

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

Christmastime News and Death in the Matt Family

Especially at Christmastime, it's fun to look back over the 150-year-old archives of our family newspapers at those issues published on Christmas during the world wars. Like Christmas itself, war seems to bring out the best and the worst in us all, and it's interesting to see how times (and people) have changed.

I suppose our children will look back at the Christmas issues of The Remnant that came out during this Great Apostasy and do the same. I wonder what they'll find. Did we keep the Faith? Did we keep hope alive until the great Pope Pius XIII crushed the Revolution of Vatican II and restored sanity to the Catholic Church?

We'll have to wait and see.

In the meantime, in the midst of our own world war against all things Christian, there are signs of hope this Christmas.

The restoration of the Traditional Latin Mass, for example. Who would've thought, forty years ago, that a Solemn Pontifical Mass would one day be celebrated annually at the Basilica of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington, D.C., by a prominent American bishop? And yet that's exactly what happened on November 6th of this year, after another one had been offered in Pittsburgh on November 1st by Bishop Athanasius Schneider.

Back in 1979, who would have imagined

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Merry Christmas from the Remnant Family to Yours



*And the angel said to them: Fear not; for, behold, I bring
you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the
people. For, this day, is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.*

Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will.

Editor's Desk, Continued...

that some forty years hence there'd be a veritable explosion in the number of apostolates operated by traditional Catholic fraternities and institutes?

Who would've anticipated the rise of Catholic men such as Bishop Athanasius Schneider, standing before the world's traditional Catholics, ready to lead them in holy and principled resistance against the Modernist Revolution in Rome?

Even in politics, the Devil's stranglehold on Christian civilization is showing subtle signs of weakening here on Christmas of 2019. Catholic Poland, for example, is stirring herself into action against the diabolical New World Order. In Hungary, too, where Prime Minister Victor Orbán stood before the radicals in the European Union and told them that Christianity must rise to save Europe.

Addressing the Second International Conference on Christian Persecution in Budapest this month, Orbán argued that the only solution for Europe is to discover its Christian roots and reaffirm its Christian identity. He asked the same rhetorical question we often ask: *Can a remnant of believers really make any difference at all?* Only he asked it like this: "Hungarians make up only 0.02 percent of the world's population, so how much difference can it make? Is it worth it?" His answer included a profound reflection on the twelve apostles who, he reminded his audience, "changed the world with the Good News of the Gospel". After half a century of atheistic Soviet rule in Hungary, who would've thought Christian hope would survive at all, much less to this extent?

And closer to home, during the lighting of the national Christmas tree at the White House, President Donald Trump educated the secularist rulers of our new & improved universe on the true meaning of Christmas: "As the Bible tells us, when the Wise Men 'had come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him.' Christians give thanks that the Son of God came into the world to save humanity. Jesus Christ inspires us to love one another with hearts full of generosity and grace."

Merry Christmas, Mr. Soros!

Whatever you think of Trump, his words are a welcome sign of hope that not all is lost this Christmas. Donald Trump is obviously playing to a Christian base that might have been wiped out completely by now, but wasn't — millions of Americans who still long to hear something from Washington that matters, something about Christ, something about God, the stuff our global masters have worked so hard to make us all forget.

Even if it's all just so much presidential lip service, we can thank God that so many in this post-Christian nightmare still want to hear the story of the birth of Christ. Why? Because the secular rulers of the world have no stories, no tradition, no heart and no hope that can hold a candle to the story of Christmas.

Of course, Donald Trump is damaged goods. Throughout his entire life, the Catholic Church—the world's only

moral authority—has been in chaos, wherein examples of virtue and fidelity to moral law came few and far between. So, of course, Donald Trump struggled in his personal life, along with millions of others who lost their way after the Catholic moral authority went silent. But like so many survivors, Trump has retained a basic belief in God, along with an awareness of the political and moral chaos of a Christian-free society. He doesn't hate Jesus Christ or want to lock up all those who follow Him, as his critics want to do. And he's just old school enough to figure that a restored Christianity will certainly help him "make America great again."

Basic stuff, to be sure, but also the "hateful" stuff the New World Orderians thought they'd stomped out decades ago.

And maybe that's why practicing Catholics are going to vote for Trump in 2020. According to a [new nationwide poll](#) from RealClear and EWTN News, "Catholics who say they accept all Church teachings are more likely than other Americans to say they are planning to vote for Donald Trump in the 2020 presidential election."

And now they want to impeach him. Why? Because poor old Donald Trump dared to recognize a viable constituency in disillusioned pro-life, pro-Christian, pro-family Americans who still have the conviction (and the numbers) to threaten the very existence of the New World Order. Because Trump has inadvertently challenged not just Americans but millions the world over to reconsider the very idea that resistance is futile, and *that's* why the globalists will do anything—even risk their own political future in a desperate attempt to impeach him—to try to make sure that nobody will dare represent Christian Americans ever again.

Obviously, it's the anti-Christians—not us—who are the haters. They are the ones who cannot and will not live in a country where folks like us get to breathe the same air they do.

They can't tolerate a society where people still believe that God, Country and Family are more important to the common good than the socialist sewage the Christophobes have been pumping out of the swamp and into the streets of America for fifty years.

The impeachment of Trump has much more to do with us than with him. The enemies of the Christ Child have set their sights on branding us all as haters and political liabilities.

Will they succeed? God knows, but at least there's a war on, finally! This Christmas, let's be grateful for the opportunity that presents itself to us now: To use the obvious desperation of the Swamp Creatures on the political Left to remind our neighbors, friends and family of the Kingship of Christ the Anti-Christians have rejected -- a rejection which over the course of the past century has led to millions buried

in mass graves, turned our cities and classrooms into warzones, transformed the wombs of our mothers into fleshly gallows, blown our families to kingdom come and wrecked just about everything truthful, good and beautiful in our lives.

Well played, globalist fanatics! But no thanks. In fact, go back to hell where you belong.

RTV Video Tops One Millions Views

A few days before Christmas this year, Remnant TV celebrated its very first 1,000,000-view video. It's called "MERRY CHRISTMAS! Trump Praises 'Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ,'" and it includes the following message in its introductory text:

"In a world at war with Jesus Christ, where His Holy Name is taken in vain a million times every day, it is significant when the leader of the most powerful nation on earth not only says His Name, but refers to Him as 'Our Lord and Savior' while opening the national celebration of His birth."

I wrote these words two Christmases

Alphonse Matt, JR, RIP



After a long and hard-fought battle with dementia, the longtime editor of *The Wanderer* passed away peacefully on December 8, 2019. He was 88 years old.

Many readers of *The Remnant* will surely recall the decades-long civil war that ripped the Matt Family in half after the close of the Second Vatican Council. Throughout the 1970s, 80s and 90s, my cousin, Alphonse, was at the *Wanderer's* helm, his father (my uncle) having passed away in 1973.

Serious disagreements notwithstanding, I'd be the first to admit that Alphonse Matt devoted his life to the service of Holy Mother Church. His defense of orthodoxy and Catholic moral teaching was substantial. And after years of betrayal at the hands of wayward shepherds that left us all bruised and battered, I'm sure my own father of happy memory would be more than content to let the historical record show that it was the Revolution itself that left our Catholic family bitterly divided for nearly half a century.

My father and his brother, Alphonse, Sr, made peace with each other some forty years ago, but their two newspapers remained bitterly at odds over the nature of the crisis in the Church and the proper course of action to take on her behalf.

Despite principled differences of opinion, they each attempted to be

faithful to Mother Church, despite the crisis that slowly brought her to her knees. Without a doubt, the civil war in my family was the very same one that would divide the entire Church, pitting father against son, brother against brother and cousin against cousin.

ago, and I'm convinced they're more apropos now than ever. The never-Trumpers tell me he's only offering presidential lip service to Jesus at Christmastime, and I wonder how they know this. But even if it's true, would they rather the U.S. president ignore Jesus Christ completely on Christmas?

Whatever his faults and failings, President Trump was willing to stand in front of the Christophobic world and speak the "Name above all names"—the Name at which "every knee in heaven, on earth, and under the earth shall bow"—the Name that "every tongue should confess"—the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the "glory of God the Father."

Call me old-fashioned, but I think this is good news indeed. Blessed be the Name of Jesus Christ now and forever and go Trump 2020! ■

In life, the Revolution drove a wedge through the heart of my family. And on the occasion of Al Matt's death, I welcome this opportunity to denounce that Revolution—not my cousin!—for what happened to our family and to so many other families in the chaos that followed the Council. Our family was only a microcosm of the worldwide Catholic family which would also be torn in half by the same Revolution.

These days, we're all casualties of that same Revolution which has grown old and embittered, drifting so far to the Left now that both *The Wanderer* and *The Remnant* are dismissed as bomb-throwing extremists. In fact and although it would be premature to claim that the Matt 'Clan' is fully reunited, I believe it's only a matter of time before all faithful Catholics will be united in standing against the infiltrators from St. Paul to St Peter's who will do all in their power to destroy Christ's Church — over our dead bodies, if need be. This war is far from over.

The current editor of *The Wanderer*, Joseph Matt (eldest son of Alphonse), and I enjoy a cordial relationship, thanks be to the God both of our fathers strived to know, love and serve in this life. May they both now be happy with Him forever in the next life, and may the Revolution never divide their sons again.

Merry Christmas to all the Catholic clans around the world. May the Christ Child unite us all in the Hope and Love that fills the hearts of all those who follow the star out of the darkness of the desert and into the light of Bethlehem. Puer natus in Bethlehem, Alleluia. ■

The Remnant Speaks

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

No January 15th Issue

January is one of two months during the year (the other being July) in which we only go to press once. Please note that the next Remnant Newspaper you receive will be dated January 31, 2020. Happy New Year!

The Remnant Team

An Education Through Suffering

Editor, *The Remnant*: I'm a 30-something cradle Catholic who got lost in middle school and left the Church, married a protestant, tried to get back into the Church and was hurt, and then squandered about till I took a trip to Israel in 2018 and came back kind of a radical trad who lacked mercy and humility (don't worry, God took care of that by sending suffering. Haha!).

I found your newspaper and started subscribing! Countless saints and ultimately the intercession of Christ led me to humility and mercy. There are no divisions of Catholicism, there is only Catholicism. My husband converted last year. We have 5 children, 2 of whom have special needs and one uses sign language and may never use his speech and we both—my little boy and I—have trauma from what happened to him.

I have always felt out of sync with the Catholic community because everyone always looked and stared at my son. He is loud and suffers from countless emotional problems. I believe my guardian angel led me to a story of Saint Zelig and her daughter, Blessed Leonie. Saint Zelig in her letters speaks of many things I have said about my own son (he is causing me endless suffering! What about the other children?) And ultimately it ends with this: suffering, taking your cross and saying yes to God, is the way of the Catholic.

A person who is well does not need a physician, even Christ said this. Suffering has changed me to have my thoughts always on God and the saints. I confess I was turning to alcohol before to deal with the mind-numbing pain of having a child who is the way he is because of medical negligence, drugs and an airway defect...and the epic loneliness and misunderstanding there is in the Catholic community.

He will never sit piously in a pew and will always have a voice of thunder and expressive hands. BUT! If we truly believe that each person is knitted just a certain way by God, are there really disabilities? Or rather, an ability made just for that person by God who created him and whom He will not abandon.

At times I have dreams of my son being a priest who can bring the language of ASL to some forgotten people. Ultimately though,

it's Heaven and as Bishop Schneider said in his book: "Say yes to God and everything doesn't matter".

Thank you, Remnant, for providing thought provoking articles and being CATHOLIC and true. It's a source of light in these dark days.

I remembered a baby that I lost almost 7 years ago. I was confiding to a beloved priest, how when I went to pick up the baby's remains, it was all held in a styrofoam box. Amidst weird looks, I brought that baby home from the hospital. As I prepared to place it in a little wooden box, I was alone and took extremely delicate care to get every piece of the broken body into that box. The priest looked at me with a sincere look of love and said, "That is what the priest does at the sacrifice of the Mass, facing towards God and taking gentle care of Christ's broken body."

And that, my friends, is what makes me weep every time after receiving the Eucharist, seeing the priest at the altar "clean up". It's more than that. I've rambled but I wanted to encourage you and say you have been with me on this spiritual journey of silent sorrow.

Thank you! Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.

Amelia Y.

Editor's Reply: I am moved by your note... to tears. God bless you, Amelia. For me this was a much-needed shot in the arm, as well as a most welcome reminder of what really matters.

Thank you and Merry Christmas.

Michael Matt

Former Calvinist Burns Sola Scriptura

Editor, *The Remnant*: I used to be an anti-Catholic Calvinist zealot. Reading the Bible made me realize I was wrong. There is hope. We allowed our enemies to divide us, but we can rectify it. Understand... Protestantism is the gateway drug to liberalism. Once you realize you are on the liberal side assisting the destruction and overthrowing of Christ's kingdom, you have to switch sides.

Without 2000 years of tradition you can make the Bible say anything. We've all seen it. What's more, the people of God preceded the scripture in both old and new covenants. Sola scriptura did not and could not exist in the first century. The authority was given to the Church, not to the Bible. The churchmen wrote the Bible. Turn back to Catholic Tradition. We must reunify now.

8ElionAdvancing8

God and Strawberries

Currently there are two theories of how the unusual method of the propagation of strawberries came to be.

(A) One upon a time an ambitious strawberry plant, having just heard of evolution, decided to evolve a spectacular new method of reproducing its species and abandon the old hackneyed seedy thing favored by other plants. Without consulting God and after 7 ¼ million years of evolution it succeeded in sending out shoots that rooted themselves at intervals.

