



The Remnant

(Est. in 1967)

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

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From the Editor's Desk...

By Michael J. Matt

No July 15th Remnant

Please be advised that July is one of the two months per year in which we publish only one issue of The Remnant. There was no July 15th edition. Thanks for your patience.

The Roman Forum Italy, 2018

On the heels of the Chartres Pilgrimage in France—a magnificent success!—I was pleased to deliver a talk on contraception and Pope Pius XI at Dr. John Rao's annual Roman Forum in Italy.

The event itself was as grand as ever, featuring Catholic academics, journalists, priests and activists from all over the world, gathering on the shores of Lake Garda to (this year) discuss the reestablishment of the authentic history (as opposed to revisionist fiction) of the interwar period and to defend the Catholic intellectual tradition.

Remnant TV's Walter Matt, is producing a video report on the event (to be released in August), but I'd like to congratulate my friend, John Rao, and his team, on a job exceedingly well done.

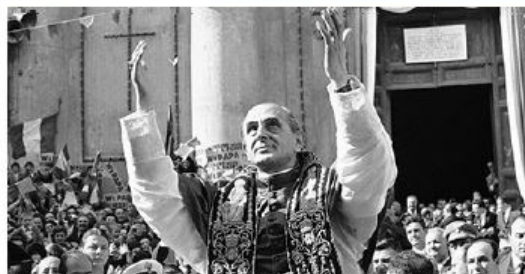
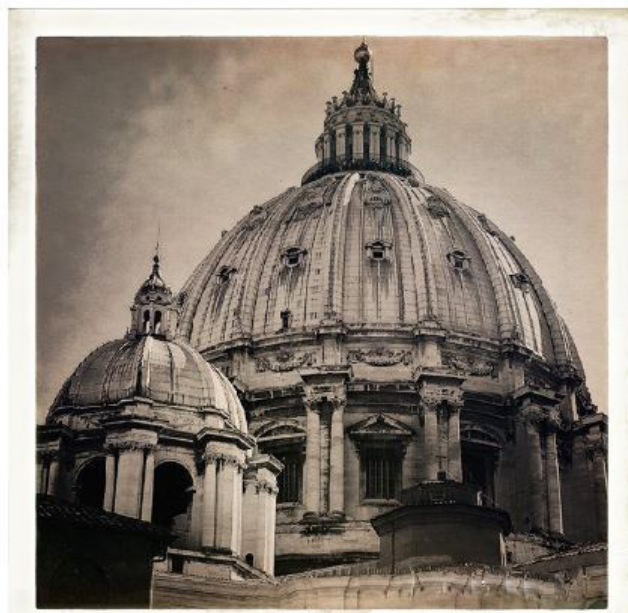
With our Catholic 'batteries' freshly charged and a whole new set of alliances and strategies formed over the course of the event, we've returned to the front with greater commitment to the Cause of Catholic restoration and the Kingship of Christ than ever. May God bless and protect this vital piece of Catholic

~See Editor's Desk/Page 2

Rules for Radicals?

When Paul VI Met Saul Alinsky

By Christopher Ferrara



The Revolutionary Fellowship of Pope Montini, Jacques Maritain and Saul Alinsky

Introduction: Maritain's Papal Disciple

While he lived to regret the ecclesial ruin he had provoked and then sought desperately to repair—too little, too late—Pope Montini

was a revolutionary who had been formed by the "conservative" Modernism of another revolutionary: Jacques Maritain. As Montini famously admitted: "I am a disciple of Maritain. I will call him my teacher."¹ Maritain's *Integral Humanism* (1936) was

nothing less than the "petit livre rouge" ('little red book') of a whole generation of Christians.² That is, liberal Catholics like Montini, the child of *haute bourgeois* "patriots" of the Italian state created by the revolutionary violence of the so-called *Risorgimento*.

Like Maritain himself, Montini was seduced by the *ignis fatuus* of a New Age of humanity in which the Church, happily reconciled to pluralist democracy and the modern conception of rights, would be the leaven of a New Christendom, free from the disabling structures of what Maritain dismissed as the surpassed "sacral age" of medieval Christendom to which there could never be a return in any form. Montini and Maritain were typical of the false prophets of modernity who could not see, even as it was happening, what the pre-conciliar Popes readily predicted would happen were the Church ever to accommodate her teaching to the spirit of the age with its non-negotiable demand for the extinction of the Catholic confessional state.

The "First Modern Pope,"³ the deluded disciple of a deluded layman, would lead the Church on a disastrous deviation from the path of all his predecessors, only to be "confronted with the shattered assumptions of his whole pontificate."⁴ In his *The Peasant of the Garrone*, published in 1966, Maritain joined Montini in lamenting the aftermath of the Second Vatican Council

~See Paul VI/Page 4

Bracing for the Reign of Saturn:

The Real 'New Order of the Ages'

By Susan Claire Potts

It is the solemn hour. The priest has summoned God from Heaven. The Consecration has been done. The ancient Sacrifice is renewed. Our Lord lies on the altar. He lies there, waiting. Waiting for you to come to Him. Waiting to come to you.

First, we must prepare. Our hearts must be ready.

Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum, the priest intones in the old Rite; *the Peace of the Lord be with you always*, he says in the new.

By the power granted him at his

ordination, it is the Peace of Christ the priest bestows, not his own. Not friendly sociability or kindly affability. Not openness or caring or concern. None of those things, just the awesome Peace of the Holy One, Jesus Christ Our Lord. It is the wounded Hand of God reaching out to touch us with His Love. This supernatural Peace is ours to receive. It is ours to keep. It is ours to have confidence in the One Who, in a few moments, will come to us, will enter our soul, will feed us with Himself.

Paratum cor meum, Domine. My heart is ready, Lord.

~See Reign of Saturn/Page 10



From the Editor's Desk, Continued from Page 1

action, which our old friend and ally has faithfully maintained for more than a quarter century and in which we're always proud to participate.

League of the Sacred Heart

During my presentation at the Roman Forum, I introduced an upcoming Remnant project called the League of the Sacred Heart. Remnant readers who watch Fox News from time to time may have noticed how the conservative commentators faithfully wear their little U.S. flag lapel pins in an effort to show allegiance to their country and its Constitution.

Well, this gave me an idea. What if we were to do something similar, only with an image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus? Making public demonstration of allegiance to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is something we can all do right away. It's something we must do, in fact, and why not start with a simple outward sign of allegiance—the wearing of the Sacred Heart lapel pin.

The Remnant will kick-off the League of the Sacred Heart in August of 2018 by offering our very own pin, free for the asking. Please look for further details on how to sign up in our August 31st edition.

I pray that every traditional Catholic, regardless of liturgical affiliation, will help us establish this visible and public reminder that the Revolution has failed to crush the old faith in at least a remnant of Christendom. It is our hope that the League will also help to reestablish some much-needed unity to the Catholic Counterrevolution. Please pray for the success of the League of the Sacred Heart.

Traditional Mass in the Black Hills

Yesterday your old editor climbed Mount Quandary—the highest summit of the Tenmile Range in the Rocky Mountains of North America. I'm not getting any younger, and so climbing the 14,200-foot mountain with my son, his cousins and a couple of brothers-in-law was considerably more challenging than I'd anticipated. There were points, in fact, when I mentally took on the task in increments of ten feet: "Okay, I can do the next ten. We'll see about the rest later."

For three hours this went on, until at last we made the cold and windy summit, looking out over a field of snow-capped mountaintops that couldn't not inspire thoughts of the truly awesome glory of God and His creation.

After a few moments of happy and exhausted celebration (see photo), it dawned on me that we still had to get back down the mountain—a task that turned out to be nearly as challenging as getting up. But down we went, some (read: this writer) more slowly than others.

The next day, I found myself crossing a much flatter surface, this time white-knuckling it in a van along a piece of desolate highway on another planet called the Great Plains States.

Riding an endless ribbon of blacktop that bravely cuts a narrow swath through the no-man's-land from Colorado to South Dakota, I found myself bemused by

the thought of "experts" telling us we have an overpopulation problem in this country. All the men and women on earth could live in the land we crossed that day, with plenty of room to spare. The sheer desolation of places like northern Nebraska makes it so that even a lone tree standing antisocially along the side of the highway becomes something to see and take note of.

As we raced along, we were strangely comforted by the sight of an occasional herd of cattle, gathered together along the highway, trying to prevent the 100-degree heat from turning them into steaks. We nodded to them as we passed, happy to briefly have their company.

The vast emptiness went on forever, your editor rather desperately clinging to the steering wheel at times, his sleeping children stacked like cordwood in the rearview mirror providing a sober reminder to keep it between the lines.



Finally, the daunting nothingness turned into something: a pretty little place called Rapid City, South Dakota—the Black Hills, the Badlands, Crazy Horse, and Mount Rushmore. We'd made the halfway point.

Lovely to look at, to be sure, but this was Sunday and we needed to go to Mass. Surely, we'd never find a Traditional Latin Mass out here!

But South Dakota is not without its surprises. Years ago, I remember running into the great, great, great, great grandson of the Sioux Chief Sitting Bull and being pleasantly surprised when he told me that he's actually a devout Christian, and so are many in his tribe.

Not only Sitting Bull, but many of the Native Americans at the Battle of Little Big Horn, were, in fact, Catholics, having been introduced to the Faith and then baptized by Catholic priests such as the great Jesuit missionary Pierre-Jean De Smet.

Father De Smet was a traditional Catholic, of course, having spent his priestly life offering the Traditional Latin Mass every day. But that was a long time ago and we were traveling in the Wild West of Vatican II.

With a little help from Google, we found a possible option and a short while later pulled into the parking lot of the Immaculate Conception Church in Rapid City, South Dakota (see photo).

With our seven children in tow, my wife and I entered through the rear doors of the church, only to be confronted by a familiar sight—dozens of small children crawling around on the floor, clinging to their mothers' knees, haphazardly veiled, in little skirts and ties—trying manfully to keep quiet.

I noticed a plaque on the wall, indicating that the old church is protected by the historical society. Thus, the beautifully preserved interior, high altar, patient statues, original stained glass, communion rail, etc. The Modernist marauders had obviously not been allowed in, *Deo Gratias*.



Left: Hikers, Right: Michael Matt/Gary Velder, Bottom: Immaculate Conception Church

As we made our way to one of the very few open pews, I could hear the old wooden floor creaking beneath my feet, and I was

immediately brought back in time to the old framed country churches I'd known as a boy. I half expected to hear the telltale squeaking of an old pump organ's bellows as I took my place.

It was a hot day, and the doors of the church had been propped open to let a warm South Dakota breeze do what it could to keep the congregation comfortable.

I saw farmers, old and young. Newlyweds, grandmothers and grandfathers, and children... large families, so many dresses, so many veils. The time machine was working just fine.

At the altar a young priest, Father Christopher Hathaway, FSSP, was beginning the Prayers at the Foot of the Altar and my children quickly filled the empty pew, each one—even the youngest, Michael (6)—knowing exactly what to do: lower the old clunky kneeler and assume the position. It was, after all, the very same Mass they've been attending all their lives.

We may have been in far off South Dakota, but the children were right at home in this church, which positively breathed traditional Catholic ambience.

It was low Mass with hymns, and the choir was so reminiscent of those I'd known in my youth—devout, prayerful, not perfect but not pretentious, either; just dedicated parishioners, faithfully manning the loft every Sunday out of love for God and old Latin Mass. It was easy to pray as they sang the familiar old hymns of years past.

The sermon was simple yet profoundly pastoral. Again, nothing pretentious and not too long, either—just the patient lesson of a loving father, teaching his children how to be chaste, how to be Catholic, how to get to heaven. Its catechetical simplicity engaged my children immediately.

Familiar old hymns, chapel veils, fussing babies, stain glass-filtered light and the murmur of Latin—this place was home and these people, family. I knew them all, though we'd never met.

The breeze picked up, and the consecration began, and I felt that same safe and Catholic peace I'd always experience as a boy in little churches like these. God was coming down, kneel up straight.

As we made our way to the parking lot after Mass, I was happy to bump into a man named Gary Velder (see photo), whom I'd never met but I instantly knew and liked. Gary is from the old days. I met him a thousand times before. He was always talking to my father after Mass when I was a kid.

I'd know Gary anywhere—he's one of the traditional Catholic pioneers, the old Catholic folks who were "traddie" before "traddie" was cool. He'd been in the trenches all his life, too—holding fast to the old days and the old ways. His ready, affable smile gave away that Catholic optimism that had always been the mark of the 'old soldiers': "Christ wins in the end, right? All we've got to do is stick with Him, which means holding fast to Tradition. We got this!"

We talked for a few moments, Gary and I, and soon realized we had pretty much the same stories to tell—memories of the old days, the hotel Masses, the "roamin' Catholics". Gary had been there, too, all those years ago...and he remembers what it was like when the whole world thought we were crazy. Not so much anymore. Here we were, having just attended the "outlawed" Traditional Latin Mass, celebrated by a young priest in an historic church filled with babies and large Catholic families.

Take *that*, Vatican III!

In the few moments we were together, Gary and I smiled a lot. It's been a long haul, but God is good. It was like two seasoned soldiers chatting briefly behind the frontline. It went without saying that they'd taken most of our churches, but they never managed to take our faith—and they never will.

Gary told me that he and his wife, Linda, sometimes attend the Latin Mass at St.

