JANUARY 17, 1943

I greet you all, noble countrymen and countrywomen, with the words: Let Jesus Christ be praised.

Forty years ago, in the Roman Pantheon, there were unusual organs. They were there from time immemorial. They were built by one of the great Italian artists. Everyone was awe struck by their beauty. Their tone, produced by outstanding reeds was even more awesome. The tomes were thunderous, another time they sighed, they sang or cried. They spoke as it were in human voices under the masterful fingers of the builder and could not issue forth in that particular way from other players. Why was that so? The builder of the organ, putting together the thousand pieces of which the whole was comprised, added a small instrument which made these uncommonly beautiful tones. This secret was only made known to his son was that it would remain in the family. And so it was. The secret was passed down from grandfather to great grandfather. This miraculous secret instrument only the father and his eldest son were aware of for many, many years. And then, misfortune. There came a son. The father, keeping to the family tradition, was about to teach him music. The son was four years old and too young to tell him and explain the secret instrument. He wouldn't understand the workings of the secret instrument. The father, close to death, called the boy to him and began to tell him the secret of the organs. He wanted to teach him how to manipulate the keys and pedals which had a combination to the secret instrument - those keys that could bring about those angelic tones. The boy touched his brow as if he wanted to say that he had no idea what the father was talking about. The old musician dies with a smile on his face. A very talented musician replaced the father. But, alas, the organs could not produce the wondrous tones. They neither sang nor cried. After two years the boy also died. The secret was lost. For almost 100 years among the inhabitants of Rome, many legends arose concerting the organs. One of the Popes got interested in the case. Experts began to work on the organs. They completely took them apart. Everything seemed to be in order. The experts found some kind of small article. It was connected and had a crystal heart. They threw it into the garbage. For they thought that it had no relevance to the tone of the organ. However, this instrument, this heart was the master organism of the organs. This heart mellowed the tones and brought the musical tones to life. No matter what the workers did even following the plans, nothing helped. It kept on issuing terrible tones. The organs stood for several years. They stood silent, useless. In the end they were taken apart and sold to an antique dealer.

 MAN AND FAITH!

Every person is a marvelous creature, whose architect and builder is no one else but God. Every human being is a physical and spiritual masterpiece coming from God, the Creator. The whole being is made up of marvelous parts which play dulcet and harmonious tones. Everyone can be compared to organs. What makes up the beauty of this creation, of these human organs? Somewhere in the hidden corner of every soul, the Creator placed a spiritual lamp and in that lamp a light which lights up, warms and beautifies every act - every word - every thought of a person. With every light and every warm act, word and thought of a human sing to the glory of God the beauty of life, the worth of a person's life - and that is faith. The faith gives us the light of day, its beginning, its goal, and its end. Faith, which interprets certain secrets, which reason, left to itself cannot fathom. Faith, which upholds us, strengthens and gives us energy. Faith, which lifts us up when we fall. Faith which takes us by the hand and leads us amid rocky ground through paths of life. Faith, enlightened by rays in which we see that life is not empty, not ugly, or without ideals. That faith changes every man into the instruments of God. That faith can be called the secret key which changes the harsh and arid tones into harmonious, full, warm and comforting melodies. The person who best understands this is the one who broke his key and threw it into the earthly dump - the person who lost their faith: Never, never will I forget that December night, when the shadow was cast, behind which unbelief was hidden, when I saw the light, and I stopped believing. It seems to me that throughout and narrow, empty room I hear my footsteps which I walked wide and long during the night. and behold the waning moon which before was hidden by clouds, still looked upon me thoughtfully and sadly...the hours passed quickly and I, lost in my thought, wandered into the depth of my conscience, lower and lower, into a labyrinth, into the paths of my heart. Uselessly I grabbed for the last truths of faith, which not too long ago wandered inside me like a board on the sea which I held on to...but it was useless. In my aridity I sought my childhood days, to my family to my fatherland to that which at one time was dear and holy, but that fruitlessly. The thoughts gave no peace. And so I fell into bottomless pit. I realized that my previous faith was gone. It was a terrible moment. And when in the morning I threw myself tired on the bed I had the impression that my life which was blossoming as the Spring quickly and in one moment disappeared and another began, dark and empty which from now on would be my fate in loneliness along a road which I had chosen myself and knowing that it would be a road of exile - and road, which I had the notion to curse. The days after this realization, were the saddest of my life. My soul could not get used to this state, so not in agreement with the nature of man. Often I tried to go back, to the shores, from which I had alienated myself - often it seemed that in the ashes of my reverie there was a spark by which I could return to my previous fire with its warmth - but fruitlessly because the frustrations had put so many obstacles that I couldn't get back to my previous warmth. How many times could have easily give myself over to meditation, whether at night, at the window, looking and the starry night or by day on a walk through the woods in a park, something always turned my thoughts to my childhood beliefs, which I had lost - to the emptiness which took over my heart. Once when during my spare moments I returned to these thoughts, to my family days as youth, to the ways it was before except self: that same church filled with the faithful, that same pastor, who taught me catechism, already in his later years, but always to that same strong and active faith. Everything that I loved and what I saw among neighbors, echoing the warmth of that faith. I alone had abandoned it. I alone lived on the earth, not knowing how or for what...and I as very educated although knowing nothing - a alone, seemingly very educated but knowing nothing - I alone was empty - I alone empty, not at peace, without light or understanding..."