This greatly impressed the surrounding plants.

(B) In the beginning God created the Heavens and the Earth. And God said, 'Let there be strawberry plants, and let them reproduce themselves by sending forth shoots over the face of the Earth to form new plants, and let the fruits of them be food for man.'

And Adam smelled a sweet savor and had some for his supper.

The strawberry plant is only a minute percentage of all plants but a pure mind can experience joy and wonder in contemplating the power and variety of the great artist and botanist above, Our Father in Heaven. This small theophany can inspire divine worship without which no human is whole and complete.

The cold, vague, unsubstantiated, mechanical, cerebral, boring evolutionist version of origins, by edging God out of the creation narrative, offers no food whatsoever for the human soul. It produces what the Bible calls, 'The abomination of desolation.'

Jim Allen

Regarding: "Survey Points in Lack of Belief in Real Presence"

I am not surprised by the Pew Survey results on the lack of belief in the Real Presence. What can we expect! Go into a Catholic Church and look for the Tabernacle. Where is it? In some churches it is in an inconspicuous place, like in a wall or around a corner. Out of sight, out of mind. If the Holy Eucharist is really the source and summit of our Catholic faith, then prove it. Instead of all the segregating programs of the Catholic Appeal, how about the money being used to get Jesus, who is in the Tabernacle, onto the High Altars in every Catholic church in the Archdiocese of St. Paul and Minneapolis so He is visible instead of invisible.

Catholic churches should be ringing their bells at 6:00 a.m., 12:00 noon, and 6:00p.m. every day to call us to prayer and as a reminder of the Incarnation. The bells should also ring before Mass. Isn't there a standard number of times they should ring for each occasion? Why have the bells been silenced? All for tolerance! Tolerance of what? New neighbors who are intolerable of the bells. What is really intolerable is standing during the Consecration.

Wondering why there is a shortage of priests? Well, get rid of girl altar servers. They might be doing a good job, but they are taking away young boys' and men's thoughts of the priesthood. Introduce young girls and women to the spiritual life of prayer and the consecrated life, the various religious orders, those who wear habits, as well as the Third Orders. Help them study the Bible so they understand their purpose in God's plan.

Have you ever found yourself telling someone a great story and right when you get to the climax your friend's cell phone rings and they stop you in midstream to answer their phone? How do you suppose the Holy Spirit feels when the greatest miracle has just taken place right before our eyes, bread and wine changed into Jesus' Body and Blood and He is so anxious to give us God's greatest gift but wait, first we have to



kiss our spouse, shake hands with the person next to us, and wave peace to everyone else. When your friend finishes with the phone call, they come back to hear the rest of your story. A bit anticlimactic, right? Receiving the Holy Eucharist after exchanging the sign of peace with your neighbor also becomes anticlimactic, don't you think?

Watch how Holy Communion is being distributed. Some priests and lay people, appear to be dealing out the Host as if they are dealing out cards, not holding up the Holy Eucharist and declaring "THIS IS THE BODY OF CHRIST". Instead they are saying, "Body of Christ", "Body of Christ", "Body of Christ" in quick succession with their heads down looking for the next hands to place the Host. Vatican II granted Communion in the hands to a few countries. The United States was not one of them. So, get rid of Communion in the hands. Get the Communion rails back in use. You are concerned about getting germs from the priest? Didn't you just receive germs from the person who blew their nose before shaking your hand? Some priests have stated they prefer Communicants receive the Holy Eucharist in their hands because they don't like their fingers licked. The Communion rail will eliminate licking and germs, guaranteed.

Why would any young man want to become a priest, if there is nothing to set a priest apart from a layman? The Holy Eucharist

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December 31, 2019

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Remnant Speaks, Continued...

should be distributed by consecrated hands. It is Jesus who is giving Himself to us at the Communion rail. So, get rid of Eucharistic Ministers. There's nothing extraordinary about them anyway if they are always there.

You say it would take too long to distribute Holy Communion without Eucharistic Ministers? What's the rush? Isn't the Church's teaching we should spend an hour with the Lord on Sundays? How about adding a few more minutes in quiet prayer after Holy Communion? It is written somewhere we should spend 15 minutes in thanksgiving after receiving Holy Communion. Didn't you ever read about the Saints who went into ecstasy after they received Our Lord?

If priests are not holy, then their church members will be mediocre at best, for Jesus says, no one can be greater than their master. If priests don't believe in the Real Presence, then they shouldn't be surprised if their flock doesn't either. If priests don't believe in the Real Presence, then they don't believe in the Gospel. For Jesus said, "Unless you eat My Body and drink My Blood, you will have no life in you". And if they don't believe in the Gospel, then they can't believe in eternal life.

What sets the Catholic Church apart from other Christian denominations if the Catholic Church acts like a protestant church? If there is nothing sacred about the Holy Eucharist, then it should not come as a surprise the Pew survey results shows a lack of belief in the Real Presence.

By the prompting and guidance of the Holy Spirit, I humbly and respectfully submit,

Geralyn Clasemann

The Francis Effect

Editor, *The Remnant*: One of the reasons that this arrogant crowd thinks it can get away with these abominations is that there was not a widespread resistance to the Second Vatican Council. I am aware of Archbishop Lefebvre and the Resistance that you and your family and Traditionalists offered, but by and large the Council people had their way. I was only twelve years old; what kind of resistance was I going to offer. For the most part, adults, like my parents, trusted their priests, not knowing that most bishops and priests did not realize what had been started with the *Novus Ordo*.

Now many of us are seeing that we were duped, but not like Jeremiah the prophet.

Thank God for all of you who are keeping the Flame of Faith alive! I believe that Francis, who does not know at all who Francis of Assisi is, has awakened people who will eventually turn the tables on him. With hope that will occur soon.

Keep the Faith! Peace,

Fr. Matthew Chadwick, OFM Conv.

Letter from a 2019 Chartres Pilgrim

How can one possibly describe the Chartres Pilgrimage to those who have never experienced it? It is truly an impossible task. Whenever I try to describe it to others they generally say, "That sounds awful!" The truth of the matter is that it DOES sound awful, but it isn't awful. Oh sure, the physical pounding that you willingly subject your body to IS quite awful. There are about a million times when your body says, "Quit!" "Why are you doing this to me?" And, of course, the ever-present "What was I thinking?" And finally, the "Never again!"

Yet, at the end of this arduous journey, you find that God completely strips you of everything but Him. You become profoundly aware of your own nothingness and your complete dependence on Him. In His Divine Providence He provides you with comrades in arms who become your instant best friends. You see with such clarity that the Communion of Saints is walking along with you. Or in my case, dragging my aching body up those steep hills.

It is during this most difficult trial that you begin to let go of so many worldly thoughts, desires and worries. All of that just melts away as you try to reach Notre Dame de Chartres. Once you have seen Her, She will keep calling you back. When you return home you miss Her and long to sit quietly with Her in Her playhouse. I think that I could stay in that Cathedral forever.

Once the three-day walk is completed, you are given the most sublime gift of spending nine more days with the most wonderful group of people that you can imagine. The sheer joy of spending time with such faithful, happy, exuberant, charming young people is a most hope-filled time. You realize that all is NOT lost, and that Our Blessed Lord will never abandon His Church. These young Catholics make even an old cynic like me understand that our future is not bleak. If this truly is The Remnant, then, as the song says, "I want to be in that number when the Saints go marching in."

I want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Matt and Remnant Tours for an unforgettable experience. The trip to Austria and to Hungary was just beautiful. To have a daily High Mass, sung by the most angelic choir, was such a gift to us. Father Pendergraft and Father Lee made the trip so wonderful. To

have, not one, but two chaplains was a dream come true for us.

Bill and thank God every day that He has blessed us with this gift of participating in this Pilgrimage three times now. I can never begin to thank Him for all of the blessings in my life. The Chartres Pilgrimage is truly one of His greatest gifts to us. I encourage anyone who can possibly do this to make every effort to go. You will be forever changed.

Through the Most Immaculate Heart of Mary,

Jean Richards
Lafayette, Louisiana

Seeking Pilgrimage Sponsors

Dear Remnant Readers: My name is Mary Seeley. I am 19 years of age and the second oldest of 10 children. I was homeschooled K-12th grade and I am now a student in



Nursing school. By the grace of God and Our Lady, I have been privileged to have attended the Traditional Latin Mass throughout my entire life at the FSSP parish of St. Michael's in Scranton, PA.

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

The upcoming 2020 Chartres Pilgrimage seems like the perfect opportunity for me to strengthen my Faith and grow in grace, not only for my salvation, but also for that of any family I may have in the future and those who may come under my care as a nurse.

My father and two of my brothers were blessed to experience the Chartres Pilgrimage. They constantly speak of the effects it had on them, as well as being privileged to visit the sources and see the wonders of our Catholic heritage. The graces they received on the Pilgrimage have served as a pillar to lean on in the difficulties and trials that have and will come their ways.

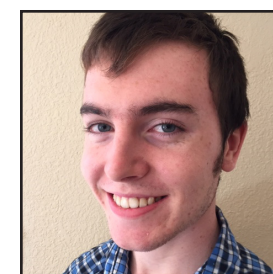
So evident are these graces and effects, I too have a great desire to follow in the footsteps of not only my family, but also of the thousands of Catholic pilgrims, priests, religious, and saints, who have made this Pilgrimage for the greater honor and glory of God and Our Lady.

I have been working hard to save up enough to pay for the Pilgrimage, but unfortunately with college costs and all, I am unable to meet the total required amount. As such, I respectfully request the financial aid of Remnant sponsors. I thank you in advance for any support you will be able to give me, even prayers. I will gladly remember you in my Pilgrimage intentions. May God reward you for your generosity. Sincerely yours in Jesus and Mary,

Mary Seeley

Dear Remnant Readers: I am Sean O'Flaherty. I am a Catholic high school senior who is very interested in the sciences and hopes to become a neural surgeon

someday. I also happen to be the eldest of my family of ten. I have heard and read that your newspaper and readers help fund needy students to go on the pilgrimage from Paris to Chartres. I will be starting college soon and probably will not be able to experience



this pilgrimage again until I am much older. This would be a great opportunity for me to go travel with other like-minded Catholics. I would love to go on the same

pilgrimage that most of the French kings and nobility went on during the Medieval Times. It is rather inspiring to think that most of the French knights also partook of this pilgrimage. It would be quite an experience to see the places that Our Lady appeared at and talked to past saints. I am especially excited that I might be able to go travel to England and see some of the Catholic sites there as my confirmation saint, St. Thomas More, lived and died in that very same country. My father, Timothy O'Flaherty, went on this trip several times and it was on this same march that he met my mother. At all the sites and especially during the pilgrimage I will pray for any intentions my sponsors desire. I thank you for all that you do to support the Traditional Faith in the Catholic Church that Our Lord Jesus Christ established. Godspeed,

Sean O'Flaherty

Remnant Tours' Youth Fund

If you decide to sponsor one of the young pilgrims (your donations are tax deductible), please understand that you are entering into a spiritual partnership in a tradition as old as Christendom— where Catholics pool their resources in order to send a young member of a parish or town on pilgrimage for the good of the whole community. I personally select only the worthiest young candidates, so that sponsors can be assured they will be prayed for each and every day (by name) and I will not allow our young pilgrims to forget that Remnant pilgrimages are all about the call to holiness, Catholic action and counterrevolution. The cost of the entire pilgrimage is \$3400. The names of sponsors and their special intentions will be carried to Chartres and read aloud each day on the Pilgrimage. **MJM**

Readers wishing to sponsor one of these hopefuls can make tax-deductible donations to:

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Winning Back the True Catholic Woman

BY AMANDA EVINGER

The other day, my blossoming 10-year-old daughter asked me, ever-so-innocently, “Mom, do you think they are worshipping Pachamamas at the parish down the road yet?” Stunned to the bone, I shot back, “Well, of *course* not.” Then, however, I began to wonder, and wonder some more. I mean, we hadn’t been there for a long time, ever since we started attending the Traditional Latin Mass and the Byzantine Divine Liturgy regularly. Catching a hint of my doubt, she proceeded with her inquisition. “And do you think they will have women priests some day soon over there too? We’ve always talked about Matthias (my son) being a priest, but now we can joke about Marella (my five-year-old daughter) becoming one also! Ha!” Oh ha, ha, ha – oh how ruthless humor can be at times!

When it was all over with, I gave myself a pat on my hunchback for cruising through that rocky moment of parenthood with remarkable ease. After all, I decided, it was just one of the bazillion mildly excruciating parent-child conversation moments that we “rad-trad” Catholic parents typically have to face nowadays (thanks to the ever-looming “spirit of Vatican II”). Just because my husband and I successfully shelter our homeschooled children, save for occasional movies and trips to Wal-Mart, doesn’t mean that they won’t have *questions*. And questions are a good thing, right?

After nervously scanning our home to make sure all five of the holy water fonts were chock full with water blessed using the traditional form (ok, I failed to do this, but it would have been a great idea), the good ol’ scrupulous parental guilt trip set in (a seriously perilous psychological condition to which rad-trad parents are

girl priests, not Jesus. Jesus only wants boy priests and boy altar servers, not girl ones.” Score! Way to go Mom! Maybe my video sessions were a success after all – something to write down later in our family’s Homeschooling Highlights Hall of Fame.

