November 29, 1942

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

On October 15 at 6 P.M. we departed by "Clipper" to Ireland: Our giant although weighing four thousand pound, lifted with ease into the air. It made a few large circles and headed for America. Despite high winds, it flew quickly as if it sensed that its passengers waited impatiently to touch down on American soil. That moment couldn't come too soon. Their faces were painted with some kind of joy, some kind of anticipation, always some kind of satisfaction. After some interesting weeks, surely interesting but often a bit unsafe; however they made a certain deep impression on a person coming back to the United States, over whom flies the banner of freedom and relative peace. No surprise then that amid the passengers there dwelt spirit of comradely and brotherhood. The conversations were deeply felt. One was confident in exchanging similar emotions.

One recalled to one's self a time spent beyond the borders of America. Almost no one pays attention to the hostile, strong winds which at times sharply shake the wings of our airplane. Despite the fact that we fall several feet in the sky, no one pays attention, because surely we speed toward our homeland - to our own. No one even thinks that in these twenty or so hours some accident may happen that would prevent us from arriving at American shores. It would suffice very little that, for example a faulty screw, a perforated tank, or loosened propeller blade, could convert the plane to coffin for seventy passengers. Not at all! The passengers do not concern themselves with such trivia; instead they speed on. They hurry toward the moment when they see the familiar landing strip of our country; to the moment when our bird sits on its home nest, touch the steps leading to LaGuardia airport. Now they talk openly about it. Difficulties and discomfort does not come into the count. With those wishes some passengers stretch out their legs on the floor. They curl up in heavy blankets because it was getting chilly. We cruise at twenty thousand feet. Some remain near the small tables. They support their heads in their hands and doze off. The steward dims the lights and rests a bit. The Clipper, however does not rest. Four motors turn unceasingly, without rest propelling us in the direction of the yet distant America. And so all night and into the third hour of daylight of the following day. At three o'clock we see the tracings of the land, the United States. The outlines of Cape Cod appear. Faces brighten up. The pilot Captain comes in and says, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we land at five o'clock. A bit later the Clipper touches the runway and taxis to its appointed place. A few passengers tip their hats and say in sincere tones, "Thank God that we have returned to America!" And so should we all say! And so to our talk titled:

 "THANK GOD THAT WE ARE IN AMERICA"

Seeing the United States as they are today, at one time amazement overtakes the viewer, at another time, anger scrapes the soul. Although we are at war since December, a war put upon us by foreign powers, although our men are surrendering their lives to hold back our enemies as far as possible from our shores, although our men our shedding their blood on sea, on land and in the air, a thousand miles from our shores, from home, from their relatives and friends, although all this is happening, how little people take all this under consideration. When there is a world-wide conflagration, people are lulled because the flames are far away and can't reach them and burn their hands. Although many nations have fallen into slavery and millions suffer under the shoe of the marauder, the American nation frolics and continues to frolic. Although millions of starving with bony and skinny hands reach out for a crumb of dry stale bread, here some people take time to choose any brand we like. They put up their noses at bread that is several hours old and murmur at how sugar is dispensed. They are not satisfied on being taxed too much on soda, pipe tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes. They curse the government and the leadership because they are forced to pay additional monies, because they are asked to get coupons and war bonds. Women fight over the purchase of silk stockings and nylons. They muse over the fact that they have to curtail use of perfume and cosmetics. The worker complains without ceasing. He is irritated when told that he needs to work longer or more intensely. He is reticent to think that soldiers have a lack of arms and ammunition. That pilots lack war planes in defense of the country against the barbaric enemy. That for the lack of warships they are deprives of the means of defense, others die from lack of food, medicine and medical personnel. In spite of the dangers looming over our head, we, I repeat, we still seek our comforts and wish to follow every whim of heart. We feel spited because we can't use our cars for any purpose whatsoever, because we cannot buy new ones, because we cannot consume meat or sweets. Yet, we consider ourselves citizens and very good citizens. We pretend to have a right to all our citizen rights, to be protected by all our laws, but, at the same time forget, completely forget about our duties. We seek the protection of the government, but renege on our obedience to its laws. We take license for freedom. In return for the blessings which we have had in this country since our birth, particularly for the unhindered freedom, for the ability to eke out an existence even beyond our means and status, for all this, when our country asks us to undergo certain deprivations, and personal dedication, we, unfortunately, can't get ourselves to comply. We want to get but we find it hard to give. We have turned into midgets and self-lovers, seeking our own comfort always and everywhere. We are blind to destructions, neediness and starvation. We deliberately close our eyes so as not to see the real consequences of total war, which always produces scenes of murder and destruction. We cover our ears to the cry of babies held by the breast of mothers who are displaced; why speak of the plight of others? Let them cry, let them suffer, let them go hungry, let them die, let them be lost, what is that to us? As long as it goes well with us. Yes indeed, and we still look upon ourselves as model citizens. We claim to be Christian, as knowing the teachings of Christ, who spent his entire life doing good - for others. Nevertheless, we haven't the foggiest notion what it means to be a citizen or to be a follower of Christ.

