the editor. Just an ordinary one. No strings attached. God bless the Remnant, God bless the Catacombs, God bless the editor and his family.

Gail Govan

Editor's Reply: True enough, Gail. On the other hand, there are few words that aptly describe the Novus Ordo more efficiently than “ordinary”. And for the matter, the Traditional Mass is certainly the most extraordinary thing this side of heaven. **MJM**

Patriotic Child Abuse

Editor, *The Remnant*: This Mothers’ Day, 13 May, the VFW will honor those mothers who willingly abandon their children in order to deploy overseas to serve our country. Some have husbands or parents who can care for the kids. Others have to leave infants and toddlers in the care of older siblings, some whom are unmarried teenagers with children of their own.

You just have to admire the patriotism of these gals. Or do you?

Jack Moisuk
Lt. Colonel of Marines (Retired)

Support Traditional Schools

Editor, *The Remnant*: In this age when school students are gunning each other down, I want to offer your readers a breath of fresh air and a ray of hope by introducing them to the students of St. Anthony Academy.

These young people say morning prayers together, meditate on a Station of the Cross during Lent, pray the Angelus, sing grace before meals in

French, and recite their daily rosary for benefactors. Additionally, they make rosaries for fundraisers, help neighbors in need, sing in an Epiphany pageant and perform in our annual Shakespeare festival. They study their Religion, Latin, Catholic History, Literature, and Poetry as well as their reading, writing and arithmetic. A true grounding in the Trivium.

The young Catholics at St. Anthony Academy are learning about the Culture of the Christian West so that as adults they can assist in fighting to preserve it!

But now, this beautiful little oasis of truth, beauty and goodness is in jeopardy and we may have to close our doors after 15 years!! Please, will you take a minute to visit our website and contribute to our Save Our School appeal. www.stanthonyacademy.org

Thank you and God bless you!

Sean P. Loftus
President of the Board of Directors

SSPX School

Editor, *The Remnant*: My name is Father Daniel Dailey, SSPX, principal of Immaculate Heart of Mary Academy in Oak Grove, Minnesota. About a month ago, I wrote a letter soliciting funds for our school expansion project, consisting of an 11,000 square foot addition which will include a chapel, a library, and six more classrooms. I want to thank those very generous readers who contributed to this effort.

I am happy to report that construction has begun, despite the recent blizzard. In an effort to do what we can on our end, our students and families have been working tirelessly at fund-raising, going door-to-door selling raffle tickets, undeterred by the unusually long winter. We have reached the halfway point, but we still have a great financial burden.

If any readers would be willing to help us out, it would be greatly appreciated! You can reach us at ihschoolproject.com or (651) 900-0260. Our benefactors are remembered at Holy Mass and in our daily prayers. God bless you!

In Her Immaculate Heart,

Fr. Daniel Dailey
Principal, Immaculate Heart of Mary
Academy 777 221st Ave. NW Oak
Grove, MN 55011

Marian Apparitions Against Sedevacantism

Editor, *The Remnant*: If sedevacantism is true, there now only remains a miniscule remnant of validly ordained bishops and priests with their devout followers. These are the only people on Earth preserving the True Catholic Faith. Their Masses are reverent and are certainly not causing “many enormous sacrileges”. Their priests are, at least for the most part, devoted and faithful, certainly not “corrupted” and “depraved”.

However, the Marian apparition of Our Lady of Good Success (17th century), proves that sedevacantism must be false. The widespread profanation of the Holy Eucharist is undeniable in our present age. Our Lady of Good

Success told us that, in our time, there will be “many enormous sacrileges” against the Holy Eucharist. This cannot be, if sedevacantist priests are the only priests, because they would not be responsible for the sacrileges. For this widespread sacrilege to occur, there must be validly ordained non-sedevacantist Catholic priests who are validly confecting the Blessed Sacrament. There must be valid priests for valid Masses and for sacrilege to be real, the Real Presence must be present. Our Lady of Good Success is telling us that these profanations of the Eucharist are “many”. Our Lady speaks of “many” priests being “corrupted” and “depraved”. Depraved priests are nonetheless validly ordained. Our Lady of Good Success assures us that their spirit will be “restored”, that is, valid priests whose spirit is restored. Thus, sedevacantism must be false.

[References: ‘Our Lady of Good Success – Prophecies of Our Times’, 3rd edition, 2006, by Marian Therese Horvat, pages 45, 46, 57, 62 and 63.]

God bless,

Paul Kelly
Australia

Correction

Editor, *The Remnant*: I do so enjoy reading my copy of *The Remnant* and appreciate all your hard work to put the paper together.

In *The Remnant Speaks* (letters to the editor) an unfortunate error was overlooked in a letter by Robert W. Yworik. I had to look at the error several times as I thought it must be my eyes which were wrong. I am wholeheartedly certain Mr. Yworik was asking God to bless this wonderful apostolate (not apostate - as printed) your family has undertaken. We all assumed we knew the correct intention but the error was unfortunate.

God bless you all in your efforts.

Joan Jones

Slavery and Abortion

Editor, *The Remnant*: I was giving some thought to the moral issues of slavery as compared to the moral issues of abortion. I find it true that today the arguments for both are really the same—it is only the historical time frame that differs many in the pro-choice camp will say, “If you disagree with abortion, then don’t have one.” This is comparable to telling an abolitionist, “If you disagree with slavery, then don’t own one.” The other side fails to recognize the moral certitude of the debate. As Archbishop Fulton Sheen says, “Right is still right if nobody is right, and wrong is still wrong if everybody is wrong.” I have drawn up this chart to show a comparison

between the victims of slavery and the victims of abortion.

Slavery The Victim Is:

- Dehumanized
- Stripped of all civil rights
- Without a choice in their plight
- Without advocates
- Denied the legal definition of a human
- Considered the property of their owners
- Not guilty of a crime
- Torn away from their family
- Treated cruelly
- Loved by God and created in His image

Abortion The Victim Is:

- Dehumanized
- Stripped of all civil rights
- Without a choice in their plight
- Without advocates
- Denied the legal definition of a human
- Considered the property of their mother
- Not guilty of a crime
- Torn away from their family
- Treated cruelly
- Loved by God and created in his image

It seems to me that the very same people who should shout the statistics on the left (no pun intended here) would refute the statistics on the right. They are willfully blind to the fact that the victims both suffer. During the time of slavery in the United States, the slave was constitutionally declared not to be a human being, but rather the chattel of his owner.

Today children in the womb are constitutionally denied the status of humanity, and are considered the sole domain of the desires of their mothers. Just because something is declared to be constitutional by the Supreme Court does not make it right, or fair or just. The horrendous *Roe v Wade* decision has cast a long shadow of shame over our great nation. Sixty million dead babies is sixty million too many. I pray for the day when this great holocaust will end. Only Our Lady’s Immaculate Heart can win this one for us. The political and legal efforts have all failed. The rosary is the only answer. A.M.D.G.,

Jean Richards
Lafayette, Louisiana

Love the Traditional Latin Mass? GREAT FOR SHARING!

The Traditional Latin Mass vs. the Novus Ordo Mass

Brief comparisons of more than 400 points contrasting the TLM & NO

Kindle Version Just \$5.99 | Paperback \$14.99 -- Get Your Copy Today!

http://MyCatholicSource.com/BuyTLMBook

(redirects to Amazon.com)

Catholic Heroes...

St. John of Capistrano

The Monk Who Lead an Army

Before there was the uprising in the Vendee, there was the Siege of Belgrade; an invasion by 160,000 Ottoman Turks against 4,000 Christian knights... and 30,000 peasants and farmers armed only with the tools of their trade. They burst into battle behind the fiery old monk from Capistrano, who wielded only a crucifix, who cried "Jesus" with every step, and who flew at the fearsome janissaries with supernatural courage and conviction. They answered his ardent call to crusade. They saved Hungary for Christendom.

Who was the monk?

Born in Capistrano in 1385, John studied law at the University of Perugia and became so well known for his honesty and virtue that King Ladislas used him as a personal advisor and later made him governor of Perugia. While working in this capacity, he was seized by officials of a neighboring town and thrown into prison. In his cell, a Franciscan friar surrounded in light appeared with an invitation to leave the chaos and treachery of the world to join his order. John humbly admitted he'd never even thought of it, but if it was God's will, so be it. As soon as he was released from prison, he entered the Franciscan monastery in Perugia.

After a rigorous trial of his humility, he received the habit on October 4, 1416. From the very first he, the former governor and King's favorite, was earnestly minded to put off the old man and put on the new. Because of the extraordinary circumstances surrounding his call to the religious life, his vocation was frequently tested by strict trials, but his consistent virtue lent credence to the divine calling.

Severe mortification, perfect obedience, and a fervent devotion to the Passion of Christ and to Our Lady distinguished him among his brethren. His theology instructor, St. Bernardine of Siena, thought it seemed as if John acquired this holy science more through divine inspiration than through human reflection: "John achieves more in his sleep than others who study day and night."



Because of his brilliance, he was sent out on an apostolate to preach the struggle against vice. His former position in the world had acquainted him with the enormity of evil, against which he now rose like another Elias. His burning words, his ardent zeal, and the holiness of his life caused veritable miracles of conversion. People came from every background to hear him; soon no church



was large enough to accommodate the crowds.

Sometimes 50,000, 80,000, and even more than 100,000 persons would gather about his pulpit in public squares and broad fields to listen to his sermons. His very appearance touched their hearts.

At this time the glory days of Christendom were waning, the Ottoman Turks had expanded their empire to frightening proportions; encroaching ever more on the boundaries of the Catholic world. One by one, great cities were falling to Turkish occupation. Popes called desperately for crusade, but many of the faithful had fallen victim to greed and complacency. But in God's Providence, great warriors rose up to snatch Christendom from the claws of Islam: Iskander, Dragon of Albania, and Hunyadi, the White Knight of Wallachia, and St. John of Capistrano.

In the year 1453 all of Christendom was stunned to learn of the fall of Constantinople to Mehmet the Conqueror. The Byzantine Empire, which had survived for over 1,000 years keeping at bay all of the nomadic tribes of Asia, was a bulwark which was now suddenly gone. Emperor Constantine had died fighting, thousands had been slain, and tens of thousands more were sold into slavery.

The Muslim conquest of Constantinople was a remarkable achievement that proved the power of the Ottoman

Empire. The great and ancient city, once the seat of the Roman Empire, became the seat of Ottoman rule. Entering the city in triumph, Mehmet saw himself as the successor to the Caesars, and ordered that a splendid palace be built there for his private residence where he would live from that time on.

The Christian kingdoms that bordered

hastened to Hunyadi's aid.

His motley army was ill-matched against the elite Ottoman infantry, the dreaded janissaries. Most of his men carried only farming implements, and had no military training, but they were desperately eager to fight behind their heroes, only one of which was a war lord. Hunyadi gazed upon his new recruits with grim acceptance and offered a silent prayer to God. If God wills it...

Heavy cannon fire had demolished the formidable walls of Belgrade when the Turks finally entered the city. Desperate fighting flowed from street to street, but despite their superior numbers, the Janissaries were outdone by the incredibly fierce determination of St. John Capistrano and his devoted followers. Not satisfied with merely holding the city, the Christians trailed behind St. John through the open breaches as he held the crucifix aloft. Filled with confidence in Christ, and frequently calling on the holy name with a loud voice, he led the troops against the enemies. They turned the battle into a rout. More Turks were slain in the attack by the enthusiastic warriors of Christ than the number of the Christian soldiers, and the rest fled in panic. Once more Christian Europe was saved.