In the end, my daughter’s little inquisition made me think about the pathetic means many Catholics are resorting to in an attempt to pay more “respect” to women in the life of Church. The recent proposals brought forth at the Amazon Synod to allow women to be ordained to the diaconate or even possibly the priesthood, as well as the Pachamama fertility goddess worship in the Vatican, seem to reveal an angst-filled hunger for women to be *honored and have a meaningful place* in the Church.

Ironically, the crux of the matter is that they already truly do, and they have ever since Christianity came into existence. They have always had an irreplaceable, illustrious place in the Church as well as in the family, and consequently, in all of society. Regardless of how viciously feminists and various “pro-whatever” activists claim that Christianity belittles women, the fact is, it really doesn’t. As Dr. Alice von Hildebrand explains in *The Privilege of Being a Woman*:

“In order to understand the greatness of a woman’s mission, we must open our minds and hearts to the message of the supernatural. It is the key that will reveal to us the greatness of femininity. It is one thing to read a text; it is another to interpret it correctly. All the arguments which seem to favor the thesis that the Bible has been discriminating against women from the very beginning can easily be reversed by interpreting the

We have seen that a woman is by nature a guardian of life: She bears life, brings it forth, protects and nourishes it. She is the like the good soil or ‘mother earth’ in which plants can flourish. She is the home, the phase of rest, the place of peace, the strong foundation, the root, and as such she represents God’s activity in the world, for He is a God of peace, constancy, rest and security.

However, because their God-given role has been so ridiculed, downplayed, or at best, overlooked, a void exists in the modern Church. This void creates a sort of miserable hunger for women to be recognized, and cheaply so – in ways that God did not intend them to be. No matter how desperately men or women may fight for “women’s rights” in the Church and the world, their fight will be fruitless if the Almighty Creator is not on their side. Contrarily, those who fight for women’s rights by honoring God’s plan for them will always be victorious – if not in this world, then in the next.

In *The Eternal Woman*, Gertrud von le Fort pens:

Woman’s mission, winging far beyond the woman herself, touches the mystery of the world... The renewal of the eternal image through the Marian mission of the woman completes itself in the vicarious role of her who represents the creature. Mary stands for her daughters, but her daughters must also stand for her.

When speaking about the noble spirit of maternity that God has endowed on the female sex, she writes:

The very soul of women is meant to be maternal. Once this sublime calling

God’s omniscient designs will she experience the peace that surpasses all understanding, in this life as well as in the next. If she is called to be a wife and mother, then let her devote her life to being one, just as the Blessed Mother did. If she is called to be a religious nun, consecrated virgin, or single person, then let her honor God every hour of every day in the midst of her duties of state.

Wearing a chapel veil is a beautiful way in which women can celebrate the distinguished, extraordinary place that the Creator has given them in the life of Holy Mother the Church. It is a sign of the feminine vocation *par excellence*. As Fr. Karl Stehlin further explains:

Now there is a very eloquent symbol of this nameless and concealed power of the feminine nature, the veil, which conceals precisely what is personal about the woman (her face and hair) and emphasizes those aspects of her mission that are general and transcend the personal: every great feminine event is concealed and silent, as we will see in detail, and concealed likewise in her vital act: her gift of self to the beloved Thou, her life-giving, life-preserving and life-sustaining power as mother... the veil is the symbol of woman’s service to the most precious thing there is: life. For her it is a reminder that she is most profoundly herself when she is not there for her own sake but rather is turned toward the living Thou, as bride and mother.



especially prone). *Maybe I shouldn’t have played the video of the Pachamama dunking for my kids, cheering all the while*, I contemplated with self-contempt. And *multiple times* at that, mentally marking the video-viewing session down as, “Religion Class.” Then I even topped it all off with another video-viewing session of a priest in Mexico burning replica Pachamama statues (oh, the glories of YouTube access). *Definitely too violent and graphic for young children!* I scolded myself.

Later, Marella came to my rescue and eased my scruples, saying, “You know, Mom, it is against God’s Law to have girl priests. The devil is making people want

sacred text with the eyes of faith.”

She further explains that, through the Blessed Mother, “women have been granted a privileged position in the economy of redemption,” and that “In the *Apocalypse*, once again, the role of women in the New Testament is gloriously highlighted.”

Women have been marvelously fashioned by God to be: vessels of contemplation, spiritual and physical mothers of the gift of life, co-creators with God, safeguards of the family, and heralds of purity and goodness. In *The Nature, Dignity, and Mission of Woman*, Fr. Karl Stehlin writes:

has been trampled upon, such women become ‘unsexed;’ they are ‘sick unto death.’ Maternity is a sublime calling, and even though man’s ungrateful heart often forgets his mother’s sufferings to bring him into the world and her endless devotion in order to bring him up, it is well-known that when a man faces death on the battlefield, his last words, his last thoughts are often directed to his mother. Dying soldiers scream, ‘Mother.’

One way that today’s Catholic woman can fully embrace her femininity is to be a woman of profound prayer, living her God-given vocation wholeheartedly. Only by surrendering her heart to Almighty

“
Women have always had an irreplaceable, illustrious place in the Church as well as in the family, and consequently, in all of society.
”

In the end, we must believe that, “*Christus Vincit, Christus Regnat, Christus Imperat.*” Christ the King can conquer and reign in our midst, if we let Him. We can make His victory triumph in our homes, in the Church and in the world if we honor the divinely established roles of men and women. Together, we must labor to “win back” the authentic Catholic woman, so that she may radiate the splendor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the most feminine of all creatures, upon us all. ■

Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella

BY SUSAN CLAIRE POTTS

The bell rang, the last bell before Winter Break at Cavender Middle School. Mademoiselle Jeanette Isabelle—Jennie du Lac--the petite seventh grade French teacher, stood by her door, watching, as hundreds of students stampeded down the hall. A tattooed, purple-haired girl bumped into her, made a face, then ran, shrieking, after a gangly boy in a studded leather jacket.

Jennie shuddered. It was certainly different from her own Catholic school days. At St. Paul's, boys wore white polo shirts with the school logo and girls wore plaid pleated skirts. Back then, Winter Break was called Christmas Vacation. Some people thought it still should be. She shook off the thought. *You have to move on*, she told herself. *Change is good.*

Life was changing now for Jennie. It was her last year at Cavender. In the fall, she'd be teaching French at St. Clair Community College, the same school where Nick Santos, her fiancé, taught welding and coached the basketball team. They had it all planned out. It was supposed to be wonderful, but Jennie wasn't so sure.

A few minutes later, the students were gone; the building was quiet. She looked down the silent hall and repeated the mantra of academia: Civilization wouldn't collapse. What looked like implosion was simply the force of change. Embrace it. A new age was coming; the world would be a better place. That's what they said. But somehow the words didn't ring true. Not after last night.

She had met Nick at Biggby's for coffee. He had driven down from Port Huron to see her after basketball practice. It was raining, a steady cold drizzle, and she was on edge, her nerves frazzled from teaching people who didn't want to be taught. Just one more day and then she'd be free for a couple of weeks. She could relax.

They sat on high stools at the counter by the window, looking out at the Christmas lights on the lamp posts. *O Come, O Come, Emmanuel* floated down from the ceiling speakers. Across the street, church bells rang the hour.

Fingering her pearls, Jennie told Nick what a difficult day she'd had. "Nobody wanted to work," she said. "All those kids wanted was to get out for Winter Break."

"Winter Break?" He set his coffee down on the counter. "You mean Christmas?"

"Same thing."

Nick frowned, but Jennie didn't notice. She complained some more, then sighed. "At least now there's a better understanding of what we need to do," she said. "We have a new paradigm. Education is the key."

Key to what? he'd asked abruptly. His tone startled her. "The future," she answered, repeating what had been drummed into her head since college. "A society that embraces diversity and

celebrates the human spirit."

"You've got to be kidding."

"No, I'm not, Nick. We're teachers. We can make a difference. Build a new culture."

He looked at her like she was crazy. Or worse, like she was a stranger. "Without Christ," he said deliberately, "there is no culture worth building."

She stared at him, shocked. "You can't say that."

"Why not?"

"It's divisive."

"You're right."

"You're okay with that?"

"Absolutely."

"It's wrong." She turned her face. "We have to be inclusive. Especially during the holidays."

"Jennie, come on. *Holidays?* Cut it out. It's *Christmas.*"

"What's word choice got to do with it?" she blurted.

"Everything. It's a question of truth." Jennie looked down at her hands. An image rose in her mind: *Lighted candles. Silence. The priest laying Baby Jesus in the manger while the people sang, O Holy Night.* It was lovely, she thought, but was it real?

"Every religion has its own truth," she insisted. "Its own path to God."

"Right. And the gods of the Gentiles are devils," he snapped.

"I didn't hear you."

"Never mind." Nick cradled his cup in his hands. He didn't look at her. "So, then, Jennie, what do you think it's all about? What does Christmas mean?"

She dropped her eyes and didn't answer. "Jen?"

"I don't really know," she said.

He looked like he'd been struck. "I don't get it," he said quietly. He stared out the window, swirling his coffee. "We're Catholic... We go to Mass... I thought..."

"Thought what?"

"That we were on the same page."

She bit her lip.

"Does it matter?" she asked.

"I think we need to go," Nick said. He picked up their empty cups and threw them away. Jennie watched him, tears welling in her eyes, as she buttoned her coat. When they left the coffee shop, he said he wouldn't see her for a couple of days. He needed to think, he told her. Sleet pelted her face as they walked out to their cars.

Now, the next day, standing by her classroom door, Jennie looked down at her engagement ring. The diamond was dull in the windowless hall.

She was turning to go back to her desk when the girls' gym teacher, Toby McIntyre, jogged around the corner toward her.

"Hey, Jeanette Isabella!" she sang out. Jennie managed a small grin. Nobody called her that, nobody except her

godmother, her Great-Aunt Isabelle from Provence.

Childhood memories rose from her heart. The old French carol played in her mind. Isabelle used to sing it to her on Christmas morning, when it was still

dark, just before dawn. Before anyone else was awake, the woman and child would go outside to watch the sun rise over the lake.

Un flambeau, Jeanette, Isabelle... courrons au berceau...

Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabella... Let's run to the crib... Christ is born.

"You are Jeanette and I am Isabelle," her godmother would say.

We go to greet the Christ Child."

Ah! Ah! How beautiful is the Mother...

How beautiful is the Son...

For a moment, she was a little girl again.

Toby looked at her quizzically. "Are you all right?" she asked.

"What? Oh, sure... still in French mode, I guess."

"Glad I only speak one language. Want to grab a pizza? Celebrate our freedom?"

Why not? Jennie thought. *She wouldn't be seeing Nick. Not today, not tomorrow. Maybe never, for all she knew.* "It's kind of early," she said.

"I know. Do you mind?"

"Not at all." It would be good to have something to do, something to get her through the evening without Nick.

"Great," Toby said. "My grandma's in the nursing home, and I thought I'd stop by and see her if it wasn't too late. My cousins are going tomorrow, and my mom and dad will be there Christmas Eve. I wanted to go this evening." She looked at Jennie sheepishly. "I wanted to have her all to myself. She's pretty special."

"I get it," Jennie said. "My godmother is like that. My Great-Aunt Isabelle. I haven't seen her in awhile."

"Is she local?"

"Not really. She lives in Lexington. On a cliff overlooking Lake

“**She walked to the edge of the deck and looked out.**



Suddenly, the horizon lit up in a fiery blaze. The dawn broke. Golden light streamed over the water from the rising sun. Jennie gazed at it, transfixed, and then, in an instant, conviction came, strong and true: *This day God is born in the Flesh.*

Huron." "Nice."

Jennie's phone beeped in her pocket. "Sorry," she said as she pulled it out. "No problem."

She opened the message. "Speak of the devil," she started to say, then stopped herself.

"Figuratively, I mean."

"Your godmother?"

"Yes. I can't believe it. The woman's eighty-seven years old and she sends a text?"

"You're lucky,"

Toby said. "My grandma couldn't do that. It sounds like old Isabelle is still with it."

"Guess so."

Listen to this. *Imperative I see you. Come up Sunday? Stay til Christmas?*"

Jennie shook her head. "She signed it *Auntie* with two hearts."

"Cute. Are you going?"

"I'd better. Just a sec. Let me answer her real quick

A half hour later, Toby and Jennie were sitting in a red and white booth at Angelo's, sipping Chianti. White lights twinkled around the window. A triple cheese and anchovy pizza sizzled on the stand in front of them.

Toby propped her elbows on the table. "So are you ready for Christmas?" she asked.

"I guess so."

"You don't sound very enthusiastic."

"I don't feel very enthusiastic."

Toby picked up a slice of pizza and dropped it on her plate. "Ouch," she said, shaking her fingers. "That's hot. Be careful." She reached for her knife and fork. "So now what's wrong?" she asked.

"Nick's mad at me."

"He'll get over it."

"I doubt it."

"He will. It's Christmas."

"That's the problem," Jennie said. "Christmas."

"Weird," Toby said as she cut her pizza in pieces. "How can Christmas be a

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Susan Potts/Continued...

problem?"

"He asked me what I thought it meant, and I couldn't tell him."

"Why should he get bent out of shape about that?" Toby speared a bite of pizza, blew on it, and popped it in her mouth. "Christmas is Christmas," she said. "Snow. Lights. Sleigh bells. Presents under the tree."

"Not that. The religious part."

"That's easy. It's Jesus' birthday."

"But who is He?" Jennie asked. "Is He God? What does it mean that He was born?"

Toby shrugged. "I never really thought about it."

"I guess we're in the same boat then."