Does not this sincere outpouring of this atheist give us something to think about? Faith is the key to human musical organs, which give forth to miraculous, beautiful, and comforting melodies, which you fruitlessly search for in beings without faith. Without doubt you are curious what are the consequences of losing faith? The first and general consequence which people rarely pay attention to is the abandonment of the practice of religion. And so we have the impression that saying morning and evening prayers is inconsequential. We neglect them. Before we go to work or when we finish our jobs, at least in our thoughts, make the sign of the Cross, we take it lightly. Sometimes under various pretexts we forget to fast on required days. Sometimes we disregard keeping the holy day, we omit Mass - we ought to be careful we step into dangerous paths, which leads to complete lack of faith. You don't pay attention to the company your keep, you read anything that comes into your hands because you want to stay informed, what others do and think, you don't want to believe that certain movies are bad for you and you go to the movies and you feed yourself with whatever is displayed - open your eyes to the truth that you faith will suffer. You forget that speed kills. Someone wrote: "to put out a lamp, you need not have to huff and puff to blow it out. You can stop giving it oil. Leave it alone and don't worry about it and the flame will begin to weaken and in the end it will go out. In order to lose a bit of information or ability, it is enough not to pay attention to it and your attachment to it will disappear. The same goes with the concept of faith. If you don't practice it, it will slowly start to disappear. Why? Because the lack of interest and forgetful practice of it, leads to its loss. In order to make a point, I will read a letter written to me by a soldier from the American Army: "Dear Father: I am writing you for the first time. I joined the army in 1939. I joined freely because I wanted to get away from my father's behavior. My mother was a good person. My father on the other had read some questionable books and newspapers. His blasphemies and profanities snuffed out any desire for prayer or Church. I never saw him pray or go to Church. And so he learned to swear. Following his example I omitted praying and instead of going to Mass, a wandered on the streets and hung out on corners. I thought that since my father didn't go to church, why should I? If my father didn't go to church, why should I? If the commandment did not obligate him, why should it obligate me? If prayer was not important to my father, why should I bother with it? I couldn't stand being home. I left without good byes. I enlisted into the marines. I then gave up my faith. However, when I say my buddies how they knelt to prayer, how they kissed the medals, how they went to chapel and knelt during Maas, something happened to me. I remembered the times when I did the same thing. I was angry at my father who killed the faith within me. I was wounded and laid up for a few months. From the field of batter, unconscious from lack of blood, I was carried to the hospital. Afterwards I sailed back to America. On the ship, the doctor told me that I probably will be a cripple for the rest of my life. That scared me. I asked the nurse to bring ma a rosary. She couldn't find one. I began to recite the Hail Maries on my fingers. I prayed not only morning and evening but during the day and night. I did not want to become a cripple. The doctors operated on me three times. After the third operation hey told me that I would be whole again and healthy. But it would take four weeks before I could leave the hospital. Father, believe me; in thankfulness I will not forget my faith. And I will practice it. Let others not believe, I intend to believe!

Another source of atheism is just plain stupidity which flows from pride and conceit. "We don't want a God, who sees all. We lead a peaceful life and don’t care about someone listening and seeing what it is what we do.

Henry Lavedan, a French poet, gained a reputation from his Poetry. Something came into his mind and he started write against God and Religion. Not long after WWI began he was conscripted into the army. On the field of battle, he looked upon the carnage. With these impressions he wrote publically. Listen to what he had to say: "I laughed at the idea of a God, and took myself as enlightened, seeing the interior peace of our soldiers and learned that it was faith permitted them to do that. That faith in God gives us the hope that whatever we go through is not lost. I am ashamed of myself because and considered myself an atheist. An atheist stops being an atheist if even once he really stands in the presence of men killed at war. France, convert to the beautiful days of your past, because to get rid of God means death. I don't know whether I will see tomorrow, but I say to all, that Lavedan will not dare to die as an atheist. It isn't the thought of hell that presents fear, but the knowledge that God is and close to us. I am satisfied that kneeling I can say: I believe in God. Those who know not these words, await the night.