This glorious victory on the feast of St. Mary Magdalen in 1456 was destined to be the crown of John's activities. Saint John of Capistrano fell ill soon afterwards, and died in the Franciscan convent of Illok in Hungary on October twenty-third. Glorified by God after his death with numerous miracles, Saint John of Capistrano was canonized by Pope Alexander VIII in 1690. ■

Sources:
The Franciscan Book Of Saints, ed. by Marion Habig, OFM
Defenders of Christendom by James Fitzhenry

the Ottoman Empire suddenly realized that they were now vulnerable to further Turkish aggression. Iskander and the Albanians, as well as Hunyadi and the Hungarian people, prepared for the impending assault they knew would soon come.

In 1456 Mehmet II attacked Hunyadi at Belgrade with an army of 160,000 men. Hunyadi was on his own with only 4,000 soldiers to resist this huge army, but Pope Callistus III had proclaimed a crusade and appointed John of Capistrano to preach it, and John was not about to let Hunyadi stand alone.

Although John was now seventy years of age, and so reduced by labor and austerity that he seemed to be nothing but skin and bone, the saint rushed, like the flying messenger of Christ that he was, about Germany and Hungary, summoning volunteers for the war against the enemy of the Christendom. With the troops he had assembled, he

Raising the Hungarian flag at Belgrade



The Grapes of Wrath

By Andrew Senior

*And there was a great battle in heaven,
Michael and his angels fought with the
dragon. - Apocalypse 12:7*

*Greater love than this no man hath, that
a man lay down his life for his friends. -
John 13:15*

One of the most common themes in poetry is war. Some of the greatest poems and songs memorialize and celebrate great battles and victories. And some give tribute to great defeats. In *The Republic*, when talking about the different modes of music, Plato says that martial music is especially important for the proper formation of character.

I want to have one warlike, to sound the note or accent which a brave man utters in the hour of danger and stern resolve, or when his cause is failing, and he is going to wounds or death or is overtaken by some other evil, and at every such crisis meets the blows of fortune with firm step and a determination to endure.

He warns against the debilitating effect of soft music.

When a man allows music to play upon him and to pour into his soul through the funnel of his ears those sweet and soft and melancholy airs of which we were just now speaking, and his whole life is passed in warbling and the delights of song; in the first stage of the process the passion or spirit which is in him is tempered like iron, and made useful, instead of brittle and useless. But, if he carries on the softening and soothing process, in the next stage he begins to melt and waste, until he has wasted away his spirit and cut out the sinews of his soul; and he becomes a feeble warrior.

It is striking how prophetic this passage is. There is no doubt that our enemies, the cultural engineers of the Frankfurt School, used this as their instructions to effect the musical revolution of the 60s, to ruin a generation. One is reminded of the words of the Soviet Premier, Nikita Khrushchev: "We will rot out your youth."

Poetry is about the proper formation and use of the passions, and one of the most common is anger, not the deadly sin, but the irascible passion. The passions are most useful created instruments. They allow us to live life to the fullest, to love God with our whole heart and soul and mind and strength. Imagine a war without passion, only cold calculation, or the love of spouses reduced to merely utility. Even in our sports and games we indulge our passions, as practice for the real thing.

There are so many from which to choose, but one of the most famous and memorable in literature is the speech of the King in Shakespeare's play, *Henry V*.

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow
o'erwhelm it

As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English.

Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even

That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'"

Closer to our time, another familiar favorite:

The Charge of the Light Brigade
- Alfred Lord Tennyson

*Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.*

*"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.*

*Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them*

*Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.*

*Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell.
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.*

*When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!*

Most national anthems are celebrations of battles and wars, from *The Marseillaise* to *The Star Spangled Banner*. And, regardless of which side is taken, one cannot leave out *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. It is a great poem, and it is worth noting how it came to be written:

I went to bed that night as usual, and slept, according to my wont, quite soundly. I awoke in the gray of the morning twilight; and as I lay waiting for the

dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself, "I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them." So, with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed, and found in the dimness

an old stump of a pen which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper.

Many years ago, one of my father's students once brought him a poem to evaluate. He said only that it was very well written, but not inspired.

While it is true that war is a punishment for sin, nonetheless it is also true that there is such a thing as a just war, one



fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeoman,
Whose limbs were made in England,
show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,

*Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.*

*Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke*

Continued Next Page

REFORMATIONS by Carlos Eire

Reviewed for The Remnant
by Vincent Chiarello

“For as it turned out, Protestantism did not succeed in its aims, and in some respects caused unintended consequences that led to its own decline... The Reformation of the early modern period may briefly have made the Europeans into more godly folk - and Eire is not sure even of that - but in the long run they made it what is today, the first society in history to reject religion itself.”

James Hankins' Review of
Reformations

The Claremont Review of Books, Fall 2017

“In the countries themselves where the Protestant religion became established, the **revolutions** (emphasis mine) were made pursuant to the several plans of political government. Luther having great princes on his side would never have been able to make them relish an ecclesiastical authority that had no exterior pre-eminence; while Calvin, having to do with people who lived under republican governments, or with obscure citizens in monarchies, might very well avoid establishing dignities and preferments.”

Baron de Montesquieu: **Spirit of the Law**, 1748-50

“The Catholic religion will destroy the Protestant religion, and then the Catholics will become Protestants.”

Baron de Montesquieu, Quoted in **Saints**

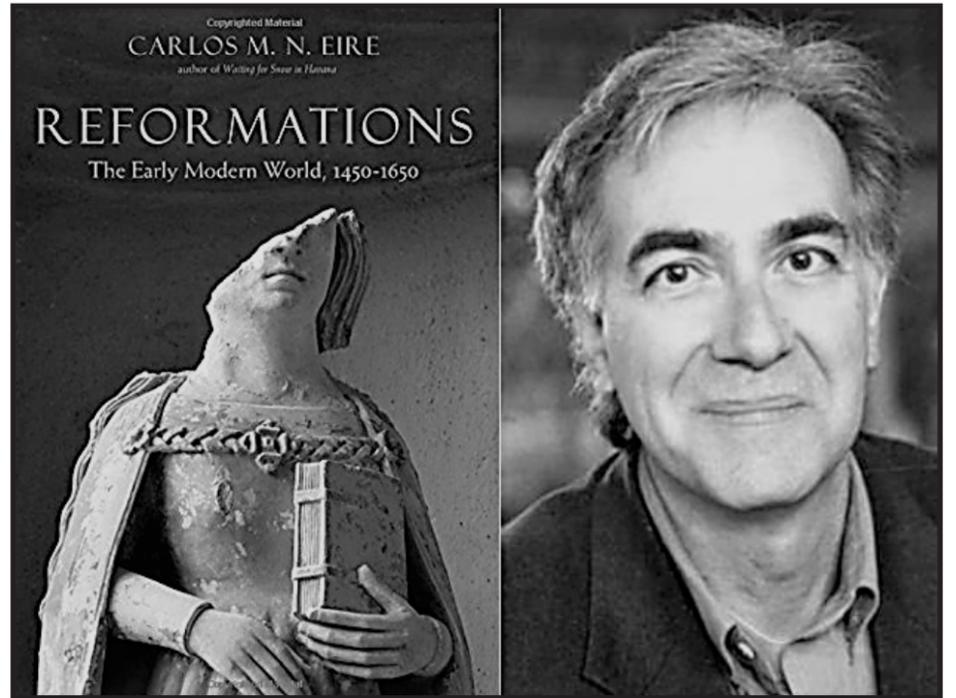
& **Schemers**, by Joan Estruch

“Adoration, which as far as I know is unique to the Christian religion, is not exactly the same as worship, but is equally rewarding, as the Catholic Church understood in its institutions of the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. We humans have a human need to adore, and if the object of fitting and proper adoration - the Holy Sacrament, the Blessed Virgin Mary - is removed from our sight, we will adore Madonna and Taylor Swift.”

Chilton Williamson, **The Convenient Religion**

Chronicles Magazine, November, 2017

Before proceeding further, I believe it is possible to conclude that the unusual life of author Carlos Eire may have played a role in his writing the history of **Reformations**. Born into a Cuban family whose property and holdings were confiscated by the Castro government in 1959, young Carlos, knowing little English, was put on a plane and sent to Miami in 1962 at the age of 12. He was not alone in making that trip: over a period of many months, young children, often without their parents (as was Eire's case), would follow; in all, «Operation Peter Pan» is said to have transferred 14,000 (no typo) Cuban children to Miami, and resulted in giving that city the distinct cultural identity which it maintains to this day.



The entire operation was initiated by the Catholic Welfare Program.

Four years later, Eire, now reunited with his mother (his father is not mentioned) attended public high school and then entered Yale, where he received several degrees, including a Ph.D. in History from the university in 1979. He began teaching there in 1996. (I sought an interview with Eire, but he is currently on leave from the university.)

In a talk given at Villanova University (Philadelphia) several years ago, Eire

spoke of his local parish being close to his home in Cuba. The parish and its school, run by the Augustinian Order (as is Villanova University), which he hoped to attend, was closed by the Castro government. Were the wrenching experiences of separation from his parents and the shuttering of his local parish stimuli toward his interest in religion? I suspect they were; I further suspect that the closing of his parish left an indelible imprint on a young boy's coming of age: the state attempting to destroy religious institutions.

It is rare for me, indeed, quite rare, that reading a book review triggers an almost instantaneous interest in not only reading the book, but considering it appropriate material for reviewing for readers of The Remnant. A Professor of History and Religion at Harvard, James Hankins' review whet my appetite, and what follows can be attributed to him, and, or course, the author, Carlos Eire, whose **Reformations** is a formidable tome: 757 pages and nearly 100 pages of Notes and Bibliography. Eire claims that it took ten years to write, and "...its present form is far different from the one first conceived."

To set the stage for the rest of the book, Eire begins in his Preface to describe pre-Luther Europe, often called "medieval," or "the Age of Faith," although Eire reminds his readers, "...that is not to say that Europeans were necessarily pious." In these introductory pages, he takes the reader on a guided tour, explaining the factors and personalities which led to the culmination at Wittenberg Cathedral in October, 1517. Along the way, he poses a fundamental question of a historian: "Should so much change be attached to one person and one event?"

The first thing that caught my eye, as it may yours, Remnant reader, is the plural noun of the title: **Reformations**. When historiographers (those who write history) gather at academic conferences, the plural form of that noun is rarely

Continued Next Page

Grapes of Wrath; Poetry Corner, Continued...

that must be fought for good and noble reasons. Our life on earth is frequently characterized as a battle, and we are defined as members of the Church Militant. We are soldiers of Christ, not members of some sentimental Peace Corps. St. Paul famously said near the end of his life: "I have fought the good fight." The old Roman adage is: *si pacem vis, para bellum*. Peace is the result of victory, not compromise; it is justice enforced, not the lack of war, but the privative opposite. This is what Our Lord meant when He said: "I come not to send peace, but a sword." And: "My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth." This is one of the many things wrong with the New Mass. My father used to say that the proper thing to do would be to exchange "the fist of peace." The Mass begins on a martial note: *Judica me Deus et discerne causam meam de gente non sancta*. A good just war brings out the best in men, allowing them to become heroes on the stage of the world. When the order of Knights Templar was founded. St. Bernard said it was an opportunity for men to unite the two greatest professions in the world, the monk and the soldier.

At the beginning of The Persian Wars, Herodotus says his purpose is to give the due meed of honor to those who have died in battle. It has been said

that history is the story of wars, and all nations honor their great heroes, from Cincinnatus and Horatio in ancient Rome, to Constantine and Charlemagne, to Patton and MacArthur. And strange though it may seem, we honor those who have lost, from the heroes at Troy, to the Spartans at Thermopylae, to Socrates, and Christ, and the Crusaders. *The Song of Roland* takes up and entire book. All of these great losses are celebrated to remind us that ultimately, in this world, we will lose; the victory will be in Heaven.