Jennie was home by seven. Nick didn't call, not that night nor all day Saturday. She went to Mass alone Sunday morning, hoping to see him in their usual pew, but he wasn't there. Her eyes burned as she looked over at the stable and the empty crèche.

She grabbed a breakfast burrito at Taco Bell and ate it mindlessly while she drove the sixty miles north to Lexington. The rain had turned to snow. It fell fast and thick, blanketing the bare branches along the expressway and drifting across the fields. When she pulled into her great-aunt's driveway, Isabelle was standing at the front door, hanging a wreath. Like Jennie, she was tiny and delicate-boned. Her hair, once nearly black, was white now, pulled back in a neat chignon. A heavy tweed coat covered her from head to foot.

As Jennie opened the car door, a cold breeze blew from the lake, rippling the wind chimes in the maple tree. She stepped out into the snow. Great-Aunt Isabelle turned and waved.

"Quickly, *ma petite!* Come inside." She looked down at Jennie's feet. "You have no boots! *Dans le neige!* Oh, oh, Jeanette Isabelle!"

"It's alright, Auntie," Jennie said. "I'm not cold."

Isabelle raised her thin cheek for a kiss.

They went

inside. A

bare

fir



tree stood in the corner. Boxes of ornaments were stacked beside it, and a cedar garland lay across the sofa. Jennie could smell bread baking in the kitchen. "Brioche?" she asked.

"*Oui*. Your favorite, *non?*" Isabelle gestured toward the table. A manilla envelope lay on the center placemat. "Sit, *chérie*. I'll bring something to eat. *Café aussi?*"

"Coffee, please, yes," Jennie said, then turned and gazed out the wide window. A wooden deck reached from a small garden to the edge of the cliff. Blue metal chairs were pulled up to a round table. Thirty feet below the bluff, Lake Huron stretched far to the east. The water had not yet frozen; gray waves churned white in the wind.

Isabelle brought in china cups and a pot of coffee on a silver tray, then went back for bread and cheese, cream puffs and petits gateaux. She sat down, made the sign of the cross, and they whispered grace. The familiar words felt smooth as chocolate on Jennie's tongue.

Bénis-nous, ô Seigneur... Par le Christ, notre Seigneur. Amen

Bless me, Jennie thought, O, Lord, please please bless me.

While they ate, Isabelle told Jennie why she had asked her to come. "I am leaving here," she said.

"Where are you going?"

"I go to, what do you call it, assisted living?"

"What!" Jennie's hand flew to her mouth. "Auntie! No!"

"Sh, sh... I am old, *ma petite*." She reached across the table and patted her grandniece's arm. "So old. It is time."

"But this house!" Jennie's voice cracked. "You can't leave! I love this place!"

So many memories, she thought. *Christmas at the lake! Great-Aunt Isabelle singing to her at dawn in beautiful, crystal clear French.* First Nick, now this.

Isabelle picked up the envelope lying on the table and handed it to Jennie. "I have something for you."

Jennie gasped when she opened it. Inside the envelope was the deed to the house.

With her name on it. "Auntie!" she cried. "What have you done?"

"It is for you, *ma petite*. It was always for you."

"But why?"

"You are the daughter of my heart."

Merci, ah, ma tante, merci! Jennie's voice caught in her throat. Fingering the edge of the deed, she could say no more.

"It is a wedding present," Isabelle said. "Here you can make a home. Raise a family."

"Oh, no. Oh, no." Jennie looked down, her face gray as dust. She started to cry.

Isabelle was alarmed. "What is it, Jeanette?" she asked.

"What's wrong?"

"Everything," Jennie sobbed. "Just everything."

"So tell me."

Jennie slipped the deed back into the envelope and laid it on the table. "I don't think there's going to be any wedding."

"No?"

Jennie told her what had happened.

"Basically," she said, sniffing, "Nick and I don't think alike. I guess you could say we don't share the same faith."

"That's ridiculous!" Isabelle's temper flared. "You're Catholic. He's Catholic." She was quiet for a moment, thinking, and then, tapping her fingers on the tray, she arched an eyebrow. "You haven't left the Church, have you?"

"No, Auntie, I haven't." She tried to smile. "I went to Mass this morning. I just don't know if it's true. If it's real."

"Of course it's real."

Jeanette's thoughts raced. *How I wish I knew!*

Isabelle glanced at her, shook her head, then got up and took the tray to the kitchen. A few minutes later, she came back with a big cardboard box. "Now we will make our crèche," she said. "With a little village like Bethlehem."

"What about the tree?"

"Christmas Eve we do the tree."

"That's kind of late, don't you think?"

"It is best that way."

They set up the olivewood nativity set on the buffet. Jennie was reaching into the box for the manger when her hand brushed against an old holy card. She picked it up. On the front was an image of the Christ Child, robed like a priest, His arms outstretched on a wooden cross. The inscription read *I can do no more to show how much I love you.*

Jennie's hands shook. "Auntie," she said. "What is this?"

Isabelle came over to her and looked at the card. "That is the Christ Child of Pichincha," she answered.

"It's beautiful."

"He is beautiful."

They spent the next day and Christmas Eve cooking, baking, and decorating the tree. Jennie tried not to think about Nick, but she didn't succeed. He was on her mind all day. His face. His voice. The plans they had for their marriage, for the children they hoped to have.

She fought back tears as she hung the ornaments on the tree.

Isabelle clapped her hands when it was done. "*Parfait!*" she exclaimed.

"Shall I turn on the lights?" Jennie asked.

"Not until midnight."

"Really? Nobody waits that long."

"In France we did."

Their work done, Isabelle and Jennie sat down at the kitchen table for a simple meal of fish soup, bread, and a bottle of wine.

"I don't go to Midnight Mass anymore," Isabelle said as she set a plate of madeleines at Jennie's place. "It is too late and I am too old. But do you?"

"Yes..." Jennie paused. "Nick and I always do...well, did..."

"But not this year."

"No. Not this year."

"I will pray for you."

Jennie didn't sleep well that night. She kept going over and over her last conversation with Nick. How could she have said the stupid things she said? How could she have been so blind? She struggled to clear the fog in her brain. It was like she was brainwashed or something. How could she have thought she was right?

If only...she thought...if only what?

If only I could see.

She woke up before dawn, put on her robe and slippers, then went into the living room. The tree was lit, sparkling in a blaze of color, and the Christmas star shone bright as the moon. She stood looking at it for a moment, then walked over to the crèche. Isabelle had placed the Baby Jesus in the manger. Jennie looked down and began to sing.

Hush, hush, peacefully now He slumbers

Hush, hush, peacefully now He sleeps. On an impulse, she reached down and picked him up. She held him in her hand, looking at his eyes, touching his face, and then, with a stifled cry, she lifted the figure to her lips and kissed him.

O, my Jesus, she murmured. *I want to know the Truth. I do so want to know.* She was going to go back to bed when she changed her mind. She decided to do what she and Isabelle had always done on Christmas morning. She was going to go outside to greet the Christ Child. Pulling the sash of her robe tightly around her waist, she walked over to the sliding glass door and went out. It was freezing cold. The wind was blowing and she could hear the waves of Lake Huron beating against the seawall like the clash of cymbals.

She walked to the edge of the deck and looked out. Suddenly, the horizon lit up in a fiery blaze. The dawn broke. Golden light streamed over the water from the rising sun. Jennie gazed at it, transfixed, and then, in an instant, conviction came, strong and true: *This day God is born in the Flesh.*

The sun seemed to recede. As she watched, a figure formed in its place, the figure of a Child. Clad in white like the Infant of Prague, a crown on His head, He nodded, stretched out His arms and smiled.

And then He was gone.

Jennie fell to her knees in the snow. As she knelt there, she heard the door open behind her. She turned and stood up. It was Isabelle, wrapped in a blanket, a fur cap on her head, singing in her clear soprano:

Bring a torch, Jeannette, Isabella...

Jennie took her hand and joined her.

Hasten now, Good folk of the village

Hasten now, the Christ Child to see

When the song was ended, Isabelle squeezed Jennie's hand. "*Joyeux Noel, ma petite,*" she said and Jennie cried out, Oh, Auntie! The merriest Christmas ever!"

"All is well with you now?" Isabelle asked.

"Most well! Now, there's something I have to do..."

Isabelle reached under her blanket and pulled something out of her robe pocket. "For that, I believe you need this," she said and handed Jennie her phone.

"How did you...I mean..." she said.

Isabelle smiled and lifted her eyes to Heaven as Jennie sent Nick a text: *I was so wrong. So dumb. Forgive me. I know what Christmas means. It is all real.* The phone beeped back. The words came. *Thank God.*

She tapped: *I'm at Great-Aunt Isabelle's. Could you come up? Take us to Mass? Be there in an hour*, he answered. *Merry Christmas, my love.*

Tears fell and she whispered, *And to you, my dearest Nick, and to you.* ■

The Second Great Commandment

Food for Thought in the New Year

BY CLARE WILSON

A term that gets tossed around frequently (perhaps too frequently) these days is ‘self-care.’ In the hectic modern world, we are advised to set aside space and time in our lives for our own psychological and emotional health. Meditation, journaling, baths, yoga, trips to the gym, comfort foods, extra sleep, and beauty or skincare routines are a few of the most common activities mentioned when the topic of self-care arises. Proponents of the idea also tend to encourage others to avoid any kind of stressful relationship, even to the point of excusing them from spending time with family over the holidays (or ever), because doing so unsettles their mental stability too dramatically.

to review several months, as a way of making sure my conscience was clear after a very hectic summer with a lot of changes and upheaval. After I listed off a few frequently repeated faults and sins, the priest on the other side of the screen began giving me his advice. He asked me a couple of questions and then said, “You know, it sounds to me like you are under a lot of stress. My recommendation would be to try to get enough sleep, fit in a little exercise, and spend more time with friends.” Then he gave me a penance and absolution and I headed out into the church where I knelt for a few moments quite stunned by what I had just heard.

When challenged by the lawyer who wanted to know the greatest

have what we want, it’s only too easy to turn covetous eyes upon the good things other people have, or to feel a mean-spirited joy when someone who seems to have a better life than we do comes upon a misfortune. Another likely result of ongoing dissatisfaction is depression. I don’t mean the clinical kind here, but instead the spiritual and emotional ennui that leads to absolute sloth. If our attitude is a constant dislike of ourselves and the lot we’ve been given, then obviously we won’t feel motivated to practice virtue in our own lives or charity towards others. Without that motivation, it will be all too easy to slip into the other capital vices of anger, greed, gluttony, and lust. The actions associated with these latter vices all come with certain related pleasures, so they can quickly

viewing our own lives with sadness and sliding into a mire of sloth and other sins, we will be motivated to develop in holiness. Instead of viewing others’ lives with envy, we will realize that they too have been entrusted with a gift by God and either applaud them for their efforts or be moved to support them in becoming better. We will see ourselves and our neighbors in the light of God, instead of in the gloom of self-hatred.

Considering this standard of holiness from a practical perspective, however, we must remember that we are not angels. Merely thinking these thoughts will not necessarily allow us to enact them. Considerable training and discipline will be needed to bring the whole person into obedience to the second great commandment. For example, even if we reflect on the beautiful connection between divine love, self-love, and neighborly love in our meditations but still allow ourselves to be constantly sleep deprived, most likely we will behave irritably and unkindly to our unsuspecting neighbors. If we never take a moment’s free time from work, we might find ourselves relying too heavily on alcohol or food for relaxation and enjoyment. Vices can slip into our lives simply by forgetting that we have a physical body which also needs a certain amount of care and whose overall state of wellbeing has a huge impact on our spiritual life.

This is where the idea of self-care can be converted into a useful tool for the Catholic aspiring after perfection in charity. It’s all too easy while living under the constant strain and unrelenting pace of the modern world to succumb to stress, depression, addiction, or nervous overstimulation, leading a person to fall into vice almost by accident. Sometimes, as the priest advised me in the confessional, it actually is part of a virtuous life to make space for healthy physical and emotional behaviors like exercise, sleep, socializing, etc. Even in the Middle Ages, Saint Thomas Aquinas took the time in his *Summa Theologica* to discuss five cures for sadness (a spiritual state similar to depression): first, granting ourselves a pleasure we enjoy; second, tears; third, sharing our sorrows with a friend; fourth, contemplation of the truth; and fifth, baths and sleep (I–II, q. 38). Remarkably, all this overlaps quite neatly with the list of self-care behaviors given in the introduction this article!

As the New Year is now upon us, and it is a long-standing tradition to undertake some course of self-improvement at this time, why not co-opt the practice of self-care for Catholic purposes? If nothing else,

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It’s all too easy while living under the constant strain and unrelenting pace of the modern world to succumb to stress, depression, addiction, or nervous overstimulation, leading a person to fall into vice almost by accident.

As you may imagine, therefore, self-care critics tend to point out several dangers inherent in the way the idea is represented. It can promote reckless spending in the pursuit of fine foods, beauty products, gym memberships, etc. It can lead to people becoming intensely anti-social, since maintaining basic social conventions is less comfortable than staying at home on the couch with Netflix and a pizza. It can also all too easily turn into a justification for outright unkindness. For example, in the name of self-care, you apparently have every right to rebuke your grandmother if she asks about your romantic life over Christmas dinner. Instead of giving a polite and simple answer for the sake of courtesy and respect for her age, you are instead allowed to resort to rudeness and defensiveness, as if that is the best way to protect your peace of mind.