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The Remnant Speaks

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



Peter Middeldorp

Correction: Dates of the Catholic Identity Conference

Editor, *The Remnant*: I'm sure I am not the first to point this out, but the dates of the conference are incorrect on the back page of the new Remnant. God bless and Happy 4th,

Andy

All Things Reasonable

Editor, *The Remnant*: As a lifelong Catholic I've despaired of finding a traditional voice of all things reasonable in society and spiritual life. Thank you for being here,

John B
Clayton NC

Don't Forget Fr. Frank Phillips

Editor, *The Remnant*: Thank you so much for posting the ordinations of priest's trained in the Tridentine mass for this year. Very uplifting to see our numbers grow. However I think you missed a group that has slipped thru the cracks. That would be Fr. Frank Phillips of the canons of St. John Cantius. Not in as much as was

ordained into the canons but his training of Diocesan Priests to do the Latin mass. Although I live in the diocese of Rockford I attend mass in the Joliet diocese at St. Mary's in West Chicago. It is Novus Ordo Moto Proprio, but the 10:15 Sunday mass is a Latin mass. With the exception of a conventional Franciscan Priest, all the priests reading this mass were trained at St. John Cantius by Fr. Phillips. So far the number of diocesan priests reading this mass since I started going there about 3 years ago numbers 5 priest. This makes Fr. Phillips one of the unsung hero's in my book. However, there is also some bad news attached as well.

Earlier this year Fr. Phillips was accused of sexual abuse. These were I think 3 individuals all adult men, one of whom recanted his story. The blog Mahound's Paradise (<https://mahoundsparadise.blogspot.com>) has painstaking written on this extensively. He has produced many facts and figures proving Fr. Phillips innocence. Mahound is a parishoner at St. John Cantius and knows Fr. Phillips personally.

The problem here is that the Canons of St. John Cantius are not a separate order. They are under control of the Archdiocese of Chicago and at the desecration of the Bishop can be disbursed throughout the diocese. The canons can also be desolated under the Bishop as well potentially bringing an end to canon's providing the Latin mass in this area. The bishop is non other than Blase Cupich who's hatred of the Latin mass and love of modernism has no bounds.

It was the archdiocese that originally brought the charges up on Fr. Phillips to the Resurrectionist Provençal director Fr. Gene Szarek. Father Phillips is still a member of the order. The resurrectionists found Father Phillips innocent of all charges. However Cupich refused to accept the outcome and has withheld Father Phillip's priestly faculties.

In my opinion this is all part of Cupich's plan. His hatred of the Latin mass is well known. His hatred for tradition is well known. It was Cupich who turned the once beautiful seminary chapel of St. Turibus to resemble the inside of a white Westinghouse refrigerator.

It is my belief that Bergoglio installed Cupich here for a reason. The Tridentine mass is both popular and plentiful here in the Chicago area. Bergoglio realizes this and hence the installation of Cupich as the bishop of the Archdiocese of Chicago. I think Bergoglio and his hitmen plan to do the same thing to the Canons of St. John Cantius as they did to the Franciscan Friars of the Immaculate who have lost an estimated 2/3 of their members in the Volpe purge.

I have also exchanged emails with Fr. Phillips and like all others who have encountered the man found he a good devout priest of high ethics and a devotion to Catholic tradition. We need to keep him in our prayers to protect him against the wolf Cupich.

Al Schroeder Jr.

Will The Remnant Answer Critics?

Editor, *The Remnant*: Church Militant has again attacked the trad movement thanks to Fr. Rippiger, saying that trads are guilty of more sexual sin than NO. This is preposterous!! I hope you do a segment on the correction of such statements. God bless,

Editor's Desk, Concluded.

Joseph Catholic Church in Spearfish, South Dakota, as well. So, they have TLM options way out there in the badlands. Who would've thought!

Father Hathaway has been offering the Latin Mass out there for ten years, and Gary told me the community is growing rapidly in Rapid City—a happy reality I'd just witnessed firsthand; the church was packed out.

He didn't say, but I'll bet Gary never thought he'd live to see the day when the old Mass would return like this. I know I never did. And yet here it is, not only surviving but thriving even in the most unlikely places.

Standing outside the little, old church in South Dakota, talking to Gary, I thought of Michael Davies and my father and all the pioneers who didn't quite live long enough to see the fruits of their labors, but who never lost hope in the Providence of a good God. They must be smiling now.

There's still so much work to be done, but the return of the old Latin Mass—touchstone of the Old Faith—to so many places in the world today should surely give us all the hope we need to continue on and to persevere in the good fight. God has not abandoned us. He's not left us

orphans. For a while there it seemed like maybe He had. But, no, He was there all along.

As I said goodbye to Gary, my thoughts returned to the mountain in Colorado that from the ground had looked positively insurmountable. But it turned out not to be. It just looked that way. It was an optical illusion. All we had to do was keep putting one foot in front of the other, confident that the summit was waiting for us just above the clouds.

Keep going, lift your eyes to the hills, never give up, and in a little while we'll all meet merrily at the top, content with the knowledge that we did our best to do what our fathers had taught us to do and what God wants of us...nothing more. We're no heroes. We're just Catholics trying to get over the mountain.

Keep the Old Faith, and we'll see you at the summit. ■

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When Paul VI Met Saul Alinsky...

C. Ferrara/Continued from Page 1

while absolving it of any blame for the post-conciliar neo-Modernist uprising he deplored even though his own “thought,” which had spawned an international cult of Maritainism to which Montini belonged, was instrumental in facilitating that uprising during and after the Council.

Maritain and Alinsky

In *Peasant*, Maritain writes of his own relationship to a fellow revolutionary, Saul Alinsky:

I see in the Western world no more than three revolutionaries worthy of the name—Eduardo Frei in Chile, Saul Alinsky in America, ... and myself in France, who am not worth beans, since my call as a philosopher has obliterated my possibilities as an agitator....

Saul Alinsky, who is a great friend of mine, is the

Alinsky wrote his *Reveille for Radicals* specifically at Maritain’s request, and Alinsky gave him the exclusive rights to the French translation. In a letter of recommendation for a foundation grant to Alinsky, Maritain described him as “practical Thomist”—an example of just how elastic was Maritain’s so-called Thomism. In the same letter, he described Alinsky as “a great soul, a man of profound moral purity...”⁷

It was Maritain who also urged publication of Alinsky’s last work, the infamous *Rules for Radicals* (1971), which would influence the careers of both Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton. Apparently, Maritain either failed to read or decided to overlook much of the content of the book whose publication he would later laud.

Rules is dedicated to “the first radical known to man who rebelled against the establishment and did it so effectively that he at least won his own kingdom—Lucifer.” In *Rules*, Alinsky declares: “Dogma is the

history is not virtue, but a way of escaping virtue.” Ethical judgments, says Alinsky, “must be made in the context of the times in which the action occurred and not from any other chronological vantage point,” and “the less important the end to be desired, the more one can afford to engage in ethical evaluations of means.”¹⁰

Here is an example of Alinsky’s “moral purity” from the pages of *Rules*:

I have always believed that birth control and abortion are personal rights to be exercised by the individual. If, in my early days when I organized the Back of the Yards neighborhood in Chicago, which was 95 per cent Roman Catholic, I had tried to communicate this, even through the experience of the residents, whose economic plight was aggravated by large families, that would have been the end of my relationship with

which he apologizes, Maritain concludes his dithyrambic epistle to the agnostic Jewish agitator: “You know that I am with you with all my heart and soul. Pray for me, Saul. And God bless you. To you, the fervent admiration and abiding love of your old Jacques.”¹³

In an interview with *Playboy Magazine* very shortly before his death from a heart attack in 1972 at the age of 63, which interview is part of a [declassified FBI file](#), the man Maritain asked to pray for him declared that he would unhesitatingly choose hell over heaven:

PLAYBOY: Having accepted your own mortality, do you believe in any kind of afterlife?

ALINSKY: Sometimes it seems to me that the question people should ask is not “is there life after death?” but “Is there life after birth?” I don’t know whether there’s anything after this or not. I haven’t seen the evidence one way or the other and I don’t think anybody else has either. But I do know that man’s obsession with the question comes out of his stubborn refusal to face up to his own mortality. *Let’s say that if there is an afterlife, and I have anything to say about it, I will unreservedly choose to go to hell.*

PLAYBOY: Why?

ALINSKY: *Hell would be heaven for me. All my life I’ve been with the have-nots. Over here, if you’re a have-not, you’re short of dough. If you’re a have-not in hell, you’re short of virtue. Once I get into hell, I’ll start organizing the have-nots over there.*

PLAYBOY: Why them?

ALINSKY: *They’re my kind of people.*

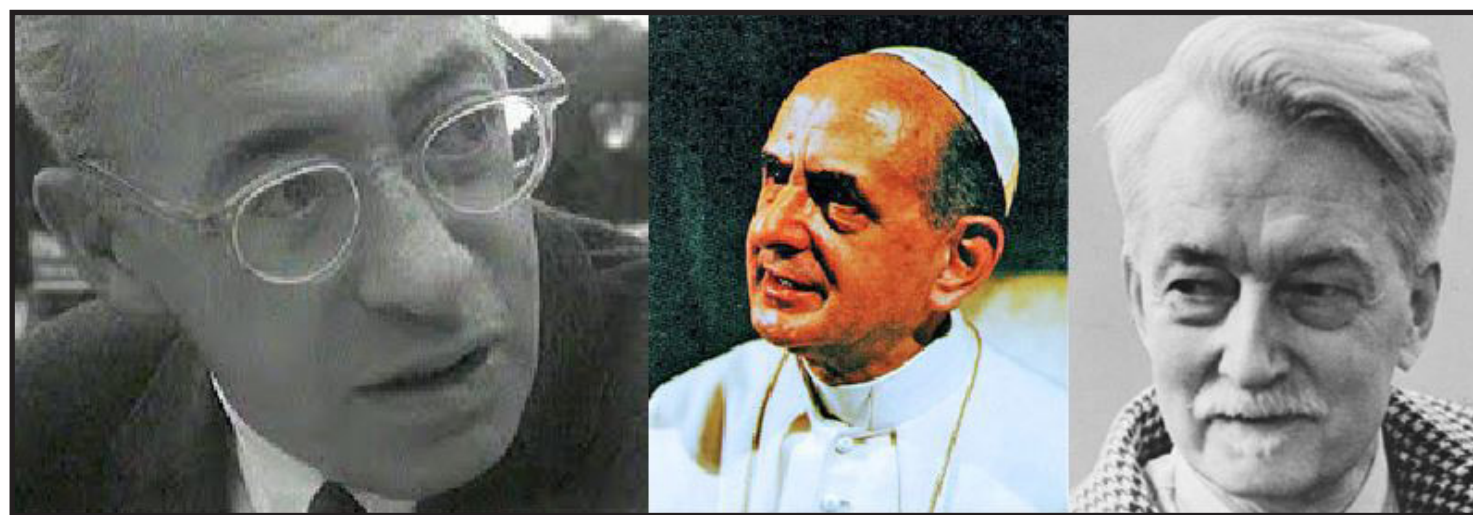
Alinsky and Montini

The 30-year-long intimate friendship between “old Jacques” and Alinsky gave rise to a connection between Alinsky and Maritain’s foremost disciple, the future Pope Paul VI. Montini was then Archbishop of Milan, to which post he had been sent off without being made a cardinal after Pius XII lost confidence in him on account of his Modernist tendencies.

In his study *The Radical Vision of Saul Alinsky*, P. David Finks notes that “For years Jacques Maritain had spoken approvingly to Montini of the democratic community organizations built by Saul Alinsky.”¹⁴ Accordingly, in 1958 Maritain arranged for a series of meetings between Alinsky and Archbishop Montini in Milan. Before the meetings, Maritain had written to Alinsky to tell him that, as Finks recounts: “the new cardinal was reading Saul’s books and would contact him soon.”¹⁵

There were three meetings between Montini and Alinsky in Milan during the late spring of 1958.

On June 20, 1958, Alinsky wrote to Maritain: “I had three wonderful meetings with Montini and I am sure that you have heard from him since.”¹⁶ Among the subjects discussed, according to Nicholas



Alinsky, Montini, Maritain

courageous and admirably staunch organizer of “people’s communities” and an anti-racist leader whose methods are as effective as they are unorthodox.⁵

Inexplicably enough, Maritain was infatuated with the cigar-chomping, Jewish agnostic community organizer, whom he first met in 1945 during his wartime and post-war sojourn in America. The Maritain scholar Bernard Doering notes that whenever Maritain and Alinsky met, they “spent long hours exploring the democratic dream of people working out their own destiny. Both accepted democracy as the best form of government.”⁶

Alinsky’s vaunted career as a social justice warrior in Chicago, where he developed deep connections with the progressive priests and prelates of the Chicago archdiocese, produced little or nothing in the way of actual justice. But, at the urging of none other than Maritain, he did produce a couple of influential books on how to be an effective rabble-rouser and political dirty trickster in the promotion of socialist causes. From “the very first days of their friendship in wartime America,” Doering writes, “Maritain had been urging, indeed relentlessly prodding, Alinsky to publish an explanation of his methods of community organization, a kind of handbook for authentic revolution.”

enemy of human freedom. Dogma must be watched for and apprehended at every turn and twist of the revolutionary movement.”⁸ He then immediately contradicts himself by laying down one dogma after another, including

- The “sacred right” to revolution.
- The dictum that “Mankind has been and is divided into three parts: the Haves, the Have-Nots, and the Have-a-Little, Want Mores.” “The spiritual life of the Haves,” quoth Alinsky, is merely “a ritualistic justification of their possessions.”
- Various ethical rules for the social justice warrior, including the right to employ blackmail other immoral means if really necessary to achieve a so-called social justice end.⁹

According to Alinsky’s ethical rules “the real and only question regarding the ethics of means and ends is, and always has been, ‘Does this particular end justify this particular means?’” “Ethical standards,” says Alinsky, “must be elastic to stretch with the times.” “To say that corrupt means corrupt the ends is to believe in the immaculate conception of ends and principles,” he further declared.