"A citizen is a member civilly and politically free commonwealth" : that kind of definition we find according to Uncle Sam, who adds "to be a citizen is to give your personal power to the entire association." And so, the idea is not to only live for yourself, but to live together on one and the same land with others, being one flesh, one mind, one heart and one soul. This goes in reality with the business of the country and its people. When it comes to the fortunes or the defense of our country, we need to forget self, our whims, our personal comforts. As the Latin phrase speaks, "Salus reipulicae suprema les esto. In English: "The Good of the republic should be our law. Who is aware of that? How many from the 132 million Americans is conscious that the time has come to rid of personas strife and effort in one stream of work, with sweat and dedication so as not to lose our blessings, for which our previous generations waged their wars and which fought for us their blood, sweat, and tears, and death. Is it not worth to temporarily for several months, or even a few years to sacrifice certain comforts, get rid of certain wants, in order that in the future we may fare well but also our future generation. Say what you may the results of our present struggle will make a mark on our future. If the proponents of the "new age" are victorious, if we awake not from our indifference and carelessness, which have played out for already three years, then the scene will play out on our soil in tragedy, similar to that, which have played out in every country in Europe. Jails, concentration camps, forced labor. Broken families - children ripped from their parents, Babies taken from their mothers - despair, tears and slavery. Saying that, we do not wish to instill fear. NO, I wish to awaken a spirit of dedication and concern in everyone. I wish to unite everyone's effort in order to aid our country to hasten to a quick victory against the forces of darkness, which brought so much suffering to humanity and which weaves itself under the banner of Satan and hell.