Based on all the preceding reflections, it seems obvious to say that self-care has no place in a Catholic worldview. After all, if it only promotes an attitude of self-indulgence and selfishness, it must be inherently opposed to the kind of sacrifice involved in true charity. This was certainly my attitude about the term for a long time. I tended to refer to it mockingly, if I thought of it at all, as an excuse used by people who couldn’t take the pressures of an adult, responsible, disciplined life.

Then I went to confession in early November of this year. I had decided



commandment, Our Lord first told us to love God above all, and then added a second injunction—to love our neighbor as ourselves. There is a tendency to forget the last two words and just focus on loving our neighbor, but in fact, the life of love to which we are called has three focal points rather than only two. We must love God more than anything, and then we must love ourselves and our neighbors equally. I would argue that the logical conclusion of this rule is that if we do not love ourselves, we also cannot love our neighbor.

This statement may seem somewhat radical, so let’s consider it more deeply. Given our fallen human nature, what is the probable result of a deep discontent with our careers, our relationship status, our looks, our standards of living? *Envy*. If we don’t

become addictions that soothe and distract from our self-loathing and failure at charity.

It was critical, therefore, that God included those crucial words, *as yourself*, in his second great commandment, and also vitally important that they were part of the second commandment, not the first. In order to love ourselves truly, we must first practice the love of God. Understanding His nature as our creator, who has entrusted us with our life and being, allows us to understand that our very existence is not our own. It is, instead, a great and unrepayable gift—a sort of priceless raw material which we must take and turn into a completed work to return to Him at our particular judgment. Living with this attitude about ourselves will protect us from the lure of vice. Instead of

Clare Wilson/Continued...

taking a New Year's resolution in-line with the second great commandment will help us build up our spiritual stamina during the lead-up to Lent. Perhaps, in fact, the best way to approach the next few months is to resolve to correct and rebalance our self-love so that when Lent does arrive, we will be better prepared to take a resolution that will improve our love of neighbor. This, however, does not mean that I am advising every Catholic reader to embrace the mindset of self-care as practiced by the secular world. True self-love, as we have discussed, is not self-indulgence, but an examination of our lives to find the areas of weakness that regularly lead us into sin, whether against God or against our neighbor.

We may find ourselves looking at our social media habits and discovering that constant exposure to other people's good fortune is increasing our own dissatisfaction. That may lead us to a 'digital detox,' to borrow the language of the self-care movement.

We may realize that we are constantly stressed and therefore short-tempered and inclined to gluttony in different areas. As a result, our new year's resolution may be to take more time away from work to meditate for our spiritual health and exercise for our physical health. We may notice that failure to get enough sleep is causing us to be slothful and fail to complete our duty of state. The solution may be

to set a daily bedtime, no matter what else is going on. All these behaviors might look like a kind of self-indulgence, but undertaken with the right spirit (care for the life God has entrusted us) and with the right aim (making ourselves more capable of fulfilling the two great commandments of the law), they can actually allow us to increase in virtue. The element that secular self-care gets wrong

about all this need to love ourselves before God is the idea that we must protect ourselves from so-called toxic relationships, or even from a caring person's concern over our wellbeing (see my example of the grandmother at the start of this article!). If any relationship is toxic, it is probably more because we have some spiritual poison lurking in our own souls than because of any fault in the our

in the Catholic sense—achieving a healthy and holy life for both body and soul—we will be able to understand our grandmother's loving intentions and return her a gentle, patient answer.

Perhaps, then, the New Year's resolution we all need to take is some variation of this: "Love yourself as God loves you so that you may also love your neighbor." That is obviously

too broad for each individual person, but at least it may be a helpful overarching principle. God never speaks empty words, so if He instructed us to love our neighbor as ourselves, an important part of our spiritual life is developing the proper relationship with self as a basis for the proper relationship with others.

One of the benefits of being Catholic is ownership of all truth; as St. Justin Martyr put it, "Whatever has been rightly said by anyone in any place belongs to us Christians" (*Apology*, II.13). That means that even the comparatively trivial truths of the self-care movement belong to us, and we can incorporate them into our lives in a way that enhances and enriches our fulfillment of the law of God. ■



We may find ourselves looking at our social media habits and discovering that constant exposure to other people's good fortune is increasing our own dissatisfaction.



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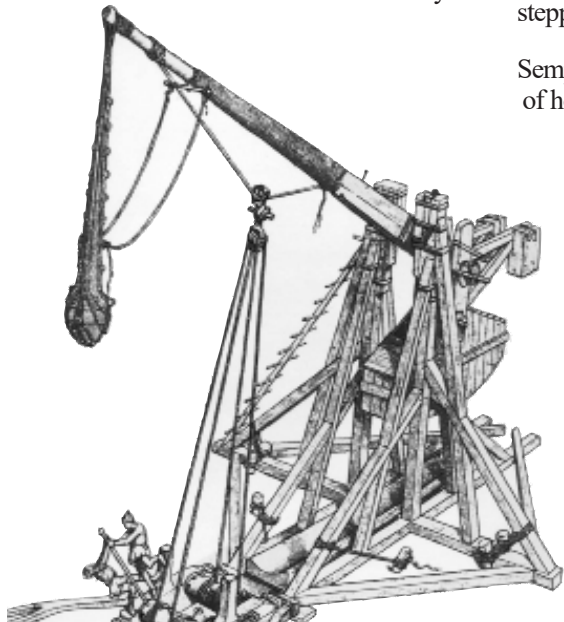
William Francis Sempill

Scottish-born military adviser to Catholic Spain

BY CONCEPCION SAENZ

Editor's Note: The present article was first published in the magazine *Military History* (VOL. 22, NO. 7, OCTOBER 2005 issue). It is being reproduced in *The Remnant* with the written permission of the author as well with the written permission of PRIMEDIA Enthusiast Publications, copyright Military History magazine. The significance of the 16th century wars between Catholic Spain and Protestant England (culminating in one of the most famous naval battles in history—the defeat of the Spanish Armada) is generally understood by most traditional Catholics. Had the Armada been successful in its mission, there is no telling how dramatically different the face of the world might look today, especially since ending Spanish dominance over the high seas translated eventually into English dominance, not only over the seas, but over what was to become the United States of America. Had the Armada sailed to victory rather than defeat, America may have remained a Catholic country. It is interesting, therefore, to view this history from a slightly different perspective—that of a military history magazine, which has now introduced the American audience to a little known Catholic hero from Scotland... who tried to save Christendom. His name is William Francis Sempill. **MJM**

WHILE LITTLE KNOWN today, William Francis Sempill achieved his place in history as the founder of the Scots College in Spain, which still stands. But few are aware of the importance of his political and military career. A mercenary in the service of William I, Prince of Orange, since 1568, Sempill betrayed his garrison in Liere in 1582 and placed his services at the disposal of King Philip II of Spain. Under Philip he distinguished himself in military and diplomatic affairs, particularly as his envoy to King James VI of Scotland to negotiate James' collaboration in the Spanish invasion of England. Sempill spent the rest of his life in the service of Spanish monarchs and became the most significant influence on Spanish naval policy during the 17th century.



Sempill—also spelled Semple in some accounts—has been somewhat overshadowed not only by those he advised but also by the school he created. Although a few historians have examined his secular life in their works—for example, Maurice Taylor in his *The Scots College in Spain*—this article is the first attempt to use Sempill's diary, which was recently discovered in a private collection in Spain and acquired by the Scottish Catholic Archives in Edinburgh, to focus on his military and political career.

Born in Lochwinnoch in 1546, William Sempill was the son of Robert, 3rd Earl of Sempill. During his adolescence, he belonged to the household of Mary, Queen of Scots. After Mary's imprisonment in England, he left Scotland for the Low Countries, where he accepted a commission in the service of the Prince of Orange. He fought with the Dutch rebel forces against Spain until 1573, when Lord George Seton, who was in the Netherlands trying to secure Spanish aid for the Scottish queen, managed to persuade him to enter Spanish service and assist in maintaining secret contacts between Philip II and Mary.

As new evidence reveals, during the next eight years, functioning as a double agent, he remained in the Low Countries serving the Dutch as captain of a Scottish regiment in Liere while maintaining secret communications with the Spanish viceroy, Alessandro Farnese, Duke of Parma.

On March 25, 1582, Sempill, after going unpaid for more than 10 weeks, betrayed his garrison and delivered the town to Parma. Liere was not a large place, but it had strategic significance; Sempill—and others—regarded it as “the bulwark of Antwerp and the key of Brabant.” In recompense for his services, Parma sent Sempill to Spain to collect a reward of 2,000 ducats, to be presented by King Philip himself. Sempill wrote that he declined the reward because while his own money lasted, he was content to know that he had served the Spanish monarch. Nevertheless, at Parma's request, he made his way to Spain, where he could also explain to Philip how important it was to “use Scotland as stepping-stone in the war against England.”

Sempill arrived in Spain in May 1583, full of hopes of obtaining an audience with Philip. His timing was fortuitous; the pacification of Portugal underway that May had had profound political and indeed psychological importance for Philip, who decided to commit himself to the “enterprise of England.” Very impressed with the young colonel, Philip decided that he would be an ideal adviser on British affairs. Philip was considering Scotland as a possible back gate to England and needed someone whom the Scottish Catholics would trust.

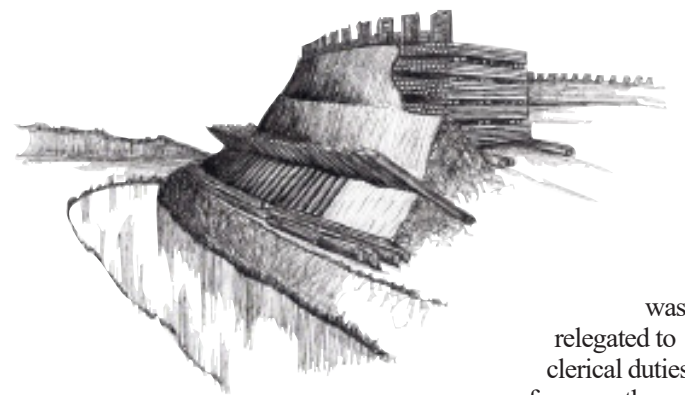
Sempill stayed in the Spanish court, maintaining correspondences with dissidents in Scotland and waiting for an opportunity to take a more active role. His great chance came in January 1588, when Philip asked him to create maps of the coast of the British Isles for the Great Armada. Sempill, however, tried unsuccessfully to dissuade Philip from launching the expedition—insisting that, as they lacked a friendly port at which to land, it was bound to fail. The king remained determined to go ahead which the expedition. But understanding the necessity of native support, he sent Sempill to Scotland in an attempt to persuade King James VI to join Spain in the enterprise.

Just a month before the Armada departed, Sempill set sail for Scotland, landing in late July 1588. He recorded that he had been sent with two commissions, a public one for James and a secret commission “to lead the nobility when the army from Flanders would come into the Island.” Immediately upon arrival, he organized a meeting with the Scottish Catholic nobility. His mission was to convince the Scots to wait until the Armada reached Scotland and then—and only then—create a diversion by taking up arms and seizing the port of Leith.

While the Scottish Catholic noblemen were anxiously awaiting events, Sempill was negotiating with King James. Philip wanted James to renounce any right—civil, divine or by conquest—that he might have to the crowns of England and Ireland. Moreover, James would have to help Spain with 10,000 paid soldiers in the war in Flanders. In return, Philip would compensate him with 1 million ducats after the invasion of England.

James, stalling for time, promised Sempill the earldom of the Hebrides and told him that he would contact him shortly with a response. Just two days after their interview, however, word reached Scotland of the Armada's failure. As a result, James declared his support for England and ordered Sempill's arrest. Any diplomatic immunity that Sempill had previously enjoyed vanished instantly, and he was imprisoned in Edinburgh. Plans were made to extract a confession from Sempill that might have implicated many Scottish Catholics, but the wily Scot somehow managed to escape, elude his pursuers and make his way back to Spain.

ON HIS RETURN to the court, Sempill found that Philip had lost trust in him. The Spanish monarch believed that, during the interview with James VI, Sempill had “dealt further than he had commission” and blamed him for James' decline of his offer to join the Armada. Consequently, Sempill



was relegated to clerical duties for more than three years. In June 1592, however, he got a second chance when Philip, desperate because of the frequency of English attacks on the Spanish fleet, asked him to come up with a plan for another invasion of England.

Sempill recommended a combined invasion force of 20,000 Spanish and Scottish soldiers under the Duke of Parma's overall command. He believed that the vast majority of Scottish nobles would join the Spanish army if King James attacked. Consequently, Philip sent Sempill to Scotland at the end of August, authorizing him to offer James 400,000 ducats to join Spain. However, James' refusal and Parma's sudden death in December 1592 put an end to the project.

Although Sempill tried to gain Philip's attention for a holy crusade against Queen Elizabeth I by continually reporting the martyrdoms suffered by the Catholics in England, the increasingly visible economic crisis, the Spanish naval decline and Philip's own illness left him too preoccupied to give such reports much attention. Obviously, Sempill was conscious of the Spanish king's religiousness. Nevertheless, all his efforts came to nothing when, in September 1598, Philip died.

During the ensuing five years, Sempill spent most of his time trying to convince Philip III to follow his father's lead by openly confronting England. When Elizabeth died in 1603, however, her successor, King James VI of Scotland—now King James I of England—made peace with Spain. Under those circumstances, Sempill felt that Spanish hegemony in Europe could only be reinstated if its naval power was restored. He asked to be moved to naval affairs, and Philip, probably as compensation for his many years of unpaid service and loyalty to Spain, decided to appoint Sempill as a naval commander.