Alinsky even quotes Maritain—unfairly and out of context—to support his claim that SJW’s who will not fight dirty have “fear of soiling ourselves by entering the context of

the community.

Some years later, after establishing solid relationships, I was free to talk about anything, including birth control. I remember discussing it with the then Catholic Chancellor. By then the argument was no longer limited to such questions as, “How much longer do you think the Catholic Church can hang on to this archaic notion and still survive?”¹¹

This was written at the same time neo-Modernist opposition to the Church’s teaching on marriage and procreation was impelling Montini to produce the document that became *Humanae Vitae*. In spite of all this, Maritain wrote to his beloved friend Alinsky in 1971, one of his last letters, to praise *Rules* as:

“a great book, admirably free, absolutely fearless, *radically revolutionary*.... I regard the book as history-making. If middle-class people can be organized and develop a sense of and a will for the common good—and if Saul is there to inspire them—they are able to change the whole social scene for the sake of freedom.”¹²

After a few timid objections to Alinsky’s amoral situation and utilitarian ethics, for

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Hoffman, was how to counter rising Communist influence in the industrial north of Italy without “reinforcing reactionary elements that had less interest in democracy than in squelching the working man.”¹⁷ In other words, the old liberal game of using the threat of one political trap to drive the people into the jaws of another: oppose communism with soft socialism, just as socialism had been opposed by the Party of Order in France. And, in fact, soft socialism became Italian policy under the Moro government elected in an alliance with the Socialists in 1963.

We will never know what exactly passed between Montini and Alinsky during those “three wonderful meetings” in Milan, but we do know that upon his return to Chicago from Italy, Alinsky wrote as follows to George Shuster, two days before the papal conclave that elected John XXIII: “No, I don’t know who the next Pope will be, but if it’s to be Montini, the drinks will be on me for years to come.”¹⁸

What did Alinsky know? What did he learn from his “three wonderful meetings” with the man who was soon to become the First Modern Pope? He learned what Maritain already knew about his disciple: that if and when Montini became Pope, there would be a revolution in the Church.

And so there was. It was Pope Montini who would declare after the Council on the pages of *L’Osservatore Romano* (July 3, 1974): “The important words of the Council are newness and updating... the word newness has been given to us as an order, as a program.”¹⁹ Never in Church history had a Pope uttered such nonsense in a public address to the Church universal.

Willful Blindness, Desperate Retrenchment

As Doering observes: “Every single one of accomplishments of the Second Vatican Council listed by Maritain in the first part of *The Peasant of Garrone* had been proposed thirty years before in *Integral Humanism*” as being “prerequisite to a radical revolution and a Christian transformation of the temporal order.”²⁰

But the post-conciliar Church witnessed, not a “Christian transformation of the temporal order,” but rather what Maritain himself, writing in 1966, remarked with astonishment as “a complete temporalization of Christianity!”²¹—accompanied by a rapid collapse of Catholic faith and discipline without precedent in Church history. Both Montini and Maritain were left to wonder why. Of course, this unmitigated disaster could not possibly have had anything to do with what Maritain and his disciple had helped unleash at the Council, whose documents, particularly *Gaudium et spes*, *Dignitatis Humanae* and *Apostolicam Actuositatem* (On the Apostolate of the Laity), breathe Maritain’s “thin” (versus “thick”) Modernism—the very thing Pius XI had reprobated in *Ubi Arcano Dei*, only 14 years before the appearance of *Integral Humanism*:

Many believe in or claim that they believe in and hold fast to Catholic doctrine on such questions as social authority, the right of owning private property, on the relations between capital and labor, on the rights of the laboring

man, on the relations between Church and State, religion and country, on the relations between the different social classes, on international relations, on the rights of the Holy See and the prerogatives of the Roman Pontiff and the Episcopate, on the social rights of Jesus Christ, Who is the Creator, Redeemer, and Lord not only of individuals but of nations.

In spite of these protestations, they speak, write, and, what is more, act as if it were not necessary any longer to follow, or that they did not remain still in full force, the teachings and solemn pronouncements which may be found in so many documents of the Holy See, and particularly in those written by Leo XIII, Pius X, and Benedict XV.

There is a species of moral, legal, and social modernism which We condemn, no less decidedly than We condemn theological modernism.²²

In *Peasant*, Maritain expounded the delusional social modernist line of Cavour’s new age of “a free Church in a free state,” meaning a subjugated Church in a tyrannical state. At the Council, boasted Maritain in his heady French

prose, “the Church has broken the ties which pretended to protect her, and has rid herself of burdens which people used to think equipped her better for the work of salvation. Free henceforth from these burdens and these ties, she mirrors better the true face of God, which is Love, and for herself asks only liberty. She spreads her wings of light.”²³

Being the self-deluded visionary that he was, Maritain failed to recognize the historical reality the pre-conciliar Popes had unanimously deplored. The Church had not been freed from her so-called burdens and ties in the Catholic confessional state of the so-called sacral age; rather, they had been ripped from her by force and violence, washed away in rivers of blood as Pope after Pope condemned the destroyers of Christian civilization and the fatal errors on which their new order was based. What Maritain hailed, then, was the Church’s formal surrender to political modernity.

And yet, in the same book, published only a year after the Council’s close, Maritain lamented an ecclesial development he had never noticed before the Council. It seemed that the Church was suddenly kneeling before the world: “The present crisis has many diverse aspects. One of the most curious spectacles it offers us is a kind of kneeling before the world, which is revealed in a thousand ways.”²⁴

Maritain had observed no such kneeling only four years earlier at the Council’s commencement, but he failed or refused to link this emergent situation in any way to the Council’s vaunted “opening” to the very world before which so many Catholic churchmen were suddenly bending the knee. On the contrary, he hastened to exonerate the Council:

If there are any prophets of the avant-garde or of the rear guard who imagine that our duties to the world, such as they have been brought to light under the grace of the Holy Spirit by the Second Vatican Council, erase what the Lord Jesus Himself and His apostles have said of the world—The world hates me, The world cannot receive the Spirit of truth, If anyone loves the world the love of the Father is not in him, and all the other texts that I recalled earlier—I know well what must be said of such prophets... they are poking the finger of God in their eye.²⁵

One cannot reasonably avoid the conclusion that both Maritain and his disciple Pope Montini willfully blinded themselves to the undeniable fact that this sudden posture of kneeling before the “modern world” was connected to the very Council whose inexplicable optimism about that same world—here the word *fatuous* fights for acceptance—strictly precluded any admission that the

world hated Christ more than ever; that more than ever the world rejected His word; that more than ever love of the world was excluding love of the Father.

Despite his insistence on absolving the Council of any complicity in the sudden “temporalization of Christianity,” Maritain had earlier admitted even during the Council that something was seriously amiss with its proceedings. Writing in early 1964 to another of his intimate friends, Julien Green, the French-American novelist and closeted homosexual, Maritain confided the following about what was happening the Council hall:

The kind of throwing of the reins on the horse’s back by John XXIII was absolutely necessary, but what a risk at the same time. All that is professionally intellectual (professors, universities, seminaries), seems to me either spoiled or in a very dangerous position. *A certain exegesis has gone mad and become stupid.*

There is a new modernism full of pride and obstreperousness that seems to me more dangerous than that of Pius X’s time. (It was after all a rather strange spectacle to see all the bishops of the Council—the Teaching Church—each

one flanked by his *experts*, professors, scholars and pedants of the Taught Church, of whom a good number were off their intellectual rails, and of whom almost none had any wisdom.) So, it is in the middle of all this hubbub that the work of the Holy Spirit is carried out.”²⁶

The “hubbub” Maritain described, this suddenly emergent “new modernism,” was an ecclesial catastrophe that had begun in the Council’s very midst. He, like his student Montini, simply refused to see this.

Perhaps it was only fitting that none other than the duo of Maritain and Montini would rush to salvage the legacy of their precious Council by means of Pope Paul’s Credo of the People of God. As Sandro Magister reveals in an important essay, during the previous year, just after publication of *Peasant*, the then 85-year-old Maritain heard from Cardinal Journet that he was about to meet with the Pope concerning the already chaotic post-conciliar state of the Church, which included publication of the radically heretical Dutch Catechism. Maritain wrote back to say that he had an idea: “The Sovereign Pontiff should draft a complete and detailed profession of faith, in which everything that is really contained in the Symbol of Nicea would be presented explicitly. This will be, in the history of the Church, the profession of faith of Paul VI.”²⁷

Journet presented Maritain’s suggestion to the Pope during his meeting in January of 1968, during which he told Paul that the state of the Church was “tragic,” with the Dutch even daring to “substitute one orthodoxy for another in the Church, a modern orthodoxy for the traditional orthodoxy” as the Pope’s commission on the Dutch catechism warned him. In the midst of what was already a doctrinal emergency, the first Synod of Bishops, meeting in Rome in September of 1967, had already presented Paul with “a declaration on the essential points of the faith” he would be well advised to reaffirm. Paul VI met again with Cardinal Journet, telling him that he and Maritain [!] should “prepare for me an outline of what you think should be done.”

Maritain then drafted a profession of faith based on the Nicene Creed, sending it to Journet who gave it to Montini. Maritain’s draft, with almost no emendations, became the Credo of the People of God, solemnly proclaimed by Pope Paul on June 30, 1968. Maritain realized that Paul VI had essentially used his draft when he read the text of the Credo in the newspaper.

Consider the staggering implications: Less than three years after the close of the great Second Vatican Council, endlessly vaunted for having eschewed any mere restatement of Catholic doctrine and dogma in favor of a new and vital formulation of the Faith that would appeal to the itching ears of “contemporary man,” Montini had to publish an emergency text that was precisely a restatement of Catholic doctrine and dogma—drafted by the layman who was his mentor!

In the immortal words of Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre after he saw a

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When Paul VI Met Saul Alinsky, Concluded.

C. Ferrara/Continued from Page 5

demonstration of the New Mass concocted by Bugnini's Consilium: "Is this for real?"

Conclusion: The Bitter Harvest of a Revolutionary Fellowship

The relationship between Maritain, Montini and Alinsky was an early reflection of the de facto fusion of the human element of the Church with the world—the "temporalization of Christianity" Maritain was forced to recognize—that has since characterized the post-conciliar crisis as a whole. Thus was the *New York Times* able to observe early in the Bergoglio pontificate that none other than Barack Obama had "fit seamlessly into a 1980s Catholic cityscape forged by the spirit of Vatican II, the influence of liberation theology and the progressivism of Cardinal Joseph L. Bernardin, the archbishop of Chicago, who called for a 'consistent ethic of life' that wove life and social justice into a 'seamless garment.'"²⁸

The *Times* notes that Obama, the young community organizer in Chicago's

progressive Catholic environment, which Saul Alinsky was instrumental in creating, was mentored by Gregory Galluzzo, "a former Jesuit priest and disciple of the organizer Saul Alinsky." Obama even "had a small office with two cloudy glass-block windows on the ground floor of Holy Rosary, a handsome red brick parish on the South Side, where he would pop down the hall to the office of the Rev. William Stenzel, raise a phantom cigarette to his lips and ask, 'Want to go out for lunch?'"

As the *Times* further observes, while operating on a grant from the Archdiocese of Chicago, "Obama became a familiar face in South Side black parishes. At Holy Angels Church, considered a center of black Catholic life, he talked to the pastor and the pastor's adopted son about finding families willing to adopt troubled children. At Our Lady of the Gardens, he attended peace and black history Masses and conferred with the Rev. Dominic Carmon on programs to battle unemployment and violence. At the neo-Gothic St. Sabina, he struck up a friendship with the Rev. Michael L. Pfleger, the firebrand [i.e., ultra-Modernist dissenter

from doctrine and dogma] white pastor of one of the city's largest black parishes."

As a Senator in the Illinois State Senate, Obama, the social justice warrior from Alinsky's Chicago and Bernadin's corrupt, homosexual-infested Archdiocese, would refuse to support the Born Alive Protection Act, presented to the state legislature when it was revealed that the survivors of late-term induced abortions in Chicago hospitals were being left to die after delivery.²⁹ As President of the United States he would defend "partial birth abortion," the compulsory subsidy of contraception by Catholic nuns, and federal "guidelines" for "transgender bathrooms" in public schools. And today, the Catholic bishops of America, most of whom probably voted for Obama, are united in the conviction that Donald Trump, usurper of the New World Order, must be stopped.