For Catholics, there is perhaps nothing better than some Chesterton. His *Ballad of the White Horse* is a marvelous and inspired book about King Alfred the Great of England fighting the Danes. He wrote it on the back of some envelopes during a cab ride across London. His poem about the Battle of Lepanto was described by Hilaire Belloc as his greatest poem, and the best poem of their generation.

To conclude, let us ponder this description of Our Lady, from the Song of Songs:

Thou art beautiful, O my love, sweet and comely as Jerusalem:

terrible as an army set in array.

Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?

And let us remember that the world will end with a great, final battle, Armageddon.

Although not set in verse with rhyme, this prayer is perhaps the greatest war poem, even more so in the original Latin.

*Sancte Michael Archangele, defende nos in proelio.
Contra nequitiam et insidias diaboli esto praesidium.
Imperet illi Deus, supplices deprecamur:
tuque, Princeps militiae caelestis,
Satanam aliosque spiritus malignos, qui ad perditionem animarum pervagantur in mundo, Divina virtute, in infernum detrude. Amen.*

Saint Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle.
Be our protection against the wickedness and snares of the devil.
May God rebuke him, we humbly pray;
and do Thou, O Prince of the Heavenly Host,
By the Divine Power, thrust into hell,
Satan and the other evil spirits,
Who prowl about the world seeking the ruin of souls. Amen. ■

Reformations; A Remnant Book Review, Continued from Page 7

used. Why, then, did Eire, now a Professor of History & Religious Studies at Yale University, choose that title, rather than the more commonly accepted one? The answer lies deeply woven in the densely packed information in the text.

Fundamental to the understanding of the book's major theme is Eire's explanation of the vital role that the Church - writ large - played in Christendom, the consequences that followed when that unity was sundered, and the resulting, but unforeseen, consequences of the Protestant Reformation. (See: Hankin above). Eire recognizes that Western historiographers have, for at least since the "Enlightenment," sought to lionize Luther and his impact on Western society, but is that a fair evaluation? A recent publication of an English Professor, Alec Ryrie, who also is a lay preacher for the Anglican Church, claims that to understand modernity, it is necessary to understand the history of Protestant Christianity. Has the Protestant Reformation, then, led to the modern abandonment of religion?

Eire explains a part of his reasoning in this matter in one of his chapters on Luther: "No one alive, then, in 1517, will have an inkling of the revolution about to be set in motion by this German monk. Nor will anyone be able to foresee how the construction project in Rome (St. Peter's Cathedral) will parallel the disintegration of Catholic hegemony and the creation of new rival churches throughout much of Europe." It is necessary to remember that Luther's actual nailing of the 95 Theses to the door of the Cathedral in Wittenberg was highly unlikely; even Lutheran theologians question that assumption. (See my review of **Luther and the Papacy**, The Remnant, April/May 2016) Yet: "What Luther set in motion in 1517 not only changed the world as it was then; it still continues to shape our world today and to define who we are in the West." But positively or negatively?

Another indispensable aspect of Eire's opus is his insistence on noting the place and importance of religion in Luther's time: "What drove and defined this great transformation was religion. No doubt about it. But to assert this is also to acknowledge that religion played a different role in Western civilization back then than it does now. Religion was so deeply intertwined with all social, political, economic and cultural structures as to be inseparable from nearly every aspect of daily life." Religion was "the social glue" that bound society together: "From Portugal in the southwest to Lithuania in the northeast, and from Sicily in far south to Scandinavia in the extreme north, a common set of myths, rituals, symbols, and ethical norms linked all Westerners, and so did one ancient and complex institution that mediated this religion: the Catholic Church, led by the pope in Rome. To break with his church was to turn it from an adhesive into an explosive, to change it into social dynamite."

Even before Luther's break with Rome, the issue of clerical corruption, a major cause of that rupture, had arisen: in Italy with the warning of a Dominican friar, Girolamo Savaranola, who, from the

pulpit in Florence, warned: "O prelates of the Church, the wrath of God is over you, and you will not have any cure unless you mend your ways." The Dean of London's St. Paul's Cathedral (then Catholic), John Colet, wrote of the lifestyles of too many clerics in England: "They give themselves to feasting and banqueting; spend themselves in vain babbling; take part in sports and plays... are drowned in the delights of the world..."

Another illustration of that "social dynamite" could be found in the writing of John Calvin, who, although born Catholic in France, would describe a holiday ritual in which, "...the ignorant folk of his native Noyen would decorate all of the images, bedecking them with flowers and lighting candles beneath them," which, in his eyes, was "an abominable sacrilege and Babylonish pollution." How a baptized Catholic, reared in a totally Catholic culture, could come to see his own religion as an absolute evil, is another question that Eire seeks to answer.

Eire calls our attention to a certain symmetry among the earliest "Protestants," (accent on the second syllable) as they came to be known: almost all of them shared two similar characteristics: they were born between 1480-1500, and, believe it or not, the overwhelming majority of them were ordained Catholic priests! Add to this situation another aspect of transformational importance in Europe: the hitherto unprecedented growth of information about men like Luther and other Protestants: the invention of the printing press with movable type. Eire: "This means that Luther and Zwingli (about whom more later) belonged to a generation that included more readers than ever before, and that with every succeeding generation literacy rates kept increasing."

But what of the word "Reformation?" Did it not imply that, "...something corrupt had been reformed or improved? Not a Reformation, but **The Reformation!**" (Emphasis mine) In the newly founded United States, English Protestant culture, shaped by both Pilgrim and Puritan clergy, molded the mindset of its inhabitants by endless repetition from the pulpit: "Since the 4th century, the Church founded by Christ had fallen into gross corruption," and replacing it with another was the will of God. To Catholics, including those in the U.S., the Protestants were not "Reformers," they were "rebels," and their so-called Reformation nothing more than a misguided revolt..." But there is more. Eire: "Where did all the furious proliferation of competing churches and religious claims lead?" And what, if anything, did the Church of Rome do to deal with the issue? This, then, after 130 pages, is the lead-up to explaining the purpose of the book. To begin at the beginning...

The meteoric rise in Luther's popularity in what today is Germany was not unique in the religious unrest in the area; in fact, he was not the first to challenge Rome. Before Luther's ascent to fame - or notoriety - the slower and less spectacular - some would argue, "second fiddle" reformer's vision, which was a more consistent, less

confrontational, and less suspense-ridden scenario was being played out in Zurich, Switzerland, slightly more than 450 miles to the southeast of Wittenberg. The major player there, another Catholic priest, Ulrich Zwingli, presided over a movement which, "...none was more significant than that which took place in the Swiss Confederation."

A year before Luther posted or sent his 95 Theses to the Archbishop of Mainz, Zwingli began preaching what was later to be defined as, "Solo Scriptura," which insisted that the only source of Revelation and Authority was Sacred Scripture. There is a bit of theological irony in Zwingli taking that position, for he was greatly influenced to do so by Erasmus of Rotterdam, who never left the Catholic Church, and was a friend of St. Thomas More. In time, Zwingli became the principal preacher in Zurich, where he would "electrify" his audience with his sermons, taken directly from the Bible, and with plodding precision, began to question church authority.

By 1523, the Zurich government now decreed that the Bible - and only the Bible - was the sole authority in religious disputes. Through it all, however, Zwingli and Luther never reconciled. Zwingli would die on the battlefield fighting Swiss Catholics in 1531, an unusual role for a Minister of the Word of God. But there is another irony here: four years before his death, about 150 Swiss Catholic mercenaries would form the vanguard of the protection of the pope during the siege of Rome in May, 1527. All of them who protected the pope would perish in doing so. From that point to this day, it is the Swiss Guard that forms the protection unit of the pope; to this day, the Guard is recruited almost exclusively from the Swiss canton around Zurich.

John Calvin, whose Reform churches would come to dot the landscape in Scotland, the Netherlands, France, Moravia and other portions of Eastern Europe, and, of course, Geneva, which would become the Protestant Rome, and then in the U.S., and who, "... would surpass Luther in influence and authority, "...sincerely believed that he had a special calling from God." A tireless worker, he was called "the father of the Protestant work ethic." Born Jean Cauvin, he benefitted from his father's position as an administrator for the bishop of his native Noyon in France, a situation that leads Eire to point to another irony: the Catholic Church funded Calvin's (the name he assumed in the Humanist tradition) education, and "...provided him with the tools he would need to redefine the Protestant Reformation." Ironies in Calvin's life continue: following his father's request for his son to enter the priesthood, Calvin entered the College of Montaigu, a noted theological school in Paris, one that had Erasmus among its alumni, and soon after Calvin's departure, St. Ignatius Loyola as well.

In lengthy chapters describing Calvin's work in Geneva, where he would follow the Benedictine rule of *ora et labora* (work and pray), he would also introduce the Geneva Psalter, hymnals composed of the Psalms set to simple, singer-friendly tunes in poetic meter. The Psalter would have major influence

on Calvin's followers worldwide, for they were used not only as a prayer to God, but as a way to listen to Him, too. Calvinists were committed to transforming the world by living in it, not by living apart from it, and its adherents were the new "Chosen People of God." By this worldview, which sought the "desacralization of the world, and the divinization of his elect," Eire adds this: "...that is why Calvinists can be seen as reformers of the Reformation and avatars of modernity."

As the crow flies, 406 miles separate Luther's Wittenberg from the city of Trento in the Dolomite Mountains of northern Italy. It was here over a period of 18 years (1545-1563) that the "other Reformation" was to take place. It was here that an event that would, "... turn out to be one of the one of the most significant moments in all of Catholic history" would begin and end. Eire's description of the various phases and objectives at the Council of Trent are clearly and informatively written, his summary excellent.

For example, it is not generally known, but as Eire informs us, the "first objective" of the Council was, "...bringing Protestants back into the fold." That hope was dashed when, during the Council meetings in 1551, the Protestant delegation insisted on the principle of *Haec sancta*, which subordinated papal authority to that of the councils, and whose theological philosophy centered on the principle that, "... the pope can be removed by a general council celebrated without his consent and against his will." Despite the failure to bring former Catholics back into the fold, Eire leaves no doubt of the success of the Council: "When it came to practical reform, the impact of the Council of Trent was arguably more profound than any previous council in Christian history. Its guidelines for reforming the clergy were not only clear, but also very thorough. And the same can be said for its decrees on ritual, which would become the heart and soul of Catholic identity in the following four centuries." (N.B.: is Eire saying, indirectly, something changed all of this clarity and thoroughness in the middle of the 20th century? I suspect he is.)

But what of the question, raised at the outset of this review, of the role of the Protestant Reformation in advancing the cause of modernism not only within religious institutions, but within societal structures as well? In his interpretation, Eire will not avoid the probable wrath of his liberal colleagues in academia, but of Protestant believers, too. In his lengthy chapter entitled, "The Age of Religious Wars," and using the current day situation in Northern Ireland as his paradigm, Eire writes: "It is not because of mere chance that England, France, the Netherlands and Germany bred so many secularists, skeptics, rationalists, and empirical scientists in the 17th century. Religious instability, often accompanied by violence, made it necessary for conflict-weary Europeans to back off from religion and to find truths that were less divisive and ground in logic and empirical observation rather than in divine revelation, sacred texts, or ecclesiastical authorities."

Continued Next Page

Historic TLM at National Shrine in Washington, D.C.