I am embolden enough to ask this question. We are convinced of our faith. Are those who do not believe convinced in their non-belief? If they really snub faith, why do they constantly speak of their unbelief? According to the aphorism: “I someone snubs something, they no longer speak of it.” It is an indication that they are dissatisfied and disturbed about it. Inevitably, not only their conscience but their imaginations work ceaselessly without rest. The writer who said this had reason to write it: “unless they don’t believe in truth, why do they lack peace? Why they are not satisfied with their non-belief when they are so convicted? Why do they disturb themselves? Perhaps they want to be similar to a donkey who brags about his courage that he won over a lion – a dead one. The non-believers can be compared to heroes who passing through the night, through a deserted place, yell in order to silence their hearts and give themselves courage.

The third source of non-belief is the breaking of tradition. Today, faith is such as was before time immemorial. Humans change. The heart of man passes through phases of change. Man does not lose faith immediately as the blinking of an eye. No! Conversion and non-belief grows in such a tempo as poison comes into the system – slowly. In the end, faith dims totally and non-belief is born. Darkness obscures reason. Weakness reigns over the will. Conscience disappears. The heart becomes lukewarm. The soul is covered with doubt. And we have the atheist. Such a one gets rid of God and his commandments because his life does not want to make up its mind, and so he spits at faith and feels sorry for those who believe and live according to that faith. He deems himself free, and wise and progressive. In confirmation of these ideas I will read one more expression of a man, who had the gumption to uncover his soul in a public letter: “Nothing drives one to abandon the church and turns people away from their faith than the commandments of God, by which God wishes to curb the proneness to wrong acts. It is what happened to me and happens to others if they are sincere and admit what they feel in their heart. Later, after falling like others I sought and looked the reason for abandonment of the faith because I wanted to explain to myself at least to my conscience… true, but all of this, after losing faith and not before. Taking a wrong road, I sought what is next, chose perfidious books, Godless conversations, followed bad examples, in order to persuade myself that the ideal should be a peace in pride and the agreement of all wants. At the end of my life, suffering visited me. Then the Lord with his merciful eye looked on me, on me who had disregarded his grace. It is then that I began to believe and began to pray. I was encouraged to read the Gospel. In my suffering, I read the gospel and kept reading for weeks and months on end. And slowly the scriptures began to open my eyes, until I was reborn. In every word of scripture I saw the truth shining like the sun. Which gradually grew in my heart? And that same teaching for thousands of years endures and is victorious and reign there where man throws away barbarianism, lifts himself up and begins the right road. That knowledge I began to understand in moment of deep sufferings. And it rewarded me, teaching me how to bear suffering and to love!”

About these supposed skeptics, especially those who once believed from whatever motive, and then threw it away, the noted writer, Chateaubriand, wrote the following caution: “A just punishment awaits, because when the maintain that they believe in nothing, are prepared to believe everything. It is the unchallenged truth that man, going from the believing state to a state of non-believing, becomes a naïve believer. He will not believe the prophets and the Apostles, but will believe charlatans. He will get rid of the practice of religion and give himself to superstition and leave the spiritual sanctuaries and begin to frequent the homes of spiritualists. He did not wish to relate to God, he begins to deal with charlatans, mediums and with the devil himself. What godliness, such and those that follow him.

The fourth source of atheism and reason for losing faith is something else…money, riches and what they symbolize. You probably have heard the following example which is worth taking to memory. The English Cardinal Newman was a convert. His friend, a very rich man, even though he maintained that he believed, in reality he never practiced any belief. He was adverse o Catholicism. The Cardinal took pen in hand and on a sheet of paper he wrote this phrase: “God.” He gave it to oldster and asked what he was reading. “God” boomed the answer. The Cardinal withdrew the sheet of paper from his hand. Slowly from his pocket, he gradually took out a gold guider and covered the phrase on the paper and asked: And now what do you see? The old man did not answer because he knew where the Cardinal was headed. We have many such happenings! There are so many people despite that they were blessed with so much in their lives, nevertheless abandoned their fate. They succeeded to amassing not only a treasure but lost their faith. At one time on their knees, the asked, “Give us this day our daily bread” and when God gave them so much for their daily bread, they abandoned their God. When they are reminded of this they are incensed and say “I have my reason!” or “Faith doesn’t give me anything.” Or “I am free to believe what I want.” Or “My faith is my business”. I don’t have time to reply ppo to these retorts. If a man in defense of his atheism puts for his reason, or freedom, or his rights, and nothing else, he is poor, very poor indeed. Twenty centuries the entire population was engulfed in darkness. Error and falsehood existed. Mankind was in degradation and baseness. People awaited a teacher whose teaching would lift them u; and make them of worth. That teacher appeared and “the people who walked in darkness have seen a great light; having lived in the kingdom in the shadow of death”. Make a comparison with those times and these in which we live, with a world before Christ and the world of the twentieth century. From this comparison, make a conclusion. I am convinced that there is only one: Faith and only faith can bring happiness to mankind: unity and peace.