From former times I remember many outstanding experiences. One stands out from among many. Namely, when I was working in a coke factory, occasionally I saw newcomers to our village from Poland. Sometimes there came not only entire families, but at time, several families from the same Polish hamlet. Some came with all of their possessions. On their backs! Others brought their earthly possessions in a trunk or a wicker basket. On the first night the relatives and friends of the newly arrived gather to hear the news from the fatherland. The talk lasted into the late hours of the night. Our relatives had come just a while ago. They were born in Poland,; they had worked there. They left father, mother, brothers and sisters. They were more interested on how they were faring and what they financial status was. Quite often I saw one of the new comers took out a small bag and with curious devotedness placed it on the table, saying: "I brought myself a memento a handful of earth from our hamlet". One could see tears forming on those present, tears of nostalgia. Some touched the little bag with reverence. Others touched it to their lips. Then, I could not see why. Now I understand only too well. Several years ago I brought such a little bag of Polish soil from the hamlet of my parents. Why? Because it reminds me of my fathers and forefathers. Because the soil is permeated with blood, sweat and tears of those whose lineage I am. Today I am not awed that my father in the sight of a garden of the homeland, wiped their eyes with their heavy shirt sleeves. Those who had come to America before were experiencing the nostalgia with the new comers. Tearfully they remembered their home in Poland. Maybe they recalled their mud hut home with the straw roof. It didn't matter; it was home. They remembered their father, they remembered their mother whom they shall no longer see. They remembered their church in which they spend so many loving moments. They pictured the little cemetery in which their predecessors are buried. They saw the fields and forests in which they labored in sweat for a piece of hard, black bread. It all passed before their eyes when they looked upon that little bag of Polish soil. They remembered their beloved land despite the fact and it was not filled with conveniences. Surely, they suffered need at times. But they loved the land of their birth where they left their own. But....now....I return to the present times, to the business at hand. We ought to thank the Spirit for touching our parents that they made the choice of coming to the United States. The star that led them was their concern for the betterment of their children - namely ourselves. The greater part of us were born here and were raised in the United States which is our beloved country now. This country gave us the capabilities. This country is also replete with blood, sweat and tears. On this land we buried the rest of those who are dear and close to us. Here on this land, stand our churches, our schools, our homes. It is here that we find our material and moral treasures. This country, our homeland, gave us freedom of religion and speech; gave us everything we have, everything we own. In return for these gifts it demanded little of us, little did it seek. We could not complain, and we have no reason to complain today. We should not complain. A war was thrown upon us from jealousy of everything the old country has given us as well as what we have here in America. America has generously given us God's gifts as well as natural gifts. It has bless us with freedom, the joy that no other country has to such an extent. We did not need to plead or beg for our freedoms. Our freedom extended in every area: politics, speech, education, and commerce. No other worker on this earth lived with such plenty and with such comfort as the American worker. No comparison can be made.

In return for all of this goodness bestowed on our citizenry, we have the obligation to love our country, which is our homeland: I repeat, we have an obligation to our country like we have to our parents. It is based on God's will and is a holy thing. The psalmist understood this well when he sand one of the most sorrowful psalms found in the Old Testament. If I forget you Jerusalem, may my right hand wither, let my tongue cleave to its palate if you are not my first joy.

I add the teaching of St. Thomas who maintains that the obligation which come from nature and the will of God as well, is that we should especially love those who are closest to us and on the basis of that love there arises the broad obligation toward our homeland.

One of these obligations is the work of sacrifice. It means that the citizen lives not only for himself but for his fellow citizens, for his country. If one thinks other that then he is nothing but an egoist and a self lover. Is it possible that such people exist in this country? How many times do you hear something like "Why are such large taxes put upon us? Why does our government take our son to the army? When we were small and sick, when did the government know who we were or where we were? Now when the government found our boys it took them away from us? Is it necessary to ration gas during the war? Should meat and food be rationed out to us? What a difference between us and those of other countries where, when two or three old children live on hot water and a bit of old, moldy bread. They suffer but do not complain. Although they suffer, they love their homeland. They are dying and are lost in order that their homeland will survive.

During my ocean voyage, I found myself in a small port city in Scotland. Because there were no accommodations in the soldiers' barracks the adjutant general took me to the residence of a doctor. At tea we spoke of war and warriors. I phrased my admiration for the Scotts who similarly to the Britton led a sober life and made up their minds to cooperating with the government's determinations. They work twenty and fourteen hours for three or four pounds per week. Our exchange would be twelve dollars and seventy five cents to seventeen dollars weekly. In addition they are taxed three times as much as Americans. The doctor whom we were visiting told me: "The government could take all I have. I'll give them every cent I have even my house, if that will give us a swift victory over the Germans. What is important here is not only our win, but a win for all the countries and I think that will be a great sacrifice for all of us. It is better to undergo certain needs and sacrifice some things of our own rather than be in servitude. Freedom is worth paying for. Such was the sentiment of our Scott. And he reasoned well. How many lessons do we still have to learn that there are certain things are necessary, our offering, our worry and our dedication so that we could keep our freedoms and not lose this war. It is worth remembering whom we are fighting this war and what it is that we fight for. Please hear me out. I quote the words which came from the Germans. H. Steinhausen in January of 1939 shouted, "The bombs that fell on hospitals and nurseries in Poland did not do so accidentally. They were delivered by men who's brains were already dedicated to evil. Dr. Robert Ley in 1937 wrote, "From the time Adolph Hitler took the helm, your lives belong to you only in your dreams. There is no other personal life. From the moment of waking you are soldiers of Hitler. Frederick Nitzche, the renowned German philosopher writer of "nadczłowieka" and "arcy-ludzi" wrote, "The Nazis in their works and reactions show themselves as barbarians". Henry Treitschki, German historian, pointed out these words, "the beautiful idealism of war abides forever in every German.

