March 27, 1932

1

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

Christ!

The way of the cross strewn with sufferings and pains came to an end. The Good Friday has also passed. The loud voices of the Jews shouting "Release Barabas and crucify Christ" have already becomes silent. The blasphemous shouts "VAH, Thou that destroyed the Temple of God, and in three days dost rebuild it, save Thine own self. If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross" are only an echo in our souls. We no longer hear the heart rendering words, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" After forty days of penance and mortifications, with hearts filled with blissful sentiment of peace we sing, "This is the day which the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad in it."

The church bells ring more loudly and joyously in order to increase in the suffering humanity faith, hope and love and to remind the world that this is the day of Christ's Resurrection and the triumph and victory of the Savior's cross over death itself. Not only do the hearts of people rejoice that the Son of God vanquished Death, rolled back the stone and has risen to heal our wounds, to feed the hungry and give to the thirsty, to bring back to life the morally dead, to comfort the suffering and make again friends those who are at variance, but also Nature itself seems to say to us today, "Christ, the Lord has risen today."

At this moment, my dear radio audience, my soul is transported over lands and seas, and rests in the native town of my forefathers and what does it behold there? I see the fields awakening from their winter's rest; in the meadows and woods I hear the joyous songs of the birds; somewhat chilly yet clear weather. Crowds of poor, yet so worthy and pious peasants hasten to their village church for the Mass of the Hour of the Resurrection. They are dressed in poor but colored costumes, but one sees that their careworn faces are brightened up with some sweet joy and peace. They all seem to have forgotten their worries and daily troubles and appear to look into the future with renewed faith and hope. The procession makes its way around the church; a decrepit old man and a woman bent with age, the father and mother, the husband and wife, and little girls dressed in white with wreaths of myrtle and rosemary on their innocent heads, the master and servant, the altar boys and the priests with their eyes filled with tears and their hearts moved with emotion sing "Hail, the Holy Day of Days." My radio audience, are there

not many among you who at present live through the same scenes and see yourselves, your parents, brothers and sisters in the early Easter Morning Procession around your church is some distant Polish village? Let us put aside dreams that are pleasant to us, and begin our discourse title is,

2

The Lord's Resurrection and Ours.

Come once more with me to Rome. The cruel Nero sits on the throne and controls the most powerful nation of the world, the Roman Empire. A beautiful and calm April night. On the Appian Way, small groups of people, looking with fear on the patricians and senators, were approaching the gates of Rome. Suddenly, the little groups disappeared. They were the Christians who were assembling in the catacombs to celebrate the Resurrection of our Lord. In the dark corridor, there were heard sounds of prayer of a large crowd, which ceased from the time to time, to be substituted by joyful hymns. In the center on an elevated spot sat an old man who looked serious and fatherly at the same time. He was St, Peter. He was surrounded by a crowd of old and young and children. Among them were the foremost citizens of Rome, soldiers, laborers, beggars and slaves. All listened attentively to the reading describing the pains, sufferings and the death of the cross and finally Christ's Resurrection, which was so solemnly celebrated in the presence of the Prince of the Apostles. As the reading continued, St. Peter with the eyes of his soul saw the betrayal of Judas and the apprehension by the Jews, the sorrowful scenes in the palaces of Annas and Caiphas, at the thought of which St. Peter humbly struck his breast and wept bitterly. The reading often interrupted with sobs, further described the cowardly indecision of Pilate, and finally the loud shouts of the angry crowd, "Crucify Him, Crucify Him." Then the scourging and placing of the thorny crown on the head and a reed into His hand, to be

mocked by the soldiers and the merciless crowd. "Then therefore, Pilate took Jesus, and scourged Him. And the soldiers platting a crown of thorns, put it upon His head, and they put on Him a purple garment. And they came to Him, and said, "Hail, King of the Jews," and they struck Him. Pilate, therefore, went forth again, and said to them, "Behold, I bring Him forth unto you, that you may know that I find no cause in Him. Jesus, therefore, came forth, bearing the crown of thorns, and the purple garment. And he said to them, "Behold the man, I am innocent of the blood of this Just Man, look you to it." The Jews cried out, "His blood be upon us, and upon our children. And they came to the place that is called Golgotha, which is the place of Calvary. And after they had crucified Him, they divided His garments, casting lots. And they put over His head

His cause, written, this is Jesus, the King of the Jews. And about the ninth hour, Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lamma sabacthami that is, My God, My God, why has thou forsaken me? And bowing His Head, gave up the ghost." The group of faithful listened in deep silence. St. Peter nodded and on this sign one of the crowd, a disciple, who with his companion me the Risen Lord continued the interrupted narrative." After the crucifixion we were going to a town named Emmaus, and were talking tighter of the events that had taken place. And while we talked, Jesus himself drew near, and went with us. He asked us what these events were of which we spoke, and why did we appear so sad, Then my companion named Cleophas answered, "Art thou alone a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things that have been done there in these days." Then Jesus asked, "Who was a Prophet, mighty in work and word, before God and all the people, and how our Chief priests and Rulers delivered Him to be condemned to death, and crucified Him. But we hoped that it was He that should have redeemed Israel. Now today it is the third day since these things were done. Some of the women and disciples went to the sepulcher, and say that the stone was rolled back but did not find the body of Jesus. The women said they saw visions of Angels who told them that He, has risen as He did declare. He did not want to believe this so He reproached us saying, "0 foolish and slow of heart to believe all the things which the prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so enter His glory?" Then He explained to us everything what the prophets said about the Messiah. When we reached Emmaus, He was about to take leave of us, but we pressed Him to remain with us. He remained and we sat down to the table. He took bread and blessed it, and gave it to them. Only then were our eyes opened and we knew Him but He vanished from our sight." The speaker moved with emotion became silent while the joyous sounds of "Alleluia, Alleluia" resounded on all sides. St. Peter then began to speak saying, "Let us pray for the whole believing and unbelieving world, for the sickly and suffering humanity, and for ourselves. Let us beg the Risen Lord to give us constancy in faith, strength in persecution and patience in the life's journey, and courage in the threatening martyrdom. "Alleluia, Alleluia," responded joyfully the assembled members, because for the first time they have heard from an eye witness that their Master and Teacher, that their Lord and God defeated not only the human wickedness, but lay in the sepulcher, arose from the dead and returned to the world. Still He alone did not rise from the dead, but with Him arose Love, Truth, Goodness, Justice and Sacrifice all that Our Lord had
shown through His life and teaching, and what the world in its pride, conceit and foolishness