For the next 10 years, Sempill organized the construction of 100 ships to restore the “ineffable Spanish reputation at sea.” Thus he became the father of Spain's resurrected Armada of the 17th century. His ideas on maritime warfare were among his greatest achievements. Until then, the key Spanish naval tactic was to close in quickly on an enemy vessel, board it and try to overwhelm

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An Appeal to Moral Character

BY DR. JOSEPH ROMANOSKI

Eventually one becomes completely disgusted with ecclesiastical philistines riding roughshod over the most exquisite tapestry of the True Religion. One eventually and ultimately becomes abysmally revolted with the diluted, half-baked, watered-down, vitiated version of the True Religion which has been foisted off on the rank and file faithful in frenzied, unrelenting waves over the past sixty years by increasingly barbaric and deluded administrative automatons. It is time for the “un-reasonable facsimile thereof” to be exposed for what it is: a complete and utter fraud, a deception of the highest order posing as “the pearl of great price.”

Harsh words? Yes, harsh words for an even harsher reality. What are converts, whose grace of conversion to the True Religion occurred prior to 1960, to make of the twisted spiritual meandering propagated by the “Council” of 1962 to 1965? The only question left to them to ask of themselves was “What did I convert for?” What are young adults to make of vapid, orgiastic, spiritual

monstrosities posing as the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass which are no more supernaturally enriching than a Lady Gaga concert? Unfortunately—and, perhaps, in some cases, tragically—the only comment left for these maturing (or perhaps just plain immature) souls to make is “I’m out of here.” Christ is indeed the “True Light that enlightens every man who comes into the world.” Yet, even the True Light can be obscured by ecclesiastical “fanatics” with their homogenized, genetically-modified takes on doctrine and dogma.

Without intending to sound hypocritically self-righteous, one can only say that an appeal to moral character must be made in the face of the increasing onslaught against sense and sensibility made by the propagators of “tabloid” religion—the notion that looking good or feeling good is more important than being good. This essentially adolescent orientation has pervaded classrooms and pulpits for far too long. These archaic and basically

childish notions have passed their “use by” date—as if they ever really had any substantive value or educative utility in the first place!

A doctrinaire re-orientation is, undoubtedly, of the first order. However, *Nemo dat quod non habet*, no one gives what he doesn’t have. One must know one’s religion before one can impart its truths to another. A little knowledge is, as they say, a dangerous thing. Therefore, a re-education must take place—at ground level with basics, the catechism and the works of great True Catholic apologists. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith must start with the True Catholic family, and continue unimpeded until, God willing, the clouds of obscurity are dispelled. With the definitive True Catholic prayer, the most Holy Rosary, an enlightened mind, and a stout heart, the restoration of the True Faith and eventual triumph of the Immaculate Heart of Mary will occur. ■

Sweet Heart of Mary, Be Our Salvation



Catholic Heroes, Continued...

it in hand-to-hand combat. Sempill, copying the English system, promoted standing off from the enemy, firing cannons at a distance. The ultimate goal was to weaken the enemy’s resolve with a powerful broadside at point-blank range just prior to boarding. Sempill’s tactics and ships were successfully put to the test when the Thirty Years’ War broke out in 1618.

The death of Philip III and the accession to the throne of Philip IV in 1621 prompted a dramatic change in Spain’s foreign policy. Philip IV saw the spread of the war in Germany as an opportunity to restore Spanish influence on Europe. Philip’s chief minister, Gaspar de Guzman, *conde y duque* de Olivares, believed that Spain should concentrate all its power in the war

against the Dutch, but Sempill still believed that an active war against England was the only way to suffocate the rebellion, since it would not only stop the English from supporting the Dutch with money and troops but would also secure gold and silver from America, which Spain desperately needed to win the war. Olivares’ ideas were supported by the Castilian court, which prompted Sempill’s relegation from the circles of power.

Finally, in 1625, Sempill, disappointed with the progress of his situation in the court, decided to open a college for the children of Catholic nobles. For this, he selected a property in Madrid that had belonged to his deceased wife, Maria de Ledesma. The Scots College in Spain was finally

opened in June 1627, and, although the school occupied the bulk of his remaining days, Sempill never abandoned the idea of Spanish military action against England until March 1, 1633, when he died after a long illness, at age 87.

We have long been familiar with the picture of the typical “intelligencer” of the 16th and 17th centuries, as the traditional historiography has commonly represented him—purely motivated by the desire to lay his hands on money. However, studies of surviving documents indicate that money could not have been Sempill’s primary incentive. He not only rejected Philip II’s gold from the very beginning, but he also used his life’s savings to open the Scots College for Catholics in Spain.

Sempill advised the Spanish kings on political and military matters for more than 40 years, always with the desire to reinstate Spanish and Catholic hegemony in Europe, because he saw a war with England as inevitable. Military confrontations did not cease in the years following his death, but he had taken the biggest step toward a predominantly secular approach to Spain’s political dealings with the British Isles.

When William Sempill died, his contemporaries clearly believed that a great figure had passed on, and that the political landscape had shifted substantially with his death. Sempill had changed the very nature of Spanish naval policy with his innovative ideas, and as a result left a lasting legacy beyond the Scots College. ■

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PAGANS: THE END OF TRADITIONAL RELIGION AND THE RISE OF CHRISTIANITY

By James J. O'Donnell

REVIEWED FOR THE REMNANT
BY VINCENT CHIARELLO

The word "pagan" has held a long-time interest for me. While I lived in Norway, I was told that the Cathedral in Trondheim (Home of the Throne) was the site where Olaf, the Norwegian king, once a pagan but later a saint, decreed that his country would now be Catholic. I wondered what religious beliefs Olaf held dear while he was still a "pagan?" (You might smile at hearing the name of Olaf's successor: Sweyn Forkbeard.)

Then, there is the surname, in both Italian (Pagano) and Spanish (Pagan), which stems from the root of the word "pagan." Were the descendants of these families "pagans?"

The Catholic missionaries who went to Central and South America and encountered serious opposition to their presence, described their opponents as "pagans." What did the Mayan, Aztec, and Inca tribes believe - or do - that made them "pagans?"

Early on, author O'Donnell asks a question: "So, do you believe in gods?" Then this: "No I didn't ask, "Do you believe in God? That is a very different question." But what did those who did believe "in gods"...believe? It must have been something for, "... people across western Asia, the Mediterranean Basin, and Europe (including Olaf) took for granted that such gods existed, were found everywhere, and involved themselves in the running of the world..." Until about 300 A.D., "... no one could have imagined a world without those traditional gods, lords since time immemorial. A century and a half later, few could remember what the world with those gods had been like."

The reader may ask at this juncture, "Who is James J. O'Donnell?
Trained as a

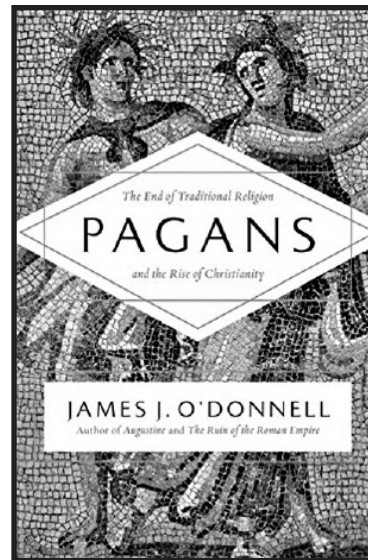
Although there are many "starting points" to examine the scope and power of pagan religion, O'Donnell begins in Rome.

"classicist," he was the Provost (Academic Dean) at Georgetown University for a decade, and is presently University Librarian at Arizona State University. He has written widely on the ancient world, including: a bio of St. Augustine, *The Ruin of the Roman Empire*, and *Avatars of the World*.

Although there are many "starting points" to examine the scope and power of pagan religion, O'Donnell begins in Rome, where, to the reader, he assumes the role of a tour guide. He informs us that Rome's wealth was able to construct major buildings dedicated to "the gods," and one such building, visible even today, is the Pantheon of Emperor Hadrian, "... the most glorious building still surviving from the Roman world, and a temple for all the gods." At the time of Hadrian's death in 138 A.D., Rome was at the height of its glory and importance, "but sometimes, just sometimes, the newcomer could bring a threat to the (pagan) establishment, which could lead to a hostile reaction." That newcomer came when "the stiff-necked" cult of the god from Jerusalem began to make itself known. Yes, the Jews were also "stiff-necked," but these Christians sought converts, which made them much more dangerous. However, "there was something intrinsically new and unique about Christianity." To begin at the beginning.

In the 4th century, Christianity's ascendancy was, in part, helped by the writings of Eusebius, especially his *Ecclesiastical History*, which asserted that Christianity arose because it had been divinely engineered: it was too powerful to suppress with military force. Accepting that version invariably led to the conclusion that the "old gods" were unnecessary myths. It is unlikely that Christianity's supplanting of "the old gods" would have gained acceptance as quickly and as powerfully as it did without the intervention of the ruler. That ruler was Emperor Constantine, "...who came and stayed" a Christian, making it, "the unique religion of the Roman Empire, while simultaneously reining in the pagan gods and their cults, and beginning to shut them down."

Widening the scope of Christianity in the Roman Empire, he helped Christians advance in government and imperial service, but avoided any actions that would offer non-Christians the same privilege. Upon his death in 361 A.D., "...he



accepted baptism and left an empire greatly changed from the one he had received." He was followed by his son, Constantius, who continued his father's policies for another two decades. But the path of ascendant Christianity was not without obstacles: that would come with the death of Constantius, who died childless, and the arrival of his cousin, Julian, as Emperor.

Known as "Julian the Apostate," it is believed that he "...concealed his true religious leanings behind a mask of philosophy and discretion" while a student, but upon ascending the throne, openly supported, "...the old gods, rallying the true believers in the old ways." While emperor, Julian tried to not only reverse, but eliminate, the gains that Christians achieved under Constantine and his son: he revoked the privileges Christians had acquired, as well as allowing Christians considered heretical to return, assured that they would cause trouble among their coreligionists. He went so far in his quest to restore "ancient authenticity," that he sponsored a plan for the reconstruction of the Jewish temple in Jerusalem, destroyed by the Romans centuries before. Julian died, also childless, while fighting along the Persian frontier. As he had sparked the pagan comeback, his death caused that movement to falter.

What followed in the wake of Julian's death was a struggle between pagans and Christians for a generation, primarily in Rome, where pagan aristocrats from the oldest families went toe-to-toe with Christian zealots: Christians removing the altar of the goddess Victory from the Senate, while pagans seeking to replace it. In the wake of this on-going chaos, in 391 A.D., the Emperor Theodosius decreed a ban on all forms of the pagan religion. Christianity had triumphed, right? Not so, says O'Donnell: "That's a great yarn, ... but put together all wrong." We now

arrive at the author's purpose in writing this book: "A story that neat deserves our suspicion," and trying to get to the bottom of why Christianity actually succeeded is the objective of this book.

Rome is still our point of departure to understand who the pagans were, for there, scattered among the Capitoline and Palatine Hills, "...we find little temples dedicated to Portunus (god of keys and doors) and Hercules the Victor, the latter going back to the second century B.C. "This is where Rome began, a place where religious practices and religious buildings have been layered on each other patiently for centuries."

Among the most notable believers in "the old ways" was Marcus Tullius Cicero, recognized as a noted orator, and accomplished statesman, but not as an "augur;" that is, "one who accepted the occasional duty of performing a role in a ritual." In his treatise, "The Laws," Cicero characterized a view of "the old religion" that has had resonance for centuries: "...let the citizen be persuaded that the gods are the lords and governors of all things and that all that occurs is done with their approval and divine power... they see and understand what each mortal man is like, what he does, what wrongs he commits, and with what spirit he performs his religious duties." O'Donnell: "These gods act by virtue of their innate character - the thing about a god that is godly, called *numen* in Latin."

Cicero's description of the pagan religion does bring to mind some of the exhortations of St. Paul, who, while he was a missionary, must have known of Cicero's statement: "Let men approach the gods in chastity, let them bring a spirit of loyalty, let them do without riches. If a man does otherwise, a god himself will punish him." O'Donnell leaves us with this thought about a man he very much admires: "Cicero was

Continued Next Page

Vincent Chiarello/continued...

every bit the traditionalist and every bit the modern in matters of religion and got to have it both ways. His skepticism... was the most traditional thing about him. His positive attachment to the old ways was the novelty." But the overriding question remains, who were these gods and why were they worshiped?

O'Donnell's response to the question: "What is a pagan god?" is this: "There is, emphatically, no simple, coherent, or straightforward answer to that question." Then, for emphasis, he adds: "This may be the most important thing I say in this book." He proceeds to ask seven questions that may help answer it: Where are they found?; When do they appear?; Who paid attention to the gods?; What did the gods do?; What did this god look like?; What is the god's story?; and "What was the god's name?" Regarding the last question, this: "People who passed back and forth in the space of the ancient Greek and Roman worlds were, for a very long time, entirely ready to discern a familiar god behind an unfamiliar face." The result: "This had the effect, with little of anything religious about it, of making it easier for people to assimilate with one another, move around, and imagine they lived in common space." But there is another side to this...what about the Christians of this era? What were their beliefs?

"Early Christians believed in the traditional gods." That is, they thought the gods really existed, had real power, and did real favors for their worshipers. St. Augustine would claim the gods of old were nothing more or less than the

fallen angels of the Old Testament, and he and his coreligionists used a good old word for them: "demons." Further, the old gods were "not very nice:" they could help you, if you were nice to them. They also seemed indifferent to whether humans did the right thing: ethical precepts were your business, not theirs. After all, the gods had not created the world: a religious person discharged his religious obligations by just obeying the law.