O. Rao/Continued From Page 1

The Mass celebrated was the Votive Mass of the Immaculate Heart of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Eastertide. The music was provided by the *schola cantorum* of *The Lyceum School*, the *schola cantorum* of St. John the Baptist Catholic Church in Allentown, New Jersey, the Choir of the Basilica of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, the Washington Cornett and Sackbutt Ensemble, and the *schola* of St. Mary Mother of God Church in Washington, D.C. The propers of the mass were sung in Gregorian chant, and motets by Claudio Monteverdi, Pierre de Manchicourt, Thomas Tallis, Vincenzo Ugolini, and Luca Marenzio were performed.

In his sermon, Archbishop Sample spoke about *Summorum Pontificum* and the relationship of the Church today with the Extraordinary Form of the Mass. The archbishop, who said that he decided to learn the traditional Latin Mass on his own after Pope Benedict issued the motu proprio in 2007, thanked the pope emeritus profusely on behalf of all those present for giving the Church so great a gift as to allow the Latin rite to be celebrated once more.

He noted that in this day and age, it is the temptation of many Catholics to assume that the Catholic Church essentially hit a restart button at Vatican II and that it is unnecessary to inform oneself about the Church prior to the council, especially concerning the Sacred Liturgy. Archbishop Sample explained that knowledge of the Traditional Latin Mass is in fact quite necessary even for those who attend the Novus Ordo, as it is when the Extraordinary Form and the Ordinary Form work together for the good of the Church that the Church will thrive. There must, he said, be a “hermeneutic of continuity” between the pre-Vatican II Church and the post Vatican II Church. While stressing that he was not challenging the ideas and reforms of the Second Vatican Council, he acknowledged that the way in which those reforms were carried out has led to many of the problems the Church faces today. He assured the congregation that he fully believed in the validity and legitimacy of the Novus Ordo, but he expressed concern over the many liturgical abuses that the rite has shown itself to be prone to.

Archbishop Sample also noted the large number of young people present in the congregation. He said that many in the Church today do not understand why so many young people are drawn to the Latin Mass – a rite in which they did not grow up and with which they had no prior contact. That, the archbishop said, is exactly the question that should be asked: why are the young people drawn to the mass? Why is there such a desire among the young people of the Church to return to the Rite which their parents and grandparents attended? The Extraordinary Form of the Mass is a beautiful, solemn, and enriching Mass,

he said. It is a Mass that was celebrated by generations and generations of faithful Catholics, a Mass that drew

encouraging to see that almost every pew in the Church was full and that so many of the faithful present were young.

wonderful experience, for many of them their very first experience of the Latin mass, will inspire these college students



Clerics left to right: Fr. Josef Bisig, FSSP; Archbishop Alexander Sample; Reverend Canon Matthew Talarico

Photo Cred: Michael Stuckey

countless new converts to Catholicism, and a Mass “that produced saints.”

The Mass took place at the high altar of the upper church of the National Shrine, which, according to the National Shrine’s website, seats 3,500 people and can accommodate up to 6,000. It was

A significant number of the young people in the congregation, as well as many of the altar servers, were college students and seminarians from the nearby Catholic University of America. Also present were representatives from several chapters of *Juventutem America*. We should hope and pray that this

and young people to learn more about the Latin Mass and to grow in their faith. ■

Watch the Mass and sermon: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IL5VqeSMw4U>

Reformations; A Remnant Book Review, Continued...

I cannot conclude this lengthy review of an even lengthier book without noting Eire’s concluding chapter, “Assessing the Reformations.” It is here, I believe, Eire lays out his major objective in writing this very detailed book: “Nowadays, however, relatively few historians take sides or champion one church or tradition over others. Every historian has an approach to the past, some lens through which to analyze it.” Eire then proceeds to examine several once popular, but now discredited or refuted, histories of the Reformation, but very often, he opines, the key to these writers was their use of the paradigm of the Reformation as a “revolution,” especially in the case of Protestantism. (See: Montesquieu)

Then this, which, in my view is the central focus of the book: **“When viewed as a revolution, the Protestant Reformation easily acquires multiple dimensions that transcend religion itself, in the political, social, economic and cultural realms...At that very core, the Protestant Reformation is above all a metaphysical and epistemic revolution, a new way of interpreting reality and of approaching the ultimate. All of the changes effected by the Protestant Reformation are**

inextricably linked to a revolutionary redrawing of the boundaries between heaven and earth, the sacred and the profane, the temporal and the eternal.” (emphasis mine)

Eire concludes by summarizing all that he has written, observed and intuited from his long study of the subject of this period of “the Early Modern World, 1450-1650: “To understand the world we live in, to fully know how the West came to be what it is, one must understand how it was shaped by the Reformations (note: plural) of the early modern age. Does this persistence prove that the legacy of that era is still with us five centuries later? Most certainly. As long as this question is asked - which assumes that improving the world is possible - the legacy of the Reformations endures.”

In seeking to evaluate the merits/demerits of this volume, one could start with Eire’s early explanation: “This book is not written for a learned audience.” That was not my take, for to understand and put into perspective the varied and complex points the historical, theological and cultural scenarios included, requires a person with more than merely a superficial knowledge of the subject. Of course, one would have to define

what “learned” means, but a reader with limited background will soon be lost in the welter of the information proffered.

Then this: “This is a narrative for beginners and non-specialists.” That, too, was not my take. To read these densely packed 757 pages without some background in the subject, as in the case of “beginners,” is to overload the system from the outset. This book is, clearly, not for beginners, which leads to my final criticism: this book is too long. I cannot understand why it was not a two-volume publication, which would have provided greater ease in absorbing the wealth of material included in these pages.

I end on a personal note: at one time, I taught an Advanced Placement course in European History, one that sought to cover many of the subjects included in Eire’s book. After reading **Reformations**, I can truthfully say that the author’s depth and scope of knowledge of the period included in this text is staggering and beyond impressive. With the caveats mentioned above notwithstanding, this is truly a book that marks a milestone in the history of the period. ■

Pioneers of the Underground Church in China

By Teresa Marie Moreau

Heart of the family, Mary Anne (1862-1945) tended to hearth and home and to her growing brood. In addition to Timothy, there was first-born William (1891-1961), and then Jane (1895-1984), Richard (1898-1972), Joseph (1900-73), and Mary (1902-73).

In the fields behind and beyond the whitewashed stone wall that matched the whitewashed stone house, the family tended to the homestead's garden, where they tilled, seeded, weeded and prayed for abundant autumnal harvests that produced bushels of potatoes, cabbages, turnips and parsnips. The orchard grew wizened fruit trees with juicy red apples and succulent pears to be plucked from branches and stored alongside the root vegetables in the food press, a large cupboard.

On Sundays, Feast Days and special Sacramental occasions, such as weddings and baptisms, the Leonards clambered aboard their pony and trap, with its shielding canopy to protect them against the drizzles and the downpours. Up Peafield Road a ways, the pony veered left onto Monaleen Road and trotted toward Mary Magdalene Catholic Church. Perched high atop a hill, the family's spiritual home was a limestone Gothic revival beauty, with its pitched slate roof, soaring bell tower and dedication inscription over the main door: D.O.M. SUB INVOCATIONE B MARIAE MAGDALENAE AD 1873, which translates to: God most excellent and great, under the invocation of Blessed Mary Magdalene, AD 1873.

Not the only Leonard family around, the clan extended beyond their own and included another, whose members also traveled by pony and trap to Mary Magdalene Church from their home, the Peafield House, the road's namesake, about a third of a mile southwest from the Ballycraheen House, just a whistle away on a windy day.

Head of the Peafield estate was William's brother John (1843-1918). Irish twins, the two men, along with their brother, Richard, and sister, Alice, had originated in Rose Lawn House, a farm on nearly 100 acres, in Castle Troy, where the family had taken root and flourished by the River Shannon.

Also a dairy farmer, John tended to his few dozen Herefords that grazed on more than 70 acres, with the land's boundaries hugged by a small armet of the River Groody, where carefree and fun-loving boys went wading and baiting during the summer, catching eels and tossing the black snakelike creatures back into the slow, silent stream.

John's family included sons William (1891-1959), Patrick (1893-1925) and Richard (1894-1971), who, of all three boys, was the one to become fast friends with his cousin Timothy, from the Ballycraheen House.

During their primary school years, Richard and Timothy walked up Peafield Road to the Monaleen Road passing green pastures with hidden bouquets of red clover and purple thistle, in their homeland of Killonan, Ballysimon. Along the mile or so, they lugged their school satchels, stuffed with lunches,

books, pencils and papers.

The old Monaleen National School, which stood under the jurisdiction of the government, had only two classrooms, one for girls and one for boys, which the two entered and took their seats at a long desk that students shared. To rid the chill and the dampness, someone fed lumps of peat, Irish turf, into an open fireplace, igniting a gentle blaze with an aromatic cloud that descended upon the room.

For lunch, the Leonard boys bit into sandwiches, slices of homemade white bread wrapped around slivers of ham from the slaughtered feeder pigs or chunks of cheese from the dairy Herefords. For dessert, they sunk their teeth into apples or pears picked fresh from the fruit trees or grabbed from the food press. Sometimes, they brought soft drink bottles filled with fresh, cream-crested milk, strained through cheesecloth from the dairy pails.

When the cousins proceeded to secondary school, they continued to travel together. On bicycles, they rode about three miles, as the black-crested lapwing flies, to Limerick, a city with a population that would top 38,518 in the 1911 census.

The two steered past rows of bacon factories and tobacco factories and shoe factories, each with a tall red-brick smoke stack that puffed out billows of steam and fumes. At the banks of the River Shannon, they reached Saint Munchin's College, with its motto of Veritas in Caritate. Founded in 1796, the sprawling estate, on Corbally Road, in Corbally, boasted an immense sports ground.

After school, they bicycled back home and helped with the chores and with the dozens of cows that had to be milked by hand twice a day.

Before bedtime, Timothy, a scholarly, serious young man, sat down with his books, studying the classics. He also memorized Gaelic, with an ancestral love for the old Irish language. The only illumination: the flickering light from a candle like the ones used at church for Mass, or the dim glow from a paraffin oil lamp, with a wick extinguished by rolling it down so as not to blacken the glass globe from sooty wisps of smoke.

Upon graduation, the cousins each made the same solemn decision.

Saying good bye to their families, they boarded the train in Limerick and headed for Dublin, the capital of Ireland. There, the two country boys – an odd pair, with Timothy well over 6 feet tall and Richard about 5 feet 4 inches – were temporarily jostled about in the rush and push of the metropolis, with its population of 304,802.

But they soon continued their journey for the last leg of their trip. Destination: Saint Patrick's College, the national seminary, in Maynooth, County Kildare, to pursue their vocations. Heeding the call of God, the two submerged themselves in the religious life secluded from the world.

However, after only one year at the seminary, bad news arrived at Maynooth

for one of the Leonard boys. Word reached Richard that he was needed at the farm. So he packed away his cassock and collar and returned to Peafield House, leaving behind his cousin, a serious and studious ascetic, who continued with his sacred studies, spending most of his time in the library, as books had always interested him much more than sports.

As the years passed, Richard remained on the family farm, and Timothy received the Sacrament of Holy Orders, on April 28, 1918, for the Limerick diocese. But soon thereafter, he joined the newly formed Maynooth Mission to China, now known as the Missionary Society of Saint Columban, a religious order actively seeking volunteers to join their first group of priests headed to the Far East.

In that first group of 11, Father Leonard's confreres were: Father Joseph Crossan (1891-1974), Father Matthew Dolan (1888-1957), Father Alphonsus Ferguson (1894-1973), Father Arthur McGuinness (1893-1943), Father Michael McHugh (1876-1959), Father John O'Brien (1894-1968), Father Edward J. O'Doherty (1879-1967), Father Thomas Quinlan (1896-1970), Father Richard Ranagan (1889-1937), and Father Cornelius Tierney (1872-1931).

