**December 27, 1931**

Dear fellow countrymen and countrywomen, I greet you with the words: Praised be Jesus Christ!

About a month ago I walked on one of the main streets of our Poland [Polish district]. On one of the street corners stood four or five Poles, loudly arguing about some important matter. I knew one of them, so I stopped by them, asking them how they were doing, if they weren’t working etc. One of them, an elegantly-dressed, middle-aged man said: “The longer poverty and unemployment last, the better for workers and their families. The day will come when the American working class will do the same thing that happened in Russia; there everything goes well because the peasants rule.” On hearing the man’s bold statement, I tried to explain to him that workers do not rule in Russia, but rather the famous “piatiletka” which made the workers slaves; and made men badly-treated beasts of burden. That this worker-slave is pushed to work not only without proper remuneration, but even without appropriate food and clothes. That the fate of a worker in the Soviet Union is sad and woeful. But this red comrade replied to me: “Dear Sir, didn’t the English writer Bernard Shaw praise the situation of the Russian worker?” And I replied to him: “He did praise it, but himself ran from the Soviet heaven to his beloved London as if he was being chased by the notorious Kuropatkin with a select Kozak cavalry at his back! Bernard Shaw always proclaimed revolutionary rules and in his old years has become entirely senile.” Once again my companion from under the red flag spoke to me, saying: “Dear Sir, Russia is the protector of workers; that is where there is true progress, development and education.” I interrupted his further line of reasoning and arguments, saying: “So if you admire the Soviets and their government so much, go there; the American government will gladly pay even for your trip, and you will come to realize where life is better, here or in the Soviet Union.” And I left. Later I was overjoyed to find out that this propagator of the principles and doctrines of communism was not a Pole, but some Russian student, or rather Russian apostle, who had quite a good command of Polish. – Among our Poles there are many similar rogues who do not sow, neither do they reap, but somehow keep alive; we have such ringleaders, destructionists who sow handfuls of the seed of hate of one class towards another, we have such rabble-rousers who sow the seeds of disbelief and godlessness, who provoke misunderstandings and suspicion; who incite workers against their employers – against God, against religion, against the government! These venomous vipers can be found in the cotton factories of New England; in the steel-mills of Pittsburg and Lackawanna; in Chicago slaughterhouses; in automobile factories in Detroit; these jackals and ravens hunt for prey among railroad workers, masons, bakers, butchers; in offices and in the streets. They stick their treacherous, crooked and bloodthirsty beaks everywhere; and with what fatal effect, I think you well know. To show you the effects, the sad effects of their principles, doctrines and propaganda, I will bring before your eyes, dear listeners, a scene which I will entitle:

**The Communist Worker**

We are in the old district of one of the largest American cities. This evening, a narrow, dimly-lighted and dingy street looks sad and suspicious. In spite of the biting wind, which sneeringly throws clouds of snow into the air, we see a group of workers hastening towards a building. Every single one looks around furtively to see if a policeman or spy isn’t following him. Nothing seems wrong, so they disappear into the building. These are the members of the local branch of communists; among them are Hungarians, Russians, Lithuanians, Slovaks, Russians and a few bamboozled Poles. The leader, a Russian by birth, does not know Polish well. Where he came from, no one knows. It is only known that he isn’t lacking for money. For today evening he called together an important assembly. Every one of the arrivals knew this place of assembly quite well; everyone entered without hesitation a spacious hall, decorated with red flags and adorned with the portraits of famous Russian and international communists. They waited until the hall was full; in the meantime wondering among themselves for the reason for calling together this special meeting, a few days before Christmas holidays. The secretive leader of the party of revolutionaries sat down at a table on the stage. From his eyes flit sparks of hatred and fury; he looked over the assembled men as if he wanted to see into the innermost recesses of their minds and hearts. Finally, the leader signaled that he wanted to speak. In the hall, silence. “Comrades,” said the leader, “Enough of oppression and slavery; enough of tyranny and oppression on the part of capitalists and employers; throwing off the heavy yoke, breaking the fetters of captivity, freeing ourselves from the chain of poverty and misery, all of this depends on you, comrades and fellow workers! Be loyal to your oath! Do not forget your main idea! Remember your motto: away with all social classes, except the working class! Not despair, but a deed, an act of revenge is needed! – Now we will draw lots and find out to whom Fortune will give the honor of using the weapon of revenge, and at the same the weapon of freedom against our enemy, the millionaire, capitalist and owner of countless factories who has enriched himself by the work of your hands.” – He had finished. The gloomy, even sinister silence remained unbroken. A strange urn full of tokens was set on the table. The mouth of the urn was covered with a black fabric. As many tokens as comrades. All of the tokens white, except for one… black. Whoever pulled it out would be obliged to kill the capitalist whom communist directors had destined for death, and his offices and factories would be blown up. – One after another the comrades, now pale and fearful, went up to the urn and nervously pulled out tokens. Each person held his token hidden in his closed fist until the drawing of tokens was over. At the leader’s command, the comrades opened their fists and the black token was seen on the open palm of … a Polish worker. The poor man went pale, beads of sweat covered his forehead, it seemed to him like he was falling into an immeasurable abyss, that it was all over. In a second a bloody and appalling image flashed before his eyes. If he did what he was chosen to do, above him was a hangman’s noose, beside him… the electric chair. Be it sooner or later, he surely would not escape the police, imprisonment and death. If he did not fulfill the duty he had drawn, he would die by the blade, poison or bullet of his comrades, because that was the oath taken on the red flag. The image disappeared and he heard the voice of the leader; a voice which rang in his ears, like the thousandth echo of bells of the church tower: “Here is the revolver and the bomb! At midnight on the night of the 24th you must take care of the matter! Remember your duty and your oath!”