One aspect of the worship of the gods that, even today, causes many to label it "barbaric," centers around the practice of what O'Donnell calls, "Divine Butchery," what we would today call, the blood sacrifice. Surprisingly, that sacrifice ritual did not disappear centuries ago: in the southern Caucasus and Cappadocia (modern central Turkey), "...the slaughter of a sheep outside the church was still a part of Christian ritual well into the 20th century and Soviet rule." In modern day Nepal, despite the protests from animal rights groups around the world, "the world's biggest animal sacrifice" is offered annually to the Hindu goddess, Gadhimai. It is noteworthy that, among the Jews, the blood sacrifice was practiced mainly in Jerusalem, and essentially ended with the destruction by the Romans of the great temple there in 70 A.D. "Outraged, violated, and thwarted, Jews made no serious attempt to restore the ancient practice." That was true with one exception: the Passover lamb.

The Romans kept up the blood sacrifice, including human sacrifice, such as the policy that prevailed in time of war, which included, "...the deliberate murder of captives at the outset of a battle." Julius Caesar claimed the Celts in Gaul, "engaged in widespread human sacrifice." O'Donnell is not convinced all these awful descriptions of the blood sacrifice are true; in fact, many arose "...with the express purpose of mocking, humiliating and condemning surviving "pagan" practices."

What would bring the blood sacrifice to an end in the pagan world? O'Donnell: "...it took the intervention of Christian conversion, reinforced benignly or otherwise, by Christian emperors to make change happen." But not only emperors but saints, too, chimed in: St. Augustine in his book, **True Religion** (4th century A.D.), took a step forward

in helping to bring about the belief that, "The old ways of sacrifice were gradually ceasing to be relevant to people."



Our tour guide now takes us on a different tour, this time not of Rome, but to other areas where "paganism" was alive and well, including Delphi, which was believed to be the most remarkable and important of the religious sites in the ancient world. Delphi was to become a site for pilgrims, and so popular, "...that three resident

priestesses - called Pythias - were needed to handle the duties." One of them, selected as a young woman to serve that position for life, was chosen to speak as an oracle, and "the Delphic Oracle" as a prognosticator of future events, was established. O'Donnell gives an exhaustive description of what Delphi looked like, as he does Alexandria, Egypt, and Tanit in Carthage (modern Tunisia), but perhaps the most interesting "site" on this tour of paganism is Jerusalem; specifically, Judaism's connection to the other religious communities in the Greco-Roman world.

The Jewish involvement in Christianity is well known, but their belief in a cult of a god known by the letters YHWH is not. Over centuries, the movement to encourage Jewish exclusive worship of YHWH, based on "a community of blood and heritage" was helpful in shaping the early parts of the Torah. In time, this led to the beginning of modern Judaism, "...with insistence on the Sabbath, circumcision, dietary rules and endogamy." Eventually, small sects - Essenes and Christians - created their own ideas about heritage and religious obligation, but the idea of a Jewish identity and culture had been created. So, were the Jews pagans? O'Donnell answers in the negative: "When Christians constructed the category of "pagan," they omitted the Jews from it because they were Christianity's forerunners and siblings, worshippers of the same God..."

We are almost at the end of our glimpse of pagans and their world, but before he departs, our tour guide will answer, or try to, the question that forms the second part of the title: how did the end of the traditional pagan religion aid in the rise of Christianity? Here he begins with a caveat and confesses that, "...we lack still the transformative book of Christianity, one that can tell the story

in a way that does it real justice." Then this: "In many respects Christianity was as much a creation of the 4th and 5th centuries as the idea paganism had been." The pagan world lived on in Christianity, for ..."what was old and familiar survived and lived, overtly and covertly, ...in the new world of Christian emperors and powerful bishops."

Before departing, our tour guide explains his purpose in walking us through the sites he's described: "Perhaps the lasting lesson of this book is that the creation of "Christianity" as an idea in the course of our story is that "...pagans offered the perfect foil to set off and glamorize that idea." The answer to the second part of the title of O'Donnell's book, therefore, is this: "The gods were no longer needed."

Our "classicist" tour guide has provided a nuanced picture of the pagan world, with its multiple layers and points of reference. His profound knowledge of the subject matter is beyond cavil, but what he seems to minimize are the supernatural reasons why Christianity not only survived, but flourished, after paganism faded into the background. That the "gods were no longer needed" strikes me as a minimalist way of saying that what took its place carried with it a set of beliefs that have withstood the test of time. ■

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How Long, Oh Lord, How Long?

A Possible Answer from St. John Bosco

BY VINCENT LAVIGNA, J.D., M.A.

Let's face it, things are a mess in the Church these days, and they are about to get worse. After that, they are likely to get much worse. There is no end in sight. The pit seems to be truly bottomless. Yet we have Our Lady's assurance that she will eventually, one way or another, clean up the mess. But what about us poor souls in the meantime? We are left with one sad cry on our lips: "How long, oh Lord, how long?" This article will attempt to answer the question "how long?" To do so, it will attempt to interpret a little-known vision of St. John Bosco received in 1873. If the vision is accurate, and our interpretation correct, the reader is warned that the answer to the question "how long?" is not comforting.

The complete vision can be found on the internet. A brief sketch of it will suffice for our purposes. The saint relates that in a dark night, a particularly brilliant light appears in the sky. Immediately a great procession, headed by the pope, begins to make its way out of Rome. Suddenly, a furious storm appears, dimming the light. The procession's ranks thin considerably. After 200 "days," the procession realizes it is no longer in Rome. Two angels then appear holding a banner with "Queen conceived without sin" and "Help of Christians" written on it. The angels tell the Holy Father to write his "brothers" to return to morality, offer the Eucharist, teach the catechism and detach themselves from earthly things. The pontiff returns to a desolate Rome, enters St. Peter's, and intones the *Te Deum*. The darkness vanishes and the Sun shines once again.

St. John Bosco then says, "From the start of the exile until the intoning of the *Te Deum*, the Sun rose 200 times. All the events described covered a period of 400 days." This chronology will become important in a moment.

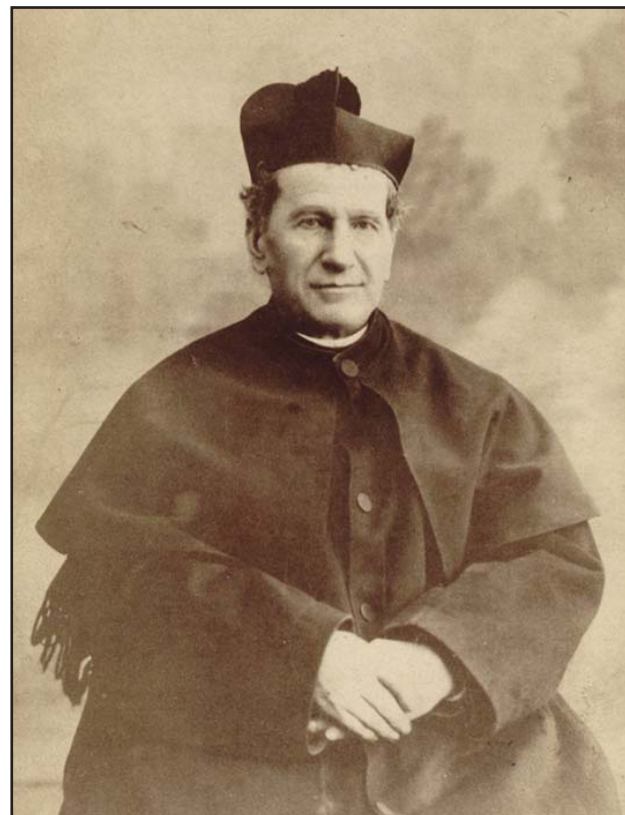
The symbolism of the vision is not too difficult to decipher. Darkness equals error. A dark night is a period of error. The meaning of the bright light is less clear. Generally, light is truth. In this case the light of truth should expel the darkness of error. However, the opposite seems to happen. The bright light seems to cause the pope to lead the people out of Rome, out of the Church. Thus, light here must refer to something other than the truth.

Light can also symbolize knowledge. Knowledge can be either true or false. Hence, the light could refer to a false knowledge. In addition, light can also refer to hope. Perhaps the light of a bright false hope appears amidst a period of pervasive error. In any event, it causes the pope to lead the people (procession) out of Rome (the Church). In the springtime of this procession, its ranks "thin considerably."

Perhaps one of the most devastating

aspects of the vision is that for some time no one seems to realize that they are no longer in Rome, no longer in the Church, even though the evidence of the considerably thinned ranks is all around them. But can you blame them? After all, they have been following the pope himself. How can following the pope lead one into error? How can following the pope lead one out of the Church? The thinning ranks must have been the sign of a great renewal, a "smaller but stronger" procession.

It finally dawns on the procession that they are no longer in Rome. This comes after a 200 "day" march. And this is the vision's



first chronological clue. From the dark night illuminated by a bright light, through the procession, and to the realization, 200 days have elapsed. Since we are told that the vision encompasses 400 days total, the realization that the procession is no longer in Rome signifies the half way point of the vision. Further, since there are another 200 days from the "exile" to the intoning of the *Te Deum*, we know that the realization is the starting point of the exile.

At this point, heaven intervenes. The angels reveal to the pontiff the cause of the exile: lax morals, infrequent Eucharist, inadequate catechesis, and worldly attachment of the clergy. Sound familiar? Welcome to the crisis in the Church! Welcome to what Bishop Fellay (SSPX) has called the "nameless catastrophe."

The pope writes his "brothers" scattered throughout the world. He begins to make his way back to Rome, another journey of 200 days. The procession's ranks swell. They find Rome decimated. The pope enters St. Peter's, intones the *Te Deum*, and the darkness is dispelled. The Church is

finally restored.

Now, how do we situate this vision in the current crisis, the current nameless catastrophe? In answering this question, if we situate the vision correctly, we will also answer, at long last, the question, "How long, oh Lord?" And again, a warning: The reader may find the answer discomfiting.

The first question to answer is, what event in the past 150 years since the recording of the vision corresponds to the appearance of a "brilliant light" in a "dark night?" Some commentators have suggested that St. John

Bosco was referring to 1870 and the suspended First Vatican Council. However, this seems unlikely. In a note to the vision, the saint says that the events of the vision "could begin as soon as the spring of 1874," four years after the events of 1870.

Another plausible correspondence for the brilliant light is the appearance of Our Lady at Fatima in 1917. The appearance of Our Lady in the sky against the backdrop of the First World War would certainly qualify as a "bright Light" in a "dark night." However, on closer examination, this too seems unlikely. The appearance of the light in the vision corresponds to the papal orchestrated procession out of Rome and the Church. As brilliant as the Fatima apparition was, it cannot be construed as a catalyst for a

mass apostasy.

What event, then, in the last 150 years can be construed as a bright light causing a papally orchestrated exodus from Rome? To my mind, there is only one answer: Vatican II. If, as already proposed, the bright light is a false hope of future utopia, Vatican II fits quite nicely. That its false light of hope occasioned a papally orchestrated exodus from Rome, followed by a "great storm," needs no further explanation. Thus, we have identified the starting point of the 400 "day" period. The procession out of Rome began in the 1960s.

The next question to be answered is, what does the vision mean by a "day?" Most commentators on the vision assume, unimaginatively, that the term "day" here refers to a literal 24 hour day. Even the saint himself seems to be of this opinion. In the same note to the vision identifying spring 1874 as a potential starting point, he speculates that the events would "be complete within a year and a few months" - 400 literal days. Yet no events around

this time bear a scintilla of resemblance to the events of the vision. The saint hedges on this speculation by adding, "Unless new iniquities should be perpetrated against God's will." Have new iniquities been so perpetrated since 1874? Yes, and how?!

A first-year biblical studies student would see immediately that the "days" spoken of in the vision are not literal days, but biblical days. A biblical day is a year. Thus, the vision's 400 "day" timetable is a 400 year timetable. If we combine this insight with the Vatican II starting point already established, we can situate the events of the vision in our time and answer the question, "How long, oh Lord?"

In the first half of the 20th Century, the Church found herself in a dark night of modernist error. With John XXIII's calling of Vatican II, a bright light of false hope appeared. Immediately a procession formed with the pope at its head that began to make its way out of Rome, all the while unaware that it was leaving the Church. A fierce storm of theological destruction dimmed even the light of false hope, thinning the ranks of the faithful substantially. The procession will continue 200 days of years, until heaven finally intervenes, and the pope turns and begins an additional 200 year journey back to the Eternal City.

If the vision is accurate, and our interpretation correct, then its implications are, as warned, discomfiting. On the basis of the vision, we are only some 60 years into a 200 year departure from Rome, the Church, and sound doctrine. "How long, oh Lord?" Answer: 140 more years until the procession is halted and turned around. This brings us to the 2160s. After that, another 200 years will pass until the pope intones the *Te Deum* and the Church is fully restored. This brings us to the 2360s. No one now living will see the end of the apostasy, let alone the restoration. Discomfiting indeed!

Is this, then, a cruel fate? It depends on how you look at it. 400 years passed between God's promise of the "Land of Milk and Honey" to Abraham and its fulfillment in Moses and Joshua. 400 years passed between the last of the prophets and the birth of Christ. Were these cruel fates? No. They were part of God's plan. Is it any more cruel, then, that our Lady's promise of Her Heart's triumph may be delayed 400 years? No. That too would be part of God's plan.