Ireland born and Ireland bred, Father Leonard left his homeland, the Emerald Isle, the Land of Saints and Scholars.

First, he and his fellow missionaries sailed the 150 miles from Dublin to Liverpool, where, on Saint Patrick's Day 1920, they boarded the Carmania, a ship that steamed head-on to New York City and docked on Good Friday, April 2. Then onto the Columban's American headquarters, in Omaha, Nebraska, where they underwent further training. After a month or so, they traveled by railroad to San Francisco, boarded a ship to China and docked in Shanghai, the city renowned as the Paris of the East.

For the final 525 miles, the 11 missionaries on the Woong Woo steamboat floated along the Chiang Jiang, the Long River, known around the world as the Yangtze River. On August 21, 1920, the ship pulled ashore, and the men set foot upon their new home: Wuhan's Hanyang District, in Hupei (old form of Hubei) province.

Once settled, Father Leonard, with a cast-iron constitution, worked tirelessly and became known for his earnestness, self-sacrifice and for being an exceptionally devout man. His confreres described him as the happiest man in China, blessed with the gift of laughter, despite all the dangers.

Stationed in Yo-Ba, Mienyang, he pecked out a typewritten letter to his parents, on November 29, 1921. With levity and perhaps a bit of mental reservation, he attempted to alleviate any worry that his family may have had about him in his new surroundings. He signed off with his preferred Tadhg, the Gaelic equivalent of Timothy.



"My Dear Father and Mother,

"I am just after finishing my retreat at Hanyang and I got safely back to this diocese up here. I think it is more correct to call it a diocese than a parish. I said safely, and lest a little account of my adventures which you will see in the Far East probably later on might frighten you, I shall tell you all.

"I was in a little steamboat on the way to Hanyang when it was suddenly attacked by brigands. I was in the most conspicuous place in the boat; I was given the place of honour as you know I am a respectable looking man. So I was more exposed to the bullets of the brigands than the other passengers, being in the front of the boat I was the first to come into their view. The account I am giving you, which is the correct account will show you that there is very little danger to my life here. Those brigands waited till the boat had come close up to them and then fired several shots into the Chinese passengers with the object of killing or wounding a few to ensure that no one would object to handing out all the money he had. They could be heard distinctly warning one another to beware of the foreigner. All Chinese are afraid of the foreigners; and those fellows feared that if they hit me they would not long enjoy life of the brigand. The boat stopped, and all the passengers had to clear out except myself; all were searched except myself and my boy and deprived of all the money they had; next the boat was searched and those ruffians got away with a few hundred pounds, about £300. They had shot one dead,

Continued Next Page

Continued...

but there was time to baptize him, and wounded four badly. You will rejoice with me, I feel sure, that I was able to help the wounded; otherwise they would be rather badly off. I had them removed to the Hanyang hospital, where the doctor soon made new men of them. Before I left Hanyang for this place one of them was well enough to be able to get through the catechism in a few days. The sad little incident has done good, and will surely be the means of making a number of conversions, apart altogether from the four wounded.

“My life is safe enough here; I am in God’s hands, and a sparrow does not fall without God knowing it. So you need not be afraid. I am here to do God’s work, and God is the protector of my life. Whom shall I fear, therefore? I know that you will thank God with me for the good He has done through your own son. I have not the time to write you a longer letter at present. I write you this account lest you might be frightened. It is only necessary to say that I know a good deal about China now and I am as little afraid of anything happening to me as I would be in holy Ireland. I am in great form; life here suits me immensely; any hardships there are well compensated for. You see I am at the end of my tether, so to speak, and have not time to begin a new page. Did the Doc. make a nun of Maire yet? You hate being a Sister, Maire, don’t you. That is no sign that you won’t, if God so wills it. Any chance yourself or Janie would help to man Cathercon. Whisht with your Cahircon, I hear mother saying.

“Pray for me all of you, won’t you, and thank God for the great honor He has conferred on me in making me His ambassador here. Not only has He done great things for me, but He has asked me to do great things. Help me that He may be glorified.

“With love to all of you, and all the neighbours and friends,

“Tadhg.”

After only a few short years in China, back to Ireland he went, in 1924, to perform promotional work for the Columban Fathers, always in need of donations and draftees to shore up the depleted reserves for the Church Militant.

At home, he found his family in the beautiful, newly constructed Ballycraheen House: a two-story, four-bedroom stone structure, Georgian style architecture, with a slated hip roof and a symmetrical arrangement of door, windows and even chimneys.

The old thatched house, where all the Leonard children had arrived into the world, had been converted into a cow house, where the Herefords would bring their calves into the world.

His bachelor brother, Richard, had stayed home to take care of the farm, so, too, did his spinster sisters. But the other two brothers, like Timothy, had joined the priesthood. William was on his way to becoming an acclaimed biblical scholar, earning a Doctorate of Sacred Scripture. Joseph would live most of his life as a parish priest in Athlaca, County Limerick.

While at home, on January 23, 1925, he wrote to his brother William, on the teaching staff of Saint Patrick’s Seminary, in Sydney, Australia.

“My Dear Liam,

“Your letter reached me at Ballysimon this morning. I am so sorry to hear that your health is not good. Perhaps you overdid it when there was question of mortifying yourself at meal-time or times which should be meal-times. I shall say Mass for you to-morrow, and as often as I can in the near future, that God may give you your health, and that you may know His blessed will. I’m sure you will continue to act according to His will, like a man.

“A few words about Giolla an amuráin [Gaelic for unfortunate fellow]. I had been labouring under a rather serious handicap in Yo-Ba, but Fr. Galvin wished me to work there, although I felt I would do better elsewhere. I got a little fit of sickness last summer, but I was well again in a month, and am very well since. During the sickness the Doctor recommended that I be taken out of the Yo-Ba swamps, and sent to a district near the hills. I was preparing to move to my new field of labour when 8 of us got orders to go a-begging ‘for a time.’ I got to Ireland two weeks ago with another priest, and 6 others went to U.S.A. I am here in Ballysimon for the past 12 days, and expect to be called on very soon. I have been visiting in Monaleen and Limerick since I came home. I had to see most of the priests and sisters and brothers in Limerick. I sometimes tire of talking and answering questions about China.

“I hope you will try to get many holy people to make intercession for me, that I may be a man and strive to be what a priest ought to be. Now you remember that preacher whose sermons were converting multitudes, but it was the lay-brother sitting on the steps of the pulpit, saying his Hail Marys that was doing all. Even though I thought it very hard to have to leave China, I feel happy. I feel the year here at home – I don’t expect to be more than a year at home – will fit me better for the work in China.

“The work in China, by the way, is not without results. I am glad to be able to tell you that the lawsuits which were making such a mess are quickly being reduced to a minimum.

“All at home well. The new house is almost finished. We are living in it. The only thing is that they are not well off at home. Janie is the one that is suffering; she has reason to be dissatisfied. Joe gone back to Maynooth. Joe will be all right, I feel sure.

“God bless you,

“Your affectionate brother in Xt,

“Tadhg.”

After his stay in Ireland, he headed back to China, in 1926, where the political theater was just beginning its dramatic ascension.

After Imperial China collapsed, in 1911, a declaration of the formal establishment of the Republic of China quickly

followed, on January 1, 1912, with the Chinese Nationalist Party (Kuomintang, old form of Guomindang) rising to power after its formation later in the year by the merging of several Republican groups.

However, the Nationalists became infected with the anti-republic, anti-democratic, pro-revolution, pro-dictatorial Chinese Communists, who opened their first chapter, in 1921, in Shanghai, 106 Rue Wantz (former name of Xingye Road), with backing from the Communist International, headquartered in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Because of their sadistic predilections and proclivity for savagery, the Communists were lanced and drained from the ranks of the Nationalists, in April 1927.

In retaliation for the purge, the Communists attacked the city of Nanchang, the capital of Kiangsi (old form of Jiangxi) province, on August 1, 1927, at 2 in the morning, considered the founding of the People’s Liberation Army. After the Nanchang Uprising, which ignited the Chinese Civil War between the Nationalists and the Communists, thousands of Communist guerrilla forces spread throughout the neighboring mountains and countryside.

In that dangerous climate, the following year, in 1928, Father Leonard set out for his mission house, where he would be pastor, in Nan Feng, 30 miles south of Nanchang. The region around his parish, less than 100 miles south of the city of Nanchang, was infested with Communist guerrillas.

On July 9, 1929, he wrote to his uncle, Canon Joseph McCarthy, in County Limerick. It would be his last known letter.

“My Dear Uncle,

“Your letter dated April 23rd reached me only two weeks ago. I am very grateful for it, as I know how busy you have been with the repairs to your church.

“At the moment I am having a little rest here in Nan Feng. I don’t know to what extent I have earned it, to what extent I have given satisfaction to my Master. At all events, during the year He chose to work much good in souls that had shown no regard for Him. The outlook was as black as one could imagine a year ago. And yet it has been a rather fruitful year. One may call those events that brought baptism to old man Chow and Extreme Unction to Mary Li coincidences, but they were coincidences that God in His mercy arranged. And it was a further proof of God’s infinite mercy that old Anna Cheh, who perverted over twenty years ago, came back to the faith just a week before she died.

“God sent us a goodly number of well-disposed catechumens, some of whom have already received baptism and a few of whom seem to have been physically transformed by becoming children of God. God has worked a bigger miracle in some of them in six months than others have permitted Him to work in them in twenty years.

“One of the greatest consolations I had during the year was when the little flock insisted, if you please, on making a seven-days’ Retreat under my direction. The spirit with which they entered into it! It is simply marvelous what purity of intention and purity of life you find in the midst of so much filth; I think there are few things that express so well God’s goodness to us.

“These are only a few little notes about our year’s work. But there are other little notes I could write to you which would show the power of all the prayers that are said for us day after day. That’s all I have to say about our work except to ask you to keep it before the minds of your devout parishioners. We had no very big results here during the year, but there were ever so many little things – if one can so designate them – for which we can never thank God sufficiently.

“Your affectionate nephew,

“T.P. Leonard.”

On July 15, 1929, a few days after he had signed and sealed his letter, Father Leonard was still in bed, around 3 a.m., when he heard gunfire in the distance. Fully awake, he decided to rise, to begin his day and to celebrate Mass earlier than usual.

Around 5 that morning, dressed in his vestments, he approached the altar inside the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ Catholic Church, a wooden structure in San Gang. At the same time, a mob of Communist guerrilla soldiers surrounded the church, pushed their way inside through both doors and grabbed the priest.

In an effort to break free to prevent any sacrilege to the Blessed Sacrament, Father Leonard convinced them that he needed something from the Tabernacle. As soon as he opened the door, the Communists grabbed the ciborium and scattered the Hosts all over the sanctuary floor.

Furious, Father Leonard scolded the soldiers. In retaliation, one of them punched him in the face. As blood gushed from his mouth, soldiers ripped the vestments off the priest, tied him up, pushed him outside and demanded a ransom of \$30,000, which he could not pay. The ragtag group of Communist soldiers dragged away Father Leonard, with a rope around his neck and without his glasses, knocked off during the scuffle.

That day, parishioners lost touch with him, but the next morning they found him at the Communists’ mountain hideaway, about 20 miles away from the church. Permitted to visit him, they found Father Leonard badly wounded, for he had been interrogated and tortured. And although suffering from intense pain, he was consumed with worry about the faithful in his parish, until his visitors convinced him that no one else had suffered from the attack by the Communists.