I pity you, truly, you poor Polish worker. On the day when the whole world celebrates the remembrance of the coming of the Child Jesus, you are to commit a bloody, murderous, brutal deed!

Sadly, with his head bowed, with uneasiness of conscience, with terror in his heart, the poor wretch leaves the hall, comes onto the street, paying no attention to the biting frost nor to the blizzard, and slowly walks home. His children, two daughters and a son, spring forward to greet him at the threshold! He growls at them, and the surprised children sadly and quietly disperse. The worker sat down to dinner. He ate nothing. He didn’t answer his wife’s questions. He was deep in thought. He was dazed by recent events! Was this only a dream, or was it reality? Weary and exhausted, he goes to bed. His wife kneels to pray with the children. He too once prayed. But not since he joined the ranks of the red comrades. He too once went to church, but today? He had fallen into disregard of the Church and of God! Prayers – how will they help him? The comrades had blathered on about some kind of culture, education and progress. Later reflections break like ocean waves against a jagged cliff. Against what? Against the words spoken by innocent children, the children of the Polish communist. “Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed by Thy name. Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.” The Polish communist laughed loudly and scornfully. Forgive those who trespass against us? Those rich people who take advantage of poor people every step of the way; who enrich themselves not only by the sweat, but even the blood of workers! Forgive those who want to be seen as the benefactors of mankind if they throw a slice of bread to a worker’s family to save it from starvation? Forgive our oppressors? No! We need to take revenge for the harm done unto us, for the suffering. Let them cry too, let them moan too! But the voice of his conscience keeps getting louder: “Thou shalt not kill! Thou shalt not kill! And in spite of God’s commandments, you want to take someone’s life? What right do you have to do so? Were you the one who gave him this life? Are you responsible for this life? Are you the judge of the life of this man? You want to commit murder, at the instigation and encouragement of your comrades, godless men who burn with hatred towards God and men? And are you sure that the bullets and bombs will reach the heart of the intended victim, or maybe others will die also, maybe even mothers and children? And for innocent victims, the curse of God and man will be upon you, just like the mark of Cain!” Fear has overcome the poor wretch. He got up and paced the kitchen with long and heavy footsteps. He stood at the door of the bedroom. On small beds his children slept peacefully; his wife, with her hands devoutly clasped together, prayed and wept! And once again an interior war was waged in the soul of the worker; was not the life of his beloved wife, or the fate of his innocent children, worth more than the sentence given by a group of fanatics? A sentence which would make a husband and father a murderer and criminal? A sentence, which if carried out would bring him as a reward the electric chair, or the public gallows? And in his poor heart, this worker is starting to rebel! Why was he the one chosen for this sad fate? Why was he the only one to receive a black token? Why was it for him? What an unhappy situation – how could he escape from it? Already now fear makes him tremble! “Why did I let myself be draw into this gang? Why did I listen to their urging and goading? They promised me so much, and what did they give me? In one hand a revolver, in another, a bomb! Before me and behind me death! If I fulfill the order, I will die at the hands of government justice; if I don’t fulfill it, I am surely doomed to die at the hands of my comrades!”

In spite of himself his knees bend, he falls by the table and bursts into tears, for the first time in years, he opens his lips and from this pained heart escapes a moan, painful and long, which ends with a woeful complaint to the Comforter of the afflicted, for help for him, for protection of his wife and children. Prayer evidently calmed the poor man. A decision was made. Come what may, he would not be a murderer. The next day at dawn he went to a priest. He honestly told everything. The priest, moved by the sad situation of the poor man, advised him to flee to distant lands to escape the revenge of the communists. But the worker refused to do so. He decided to stay where he was and die bravely. He knelt in humility and confessed. Only now a great weight fell from his breast. He was at peace with God and his conscience. He piously received Holy Communion. All day long he was cheerful as never before. After eating supper, he hugged and tenderly kissed his children, saying to them: “Dear children, always be obedient to your mommy; love her; be always honest; love God and one another, and don’t forget your father.” The children looked at him with surprise, not understanding anything! The worker fell to his knees again and began to pray zealously. Half an hour before midnight, he heard a knock at the door. Saying his farewells, he opened the door – the leader came in, along with another comrade. Without a word of greeting the leader says: “Time for you to fulfill the sentence and avenge all of us!” “No, I cannot.” calmly says the worker. “Why not? What about your oath, what about your loyalty?” Now the worker even more calmly and seriously replies: “No, I cannot kill, because God forbids it. I see now that I was wrong in joining your ranks; and to make it worse, I actually listened to you. Do what you like, I will not kill!” He hadn’t finished speaking and already an Italian dagger was up to its hilt in his chest. A stream of red blood gushed out from the heart of the poor Polish worker, who had sung hymns of praise in honor of the red flag and the Communist party!! By the time the bells called the faithful to Midnight Mass, the soul of the Polish worker was being judged by God.

Dear listeners and fellow countrymen!

In our times, when the dangerous clouds of unemployment gather over our heads, and by the doors of your houses the wolf of hunger and poverty arises – among you are apostles of new rules and new order; they promise you a better standard of living, bread which is easier to earn, a more comfortable life. Do not believe them! Do not listen to them! They are liars! They will never fulfill their promises. They are Judases who will betray you! They are burglars who will rob your hearts of God – stifle your conscience – smother all feelings of mercy and pity and not give you anything in return!! God’s Providence watches over us, believe in it and trust in it: This week, the whole world celebrates the remembrance of Christ’s coming! Kneeling by the manger, let us look at this Divine Child, what will He teach us? Above all, the love of God and one another! And later? Later He teaches us not by word but by example how to calmly carry the cross of our life, how to patiently and without complaining carry out the duties of our calling! And then our cross will turn into a glorious resurrection, both earthly and eternal!