 I have contributed several quotations in pointing out a portrait of disturbed and animal spirits. During my time in London there probably was not a day when I wasn't taken by Rubens, where I lives or in some place or street where I bought a flower or some other memento. The income is devoted to some worthy causes. The flower because of "Animal Day". Soldiers are dying by the thousands in battle, civilians drop by enemy bombs. Such a terrible war is being waged, such as unknown in the annals of man. Freedom of man and world are on the scales. We live here in England as a front line of battle. What is not forgotten is "Animal Day". Human beings are treated worse than animals in the countries occupied by the Germans and the Brits did not lose they concern and empathy for their comrades. Someone might say: that's sentimentalism, unnecessary even hurtful during war with such a monster as Hitler.... These feelings, which were not muzzled by the roar of war and the whir and drone of war planes, are the virtues of the freed man. They are, on our side, a mighty protection. Nations unite in one powerful army against the enemies of freedom and civilization. What a big difference between the feelings of the Nazis of the pure Arian race and the feelings of the British.

The supreme leader of the Polish army, General Sikorski, in his soldierly way put the current war in a nutshell, when he said, "We all definitively know what for what we fight: We fight against the pressures, tyranny, and servitude. Are we in the United States helping in this war? An how are we helping? Through criticism, murmuring and complaining! Just a couple of weeks ago thousand of our men fought their way to the sandy beaches far off Africa. They landed amid heavy bombardments from distant armaments. Amid tanks and the wheezing falling bombs. How are they living today? What are they going through? What awaits them? They are your sons, our men! They are so far from home; from their loved ones! Undergoing sickness, wounding, even death; undergoing fever and hunger. Some spend their day without a drop of clean water. And we, here, clamor for all that is the best. We choose what is the tastiest without regard to cost. We forgot what it is to walk. We wish to ride without limits. We wish to eat and drink, not for the purpose of our own satisfaction but also for others, not only to satisfy our stomachs. In each country people die from overeating, gluttony, and drunkenness but are dying of excesses. I am taking a few paragraphs from the radio answers to polish soldiers. Much to think about. "From your land and the land of your displaced forefathers, bereft of property and the stuff of living, killed en masse, evacuated to forced labor and concentration camps, always enduring their vigilance, as each soldier endures and battles with the enemy outside of the boundaries of the country. Your sufferings and sacrifices are not for naught - they are noted by the whole world causing disturbances, protests and battles. Our enemies pay no attention that with their own hands, without regard to their barbaric methods, amid defenseless people, they dig their own grave and the bad regard of the entire world. The whole world convinced itself that our enemy does not only regard its own victory but the destruction of people, their culture and their civilization. Reciprocal help and sacrifices have to be maintained and spread - having shared with undaunted and hungry brothers, even to the last crumb of bread, the last clothing that covers nakedness and the roof that covers the head - all is an act of patriotic necessity. The war with the enemy over freedom, must be carried out not only on the field of battle, but strengthened with the spirit of opposition, solidarity and reciprocal help. Through sacrifices, suffering, and ill treatment, we go forward with faith to a new, freed democratic Poland, based on the law, order, and social justice. A war conducted for life or death by a tyrannical dictator - of which we are all witnesses, and in which not only we, but so many large and small nations endure many bloody sacrifices - is a battle for control of the world's freedom, laws, justice and survival of nations.

In this way, the current war is about freedom, and the right to live. The road to victory is paved with suffering, tears, sweat and blood. Can we with hand on our heart say to others: We too follow our responsibility to hasten the victory of good over evil? The faith in that victory let us dedicate with renewed vigor our incessant labor!