Behold the last and bitter harvest of a revolutionary fellowship between Catholic churchmen and the world, exemplified early on by the link between Jacques Maritain, Saul Alinsky and "the First Modern Pope." ■

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Spanish Catholics Outraged by Impending Canonization of Pope Paul VI

By Manuel de Santa Cruz

(**Editor's Note:** In many ways, the Spanish Civil War is still going on in Spain. Some weeks ago, Spain's new Socialist government announced its intentions to remove the remains of the Catholic "genocidal dictator" (as they now call him), Francisco Franco, from the mausoleum he built near Madrid and turn it into a place of "reconciliation" for a country allegedly "still coming to terms with the dictator's legacy." At a time when Spanish children are being taught that Franco and Hitler were essentially peas in the same pod, and his Catholic confessional state synonymous with that of the National Socialists, this should come as no surprise. In the middle of all this, however, comes news of the October 2018 canonization of Pope Paul VI—a man whose own brother fought and died in the army of the Spanish Communist Republic and who, according to many conservative Spaniards today, did everything he could to liquidate the Catholic Confessional State in Spain. Manuel de Santa Cruz appears for the first time here in *The Remnant*, while known internationally for his *Apuntes y documentos para la historia del Tradicionalismo español, 1939-1966*. Madrid, 29 volumes, 1979-1991, which chronicle the history of the Carlists in Spain following the Catholic victory over the Communists at the end of the War of National Liberation in 1939. While professionally a pediatric psychiatrist, Manuel de Santa Cruz' articles appear regularly in the bi-weekly *Siempre P' alante* published in Pamplona, Navarre which is dedicated to restoring the Catholic identity of Spain and of the Spains of the Hispanic world. We're grateful to a friend who wishes to remain anonymous for this exclusive *Remnant* translation, which although requires some familiarity with the political situation in Spain, nevertheless provides yet another reason for why Catholics should pray that the upcoming

canonization of the revolutionary Pope Paul VI is somehow halted in its tracks, thus avoiding yet another massive scandal in Church of Vatican II. **MJM**)

TIMELY ANNOTATIONS ON CARDINAL MONTINI

Fide digna news reports reach us that presently Pope Paul VI will be canonized, he who previously was Cardinal *Montini*. These news reports disgust us, because we are among the few that remain alive that knew firsthand the repeated occasions in which Cardinal Montini and later Pope Paul VI offended the Spanish State born from the anti-communist Crusade of 1936, the only openly Catholic state in the whole of the Twentieth Century.

A good number of his many attacks and impertinences have remained consigned to the historical monographs of his time. But in none have I seen reflected in all of their great magnitude the hostile and indignant reception that they excited among the faithful Spanish people. There arose a clamor against him that now will repeat itself with his canonization. This canonization is a mistake and a lack of diplomatic tact on the part of the Holy See with respect to Spain, which has an even greater chilling effect on our deteriorated devotion to the Papacy.

With these lines I intend to save from the memory hole and from their reduction to insignificance the following four aspects of the biography of such a one as Montini, to wit:

The previously mentioned clamor against his person that spread to his collaborators, like Cardinal Tarancón, to the "progressives" and to a large part of the official Church. Those hostile sentiments manifested many times in public and in an angry manner, received a coefficient of added irritant owing

to the curious and colorful circumstance that the actions of the above cited Montini were applauded by the Reds, the Leftists and the impious of all classes. The effect was that these subversives formed a Montinian-Taranconian fifth column that took advantage of its peculiar religious composition to erode the regime of Francisco Franco. This fifth column combined the Vatican impertinences with local Spanish subversive idiosyncrasies. But many times it has crossed our mind what would have occurred if in his position there had been men with a distinct sense of honor, like Don Miguel Primo de Rivera, or General Sanjurjo.

A conspiracy against the labor unions of the regime. This was not well known because it miscarried. In his permanent lying in wait to find cracks into which to insert explosives to blow up the regime, Cardinal Montini and his fifth column fixed their sights on the National Unions Delegation. The Reds already infiltrated inside the Delegation organized a pilgrimage to Rome that passed by Milan to know firsthand the ardent desires that Montini cultivated for "social justice". They resolved that Montini would come to Spain for a short time to study up close and "in depth" the Spanish labor unions, and, naturally, to oppose an array of prefabricated objections.

The colonel of the Command of the Army Don Luis Ruiz Hernandez, soon after general, a distinguished Carlist who had been the founder and leader of the Tercio of Requetés of Doña María de Molina y Marco de Bello and of the Guerillas of Alto Tajo, discovered in time this conspiracy and what was supposed to happen and warned Franco, who decisively forbade Montini from stepping foot in Spain.

In the first Government of Adolfo Suárez, Don Iñigo Cavero exercised the portfolio of Minister of Justice. He told the illustrious

Notary Don Juan Vallet de Goytisolo that as Minister of Justice he was enduring pressures from the Holy See to legalize divorce. Vallet related this to me, who is writing. It was difficult to believe at the time, but none less certain.

In those days Fraga Iribarne, former minister of Franco, was recruiting the first followers to found his political party "Popular Alliance" (*Alianza popular*), which soon after changed its name to the Popular Party (*Partido Popular*). His political platform had firmly established in its program legalized divorce, against which the Valencian Notary Don Jerónimo Cerdá Bañuls, a member of Vallet's group, made a last ditch effort to oppose. Despite all of this, the clergy massively supported Fraga Iribarne, inspired and directed "how and by whom?"

All of which and much more, that will continue coming to light, pales in comparison with the spiritual genocide of having given the green light to Adolfo Suárez in order that the Constitution of 1978, which was already gestating, would be apostate, with all of the consequences that are in plain sight as we write. Only eight Catholic bishops opposed, some other group of the Catholic laity and the Traditionalist Communion. Thousands and thousands of Spanish Catholics suffered and died to defend the Confessional State in the 19th and 20th Centuries, and now comes this Montini and with one blow of the hand takes apart everything. But on top of that, the Vatican is now going to canonize this man.

The last offense, really over and above everything else: to believe that we are fools and that we are going to remain silent. Absolutely not: we are not fools, nor are we going to keep quiet. And that is said in anger. ■

ROBOTEACHER AND THE EUCHARIST

By Clemens Cavallin

Fear of the Robot

There are many typical modern fears, such as the dread of global warming, overpopulation, obesity and the spread of social phobias of diverse sorts. A new, or perhaps more accurately, *renewed*, fear is that of robots taking over the world.

It comes in two versions.

The first is that of an artificial intelligence which at a certain point transcends human limitations and takes control of its own fate: the magical so-called singularity. It is a Frankenstein's monster alright, but not grunting and stomping like Boris Karloff, instead it emits the low buzzing sound of electric circuits powering a divine hard wired intelligence.

One of the most famous persons to sound the alarm bell for such a development is Elon Musk, the quintessential entrepreneur of self-driving electrical cars, who, among other things, wants us to colonize Mars. Despite this heroic technological profile, his supreme nightmare is that we will create a demon too powerful for us to control, in a similar way as we now have bombs to blow the planet to smithereens.

Some, however, see this manmade intelligence as a God to worship; actually, with it, they say, we are creating the possibility of our own immortality, either by uploading our minds to the Internet or by piecemeal replacement of human tissue with synthetic parts, turning us slowly, but steadily, into cyborgs.

For Yuval Harari, the author of *Homo Deus*, it is in Silicon Valley that the new religions relevant to the future are taking shape. Christianity has become a reactionary force not realizing that its God is dead — the signs of its revival are merely due to that it takes some time to get rid of the divine corpse, he quips. In a similar ethos of unbridled evolutionary optimism, he states that communism was relevant for the nineteenth century, “a brave new religion for a brave new world.” I shudder when thinking of what shape a similarly “relevant” religion of our times will take.

The other version of robotic fear is not that of a superior intelligence, but the dread of all of these small machines populating science fiction movies, the R2 D2s and Wall-Es. They are coming for our jobs, especially those that do not require superior intelligence. An estimate is that in twenty years nearly forty percent of all jobs in United States will be taken over by robots. With only modest minds, they will drive our cars, cook our food, process our applications, move the lawn, and teach our children. But, wait, can robots, really, become teachers? Is that not a job that requires a human touch and above average intelligence?

Well, for example, most universities and schools nowadays have learning management software, which functions as an interface between the teacher

and the students. The teacher still has to lecture, guide work in workshops and seminars, analyze texts and give comments, but imagine now the lecture being recorded and made available at the electronic platform; there are also personalized tests, quizzes, and cooperation projects between students. And guiding the learning process of the student is an increasingly powerful AI, which (who) will take into account what pages you have read, all the results on your tests, and make detailed analyzes of your papers.

In this way, the unique role of the human teacher shrinks. The robot have all the information about an individual student only a nanosecond away, while even the most experienced teacher will have to think hard to remember the result of that grammar test two years ago. If this development continues most of the information transfer and skill training can be taken over by robots.

We thus face the question of where the limit of this development lies. Is there something that the robot never can do? Obviously, it is already the case that you cannot beat it at chess or in face recognition of one hundred thousand individuals. Still, does it not require a human mind to interpret human behavior? I am not that sure. Much of traditional school learning takes place without the teacher being aware of the student's progress. The teacher, in the best of all worlds, checks in at certain times, but cannot stand by the side of every student with the unflinching around the clock attention that Roboteacher can.

Liberal Arts: No Robots Are Allowed

At this point, perhaps even the sceptic reader (humans are after all famously stubborn) will concede that at large scale universities this might actually be the case, but still object that a small liberal arts college offers something different, a very human experience of learning in community. The futuristic Japanese style Liberal Arts college with robots slowly accompanying the students over the wide expanse of college lawns and in under the shadows of noble oaks and maple trees is only a Manga dream, a sceptic might say.

Nevertheless, the crucial question which we cannot escape is what human interaction can be mediatized and what cannot. After all, we take part of the thoughts of Plato not from him directly, but from texts, written down and translated. Maybe this is only second best; perhaps we should all meet Plato in person (but how?) and discard his books

as not the real thing.

This would revolutionize liberal arts education as it values precisely this form of mediation: most professors are attached to the physicality of books, as if they were originals intimately connected to the ideas their letters signify.

I recently visited a college exclusively dedicated to the Great Books, and as part of the tour of the amazingly beautiful New England campus, our guide showed us a typical classroom with the desks arranged in a rectangular fashion; every student seated there thus faced almost all of the other students and the teacher in a community of collective learning. Along the walls were black boards for the teacher to scribble down his notes.

The college had not begun to accept students yet, so on the desks lay all the Great Books that were part of the curriculum. I could not but reflect that all of these pages with their thousands of small black letters were further removed from their Great Prototypes by being translations. The physicality of the books hid that they were only the last link in a long chain of translations, interpretations, editions, and adaptations.



It was in a sense, to the echo of Plato that the students listened, as it reverberated through the centuries. They did not have a direct contact with the original, however faithfully the echo conveyed the original meaning of the ancient Greek philosopher; who, we must admit, in his turn mediated the enquiring mind of Socrates.

In this sense, we have to understand the use of digital media, in, for example, a recorded lecture; it is part of the mediatized nature of learning. Just think if we had had a video of one of the dialogues of Socrates.

You might now conclude that I want to create a high tech metallic Star War campus with no human interaction, and to the delight of administrators cut down on professorial salaries. On the contrary, my point is that we must think clearly about the digitalization of higher education and not construct boundaries based on our emotions, habits and “common sense,” but try to find the limit at which physical presence becomes necessary. We normally do not demand the presence of Socrates in our philosophy classroom or press charges against the college. A young professor with a fresh Ph.D. will be fine.

Catholic Sacramental Presence

Higher bandwidth that enables photo realist 3D immersion in virtual worlds will, inevitably, in combination with more powerful AI systems, push the boundaries of online robotic teaching. So, what is the limit of this development? Must the teachers embrace their cyborg future to keep up?

For a Catholic college its Christian way of life and understanding is a natural place to go for inspiration in such a reflection. The Catholic Church does not allow, for example, confession over the phone or online. Why? The act of confessing would be the same, and the absolution performed by the priest according to the correct rules and regulations.

The Southern Nebraska Register, for example, answers this in the following way, “The reason for this is because confession is a personal communication with Christ, and such a communication involves being physically present to Christ's mercy, through the person of the priest.”

The Church thus requires the penitent

and the priest to be physically close, but let us stretch this. If the old priest cannot hear anything without his hearing aid, is the confession valid then? After all, the confession is electronically mediated. Or let us imagine a special valley where you can hear your echo for twenty kilometers away and there is a large lake between the priest and penitent who is dying. Is the confession valid? According to Canon Law, for example, it is allowed to use an interpreter when hearing confession. How physically close do you need to be?

These examples might sound sophistic but the point is that this is what media does; they increase the distance between sender and receiver and with artificial intelligence they both shape the message and analyze the answer.

The question which determine the scope of Roboteacher is, thus, whether education is like the sacrament of confession that requires close physical presence; or if it is more like the enormous amount of information circling within so-called social media. After all, is not education an intellectual process and not a physical one? Or

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The Church in Scandinavia (Part II)

By Vincent Chiarello

“And He said to them, Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” –Mark 16; Verses 14-20

“The zeal to evangelize is the main thing that we have lost.” –Letter from Justice Scalia to me, Oct. 2013

After reading Part I of this report, which quoted extensively the views of the “itinerant” SSPX priest in Scandinavia, Fr. Haakon Lindstrom, one could reach the conclusion that the Catholic Church in Scandinavia, admittedly of small numbers, but growing with immigrants from Poland the Croatia, is likely to face serious problems of expansion over the next decade as immigration declines. The mindset of little or static growth for the Church, other than the absorption of the newly arrived immigrants, appears to be the endemic worldview in the diocesan headquarters of the three Scandinavian capitals; perhaps, with good reason, but I cannot but conclude that the future of the Church’s development is limited by more than a secularized native population. The looming problem of Muslim immigration and its demonstrated potential to undermine Christian foundations in law and politics, as well as in religion, never absent when Muslims became the majority, is not to be taken lightly, but the Church’s representatives do not seem to believe that will happen, despite Fr. Lindstrom’s warning: “I believe that sharia law will become part of Sweden.” There never has been, or will be, two “right” answers to this resolve this situation.

In describing the current, and, likely, future of the Catholic Church in Scandinavia, perhaps the words of Hans Rossine’, Communications Director for the Diocese of Oslo, places the situation in proper perspective: “A stable atmosphere in a thoroughly-secularized society. There is a lot of religious activity going on and religious topics are discussed in public, more now than a few years ago.” Asked to evaluate the current state of the Church in Norway, the response seems to project a static situation, one that is not affected by any concerted missionary an/or evangelical effort. In claiming that “...lots of religious activity going on and religious topics being discussed,” one might assume that there is a lack of an action plan. But is Oslo alone by taking that approach?