“Thank God. My mind is now easy,” he told them. “As for myself, it cannot be

Continued on Page 12

Fr. Timothy Leonard, Continued from Page 11

more than a matter of a few days.”

Those were his last words to his parishioners.

Frog marched before a tribunal of the People's Court, he was tried by three Communist “judges,” in their 20s, who declared the foreign devil guilty of being hostile to the People of China, of being friendly with the Nationalists, of being a foreign spy and of promoting religion.

After the reading of his guilty verdict, the Communists threw Father Leonard to the ground, where they viciously attacked him and brutally hacked him to death, with his head nearly severed from his body, on July 17, 1929.

Word soon reached the Columban Fathers' mission that their confrere had been murdered by the Communists. Immediately, the priests dispatched a search party to recover the body, which they found, covered with wounds from head to heel.

The protomartyr of the Missionary Society of Saint Columban was returned to the mission, where he lay in repose for three days. On July 23, Father Patrick Dermody (1898-1990, Missionary Society of Saint Columban), Father Patrick Quigley (1904-79, Missionary Society of Saint Columban) and Father Diu, a native Chinese priest, celebrated a

solemn Requiem Mass.

After the Mass, Father Leonard's body, encased in a rough wooden coffin, was carried, in a scorching heat that reached nearly 100 degrees Fahrenheit, for the three-mile procession to San Gang, where he was laid to rest on a hillside.

“Mortified in life; a witness to Christ in death,” one of the mourners said, as the coffin with the priest was lowered into the grave.

To send word of Father Leonard's tragic ending, the Fathers in China dispatched a cablegram, on July 24, 1929, to the religious order's main house in Ireland, and, in turn, the Fathers in Dalgan Park contacted the unsuspecting family in the Ballycraheen House, soon filled with sobs of intense grief and disbelief.

Upon learning of the death of his brother, William, who was in Australia, sent a cablegram back home: “Congratulations, Mam. You have become the mother of a martyr.”

†††

Mourning extended to the Peafield House, where Richard commemorated his cousin, classmate and lifelong friend by hanging his portrait in a place of honor: the reception room wall, the first thing visitors would see when brought into the house.

A few years after his cousin's death, Richard married and started a family. His son, John Martin Leonard (born 1934), grew up seeing the portrait of the serious-looking man with dark hair, thick eyebrows, glasses and a Fáinne Óir, a gold ring pinned to his lapel that showed he was a Gaeilgeoir, a fluent speaker of Gaelic.

Around the age of 10, John asked his mother, Mary Bridget Leonard (née O'Neill, 1899-1991), about the man, whom he had seen every day of his life.

That man is Father Timothy Leonard, she explained. Your father's first cousin, who was born up the road at Ballycraheen. Furthermore, she continued, he was a martyr who had suffered a cruel death at the hands of the Red Communists, in China, in 1929.

Predicting that one day the martyred priest would be raised to the sainthood, John's mother, a deeply religious woman with a great devotion to the man in the portrait, encouraged her son to pray to him.

And, through the years, John did remember him in his prayers, hoping that he would become a saint. With the prerequisite of a miracle waived for a martyr, beatification would be simple, it would seem, because the only requirement would be proof that he died for the faith. But his canonization has not yet come to pass.

Inheriting his parents' love and honor for Father Leonard, not only has John assumed the role as executor of the priest's legacy, working for his beatification, but he has traveled to that remote hillside in China, located the original burial place, and erected a Celtic cross with a small altar at the gravesite, which has become a holy place where local Catholics pray.

ENDNOTE: I would like to thank John Martin Leonard for all his help. Miscellanea and facts for this story were pulled from the following: “Doctor William Leonard: Limerick-born distinguished Churchman, Biblical Scholar and Mystic,” by John Leonard; “Limerick's first Columban Martyr,” by John M. Leonard; “One lone, unarmed man had the courage to stand up: A campaign is underway to canonize Fr. Timothy Leonard, who was martyred in China,” by Eugene Phelan; “The Red Lacquered Gate: The Stirring Story of the Early Days of the Columban Fathers' Catholic Mission and the Courage and Faith of Its Founder, Father Edward Galvin,” by William E. Barrett; and “Those Who Journeyed With Us: 1918-2016,” by the Missionary Society of Saint Columban. ■

Theresa Marie Moreau is the author of “Blood of the Martyrs: Trappist Monks in Communist China,” “Misery & Virtue” and “An Unbelievable Life: 29 Years in Laogai,” which can be found online and at TheresaMarieMoreau.com.

This Week @

RemnantNewspaper.com

Moloch Loses a Round: Iowa Governor Signs Historic Anti-Abortion Law



By Michael J. Matt

The Internet is exploding with coverage of Iowa governor's historic signature. Today, while protesters outside chanted “My body, My Choice”, Gov. Kim Reynolds signed into law the strictest abortion regulation in the US:

From the [Chicago Tribune](http://ChicagoTribune.com): Iowa Gov. Kim Reynolds on Friday signed a law banning most abortions if a fetal heartbeat can be detected, or at around six weeks of pregnancy, marking the strictest abortion regulation in the nation — but setting the state up for a lengthy court fight....The ban, set to take effect on July 1, has propelled Iowa to the front of a push among conservative statehouses jockeying to enact restrictive regulations on the medical procedure. Mississippi passed a law earlier this year banning

abortions after 15 weeks of pregnancy, but it's on hold after a court challenge.

...Backers of the so-called heartbeat bill — which didn't get a single Democratic vote in the Legislature during final passage — expressed hope it could challenge Roe vs. Wade, the landmark 1973 U.S. Supreme Court ruling that established women have a right to terminate pregnancies until a fetus is viable. Conservatives say an influx of right-leaning judicial appointments under President Donald Trump could make it a possibility.

From the [Associated Press](http://AssociatedPress.com): DES MOINES, IOWA -- Iowa Gov. Kim Reynolds on Friday signed a law banning most abortions if a fetal heartbeat can be detected, or at around six weeks of pregnancy, marking the strictest abortion regulation in the nation — but setting the state up for a lengthy court fight... Reynolds acknowledged that the new law would likely face litigation that could put it on hold, but said: “This is bigger than just a law, this is about life, and I'm not going to back down.”

Reynolds signed the law surrounded by children from a local Christian school and children related to supporters.

Maggie DeWitte, who leads the group Iowans for Life, called Reynolds' move “historic” and added: “She is following

through on her pledge to the people of Iowa that she is 100 percent pro-life.”

The bill signing came shortly after the Iowa affiliates of Planned Parenthood and the American Civil Liberties Union warned that they would sue the governor if she signed the bill, which the Republican-controlled Legislature approved during after-hours votes earlier in the week.

From [DesMoinesRegister](http://DesMoinesRegister.com): As Reynolds inked the bill, backers' cheers nearly drowned out the echoing chorus of “My body, my choice” shouted by protesters just outside the door.

“I believe that all innocent life is precious and sacred,” Reynolds said from her formal office before signing a bill that will outlaw nearly all abortions in the state. “And as governor, I have pledged to do everything in my power to protect it. And that's what I'm doing today.”

Senate File 359 will take effect July 1, though Planned Parenthood of the Heartland and the American Civil Liberties Union of Iowa said they plan to quickly challenge the law.

Under the legislation, physicians will be barred from performing most abortions after a fetal heartbeat is detected. Experts said that heartbeat can be heard about six weeks into a pregnancy — often before a

woman realizes she's pregnant.

COMMENT: Listen to them scream for the blood of babies. For this mob, a baby of six weeks is just a bit of tissue that can be vacuumed out and disposed of. For people who are demanding the right to kill even partially-born babies, this is unthinkable.

I wonder what it's like to be them. How does it feel to be standing in the street, demanding the blood of babies—even those in the process of being born? To sit and watch baby take that first breath, still connected to her mother by the umbilical cord, doctors and nurses standing by. But instead of receiving the baby, cutting the cord, giving her that first tiny diaper, wrapping her up in a blanket, putting a little hat on her head.... they stab the baby in the back of the head, pull her from mother's womb, and drop her into a stainless steel basin. Pro-death barbarians want that—are demanding that — so, yes, banning the murder of a baby at six weeks for them must seem positively inhuman.

Pray for Governor Kim Reynolds, as the demons will be all over her now. Is any politician in America able to stand up against Hell? We're going to find out, I guess.

May God watch over and protect the most courageous governor in America. ■

50 Years After Vatican II, Are You Still Catholic?

S. Potts/Continued from Page 1

doing this, of course. It's part of them. It's who they are, how they think. It just is. When the structure is sound, a person can find peace of soul, even in the midst of sorrow and loss. But when the framework is not sound, when the beams are crooked, and the roof leaks, the person flounders. There is no internal logic or stability; all sorts of emotional disorders follow.

It need not be that way, not for us. Outside of the Sacraments, one of the most beautiful things the Church always gave her children was the systematic teaching of the Articles of Faith. Whether it was the inspired Creeds or the simple questions and answers of a penny catechism, the Truth was laid out in perfect harmony. Simple enough or a child to learn and deep enough for the most erudite theologian, the Faith was the foundation of true science and art.

People could know who they were and where they were heading. Nobody need thrash around trying to figure out why he'd been born. All he had to do was give intellectual assent to the teaching of the Catholic Church—through whom God speaks to every people, in every age. He could have answers before he knew how to form the questions. There was something on which to build a life. Once seen in the light of Faith, everything—birth, death, suffering, joy and love—could be understood.

A person could stupidly reject it, of course, but at least there was something there to reject. And then the poor soul could rush around trying to figure out what life was all about. I fear that is exactly what is going on now—and has been since Pope John XXIII refused to reveal the Third Secret of Fatima. To me looking back, that day in 1960 marked the start of the devolution. Our Lady was ignored; a new spirit was unleashed. Toxic smoke blew from the Seven Hills; and one beautiful thing after another began to crumble or be destroyed.

Who can feel secure now?

People don't know their Faith, and they don't know why they don't know. Without even realizing it, they've been handed a new identity, born of the Enlightenment, in which "modern scholarship" has the primacy. Godless philosophical systems gained the ascendancy in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; and despite the valiant efforts of Pope Leo XIII and Pope St. Pius X, these systems pushed aside clarity of thought. You can see their work played out in the rewriting of the Sacred Scriptures. And you can see it in the shallowness of modern catechetics. The snakes have been slithering through the Garden of Faith.

There is a new attitude, more or less conscious, regarding our religion. For the "mature Catholic," only those things which can be understood, demonstrated, or proven can be believed. The once-Catholic foolishly tells himself he is "searching for the truth." But by those very words, he denies that Truth has been revealed, and we are obliged to believe it.

His focus is on this world, on relationships

and self-awareness. He is the locus of his belief, the arbiter of reality, the only real thing he knows. He has vague ideas about anything relating to Catholic belief or worship. He's not sure Jesus is God. Perhaps, he reasons, at some point He *became* God, just as all the cosmos is becoming divinized. He cannot accept anything that seems impossible—things like Our Lady actually coming to earth and actually *appearing in the flesh* at Lourdes, Fatima, and Quito. Those things aren't actually *real*. He can't accept them, but he won't reject them—he is Catholic after all. But he won't think about them, and he won't suffer anyone else to, either. Besides, God doesn't really *care* what we think.

How does he know? Well, the modern theologians tell him so.

The religion has been stripped by those entrusted to preserve it. Perhaps if you are under fifty, you won't even realize what happened. But in the early post-Vatican II years, the dismantling was deliberate, overt, and unstoppable. And now we are suffering the consequences. Two generations have passed. People old enough to be grandparents weren't taught the catechism. The people in charge wanted the religion changed. Why? I think it is because they no longer believed. They had lost all sense of the supernatural.