What is our task in this perplexing mess, then? The same as the faithful waiting for deliverance in the previous 400-year periods: sanctify our souls. Be constant in prayer, especially the Rosary. Frequent the Holy Sacrifice. Follow the Moral Law. Raise our families in the fear of the Lord. And remember, perhaps above all else, that we don't need to see the promised deliverance with our eyes in order to put our faith and hope in it. ■

The Last Word...

HEROD AND JORGE

BY FATHER CELATUS

While the faithful of the Roman Catholic Church were intensifying their Advent prayers in preparation for the birth of the Savior of the world, the leader of the *Roman Counterfeit Church* was intensifying his Advent insults in preparation for the birth of a new world order. As has been reported by media sources that are not in the bag for Bergoglio, Francis implied an unseemly comparison between President Donald Trump and King Herod the Great, who is one of the most odious human beings in all of biblical history.

Speaking with fellow black robes during a recent visit to Thailand, Francis made the following comment:

“In other parts there are walls that even separate children from parents. Herod comes to mind... Yet for drugs, there’s no wall to keep them out.” As surely intended by Francis, the implicit association of King Herod with President Trump was readily recognized by those with ears to hear. As one headline read, “In time for Christmas, Pope Francis compares Trump to King Herod.” Bah, humbug to Bergoglio!

Remnant readers know well the wickedness of Herod, who ordered the murder of the Holy Innocents:

Then Herod perceiving that he was deluded by the wise men, was exceeding angry; and sending killed all the men children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremias the prophet, saying: A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning; Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

The murder of these poor innocent boys is consistent with the character of Herod and what we know of him from extra-biblical historical sources. Among other atrocities, he is known to have murdered three of his own sons out of paranoia for his power, put to death his favorite wife (one among ten wives), killed several uncles and cousins, and he drowned a Jewish high priest. As his own death approached, knowing that he was universally hated, he ordered prominent citizens to be arrested and executed upon his death. Even Augustus Caesar knew of Herod’s cruelty to his family and subjects, commenting that it would be better to be born a pig in Palestine than a son of Herod—knowing Herod had put to death his own sons.

This is not the first time that Bergoglio has unjustly insulted President Trump by implication. Recall this



statement of Francis, shortly after visiting the U.S. border wall with Mexico: “A person who thinks only about building walls, wherever they may be, and not of building bridges, is not Christian.” This comes from a man who lives protected behind walls of the Vatican that are nearly 40 feet high in places.

Based upon six years of countless insults from this cantankerous curmudgeon, it is now quite clear that there are two groups he despises most: those who oppose his religious revolution to create a counterfeit church and those who oppose his political ambition to promote a one world order. No wonder he attacks traditional Catholics who hold fast to the Faith and President Trump who champions national sovereignty.

The reality is that Francis and his friends have sinister motives for their irrational advocacy of massive migration to the point that it can—and does—completely overwhelm nations and peoples. I am convinced that Jorge Bergoglio views massive immigration of foreign cultures and religions as a means to collapse Christianity and national identities. So long as Catholicism remains strong, this cannot happen—but the Church is now weak. So long as the U.S. remains

strong, it may not happen—but another election looms.

The Last Word suggests that if Herod came to the mind of Jorge, then Jorge must have been gazing at his own reflection. It is not a U.S. president who bears resemblance to the ancient king, but a fraudulent pope.

As King over Judea, Herod was de facto a religious ruler by reason of his office. He had responsibility for the religious and spiritual welfare of the people within his jurisdiction, namely the Jewish faithful.

Herod was a miserable failure to say the least in that he not only misled his people religiously but he sought to destroy the Christ Child. As such he prefigured the wicked religious leaders, notably chief priests and other members of the Jewish Council, who engineered the crucifixion of Jesus thirty-three years later.

Herod was also a political leader over the land of Israel, responsible for temporal matters such as collecting taxes for the Roman Empire, attending to the infrastructure of Judea and maintaining peace and good order. But Herod was a puppet king for the Roman Empire, who put his own political and temporal welfare over that of his subjects. He was

a collaborator with the pagan powers to achieve his own ends.

Jorge does not sit upon the throne of a king but that of a pope. He has even more responsibility for the religious welfare of the faithful than an ancient king of Judea. Like Herod, Jorge is more than a miserable failure regarding the welfare of the faithful. He continually misleads the faithful in matters of faith and morals. With the cunning of Herod deceiving the magi, Jorge deceives the faithful into believing that perpetual adultery is commendable and sacrilegious Communion is permissible. He remains silent in the face of credible testimony that he does not believe in the Divinity and Resurrection of Jesus and commits public idolatry with Pachamama. Like Herod, Jorge is guilty of attacking Christ, by attacking His Church.

Similarly with regard to the matter of collaboration with secular powers for self-serving purposes, Jorge shows himself to be of a like mind to Herod. Bergoglio and his Vatican buddies have been courting favor with some of the most detestable individuals and organizations which are fierce enemies of God and the Church, including proponents of population control, abortion, radical ecology and sexual perversion.

Herod murdered the Holy Innocents of Bethlehem, which occasioned for them the crown of martyrdom. Jorge is murdering the holy innocence of the faithful, which occasions for them the loss of their souls.

Who acts more like Herod, Donald Trump or Jorge Bergoglio? ■

“I am convinced that Jorge Bergoglio views massive immigration of foreign cultures and religions as a means to collapse Christianity and national identities.”

Outrageous verdict! David Daleiden is slapped with a multi-million dollar judgment in a phony trial!

Dear Remnant Reader,

The verdict for David Daleiden is in, and it couldn't be worse. David was slapped with a multi-million dollar judgment. You can be sure the Planned Parenthood abortionists popped champagne corks to celebrate.

Let me briefly introduce myself to you. I'm attorney Tom Brejcha, the founder and president of the Chicago-based Thomas More Society, the group that's defending David. For over 20 years my organization has defended the defenders of innocent babies.

As you may recall, the Thomas More Society successfully defended the legendary Joe Scheidler, known as the father of pro-life activism. When the abortionists filed a nasty, unjust "racketeering" lawsuit against Joe, we fought hard and ultimately won a unanimous victory for him in the U.S. Supreme Court. That's why David Daleiden asked my organization to help defend him.

As you know, a trial judge is supposed to be neutral, like a baseball umpire calling balls and strikes. But David's trial couldn't have been more slanted against him. Incredibly, the judge had even served on the board of a group that gave Planned Parenthood (the plaintiff) free office space!

Because of the judge's connection to Planned Parenthood, he should've recused himself. But he stubbornly refused to do so—even after we documented his connection to Planned Parenthood and filed a motion for his recusal for bias!

The judge clearly wanted to hammer David, and he did. David was entitled to a robust defense based on the First Amendment, which gives him the freedom to conduct undercover journalism to document and expose crimes.

Indeed, David uncovered and documented Planned Parenthood's flagrant violation of federal and state laws, even acts of infanticide—the killing of a baby when it's outside the mother's body—under the guise of "stem cell research." David reported these crimes to law enforcement authorities and to Congress.

Judge muzzles David's defense

Believe it or not, the judge ruled a First Amendment defense out of bounds! This restriction forced us to defend David with one hand tied behind our backs, and the judge found other ways to hamper the defense:

- The judge excluded crucial defense witnesses from the stand.
- He censored embarrassing facts for Planned Parenthood.
- He ruled Planned Parenthood's trafficking in aborted babies' body parts irrelevant.
- He ruled Planned Parenthood's profits from illegally selling aborted babies' body parts irrelevant.
- He ruled Planned Parenthood's violations of federal law irrelevant.
- He shut down our cross-examination of a Planned Parenthood abortionist.



Thirty-year-old David Daleiden, America's #1 undercover pro-life journalist, faced a gut-wrenching trial against Planned Parenthood. The verdict is in, and it's the worst possible news: an unjust multi-million dollar judgment against David. Incredibly, the judge served on the board of a group that gave Planned Parenthood (the plaintiff) free office space, yet he stubbornly refused to recuse himself! Instead, the biased judge prevented David's attorneys from giving him a First Amendment defense and committed many other reversible errors in slanting the trial. These errors can and must be reversed on appeal! In David's extreme legal emergency, he depends on friends like you to help him mount an appeal. He says, "Please send your tax-deductible gift to the Chicago-based Thomas More Society."

The judge committed other egregious errors as well. Most horrific were his slanted jury instructions, which put the jurors in a straitjacket with no wiggle room to come back with a verdict for David.

Thus, the judge stacked the deck in favor of Planned Parenthood, and we suffered through a long trial only to have it decided on the basis of "heads they win, tails we lose." We did, however, build up a strong record for appeal.

Indeed, we *must* appeal, just as I appealed the unjust verdict against the great pro-life pioneer Joe Scheidler over 20 years ago after a similarly slanted trial. I knew David hardly had a chance for justice at trial. We must seek justice in a higher court.

We got justice for Joe Scheidler on appeal, and we aim to get justice for David, who depends on the prayerful and financial help of friends like you to mount an appeal. Please pray, and if possible rush an emergency gift for David's appeal.

As if the unjust multi-million dollar judgment weren't bad enough, David has also been falsely charged with felonies in California for making undercover videos that expose crimes.

At the preliminary hearing in California state court regarding the false felony charges, we presented the shocking facts that David uncovered.

Vivisection living aborted babies!

You see, Dr. Theresa Deisher, Ph.D., an expert in biology who has knowledge of the aborted babies' parts racket, told David a shocking detail about the fetal hearts used in a university study. She said, "The most horrific thing is that some of the babies had to have beating hearts when they were harvested."

Dr. Deisher has sworn that fetal hearts for university researchers could *only* have been extracted outside the womb from babies who were aborted alive. She further explained that when the heart runs out of energy and stops, death occurs, and there's no way to re-start the heart.

By contrast, when a beating heart is cut out of a rib cage the heart can be connected to a Langendorff perfusion device and kept beating outside the body, Dr. Deisher stated. University researchers required fetal hearts that could be kept beating with this perfusion device. Dead hearts would've been useless. The researchers obtained their fetal hearts from a broker that had bought them from a Planned Parenthood abortion center.

David also found out that fetal researchers in a different study had perfused an intact aborted baby in an artificial womb to see how long

they could keep the baby alive! This shocked David so much he had nightmares for a week. It confirmed his resolve to fully investigate and expose the fetal parts racket so this barbarity could be stopped once and for all.

David's exposé angered and embarrassed the abortionists so much that they resolved to destroy him in court. They already found a friendly judge who cooperated with them in stomping David in federal court—a verdict that must be appealed!—and they're also determined to convict David of false felony charges in state court.

If the abortionists succeed, David could be locked behind bars in a 4.5-foot by 11-foot cell with a sink, a bed, and a toilet in San Quentin Penitentiary. To prevent that gross injustice we're giving him the most vigorous defense possible.

Please support David's legal defense now!

Even though David's pro-life attorneys charge the Thomas More Society a reduced rate, the cost of mounting an appeal in federal court and defending David in state court could easily exceed a half million dollars over the next several months. That's a lot of money, but it's only a fraction of what the abortionists are paying to destroy David. You can't put a price tag on justice. Justice is beyond price.

Victory for David is a must! But victory will come neither quickly, nor easily, nor cheaply. However, I can assure you that I won't quit. I've assembled a winning legal defense team of seasoned pro-life attorneys who can beat the abortion lawyers—even if we have to go all the way to the U.S.

Supreme Court to do it. The only thing that can stop us is shortness of funds.

I'm praying that two heroes will step forward with a tax-deductible sacrifice of \$10,000 or more. Could you consider being one of those heroes? If not, please join me in praying that someone else will step forward with a gift like that.

Could you consider making a gift of \$1,000, \$2,500, or \$5,000? The Thomas More Society needs gifts in that range to win a victory for David.

We also need many gifts of \$500, \$250, or \$100—and even more gifts of \$50, \$35, or whatever you can sacrifice. No gift is too large, and no gift is too small. Please dig deep and send the biggest sacrifice you can. Your gift will help us defend not only David Daleiden but other innocent pro-lifers who depend on the Thomas More Society for free legal help.

Every sacrifice is precious to the Lord—even a widow's mite, as the Gospel says. Please rush your tax-deductible gift now, made payable to the Thomas More Society.

Very truly yours,

Tom Brejcha
Tom Brejcha, attorney
Founder and President
Thomas More Society

P.S. The abortionists hope you'll ignore this crisis appeal. They hope David Daleiden's defense team will run out of funds so they can win their lawsuits by default and ruin David. Please don't let that happen. Please pray for David's victory in this legal emergency, and mail your sacrificial gift right now while the reply coupon is at hand.



David Bereit, the founder of 40 Days for Life, says, "America's No. 1 pro-life attorney, Tom Brejcha, defends innocent pro-lifers who are falsely arrested or harassed. Please rush a tax-deductible gift to Tom's organization, the Chicago-based Thomas More Society, to support the legal defense of pro-life hero David Daleiden."

REPLY COUPON

Yes! I want to help David Daleiden solve this unprecedented legal crisis! Enclosed is my tax-deductible gift for his defense, payable to the Thomas More Society, to help Tom Brejcha defend David and other innocent pro-lifers:

- \$10,000 \$5,000 \$1,000 \$500 \$250
 \$100 \$75 \$50 \$35 other \$ _____

Please charge my: MasterCard Visa Discover AMEX

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State/Prov. _____ ZIP _____

Phone _____ Email: _____

Mail to: Thomas More Society, Dept. R1912, 309 W Washington St, #1250, Chicago IL 60606. Or donate online at www.ThomasMoreSociety.org donate.