In her response to that same question, but for Sweden, the very helpful Kristina Hellner of the Diocese of Stockholm, responded this way: “Sweden is sometimes described as the most secularized country in the world, but we actually see that something is happening here. Some even call Swedish society a “post-secular” society. There is a much bigger interest in spiritual health than before, and most Swedes believe in “something,” even though they don’t describe themselves as religious.” But

does “believing in something” translate into belief in Christ, Buddha, Allah, Satan, or Thor? Further, from my earlier report, the “spiritual death” of the Swedish Lutheran Church, easily observed by the numbers of parishioners at Sunday services, seems to indicate that believing in “something” does not include the Lutheran Church.

The Church in Denmark faces a different kind of problem, one not directly connected to Muslim immigration, or a highly secularized society: the presence of Catholic Charismatics, who, among other charges, have been accused of running a personality cult. Another comment by Hans Rossine’ in Oslo is illustrative of why the problem had arisen, not in Norway, but in Denmark: in answer to a question about the Norwegian Catholic Church in the upcoming decade, Rossine wrote: **We will have to focus on integration and how to integrate Catholics in the Norwegian Catholic Church, and how they can express their belief and religion within the framework we have in Norway.** (Emphasis mine) Substitute Danish for Norwegian and you’re on to something.

What the participants of the Neocatechumenal Movement, sometimes called, “The Way,” did was to interject a form of Catholic worship that is not only unusual for Danes (and others), but unacceptable as well. It has been criticized as “heretical” and a “Trojan horse” inside the Church, but in the Danish Catholic Church, that form of vocal and jarring worship does not fit into the Scandinavian scheme; in fact, it is contrary to being religious and restrained simultaneously. In short, “the Way,” which began in Spain, and now is a worldwide organization with a major presence in Europe, especially Italy, where I unknowingly witnessed one of their prayer sessions in a park in Rome, does not fit the Scandinavian behavioral template. As a result, the Bishop of Copenhagen received many calls and letters, similar to what had happened to Japan’s Archbishop, asking that members of “the Way” be controlled or expelled, for the Danes sense that their presence will have a divisive and baleful impact on many Danish Catholic parishes. According to the diocese’s spokesman, the problem seems to have lessened, but not disappeared.

What may interest, but perhaps not surprise, the Remnant reader is that, although .7% (no typo) of the Danish population is Catholic, the current pope seems to be popular among Catholics and non-Catholics alike. “Many people forgive Pope Francis when he speaks on some doctrinal point that bucks the secular tide here,” said the current Bishop of Copenhagen, Czeslaw Kozon, born in Denmark of Polish parents. He added: “It’s not much talked about when he stresses Catholic doctrine. Even if he strongly talks about abortion, for instance, sometimes it’s ignored.”

Sometimes?

One can only speculate that part, if not most, of the downward spiral in Denmark’s religious descent came about after it became the first Scandinavian country to ordain women in 1948.

Beyond a doubt, however, is that Denmark is staunchly secular, and Bishop Kozon faces similar problems in his part of Scandinavia as Cardinal Arborelius faces in Sweden: parliamentary laws that would seriously limit the Church’s responsibilities in those respective countries. Sweden faces the abolition of private schools, including the Catholic ones; Denmark, the principle that the Catholic Church should be governed by democratically elected boards. Failure to comply with decrees from these boards could result in, among other liabilities, the legal ability to perform civilly valid weddings, exemption from immigration laws for foreign-born clergy, who constitute the majority of Catholic priests in Denmark, as well as members of religious Orders. Bishop Kozon points out that, as of this moment, the Church is not compelled to ordain women or to perform homosexual marriages, but how long that “tolerance”

will last obviously must concern the bishop: “I could easily imagine that in some years, these teachings could be seen as incompatible with so-called ‘Danish values. It would be a short step from there in some people’s minds to criminalize the church’s positions on those issues.”

Sweden is unique in that, since June of 2017, it boasts the only Catholic Cardinal not only in Scandinavia, but in the Nordic countries as well. It is worthwhile, I believe, to examine some of the core values that motivate and move Anders Cardinal Arborelius.

As might be expected, aside from his devotion to thanking God for “everything in our lives,” Cardinal Arborelius, a convert since 1969 when he was 20, pays particular attention to the poor and vulnerable of Sweden, who, in most of Scandinavia, if not Europe, who live in the suburbs, not the cities, but there are other aspects of his mindset: given his Scandinavian heritage and upbringing: the role of women in the Church, and support for the ecumenism of the current pontiff are integral aspects of his leadership. As to the former, this “Prince of the Church” has seen to it that

Continued Next Page

ROBOTEACHER, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

are there aspects of education that are necessarily bodily?

The question of sacramental presence reaches its apogee in the Eucharist where we eat the body of Christ, consumes his real presence, but, on the other hand, there is also the practice of spiritual communion, which does not require the physical presence in the form of bread.

Loving Presence

In a sense, through electronic media we become more spiritual, acquiring close to omnipresence. And despite we are not angels, we could learn from them. As they do not have any material body, they are present through their activity; through directing their mind and will towards a person and his material surroundings. And this attention is one of love; an angelic person who wants what is good for us. A demon, on the other hand, is present through its malicious will and activity.

Maybe the presence necessary for education is such a spiritual loving presence of will and intellect, and when it comes to humans this is hard to achieve if not being physically present. Prayers for those not present can be mediated by God and angels, but the undivided attention of a human person is difficult, for most at least, if we are not both physically and spiritually present.

This is something Roboteacher never can

do; it can be useful; it can be intelligent in the sense of problem solving and analyzing; it can even mediate the care of another person, but it can never achieve that spiritual presence of will and intellect that is necessary for love.

The real question is, therefore, whether love is necessary for education or if superior pedagogical skills are sufficient.

According to my experience, most university education, by using increasingly sophisticated computer systems, is creating rule governed teaching systems that, without too much effort, can be handled by a powerful Artificial Intelligence. The relation between teacher and student has been regulated in extreme details in contractual form; there is little room for the particular friendship of learning; the common quest for things above immediate usefulness, reaching its zenith in God. It is, therefore, not strange that the secularization of higher education produces education rife for overtaking by Roboteacher.

And by the same logic, the Eucharist and the liturgy with its bodily and spiritual presence must be the *fons et origo* of Catholic education. The moment this is lost and education becomes mere information acquisition and skills transfer with an added Catholic identity and values there will be nothing to stop Roboteacher when he knocks on the door. ■

Catholic Priest Apologizes to Trump for Catholic Bishops

*The Reverend I.M.A. Patriot
Saint Athanasius Church
The United States of America*

The Honorable Donald J. Trump
President of the United States

July 4, 2018

Dear Mr. President:

I am writing you as a patriotic American, a military Veteran and a Roman Catholic Priest to thank you for the things you have done to *Make America Right Again* and to apologize on behalf of the United States Conference of Catholic Bishops and the Bishop of Rome, aka Pope Francis. The failure of these bishops to acknowledge the good that you have done as well as their unjust criticism of you is an embarrassment to many Catholics, who do not share or respect

their views.

The sad reality is that just as there are subversive and corrupt elements in our Nation that seek to undermine and overturn constitutional America, so too there are parallel subversive and corrupt elements in the Catholic Church that seek to undermine and overturn traditional Catholicism. The mainstream media of both Church and State are agenda driven and purveyors of *fake news*; America has its *deep state* of malcontents and Catholicism has its *deep church* of Modernists.

Please accept my apologies on behalf of the USCCB and the Bishop of Rome for the following:

Their failure to teach faithfully on essential religious and moral principles prior to the election of 2016 that would

have made you a much more viable choice for Catholics; quite the opposite, the Bishop of Rome himself questioned your own faith when he commented, "A person who thinks only about building walls, wherever they [sic] may be, and not building brides, is not Christian."

Their continued misrepresentation of Catholic teaching regarding the God-given rights of nations and peoples to protect themselves with borders and exercise controls and limits on immigration; far from just and true, their statements and antics are an embarrassment, to include threats of "canonical penalties" against Catholics involved in implementing your policies on immigration.

Their failure to publicly acknowledge the efforts and successes of your Administration in the areas of the pro-life protection of unborn children and

the protection of religious rights and Christian conscience; the most recent successes and advances in favor of life and liberty would not have been possible without your personal advocacy and appointment of a SCOTUS justice.

Their militant posture against the use of military force and Second Amendment rights. Contrary to denunciations by the Bishop of Rome of the arms business as an "industry of death" and his tweet, "Let's ban all weapons so we don't have to live in fear of war," as early as Saint Augustine, Catholic teaching has explicitly supported just war principles.

On this Independence Day, President Trump, be assured of my gratitude and promise of prayers!

Most respectfully,

Rev. I.M.A. Patriot ■

Church in Scandinavia, Continued...

"women are in leading administrative positions, and he has said several times that it's important to find a broader way of involving women at various levels in the church." Which, I assume, would not include ordination.

Responding to a question about proselytizing, Kristina Hellers wrote: **"The Catholic Diocese of Stockholm gives a high priority to ecumenism, so we are very much against proselytizing. We oppose it within our Diocese and we oppose it when we notice that other churches do it.** (Emphasis mine.) An example of that embrace of ecumenism took place when, in 2016, the pope visited Lund Cathedral in Sweden, the first papal visit there in nearly three decades. Ironically, Lund Cathedral was built by a Danish King, at the behest of Pope Pascal II, and dedicated to a Roman saint. Fr. Lindstrom did not believe the visit appropriate; neither did the then Prefect of the Congregation of the Faith, Gerhard Cardinal Muller: "Strictly speaking, we Catholics have no reason to celebrate October 31st, 1517, the date that is considered the beginning of the Reformation that would lead to the rupture of western Christianity."

Yet, the very presence of a pope, even this one, did not sit well with many Lutheran clergy: "It's easy to perceive this as a papal visit when it's not," said Antje Jackelen, Lutheran archbishop of Uppsala, Sweden's first female archbishop, who met with the pope. "It's about the meeting of Lutherans and Catholics." In 1999, the Vatican under Pope John Paul II, sought to improve Lutheran-Catholic relations by agreeing on the Joint Declaration on Justification, Luther's version of which had been condemned by the Council of Trent. The Vatican's wording of the agreement attempted to address it: "Thus the doctrinal condemnations of the 16th century, in so far as they relate

to the doctrine of justification, **appear in a new light:** (Emphasis mine) The teaching of the Lutheran churches presented in this Declaration does not fall under the condemnations from the Council of Trent. The condemnations in the Lutheran Confessions do not apply to the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church presented in this Declaration." What is forgotten was that the most conservative branch of the Lutheran Church, the Missouri Synod, refused to accept what they considered a "sell out to Rome."

Since 1999, most of the other Lutheran Churches worldwide now accept homosexual priests, homosexual married priests, and now a female archbishop; Missouri Synod does not. It was reported that Archbishop Jackelen was not pleased with meeting the pope, and one might even read a visceral contempt in her reaction. Perhaps, but Pope Francis had signaled his willingness to forgive and forget what happened 500 years earlier: "I think that the intentions of Martin Luther were not mistaken. He was a reformer . . . at that time, the church was not exactly a model to imitate. There was corruption in the church, there was worldliness, attachment to money, to power . . . and he protested against this." The archbishop's comment only reinforces my belief, often displayed in these pages, that ecumenism is largely a one-way street for Catholics; reciprocity essentially depends on whether enough Catholic doctrines are diluted or discarded.

Pope Francis plans to visit Ireland in August, just three months after the country voted decisively to legalize abortion. The first papal visit to Ireland since Pope John Paul's visit in 1979 will take place in late August during a "World Meeting of Families." But Ireland has changed dramatically in the past decade, not only in abortion, but the legalization of homosexual marriage

as well. By comparison, on describing the abortion issue in Scandinavia, what was "bad" 39 years ago can only be described as "worse" today.

Even when compared to other European countries, Sweden still has a very liberal abortion law: abortion-on-demand until the 18th week of pregnancy, and by special application until the 22nd week: over 95 percent of the applications for late abortions are accepted. As a result, Sweden has the highest number of abortions per capita in western Europe; about one in four pregnancies ends in abortion.

The Swedish government, with no apparent pushback from Archbishop Jackelen of the Lutheran Church there, takes the official view that has an almost Orwellian ring to it: "We have the number of abortions that we need," adding, "It isn't the high number of abortions that is the problem, it is the high number of unwanted pregnancies." Obviously, the Hippocratic Oath seems to have been disregarded decades ago: *Primum, non nocet.* (First, do no harm) But if Sweden's government's position regarding abortion is bizarre, then that of Norway is even odder; some might say "diabolical."

In February, 2016, Norwegian government officials gave the go-ahead to an interpretation of abortion law that now includes fetal reduction. This means a woman pregnant with twins could opt to abort one and keep the other. The only limitation placed on this type of abortion is that it's within the first trimester only. This procedure can be carried out simply because the mother decides that one child would be better than two, which is the basis for the Norwegian government's allowing this procedure, even though large segments of the nation's medical profession are concerned about the potential injury to the remaining fetus. As an observer noted, "This is society going mad." But

there is another side to this story that may surprise the Remnant reader.

Statistics show that most women are granted the wish for fetal reduction, but few - very few - are not: mainly newly arrived immigrant women can be in that cohort. In that case, a pregnant Norwegian woman can travel - ready? - to Barcelona Spain's *Tutor Medica*, which has received several Norwegian patients, and where the process will be completed. As someone who lived in Madrid for four years, and can recall the Holy Week ceremonies with their medieval grandeur, this barbarism is another example of the continuing unraveling of the Catholic country that was once Spain.