Come back with me now to the seventies. I have three stories to tell.

My son was preparing to make his First Holy Communion. My husband and I had volunteered to teach catechism—at least we still called it that. But there was no catechism. There was no doctrine. Experience superseded dogma. Those in charge of teaching the children had changed course. They replaced a didactic approach with *We Celebrate the Eucharist*.¹

This was the "gold book" of Christiane Brusselmans, Ph.D., a Belgian student of the radical Dominican, Fr. Edward Schillebeeckx O.P. Not only he, but many of the "great figures in theology and the liturgical movement in France were her teachers: Jean Danielou for patristic studies, Dom Bernard Botte for liturgy, Yves Congar for theology of the laity and Louis Bouyer for Protestant theology."² This woman who would shape religious education for decades was an innovator *par excellence*.

We protested at a teachers' meeting, telling the priest in charge and the other teachers there was little substance in the book. The teaching wasn't clear. The Mass was presented as a meal. There was no mention of sacrifice, no teaching that when one receives Communion, he receives the Body, Blood, Soul, and Divinity of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. It was a seriously defective text.

¹ Brusselmans, Christiane, Ph.D., and Haggerty, Brian, *We Celebrate the Eucharist*. Silver Burdett Company, Morristown, NJ.

² Dooley, Catherine and Golino, Lisa, *Christine Brusselmans*, Talbot School of Theology, Biola University.

We were silenced, told "it's all in there."

But it wasn't. Even the title was problematic. The children were to *receive* Holy Communion, not *celebrate the Eucharist*. The word *celebrate* has a different meaning in a liturgical context. It doesn't mean marking an occasion with festivities, like a birthday party, or even Christmas. It means to perform a sacrament or solemn ceremony with appropriate rites. In other words, for Catholics, it means to *offer the Mass*. And that is the role of the priest, not the children.

Thus, with a single title, in the years when a child is most receptive to receiving the faith whole and entire, he is misled. The distinction between priest and people is dissolved. Everybody joins in. The whole *community* performs the sacred action.

And solvent is poured over the Faith.

That year was filled with one attack on the Faith after another, as if there were an archer from Hell shooting arrows in an open field. The directive from Rome requiring First Confession before First Communion was rejected. (I had to attend an archdiocesan meeting, filled with mockers and dissenters, who laid out the way to ignore Rome.) We weren't allowed to mention sin. It was divisive. We weren't allowed to distribute the Miraculous Medals we had donated. The children practiced receiving Communion with unconsecrated hosts and grape juice. Just a happy little snack.

The height of nonsense was reached when the children participated in boiling pasta for a common meal. I'm not kidding. As part of their religious education, each child was given one spaghetti noodle to drop into the pot of boiling water. Showing what? I'm not sure. Community, I guess, or more, alarmingly—to demonstrate the Eastern idea that *all are one*—a theme that ran like an undercurrent throughout the year.

We did the best we could, filling in the gaps, but—except for our son who learned his catechism and went to confession (alone) before his First Communion—it was a losing battle. We left after the second year. The worst of it is that millions of children year after year, never saw a catechism book or learned the answers to the most essential questions of the Faith. And those children are now nearly fifty years old. How, then, can they hold what they never had? Is it any wonder each generation knows even less?

The second story took place at the same church, the same year. We were all "*novus ordo*" then. There was no Tridentine Mass. As far as we knew, it was gone forever. We had never heard of Archbishop Lefebvre or his brand-new society in Ecône. Our church was conservative—no clowns or dancing girls. Although it had the mandatory table, it did have confessionals and communion rails.

But renewal was in the works.

The church had a wonderful library. I used

to go to daily Mass and then make a trip to the library. The books were treasures. Books of the saints, theology, church history, tales of converts—a banquet for the mind. I'd take a book, read it, and bring it back, week after week. But then one day, to my horror, I walked into a room of empty shelves. Standing by them was the Director of Religious Education.

"Where are the books?" I asked.

She gave me the disdainful look of the renewed Catholic. "They're gone," she said.

"Gone?" I stammered.

"They were all pre-Vatican II. They had to go."

And that was the end of the library. I imagine they replenished the shelves with the new theology, new psychology, and who knows what else?

We found another church.

Years later, the same sort of thing happened. There was still no approved Tridentine Mass in Detroit, but we had the Latin Mass, done so beautifully that few knew it was the *Novus Ordo*. Like the suburban church, it had a wonderful library. As I had done before, I went to daily Mass and often went to check out a book before I went home.

One day the phone rang. "Susan!" It was the Sicilian custodian. "You gotta get down here right now! They're throwing away the books!"

"Who is?" I asked.

He told me the women's names.

"Why?"

There was a party planned. The parish hall had to be cleaned. "They said the books are dust collectors."

"Where's Father?" I asked.

"I don't know. Gone somewhere. Just get down here."

I got to the church before the books went into the incinerator. Their work finished, the women had left. The books were piled in boxes and bags in the furnace room. Hundreds of them. For the next several hours, the custodian and I put them back.

The pastor left them in place on the shelves, thank God.

Those are my three vignettes. These are perilous times, and souls are in danger. We must remedy that. Instead of tut-tutting over the mess we're in, we must safeguard our Catholic framework. If it's broken or was never there, it must be rebuilt. It's not that hard, and it's something everybody can do for himself—no matter what weirdness is going on around him.

Think about it. Make sure your faith hasn't been distorted or minimized. Test yourself and determine if your knowledge is strong and your understanding true. As one who

Continued Next Page

I'm Afraid of Martyrdom, Continued...

H. White/Continued from Page 1

That the ideas of the world, the assumptions and priorities of this life, are false and our fears - of penance and what the Benedictines call conversion of life - are unfounded.

Today is the beginning of the period in which, from 1535 to 1537, the London Carthusians were murdered, martyred, by the Protestant English state. May 4th is the feast of the English Carthusian Martyrs, St. John Houghton and companions.

And here is a little story [from a young man entering a Carthusian](#) monastery now:

God is mercy and love, he loves us to the point of arousing in our hearts the strong desire to follow Him in the radicality of a silent and collected life. It happened in San Bruno many centuries ago, but even today men and women follow this example, this ideal of life. And it happened to me. **God saw my condition as a sinner and wanted to give me the opportunity to follow this path** which aims to lead me to holiness and to union with Him, which is our whole truth and our salvation. **I am an aspirant to the difficult life**, not because of mine, but for the goodness and mercy of God. From a very early age I feel the call to consecrate my life to God, but I let time pass, because I thought that this style of life was not for me. **But when God calls, restlessness remains in us** and we only calm down when we respond, with love, to this call of love. I always thought of a radical life, and when I met the Charterhouse I fell in love with the lifestyle of these men and women.

I found many difficulties along the way and I still find them, but with God's grace everything is going well and these difficulties only make me

stronger. In November 2017, the Good God through a benefactor, gave me the gift of being able to make my experience in the Charterhouse of Our Lady Medianeira, here in Rio Grande do Sul. If I had to describe my experience, this would be the title: **I WAS 30 DAYS IN THE SKY!** The title could not be anything else, **I was really in heaven**, surrounded by good angels, charitable, loving, available, patient and full of faith and love for God and his Church.

I can say that I met several saints in the Charterhouse, but Father Prior emanated an angel's air, a kindness and humility that moved me. I sat near him only a few days, then I went to the choir next to the Father Master. At first I was lost in the pages of that big and heavy book, and the Prior, perceiving my difficulty, left his place in the choir and came to help me, or sometimes even from his place showed me what the page of the book was. When I looked at his eyes, I saw only goodness. What a holy man!!! God be blessed.

Days passed and experience left me more and more enchanted by those men who, leaving everything behind, lived for the greater Good with great joy. They are charitable and very kind men. I was able to deepen that charism, because I lived everything that a monk lives, I took walks, I participated in the recreations, I participated in two chapters and the grace of God involved me more and more. But I want to emphasise two things in the Charterhouse that have left me enchanted, passionate ... the Holy Mass and the Vigils ... everything is special there, but these

two things left me speechless ...

Today I asked a friend, a good priest, the question, "Is it true that going to heaven has very little to do with you being, as the world's expression has it, 'a good person'?" In other words, in the natural sense, being "nice" has pretty much nothing to do with sanctity. I suspect that real holiness looks quite different from the world's ideas about it.

good, evil.' ie: 'She was a good woman. She spent her vacations working for women's reproductive rights in Africa.'

"On the other hand, if a contemporary worldling met Francis de Sales, surely the worldling would say, 'Wow, is that ever a kind and attentive person!'"

I would only add, "He would say that about St. Francis de Sales upon first impression. But the song would change



My friend helpfully responded that with the World going barreling along in the wrong direction... "as time goes on, less and less."

"Of course as Paul VI observed, 'The natural law, the observance of which is also necessary for salvation,' is partially, very partially recognised (not by itself) as being good. But so much of what the world calls good, is actually wicked: 'Woe to them who call evil, good, and

abruptly as soon as he found out what the saint of gentleness thought about 'women's reproductive rights'." The things we call good are quite different from what the World calls good. And they're getting more and more different every day.

But even so, the world is certainly looking for heroism, no less Catholics than all the other people flocking to

Continued Next Page

Are You Still Catholic, Continued from Page 13

taught in parochial schools many years ago, I know the importance of periodic tests of old material. It is a good way to make sure nothing has been forgotten.

Take this quiz and see if you can say unequivocally that:

- God created everything from nothing.
- Adam and Eve are (not *were*) real people.
- Original sin is real. It is inherited. Because of it, there is a defect in human nature. It taints our souls and mars their beauty. It bars us from Heaven. This stain of death cannot be removed by human cleansing—not by education or being nice or living a good life. Only baptism can remove it from our souls. Thus, baptism is necessary for salvation.

- The Catholic Church is the One True Church. All other religions are false, each falling somewhere on a continuum of error.
- The Sacraments were given to us by Christ Himself to save us. No human being made them up; no human being can change them.
- The Sacrifice of the Mass is a True Sacrifice. It is the offering of a Victim to God in reparation for sin. The Mass is the death of Christ mystically, miraculously, brought forward in time in an unbloody representation of Calvary before our eyes. It is the Mystery of Faith.
- The priest offers the Sacrifice. He alone has been given a power beyond our understanding. He alone calls down Jesus to the altar. When the priest murmurs the

mystic words, Our Lord comes to save us. Lay people are not a necessary part of this Sacred Action.

- Heaven is real. It is a Kingdom, a place—palpable, visible beyond the veil, tangible. Our Lord and Our Lady reign there *physically* in their glorified bodies. Hell, Purgatory, and Limbo are also real. People go there.
- The devil is not a myth or a metaphor. Lucifer and his army of fallen angels are real, and they hate you.
- You will be judged when you die. At that moment, the time of Mercy is over. It is the Time of Judgment. Jesus Christ, King of Heaven and Earth, will pronounce the sentence. Heaven? Purgatory? Hell? You

don't get to decide where you go. The Lord sends you. You will have no choice in the matter.

- Christ will return to Earth on the Last Day. You will see Him coming in the *clouds of Heaven*. It will be the General Judgment. Every soul who has ever lived will be there. Every last person will know who is beloved of God and who is damned by their own fault.
- At that time, your body will rise from the grave and be reunited with your soul. Everybody will see what you look like—whether you are beautiful beyond words or hideous and deformed. You will go then to your appointed place. To be loved or hated forever.

So that's the little test for today. Tell me. How did you do? Are you still Catholic? Or have you been bitten by the snake? ■

Continued...

see “Avengers Infinity War” this week. In fact, perhaps Catholics more than anyone else. We are called, are we not, and despite what Cardinal Kasper would have us believe, to holiness, which is nothing less than heroism.