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always suppressed, cast away and trod upon. The feast of Our Risen Lord is the greatest feast in the Catholic Church and will remain so for all times and ages. Dear is to us this feast for it is celebrated in a time, which alone is as a symbol of awakening from a long and cold sleep. All nature, as if warmed up by the rays of the always rising sun, awakens itself and comes to life. The earth opens slowly and shows of new life abounding in rich harvests. Our Lord's Resurrection is a symbol for our bleeding and doubtful souls. Just was Our Lord for that short time lay in the deep, dark and cold sepulcher, so many a soul for weeks, months and years lies deep in a grave of wickedness and transgressions, uncertainty and indifference, and still awaits mercy, compassion and God's grace.

4

My dear Radio Listeners, about two thousand years elapsed since that first Easter. In those long ages mankind lived through various experiences, often happy and honorable, nevertheless, for the greatest part sad and painful,--experiences humiliating and degrading human dignity. And today, notwithstanding, the many inventions, learning, progress and civilization, mankind returns to barbarous times and customs and acknowledges the principles of materialism and paganism. Whole nations rebel against the teachings of the One, Who has once already died on the cross in defense of the doctrines. They cast away the doctrines of the cross to listen to strange principles devised by human judgment. Therefore, we are witnesses of events filled with bitterness, pain and revenge. The world not only goes, but also runs blindly more and more towards a darker, deeper and colder abyss. Is there no one who could block the way and save the world from a sure destruction? There is. One whose resurrection we are celebrating today, whose love nailed Him to the cross. One Who is the truth and light, Who served the truth and taught truth and died for it, He threw with a generous hand the seeds of truth upon the thorny and hardened hearts of the people, who in return jeered and mocked at His words. The black clouds of falsehood covered the bright days of truth, and darkness gained a sham victory. Yet, truth conquered and truth has risen from the dead. The same thing will now repeat itself again. Let us not lose hope today, let us not despair. True, that at present falsehood and hypocrisy reign. True, that misery and want, grief, and sadness found it way into our homes. The world today is like a large catafalque covered with a pall of mournful cries and complaints, and yet were not allowed to despair. Today, heaven and earth, angels and people, sing "Alleluia, Hail, the Holy day of Days." This hymn ought to bring to us a messenger of a more successful tomorrow and a brighter future. Let us sing that hymn although bitter tears fill our eyes, although pain and groans

check our speech, although uncertainty tosses our brain, and although our heart hurts with despair. Let us sing willingly, for in that hymn are hidden faith, hope, perseverance, endurance and lastly victory. Christ was taken off the cross and laid in a sepulcher. Guards were ordered to watch the sepulcher and the enemies were crying, "No, He will not rise from the dead." And yet, He conquered all, and rose from the dead. Let us not despair today, although it seems to us that the darkness of falsehood and injustice reigns; that human ears are deaf to petitions and entreaties, that the apostles of darkness hover about and long to divest humanity of all sensible, human and Christian feelings and lower them to the level of animals Let us not get discouraged. Christ rose from the dead and with Him all that He taught, Love, Mercy, Justice and Peace. The way of the cross is at an end, on that way, notwithstanding the many downfalls, let us rise again, and sadness will change into happiness, the sufferings and tears will end, and we with a serene countenance and gladdened heart will unite our voices in singing the hymn, "Hail the Holy Day of Days."

5

My dear Radio Listeners, today, according to custom all extend to each other good wishes. Allow me also to add mine which come from the bottom from my heart. I address these wishes to all my radio listeners of our Rosary Hour, to Poles, Slovaks, Russians, Magyars Ukrainians and Lithuanians, not only to the Roman Catholics, but also the countrymen of all sects and denominations, even to the unbelievers. Notwithstanding the differences and religious views, we are as though one large family whose sons and daughters on this Easter Day, ought to forget and desist from all disputes and quarrels. Let me in the first place extend my good wishes to you fathers and mothers. May the Risen Lord give you soon work and occupation that you wouldn't have to fear about the daily bread and worry about your children's fate, that you may bring up your children according to the principals of our Lord, for God's glory, for the good of the community and for your own glory. May you soon be taken down from the cross of unemployment, misery and hunger and may human justice reign again.

May you, the young generation, arise from the sleep of a religious as ell as national indifference. Perform your duties with regards to God, Church, your parents and fellow countrymen. Your endeavors shall be repaid by glory and profit.