In the third Canto of **Inferno**, at the entrance into the Gate of Hell, Dante writes: *Abandon All Hope, Ye Who Enter Here.* One could reach the conclusion that, in Scandinavia, the Catholic Church's hierarchy, although not at the Gate of Hell, may have abandoned that hope of restoring the Faith there, but, ultimately, the cardinal and the bishops must realize that its current objective of living amicably, using "Danish values" as the major criterion to "get along," will only strengthen those who seek to destroy the Church in Scandinavia. Inevitably, that problem has to be addressed, but to abandon Hope, the second of the theological virtues, implies that we lack faith in Faith, the first of them. I end where I began, with the late Justice Scalia's insightful comment, this time directed to the Church's hierarchy in Scandinavia: regain that zeal, for it is truly part of God's plan.

I would be remiss if I did not thank the diocesan representatives: Kristina Hellner, in Stockholm; Hans Rossine', in Oslo and Niels Messerschmidt, in Copenhagen. They were very helpful in providing material used in this article and in a very timely manner. To each of them, I say: Tusen takk. ■

Bracing for the Reign of Saturn...

S. Potts/Continued from Page 1

Does the magnitude of the blessing touch our hearts? Do we believe that, just before we receive Him, Christ bestows His peace upon us through the action of the priest? Or is it just words, mindlessly repeated Sunday after Sunday, year after year? Empty words, signifying nothing?

For there is no peace among us.

We've been fractured. Fraternal war has replaced fraternal charity. Everyone has taken his stand, chosen his *position*. Everyone has a label. Groups splinter into factions; factions splinter into fragments. Faith has been pigeonholed.

But are we not all Catholic? Do we not belong to Him?

These are perilous times, and our souls are in danger. In this fight for tradition which consumes us, we must not forget our destiny. The goal is Heaven. Our life here is passing. We are all under sentence of death. In a very short time—who knows? perhaps today—we will be summoned to judgment. And then what?

Admit it or not, we don't know for certain that we will be among the elect. We hope, but we can't be sure that we'll hear the blessed words: *Enter into my rest*. It's not automatic, you know, just because you're Catholic. Don't ever forget that you could be lost. By your own fault, on the Last Day, you could be

with the goats.

Some people are so busy pointing their fingers at everybody else that they forget to take care of themselves. What do they think, that the soul is some sort of stain-free polyester? Where's the trembling at one's weakness, where is the fear of God? That salutary fear is the beginning of wisdom. It is one of the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Without it, people are dumb as donkeys.

Wake up.

Beg for holy fear; beg for wisdom. Remember what the Sacred Scriptures say:

*They that hold her fast, shall inherit life. And whithersoever she entereth, God will give a blessing.*¹

We long for life; we need that blessing. Saving our souls is not easy. There's more to it than what some people say. It's not enough to "accept Jesus as your personal Savior." We were warned—not everyone who calls out *Lord, Lord* will be saved. And there's no such thing as universal salvation, either. Forget this ersatz mercy that admits no justice. Forget this false god who laughs at sin, who welcomes everyone into his arms while he salivates at their damnation.

Believing is not enough. No, we have

1. Ecclesiasticus 4:14

work to do. Remember what St. Paul said when he called us his dearly beloved: "*With fear and trembling work out your salvation.*"² And St. James, too: "*But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?*"³

But what does that mean? It doesn't mean running around implementing all sorts of social justice programs or welcoming hordes of people whose religions and cultures are inimical to our own. It doesn't mean supporting people who won't work or doing their work for them. It doesn't mean "forming faith communities" or "uniting with the human family" or obeying any other commandment of those who would create a new golden age, a Saturnalian *novus ordo seculorum*.

Because that's what they want to do, these agents of change, these lackeys of Hell. These are the ones we must resist if we are to enjoy the Peace of Christ, here on Earth and forever in Heaven. But resistance requires knowledge. We have to know what they're all about. Why do they do the things they do? What is their purpose? What is their goal?

Quite simply, they plan to transform the world. They think they can do it. They seek a shining City ahead, a land of love, peace, and mercy. There's nothing supernatural about it; it is the *work of*

2. Philippians 2:12.

3. James 2:20

human hands. Using Christian love of neighbor and commitment to service, they have duped a lot of good people.

They think they're so smart, so original, so *modern*, but their philosophy is old, tiresome, and false. Shall we examine it?

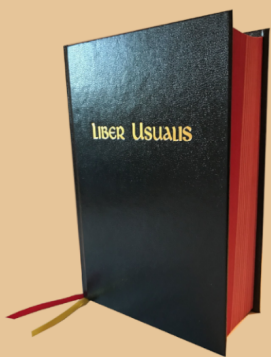
As usual, error starts with words, in this case *novus ordo seculorum*. While commonly translated as *New World Order*, the words actually mean *New Order of the Ages*. This isn't simply a social agenda, a drive for progress, but an esoteric mantra signifying a transformative movement from darkness to light.

The phrase is from Virgil's *Fourth Eclogue*, and he spelled the word *seclorum* (like on the dollar bill) for poetic reasons—to maintain the hexametric verse, the rhythm of classical Latin poetry. Startlingly, in view of what we're going through now, the poem speaks of a time of revolutionary change in Rome forty years before the Incarnation. In English the passage reads:

*Now comes the final era of the Sibyl's song
Now a new lineage is sent down from high heaven
The great order of the ages is born afresh*

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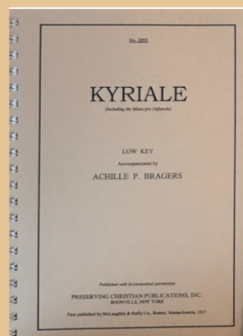
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From *The Remnant Youth*...

“Be Ye Hot or Be Ye Cold”

By Catherine Mershon

“Be ye hot or be ye cold, for the lukewarm I will vomit out of my mouth” (Revelation 3:16). We live in a lukewarm world, and unless we catch on fire for God, we will be vomited out of His kingdom.

Think of some of the most virtuous people you know: I think of St. Catherine of Siena, Mother Theresa, and my mom and dad. None of these people are lukewarm; they are all on fire for God. To be holy we have to be on fire with virtue. All virtue and holiness is rooted in charity. To have charity toward all people, you wish for their good and their salvation. You cannot have charity without sincerity. You cannot have charity and never correct someone, never say or do something that may offend them or make them uncomfortable. You must, with all prudence and compassion and tenderness, show them charity and

act in such a way that will benefit their salvation.

The first two attributes of our current culture that come to mind include absolute tolerance for everything, except for intolerance, and superficial niceness and insincerity. Our culture is saturated with fake, false, foolish flattery. It is not only allowed, but expected that the truth not be spoken if it gives offense, and you are even thought of as mean and unfeeling if you do not tell such a polite lie. People are so obsessed with being accepted, affirmed and flattered that they don't even know who they are or what they believe and they wear 100 different masks in the course of 10 minutes moving from one popular trend to the next. People mistake tolerance for love, and niceness, pretending to like everyone, for kindness. Instead of upfront dealings with conflict that are honest and necessary, our culture is full of people with shallow eyes who

will always show you their plastered on smiles even if they were just ripping down your good name a moment before. Instead of honesty, we have flattery. Instead of compassion, we have superficiality and selfishness. Instead of kindness, we have niceness. Instead of charity we have tolerance for evil.

This kind of culture will not produce saints. It will produce the lukewarm who will be vomited out His mouth. If we want to gain charity, we must be radically on fire with love of God. That doesn't mean we rebel against the laws of civility and courtesy; it means we strive against mere insincerity and flattery, and sometimes it means we tell each other things we would rather not hear in order to help each other. We do not need to

be nice: nice is not a virtue. It is a mask the devil tries to sell as virtue. We need to be kind, compassionate, sincere and prudent. We need to be strong in our beliefs, fierce in our battle to annihilate evil, and also tender when that battle deals directly with human hearts. ■



Reign of Saturn, Concluded.

Now justice returns, the return of Saturn's reign.

Alarms sound here. Some translations of the Latin *redeunt Saturnia regna* don't read *return of Saturn's reign*, but, rather, *honored rules return*. That's a huge difference. While some medievalists believe that the line was a prophecy of the Reign of Christ, esoteric philosophers ascribe a different meaning. Beneath their humanitarian guise, the enemies of the faith are working for exactly that: the Reign of Saturn. They don't use the name of the Roman deity, of course. That would be too obvious. But this ancient god of liberation is the one they serve and whose reign they foster. They seek freedom from all that is good and holy and Christian. And they will force that slavery on us.

They are totalitarian utopians and they are the ones we need to ignore, resist, and disobey. On this earthly pilgrimage—which for many has become a lonely road—we must walk in faith, keeping in our hearts the love of God above all things.

Eyes front! teachers used to say to their students. *Keep the line straight.*

If you don't know the faith, learn it. If you have forgotten it, get out your books and study it. Don't be caught up in endless pointless polemics about who is more Catholic than whom. It's the grand strategy of the devil to pit us against each other. He can do that easily if we don't know what we're doing, where we're going, or why we claim the name Christian.

We are a broken people. Just look at us. There are those who attend the reductionist liturgy (no longer *new!*) who are struggling to love Our Lord and keep the Faith despite the Changes; and there are some who keep the Old Ways but whose hearts are wedded to form, not Person. There are those in the middle, those confused, those weak, and those whose love is tepid. What a motley crew. But are we not walking the same road? Are we not trying to get to Heaven?

Or are we?

“The world is too much with us, late and soon... We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.”

There's the problem, I think.

Something has happened to the road. Step back away from yourself for a moment and look at where we are. There was a fork in the road a long time ago, and we--or those who came before us--took a wrong turn. We didn't do it of our own accord. We're not *self-directed*. The sheep got herded into a detour. By crook and rod we were led.

The detour went almost unnoticed at the time, but there was a sign for those who had eyes to see. A banner was raised. The call came as an authoritative declaration. It was October 11, 1962, the first day of the Council of Vatican II. On that day, in St. Peter's Basilica beside the tomb of the Fisherman, Pope John XXIII said this:

“In the present order of things, Divine

Providence is leading us to a new order of human relations which, by men's own efforts and even beyond their very expectations, are directed toward the fulfilment of God's superior and inscrutable designs. And everything, even human differences, leads to the greater good of the Church.”

So there it is. In the midst of holy words and pious exhortations, we find a sign marking a *New Order of Human Relations*. We've been stuck on that road ever since. But open your eyes. There's really no such thing as a “new order of

human relations.” What happened to our inheritance, the patrimony bequeathed to us by Christ? We are children of that, the perennial Order, the timeless Order of an Eternal God.

Go a little further. What did the pope mean—“Everything, even human differences, leads to the greater good of the Church.” Everything, even sin? Even abortion? Euthanasia? Homosexuality? Transgenderism? Murder? How does that work?

Curious, curious. It sure doesn't sound the same as “*And we know that to them that love God, all things work together unto good, to such as, according to his purpose, are called to be saints.*”⁴ Pope John left out the loving God part, making the declaration sound more like the cry of the Scottish Rite Masons. The

revolutionaries claim: *Ordo ab Chao*. Order out of Chaos. This is not just a motto for tidying things up. No, it is an alliterative code for transformation, the esoteric ideal of a New Age of the World, the *Novus Ordo Seclorum* of the Saturnalians.

And then the pope bowed to the world: “The world expects a step forward toward a doctrinal penetration and a formation of consciousness in faithful and perfect conformity to the authentic doctrine, which, however, should be studied and expounded through the methods of research and through the literary forms of modern thought.”

Seriously? *Literary forms of modern thought?*

With that, Pope John threw open the windows. All manner of noxious things, ideas hostile to the Faith, philosophies bitter as acid, customs old as the pagans pushed through. The Prince of Darkness came waltzing in—cape flowing, triumphant—Baphomet, the sabbatic goat, promising “the association of all interests, the federation of all people, the alliance of all cults, and universal solidarity.”⁵

And now, in the words of William Wordsworth: *The world is too much with us, late and soon... We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.*”

That's it, isn't it? We have given our hearts away. Please Lord, may we have them back? May we be one in Your Heart?

Dear God in Heaven, *dona nobis pacem.* ■

5. Levi, Eliphas, *Livre des splendeurs*. “Le Baphomet,” the Sabbatic Goat image symbolizing the “equilibrium of opposites.”

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

By Andrew Senior

This then is the message which we have heard of him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. John 8: 12 – 30

The light of thy body is thy eye. If thy eye be single, thy whole body shall be lightsome. But if thy eye be evil thy whole body shall be darksome. If then the light that is in thee, be darkness: the darkness itself how great shall it be! Luke 11: 33-36

God is infinite. Our limited human intellect cannot comprehend or contain Him. The reason God made so many things is to show forth this glorious infinity, to help us to try to understand. Boethius says that we can understand the infinity of God through the Incarnation of Christ. He also says that we cannot understand eternity, but that time is the incarnation of eternity.

Light is the first created thing. Many of the saints say that *Fiat Lux* means that God created the angels and the whole spiritual world first. The physical world is a reflection of the spiritual world, in a way, its incarnation. Light is the material thing that is closest to the spiritual world, the very reflection of the divine. Light is the primordial element, preceding earth air fire and water. Light is where matter and energy meet. In the darkness of paganism, almost all worshipped the source of light, the sun.

In English the two meanings of the word light are related. Light is the lightest substance there is. It is almost weightless. It travels almost instantaneously. St. Thomas says that it wouldn't matter if it actually did take some very small amount of time, below the limit of our perception, light is of a different nature than other physical things. He also says that light travels in a straight line, and radiates outward in all directions at the same time. Perhaps he would understand modern physics which says that for different empirical purposes light may be treated as a wave or a particle.