Recently in a conversation with Fr. Oblate Director we talked about the admonition of the Lord to “be perfect as my Father in heaven is perfect.” I said that when I first started towards my conversion (35 years ago!) I remember that I had found this passage a huge obstacle. It was impossible, you see. I knew full well even then that Christian Perfection - sanctity - was actually completely impossible for me to do. At the time I thought it was unjust, or at least unfair, of the Lord, the Son of God, to demand perfection as the price of entering heaven. And I was completely right. It was impossible.

Of course, since then I’ve learned the answer to that apparently insoluble conundrum. It’s impossible for us. It’s not impossible for Him. He is the one who makes you perfect. All you need to do is cooperate.

What did Felicity and Perpetua and those early Roman martyrs look like as they were being martyred in the arenas of Carthage and Rome? What did it look like from the stands? Not much, I would think. Two weak women, chased by animals across the bloody sand, the outcome a foregone conclusion. It was North Africa so it was probably a hot day. They might have been nothing more than the half-time show, a sort of mid-credits scene between the main event of the games. It might have been the moment to pop out and get another cold beer.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sWKCMuyst-8>

I guess that it was ugly and brutal. Not at all the stuff of late Victorian romantic paintings.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ytdMUddGe-U>

(And of course, we’re in a time now when that most terrible of questions is coming back into the mind of Christians everywhere: “What would I do? Would I give in? Would I pinch a grain in fear?”)

But what did it look like from the point of view of Heaven?

To each one God granted the form of martyrdom he desired. Saturus had hoped to be exposed to several sorts of beasts, **that his sufferings might be intensified.** He and Revocatus were first attacked half-heartedly by a leopard. Saturus was next exposed to a wild boar which turned on his keeper instead. He was then tied up on the bridge in front of a bear, but the animal refused to stir out of his den, and Saturus was reserved for one more encounter. The delay gave him an opportunity to turn and speak to the converted jailer Pudens: “You see that what I desired and foretold has

come to pass. Not a beast has touched me! So believe steadfastly in Christ. And see now, I go forth yonder and with one bite from a leopard all will be over.” As he had foretold, a leopard was now let out, sprang upon him, and in a moment he was fatally wounded. Seeing the flow of blood, the cruel mob cried out, “He is well baptized now!” Dying, Saturus said to Pudens, “Farewell; remember my faith and me, and let these things not daunt but strengthen you.” He then asked for a ring from Pudens’ finger, and dipping it in his own blood, returned it to the jailer as a keepsake. Then he expired...

Perpetua and Felicitas were exposed to a mad heifer. Perpetua was tossed first and fell on her back, but raised herself and gathered her torn tunic modestly about her; then, after fastening up her hair, lest she look as if she were in mourning, she rose and went to help Felicitas, who had been badly hurt by the animal. Side by side they stood, expecting another assault, but the sated audience cried out that it was enough. They were therefore led to the gate Saneivaria, where victims who had not been killed in the arena were dispatched by gladiators. **Here Perpetua seemed to arouse herself from an ecstasy and could not believe that she had already been exposed to a mad heifer until she saw the marks of her injuries.** She then called out to her brother and to the catechumen: “Stand fast in the faith, and love one another. Do not let our sufferings be a stumbling block to you.” By this time the fickle populace was clamoring for the women to come back into the open. This they did willingly, and after giving each other the kiss of peace, they were killed by the gladiators. **Perpetua had to guide the sword of the nervous executioner to her throat.**



St. Felicity and her seven children were martyred

Here’s the point that always made me pause in the midst of my fears and weakness: they asked God for more suffering! And they hardly even noticed being martyred. They were in ecstasies. How does that even work?

That was the point that made me start to think it was possible to lose my fears, and eventually my silly resentment at the Lord’s command faded, overwhelmed in awe at the idea that these were real people, and these things really happened. There was obviously something much greater going on here than mere suffering.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ik es4yPulmI&feature=player_embedded

Scuttling quickly back to the safe, terrestrial ground of pop culture, I rather like this description of the mechanics of grace given in this scene (in this otherwise extremely stupid movie).

We’re given opportunities every day. Not of martyrdom by wild beasts, at least not most of us in the 1st world, but by the thousand daily opportunities for little, hidden martyrdoms that come along with ordinary life. We’re given this failure, this weakness, this mistake, this moment of decision right here and now, to turn to Christ, in our daily desperation. We beg Him for the grace of conversion right now, and we offer Him with sorrow, our regret and our frustrations at our moments of failure. The question for most of us is not, “Would I stand up to martyrdom?” But “How do I respond to this difficulty - however petty or huge it might be - right here and now? How do I endure the knowledge of my failure and weakness? Where do I turn for a cure?”

I have a friend who does more or less what I do. He writes and blogs and podcasts about the Church, the Francis papacy and all that. And he’s prone to getting fed up, even discouraged. He knows his failings and shortcomings as a Catholic and is frustrated by them. And like all of us, he tends to forget that these are his crosses, these are the things God has given him specially, today, to suffer and offer up.

Whatever you’ve got going on right now, these are the opportunities we’ve been given. It doesn’t look very heroic in the world’s terms, but this is what we’ve got today, right now. My frustration with my physical weakness, my often tormenting memories of my past sins, my failures in life, my stupid selfishness, my cowardice, my mistakes; this is the raw material I’ve got. It’s not pretty, but this is the stuff of our repentance, all we’ve got to offer up to Christ on the Cross.

How are we going to get to the “place,” the spiritual maturity, the indifference

to this life, of a St. Felicity? Or a St. John Houghton? Or a Moses the Black, a Mary of Egypt, or any of the greats whom we remember? By this little path, that looks like nothing to us, but in



Reality – the point of view of heaven, which is the only one that matters - is the royal road. And as per the saints, we will look back on that road and see something miraculous. We’ll see it is not paved with thorns and stones as we had thought, but strewn with roses. ■



INVEST IN FUTURE CATHOLIC RESTORATION

**Remember
The Remnant
in Your Will**

**A gift in your Will can be
a most effective way to keep
The Remnant in operation
for years to come.**

**Donations to The Remnant
Foundation are tax deductible
since it is a 501(C) 3**

Please don’t hesitate to contact us:

Editor@RemnantNewspaper.com

**The Remnant Foundation
PO Box 1117,
Forest Lake, Minnesota 55025
651-433-5425**

The Last Word...

May is Mary's Month: May We Keep the Faith, Forever Devoted to Her

By Father Celatus

May is a marvelous month, both naturally and supernaturally speaking. At the natural level, it is only with the arrival of May in at least some parts of the Country that residents feel relatively safe from snowfall. And with the melting of the snows and the ice-out on rivers and streams, nature bounces back to life from its overly long hibernation of the winter season. Some say this past winter was the longest and worst ever. Even so, in the month of May, most of us put bitter winter memories behind us and hope springs eternal.

For this reason, from ancient times to the present, the month of May is a time of religious and cultural celebrations and devotions. In the ancient pagan Greek world, May was dedicated to the goddess Artemis and was associated with fecundity. Following in their footsteps, the ancient pagan Romans linked the month of May to Flora, the goddess of bloom and blossoms. In these and other pagan devotions and celebrations the emphasis was upon life and fertility, so evident in the natural world each spring season.

Unfortunately, while the instincts of the ancients were rightly directed to a supernatural power at work behind the order and activity of nature, they wrongly attributed the divine source and cause to manmade gods and goddesses. They also commonly lapsed into gross sexual immorality and perversion in the name of religion, ultimately worshiping the creature rather than the Creator, as was so well

stated by Saint Paul.

Despite the errors of the pagans, past and present, true religion recognizes genuine connections between the natural world and the supernatural world and unlike the pagans, properly acknowledges and celebrates this. Most notably, the entire month of May is dedicated in a special way to the Blessed Mother. The basis for this may be analogous to that of the ancient pagans, namely life and fecundity; but unlike the pagans, the Catholic emphasis is upon the spiritual Motherhood of Mary. Saint Paul teaches in his Epistle to the Romans that Jesus is the New Adam; similarly, there must be a New Eve in the spiritual realm, Mary.

There are a number of ways that Catholics can celebrate the Blessed Mother in the month of May. Often children make their First Holy Communion in this month and they are enrolled in the scapular, by which they are literally clothed in the mantel of Mary. A May Crowning of a statue of the Blessed Mother is common in traditional churches and Catholic schools. Many churches and households set up or decorate altars or devotional areas that are dedicated to the Blessed Mother, adorned with flowers that represent spiritual life and love and holy purity. Marian litanies and rosaries are recited with renewed vigor in May. In addition to the Marian focus in May, the month starts on a very strong liturgical note with the Feasts of two

great Saints who are favorites among traditional Catholics: Saint Athanasius, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor of the Church and Saint Pius V, Pope and Confessor, celebrated on May 2 and May 5 respectively.

For good reason Saint Athanasius bears many titles, to include *Father of Orthodoxy*, *Pillar of the Church* and *Champion of Christ's Divinity*. Born in the last decade of the third century AD, he was intellectually gifted, extremely well educated and most importantly, had a deep love of God and dedication to the Faith. Clearly divine providence was at work in raising up such a Saint precisely when needed, in the face of the Arian heresy, which denied the Divinity of Christ. Saint Athanasius suffered much at the hands of Arius and his supporters, to include exile from his episcopal see five times spanning some seventeen years. In art the great Defender of the Faith is often depicted lecturing pagans or standing over a defeated heretic.

Pope Saint Pius V, though born into this world more than one thousand years later, was similarly an instrument of divine providence in the face of a plethora of heresies, collectively known as Protestantism. Born into a poor family and laboring as a shepherd as a boy, as a teen he joined the Dominican Order and went on to theological studies and Holy Orders. Among his many accomplishments as Pope are included the continued implementation of the decrees of the Council of Trent,

the revision of the Breviary, the Roman Missal and the Latin Vulgate Bible, the publication of the Roman Catechism and a number of Encyclicals and other Papal writings, the promotion of Saint Thomas Aquinas and Thomism, and the protection of Europe from the invading forces of the Turks, now celebrated as Our Lady of Victory.

No doubt inspired by these two great Saints of orthodoxy and following in their footsteps, in the first week of May there were two traditional Catholics who publicly defended the Faith, over the airwaves of secular radio broadcasts. On May 1st our own Michael Matt, editor of *The Remnant*, was interviewed on The Glenn Beck Radio Program. Described by Glenn as a "practicing Catholic" (harder and harder to find in mainstream America), Michael was Athanasian in presenting a traditional Catholic critique of Francis. Then on May 4th a traditional Catholic called in to The Dennis Prager Program and spoke passionately about his convictions related to Catholicism and the current crisis under Francis. Imagine—no doubt due to divine providence—in one week's time two traditional Catholics reached out to millions of Americans on radio broadcasts, one hosted by a Mormon and the other by a Jew. Ironically, these two traditional Catholics were treated with more respect by non-Catholic radio hosts than by most mainstream Catholics.

But let's end on a positive and hopeful

Last Word. After all, spring is a season to enjoy the beauty of nature as a gift from God and to rejoice in a natural cycle of new and resurrected life. For us as traditional Catholics, this season and the month of May in particular are rich in spiritual blessings as well, as we continue to celebrate the Resurrection of Christ in this Easter Season and honor the Blessed Mother. Saint Athanasius and Saint Pius V, pray for us, that we may remain strong and steadfast in the Catholic Faith! ■

Sunday, 13 May 2018

**Michael J. Matt to Speak in London:
Family Life International Conference**

www.flionline.org

**"The Catholic Family:
Key to Catholic Restoration"**