The analogy between intellectual and physical vision is as old as the world. As the eye sees objects in the medium of light, the intellect sees the truth in the medium of the good. Christ really is the Light of the World. Before His coming, the world was in darkness.

As with the other categories, there is so much poetry about light, it is delightful.

Light
John Milton

HAIL holy light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd? since
God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence
increase.

Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal
stream,
Whose Fountain who shall tell? before
the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at
the voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and
deep,
Won from the void and formless
infinite.
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
Escap't the Stygian Pool, though long
detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my
flight
Through utter and through middle
darkness borne
With other notes then to th' Orphean
Lyre
I sung of Chaos and Eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to
venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit
safe,
And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but
thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in
vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no
dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quencht
thir Orbs,
Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the
more
Cease I to wander where the Muses
haunt
Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or
Sunnie Hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but
chief

Thee Sion and the flowrie Brooks
beneath
That wash thy hallowd feet, and
warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in
Fate,
So were I equal'd with them in
renown.
Blind Thamyras and blind Maconides,
And Tiresias and Phineus Prophets
old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie
move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful
Bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert
hid
Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with
the Year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or
Morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers
Rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face
divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during
dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful
waies of men
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg
fair
Presented with a Universal blanc
Of Natures works to mee expung'd
and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite
shut out.
So much the rather thou Celestial light
Shine inward, and the mind through
all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist
from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may
see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal
sight.

In Plato's Republic, there is the Allegory of the Cave. Some men have been imprisoned in a deep, dark cave, chained to the wall. The light from the outside world filters in, but all they see are shadows moving on the wall. One of them escapes. At first he is blinded by the light, but slowly his eyes become accustomed to the light. He goes back into the cave and tells the others what he has discovered, the real world, while they have been seeing only the shadows of things. The other prisoners kill him. Plato presents this as an image of man in this life. There is no doubt that this is an example of the twilight world of the Primordial Tradition, before the Coming of Christ.

Light is necessary for life, for photosynthesis in plants, but that is not all. Man too needs a certain amount of light to thrive. In modern times psychologists have discovered a certain type of depression, SAD (Seasonal Affective Disorder.) In the winter when the days are shorter and the nights are longer, people crave light. The

Germans and the Scandinavians knew this long ago.

Choruses from The Rock (an excerpt)
T. S. Eliot

O Light Invisible, we praise Thee!
Too bright for mortal vision.

O Greater Light, we praise Thee for the less;
The eastern light our spires touch at morning,
The light that slants upon our western doors at evening.
The twilight over stagnant pools at batflight,
Moon light and star light, owl and moth light,
Glow-worm glowlight on a grassblade.
O Light Invisible, we worship Thee!

We thank Thee for the lights that we have kindled,
The light of altar and of sanctuary;
Small lights of those who meditate at midnight
And lights directed through the coloured panes of windows
And light reflected from the polished stone,
The gilded carven wood, the coloured fresco.
Our gaze is submarine, our eyes look upward
And see the light that fractures through unquiet water.
We see the light but see not whence it comes.
O Light Invisible, we glorify Thee!

In our rhythm of earthly life we tire of light.
We are glad when the day ends, when the play ends; and ecstasy is too much pain.
We are children quickly tired: children who are up in the night, and fall asleep as the rocket is fired; and the day is long for work or play.
We tire of distraction or concentration, we sleep and are glad to sleep, Controlled by the rhythm of blood and the day and the night and the seasons. And we must extinguish the candle, put out the light and relight it; Forever must quench, forever relight the flame.
Therefore we thank Thee for our little light that is dappled with shadow.
We thank Thee who hast moved us to building, to finding, to forming at the ends of our fingers and beams of our eyes.
And when we have built an altar to the Invisible Light, we may set thereon the little lights for which our bodily vision is made.
And we thank Thee that darkness reminds us of light.
O Light Invisible, we give Thee thanks for Thy great glory!

In our present wayfaring state we cannot look directly into the light. Only in heaven, in the beatific vision, will we be able to do so. We must, like the moth, circle the flame that so attracts us. Thus we join Gerard Manley Hopkins and give thanks for dappled things. We pray



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Signs of the Times

By Clare Wilson

Over the past weeks, we have received news of several celebrity suicides. The designer Kate Spade, raised a Catholic, was wrestling with depression and finally ended her life. The chef and writer Anthony Bourdain hanged himself in a hotel room in France, after a friend noticed he had slipped into a 'dark mood' sustained over several days (New York Times, June 2018). Friends of mine from my graduate program shook their heads at the news and whispered that doubtless more death would come, since suicides always happen in waves. They talked of the constant unease present in political and cultural circles. They confided to me that they struggled to find the right medicines and therapies to remedy their own depression and anxiety.

The tragic news and my friends' reaction brought to my mind the two concepts of time formulated by the ancient Greeks. One they called *chronos*, which indicates the inexorable sequence of chronology. In English terminology, we evoke the same idea when we say that time 'ran out' or 'got away from us'; *chronos* is inherently limited and fleeting. On the other hand, the Greeks also spoke of *kairos*: the opportune moment. This time is expansive, unchanging. Certainly, one can miss the opportune moment, but in general *kairos* is something towards which a course of events builds. Once it is achieved, it abides in a kind of perfection, reflecting eternity.

I first heard of these two notions in a class on literary theory. The idea is that in a tragic world—think *Macbeth* or *Othello*—where human beings are flawed and stories unfold toward an inevitable and well-deserved punishment, *chronos* is the dominant form of time. It slips away from under the fingers of the tragic character, leaving him with no more time to remedy his crimes; most of the stories therefore end in death as a fitting image of the depths toward which he

has descended. In comedy, a different temporal movement is manifested, in which the characters are always finding ways and means to redeem the time, to turn the present moment into the opportune moment in which everything is set to rights. *Kairos* is the movement of time which governs the comedic spirit.

In St. Paul's second epistle to the



Corinthians, chapter six, the apostle exhorts his flock to be open to the grace of God, and in doing so he evokes the Greek notion of *kairos*. Quoting Isaiah, he writes, "For [God] saith, 'In an accepted time have I heard thee, and in the day of salvation have I helped thee.' Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation." A quick glance at the Greek version of the New Testament tell us that *kairos* is the original word St. Paul chose, which English Biblical translators have replaced with the phrase, 'acceptable time.' We have seen what *kairos* can indicate in terms of literature, but what does the word mean when St. Paul uses it in the service of God?

I think in these dark days when almost everyone is overwhelmed with confusion—even many Catholics—and tempted on every side by every manner

of sinful and excessive pleasure, it is easy to suppose that we are trapped in a slow but steady devolution toward the end of times. The notion of *chronos* rules our thinking about the postmodern era in which we find ourselves. The darkness of this viewpoint infects people's thinking, drives them into depression and despair. Every year we hear of more people overdosing on drugs, killing themselves, losing their minds and

turning weapons on school children.

Western civilization can be said to have turned into a tragedy on a world-wide scale. No longer is it individual persons who commit crimes against God and reap their just punishment; now the entire body politic has embraced a wholesale defiance of divine and natural laws. It is telling, I think, that one reason which our societies find to justify abortion is a belief that the human species has violated the natural world. The environment can no longer sustain all our evils, they tell us, so how can we add more people to burden it? Of course, the murder of unborn souls is yet another violation of the natural order, heaped on top of all the others (even though most cannot make this connection), but the pervasive attitude of guilt in human beings of our day—whether it be toward the environment or toward minorities for past injustice—does indicate some underlying sense of failure, along with an implicit recognition of the need for punishment. In rejecting God, our world has embraced tragedy and as a result its sustained attitude is one of shame as it waits for inevitable destruction. The hedonism which abounds is just a disguise for despair: unconsciously the world lives by the Biblical dictum, 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die.'

Our Lord was born into the world in a very similar time. The Roman empire had barely been established, after decades of conquest followed by a series of civil wars as different leaders jockeyed for power. The provinces were full of unrest, as native populations, such as the Jews, were forced to bow under Roman rule, often without the privilege of Roman citizenship. Of that historical moment, St. Paul writes, "When the fullness of the time was come, God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, that He might redeem them who were under the law" (Gal. IV, iv). Here he uses the word *chronos* to evoke the idea of time, no doubt because the

virtuous men of the day felt as present-day Catholics do: that civilization was in crisis; that morality and decency were under constant attack; that hope for change was almost extinguished.

However, that fullness of *chronos* which St. Paul mentions ushered in the acceptable moment, the *kairos*, during which Our Lord would establish the Church upon earth. Catholic historians will point out that, despite the rampant immorality and corruption of the Roman empire, which within forty years of Our Lord's death resulted in an ongoing genocide of Christian martyrs (as many as 20,000 killed during Diocletian's ten year reign, for example), Christianity nonetheless spread with extreme rapidity and ease thanks to the the existence of the Roman infrastructure, which stretched all the way from Afghanistan and the Caspian Sea in the east to Great Britain in the west. Missionaries were able to travel by land or sea and make contact with both Romans and the peoples they had subjugated. The fearless witness given by martyred Catholics to the truth of the Faith also became a tool which God could use to further the construction of His kingdom in human souls.

History has always manifested cycles of *chronos* time. Slowly civilizations devolve and crumble, only to be replaced by new structures built on top of the old. What St. Paul wants us to remember, though, is that *kairos* time—the acceptable time—is always upon us. God uses every historical trend, every human eventuality to execute His purposes. It seems obvious to declare that now we are watching the end of an era. Political, ethical, and cultural trends all seem directly opposed to the truth of God. More and more disorder and illogic seems daily introduced into the world around us. It is no wonder that the godless, overwhelmed with depression and despair, take their own lives. We cannot even judge them harshly, because without God, what hope do they have?

What we as Catholics must remember, however, is that God exists in the opportune moment, the eternal now. He can and does bring good out of any situation. Just as the Roman empire became a perfect tool for His will and promoted the spread of the Catholic Faith, the trends of the modern world will allow God to accomplish some inscrutable intention of His own. Mere human beings cannot say exactly what plans He may have in mind, although we can certainly speculate. Perhaps the technological boom will allow another rapid and easy spread of Christianity to corners of the world which could never before be effectively reached. Perhaps constant and ready access to information and education will enable questioning souls to stumble upon Truth more readily. Perhaps converts raised in the age of activism will enter the Church as lay people already on fire with the missionary and crusading spirit.

In short, if God has declared through the

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Poetry Corner, Continued...

for the Faithful Departed, *lux perpetua luceat eis*, that they may be bathed in eternal light. The etymology of the word "argue" is illuminating. It means "to shed light on." It comes from the mythical Argos, the many-eyed. This shows up in an old, Ambrosian Advent hymn: *En clara vox redarguit, obscura quaeque personans*. The most beautiful night in the world is the Easter Vigil, when the priest enters the darkened church and intones: *Lumen Christi*.

Lead, Kindly Light
Bl. Cardinal John Henry Newman

Lead, kindly Light, amid the
encircling gloom, Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from
home, Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene,—one step enough
for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
thou shouldst lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path, but
now. Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish days, and, spite of
fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not
past years.

So long thy power hath blessed me,
sure it still will lead me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and
torrent, till The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces
smile,
Which I have loved long since, and
lost awhile.

*And night shall be no more: and
they shall not need the light of
the lamp, nor the light of the
sun, because the Lord God shall
enlighten them.*

Apocalypse 22: 5 ■

THE CARDINAL SINS:

Kevin Farrell, Ted McCarrick and the Synod on Young People

By Elizabeth Yore

Last week, the Catholic twitter verse was chattering about Bishop Thomas Tobin's embarrassing, but appropriate question to Cardinal Kevin Farrell. Bishop Thomas Tobin of Rhode Island, (not to be confused with Cardinal Joseph Tobin of Newark), called out Cardinal Kevin Farrell for his gratuitous comments that priests have no credibility when it comes to instructing couples on marriage. Bishop Tobin tweeted a pertinent question to Cardinal Farrell, who is the head of the Vatican Dicastery on Laity, Family and Life.

Bishop Tobin [tweeted](#) this query to Cardinal Kevin Farrell who sits atop his prestigious and lofty Pontifical dicastery:

Tobin posits the obvious objection against Farrell: "It seems fair to ask, then, if a celibate cleric has sufficient 'credibility' to lead a dicastery devoted to laity, family and life."

In light of the media firestorm of allegations and Church sex abuse settlements regarding Cardinal McCarrick's conduct, it's relevant to pose a few more questions to Cardinal

Kevin Farrell, sitting over in the Vatican opining on the laity, family and life.



'We're from the Vatican, and we're here for the kids.'
(Cardinal Lorenzo Baldisseri, Pope Francis and Cardinal Kevin J. Farrell at meeting in preparation for the Synod on Young People.)

1. As a priest in the Diocese of Washington, D.C. from 1984 until 2007, were you aware of the allegations and rumors surrounding your very own D.C. Cardinal Ted McCarrick's sexual predation? As head of the Roman Curia's Congregation of Laity, Family and Life, many Catholic laity and family members would like to know the answer.

2. As an Auxiliary Bishop of the Diocese of Washington D.C. for over 6 years, you were consecrated an auxiliary bishop by Cardinal

McCarrick. [You lived in the same D.C. apartment with him throughout those years.](#) Did you witness any abuse or

inappropriate conduct by him towards seminarians or other young men? Did any victim tell you about McCarrick's sexual harassment? As the head of the Curia Dicastery on Laity, Family, and Life, Catholic laity and families are very concerned about the protection of children and the safety of seminarians from predation.

3. When you were appointed Bishop of Dallas in 2007, you designed your own unique and specially fashioned [Coat of Arms](#), which pays homage, as a personal tribute to the Washington

D.C. prelate, Theodore McCarrick. Bishop Farrell's ecclesial shield honors Cardinal McCarrick in several important details and is spelled out in his [Coat of Arms on the Diocese of Dallas website](#):

"The lion rampant honors Theodore Cardinal McCarrick, Archbishop emeritus of Washington, and the Irish sept of O'Farrell. In the upper portion of the shield, gold (yellow) and the lion (red) are derived from the Arms of Cardinal McCarrick, whom Bishop Farrell assisted as Auxiliary Bishop of Washington. The lower portion of the lion in gold (yellow) derives from the Irish sept of O'Farrell. Here a blue field has been substituted for the green of the O'Farrell Arms, to honor Our Lady of Lourdes, upon whose feast day Bishop Farrell received ordination to the episcopate at the hands of the Cardinal Archbishop of Washington."

What a tribute to Ted McCarrick embedded in the Cardinal's Coat of Arms! Three references and images to one of the Catholic Church's foremost sexual predators displayed in the Coat of Arms of the head of the Pontifical Dicastery of Laity, Family, and Life. Farrell modeled and adopted his heraldic Coat of Arms after the disgraced Ted McCarrick. Are you going to keep this Coat of Arms?



In his prominent curial role as head of the Laity, Family and Life, Cardinal Kevin Farrell is in charge of the upcoming Synod on the Youth. In preparation for the upcoming Synod, [Farrell urged the young people](#), that they must say "how the Church needs to change its ways of doing things so we can be more attuned to the voice and to the hearts of the young."

One final question for Cardinal Farrell:

Will the Catholic Church be more attuned now to the voices and hearts of the Ted McCarrick victims? ■

Elizabeth Yore is an attorney who specializes in international child advocacy and has investigated clergy sex abuse.

Signs of the Times, Continued from Page 13...

apostle Paul that this very moment in which we are living and breathing is the acceptable time and the day of salvation, then surely He is not lying. We must cultivate confidence and trust in His inscrutable providence, both in regards to our own lives and in view of civilization as a whole. We must remember that at every moment, the achievement of our salvation is at hand.

Before we can envision the *kairos* of God's salvation, however, we must cultivate the intellectual habit of seeing its presence in our individual lives. How can we maintain peace in the face of the world's chaos if we hardly trust the benevolence of God's will in personal matters? I know that, in my own case, at different times I have felt overwhelmed by the absence from my life of some good that I desire—a more satisfying career, for example; marriage and children; publication of my writing. Sometimes it feels to me that my wishes are being thwarted for no good reason. Aren't all the things I want perfectly good in themselves? Why would God deny them to me? Surely no one would argue that they would be hinderances to my salvation!

However, the ways of God are inscrutable. Our limited human viewpoint cannot understand exactly how He chooses to make each moment opportune and

acceptable for our salvation. Using myself as an example, it could very well be that if I had married some young man five or eight years ago, I would not have developed enough virtue to be a good wife, and both he and I and our children would be deeply unhappy by now. Looking back at my time as a high school teacher—a profession which made me increasingly restless over the four years I pursued it—I admit that even while I was not satisfied with my work, I was able to befriend many young women who have since turned to me for advice and support, at least one of whom I now count among my dearest friends. Out of a situation apparently ill-suited to me, God brought the wonderful good of Catholic friendship. Just recently I was also feeling frustrated after yet another rejection of a short story of mine from a literary magazine, but then reread the piece only to discover an obvious flaw which will necessitate a complete overhaul of the plot. While rejection still stings, if God has called me to be a Catholic writer, doubtless it is better to have really admirable work published for His glory, instead of weak or hasty pieces!

Obviously human beings cannot escape chronological time. We are born, and on our paths to the grave, we pass inevitably through a sequence of moments and events which punctuate our lives. The inexorable passage of *chronos* over our heads,

aging us, bringing with it any number of mistakes and sins to be expiated—this reality can be discouraging. The remedy, however, is to keep the simultaneous reality of *kairos* and God's day of salvation always before our eyes. Yes, we grow old, make failures, or even slip into vice. On the other hand, every morning on which we rise from our beds and kneel to offer God the entire day marks a new chance for God's providence to save us. We have only to cooperate.

The same goes for the large scale of history. Just as it is inexact to reduce human life to its chronology, when in fact we are always interacting with the eternal purposes of God, it is an oversimplification to say that the postmodern era is Godless and dark. Somehow, beneath the unrest of moral degradation and political upheaval, the currents of providence are at work to bring God's truth to souls. Our vocation as Catholics is to have confidence in God's salvific purpose in our own lives, and then by cooperating with Him, become instruments for those purposes in the world at large. Even that realization can help us avoid discouragement or a tragic mentality, since no matter what suffering we may endure in our own lives, the merit we earn through peaceful acceptance can be offered for the good of other souls. ■

The Habsburg Emperor Still Lives: *Discovering Karl, High in the Alps*



Blessed Karl of Austria

By Olivia Rao

During a recent trip to the South Tyrolean Dolomites in Northern Italy, my family and I spent the night in Cortina D'Ampezzo – a town high up in the mountains which became wildly popular in the world of sports (especially in skiing and biking) after hosting the 1956 Winter Olympics. Originally part of Austria before being ceded to Italy at the Treaty of Versailles in 1919, the South Tyrol remains very Austrian in its culture and traditions, with its major languages being German, Italian, and a local language called “Ladin,” itself divided into dialects by village.

The town of Cortina D'Ampezzo

survives primarily on tourism, and much of its old charm and authenticity has given way to the kitsch and insincerity of souvenir shops and high-end restaurants targeting the thousands of vacationers who arrive there every winter. Of course, in the way that touristed European towns such as these often tend to, there do remain some small parts of the town frequented by locals who uphold the various traditions of the area and can provide a glimpse into the type of old Catholic life that would have been lived there in times past. It was in one of these small corners of the town that we had an experience which reminded us of the providence of Our Lord, the mysterious ways in which He works, and the unexpected mediums through which He spreads His message of hope and salvation.

The one morning we spent in Cortina D'Ampezzo, we strolled around the town trying to find a quiet place in which we could grab a coffee and a quick bite to eat before hitting the road again. We settled upon a small, local café and walked inside. To our surprise, we were greeted in the back dining area by a portrait of Blessed Karl of Austria, mounted prominently in the center of the wall. I excitedly pointed out the portrait to my mother, and our conversation attracted the attention of an old man sitting in the corner of the room, reading a newspaper.

“That is Blessed Karl of Austria,” he said, looking up from his paper. “The last Catholic emperor. His last act was to receive the Eucharist, and he died with

Christ in union with the Church.”

The old man, who began by addressing us in German and then switched to Italian, went on to explain to us that he was a member of the “Schützenkompanie Šizar Anpezo Hayden” – a local traditional rifle regiment of Cortina D'Ampezzo which had, at his request, adopted the emperor as their company's patron. Through his encouragement, the regiment became committed to the cause of this last truly Catholic emperor, and he became a symbol of their dedication to their

Over coffee, he told us more about his devotion to the emperor and all that he had done to promote his cause in the town. We learned that it was he himself who had mounted the portrait on the wall of the café – of which he was not, incidentally, the proprietor. He sits every morning in that little room, which he has dubbed “The Salon of the Emperor,” equipped with prayer cards of the emperor, translated into Italian and German, to pass out to those who express interest.

He offered to bring to the café the next



Catholic faith, to the Sacred Heart, and to Christendom.

The old man told us that the regiment even modified their flag to include the image of the Sacred Heart. At this, he looked to us for confirmation that we still understood what he was talking about, and we showed him the Sacred Heart pins which Michael Matt had been so kind as to distribute to us at the recent initiation of the League of the Sacred Heart. He, in return, proudly produced his miraculous medal, and we spent an amusing several seconds comparing the many emblems of our faith which we wore around our necks.

Happy to meet fellow Catholics who shared his love for his hero, and eager to continue the conversation further (in the way that old men always are), he offered to buy us all cappuccini – “It's for the emperor,” he said.

morning for us a copy of the biography he had written of Otto von Hapsburg, the son of Emperor Karl, which had been published in German, Italian, and Ladin (the language of the area). Unfortunately, however, we were leaving the Dolomites that same day to return to Lake Garda, and we told him about our organization, the Roman Forum, and the Summer Symposium which we host every year in Gardone Riviera. We informed him of the mission of the organization, and we explained to him that we offer the Latin Mass every day. His face lit up at the mention of Latin, and he proudly explained to us that he still says all of his prayers in Latin every day.

When it came time for us to leave, he told us that he had something important to show us, and we followed him down the street to a nearby restaurant (of which, again, he was not the proprietor), where he had set up yet another small shrine to Blessed Karl. This time, the portrait of the emperor was accompanied by one of Andreas Hofer, the famous Catholic counterrevolutionary hero of the Tyrol, and a picture and description of the medallion of his own regiment. He graciously allowed us to take his photograph, which I include here (see above).

We parted ways with plans to keep in touch, and he promised to mail his book on Otto von Hapsburg to us in New York City. ■

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The Last Word...

Francis Edits Ten Commandments

By Father Celatus

Back in the 1950's and 60's the most popular genre of television shows was the western, which depicted Old West America. Among my personal favorites from the fifties are *Gunsmoke*, *The Rifleman*, *Have Gun Will Travel*, and *Wanted Dead or Alive*. As depicted in westerns and as is evident in the gun-laden titles of these western series, the Old West was pre-historic when it came to political correctness. For example, Indians who had been deceived by white men were known to say, "Paleface speaks with forked tongue!"

Actually, it was not the Indians—aka Native Americans—who coined the expression *forked tongue*. We find examples of this expression in English literature from centuries ago, such as Milton's *Paradise Lost*:

*According to his Doom: He would have spoke,
But Hiss for Hiss return'd with forked Tongue
To forked Tongue, for now were all transform'd...*

The basis for the expression *forked tongue* goes back to the biblical account of the Serpent in Eden—aka Satan—who deceived Eve, leading her into mortal sin. Adam soon followed, deceived by Eve, committing mortal sin as well, which is the Original Sin. Francis of Rome reflected on this diabolical deception in a recent general audience on the topic of the Ten Commandments, which Bergoglio calls the "Ten Words." As is clear from an examination of the text of this general audience, Francis speaks with a forked tongue!

Forked tongue is an appropriate image to describe the insidious deceptions that are employed endlessly by Jorge Bergoglio. He begins his reflection noting that, "From the beginning, the Tempter wants to deceive man and woman," Francis should turn his accusing finger back on himself, as one who has wanted to deceive the Church and the world from the beginning of his five-year reign. Jorge, you too are a tempter!

What else did *Francis Forked Tongue* say in his reflection on the Ten Commandments—err, Ten Words?

At the beginning of Chapter 20 of the Book of Exodus we read – and this is important – "And God spoke all these words." It appears to be an opening like any other, but nothing in the Bible is banal. The text does not say, "And God spoke these commandments", but "these words". The Jewish tradition always calls the Decalogue "the ten Words". And the term "Decalogue" is intended to say precisely this. And yet they have the form of laws, they are objectively commandments. Why, then, does the holy Author use, right here, the term "ten Words"? Why? And why not "ten commandments"?

What difference is there between a command and a word? A command is essentially a communication that does not require dialogue. The word, on the other hand, is the essential means of relations as dialogue... It is one thing to receive an order, another to perceive that someone is trying to speak with us. A dialogue



is much more than the communication of a truth... The commandments are a dialogue. Communication is carried out for the pleasure of speaking and for the real good that is communicated between those who wish each other well, by means of words. It is a good that does not consist in things, but in the same people who reciprocally give each other in dialogue...

Jorge would have us believe that because of a single instance in the Old Testament in which it is said that God "spoke" the commandments, this essentially changes commandments to a dialogue. Well, the first commandment spoken by God to the first man is recorded in the Bible, as is the first dialogue between God and our first parents. Let's take a look to see how that dialogue about disobedience was resolved:

God commanded the man, saying: Of every tree of paradise thou shalt eat: But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat. For in what day soever thou shalt eat of it, thou shalt die the death...

The Lord God called Adam, and said to him: Where art thou? And he said: I heard thy voice in paradise; and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself. And he said to him: And who hath told thee that thou wast naked, but that thou hast eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat? And Adam said: The woman, whom thou gavest me to be my companion, gave me of the tree, and I did eat. And the Lord God said to the woman: I will multiply thy sorrows, and thy conceptions: in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children, and thou shalt be under

thy husband's power, and he shall have dominion over thee. And to Adam he said: Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat, cursed is the earth in thy work; with labour and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life. Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herbs of the earth. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth, out of which thou wast taken: for dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return.

So much for dialogue when it comes to breaking the divine Commandments—or Words—of God!

Following in the footsteps—or rather serpent tracks—of the ancient Tempter, the modernist tempter Francis would have us believe that the divine commandments are not absolute but they are dialogical. Never mind that the Ten Commandments were etched indelibly in stone by the finger of God; in the modernist world of Francis, the Ten Words are written in sidewalk chalk, to be wiped away and rewritten.

And that is precisely what Jorge has done: rewritten divine commandments. After all, did God really command against adultery, or is he rather engaged in a divine dialogue with adulterous couples? The sinister answer of *Francis Forked Tongue* is to be found in his exhortation *Amoris Laetitia* as well as his statements to adulterous couples, secular journalists, conferences of bishops and in his general audiences.

Adam and Eve played the blame game to excuse their disobedience to the commandment of God: "The devil made me do it!" No doubt one day many misled Catholics will attempt the same: "Francis made me do it!" The blame game did not work in the Garden of Eden; neither will it work here, in *Paradise Lost!* ■

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