November 18, 1934

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

 The pride as well as the idiocy of mankind, has no limits. If that were only verifiable in theory, it would not be good. However it comes down to practice and what is worse it poisons thought, words and deeds of those who honor a proud and crazy goddess. It makes for a curious type, robbers of moral virtue and slayers of the mind and heart. It is no wonder that that even among us many intelligent and learned but distorted individuals, who under the banner of behavior and enlightenment sow deception and darkness. "This is their judgment and damnation that the light came into the world, but men loved darkness more than light, because of their nefarious deeds." Holy Scripture give us the reason for the condemnation "because of their nefarious deeds." Listen to the content of two letters. The first: ""Why should I believe that God exists? God is power. Especially here in America the American dollar is God and power. The dollar is not only powerful but also almighty? Whoever does not have the dollar, even though he is the best, is worth nothing and who has the dollar even his is worth nothing, has everything because the dollar can buy him fame and fortune and everything the makes live comfortable. Give me, therefore, dollars because it is might and God." Here is another letter: "The Catholic religion is good for the common man but it will not suffice for the educated man. Your rites and church hymns, are a pyramid without sense and meaning. It is laughable. I repeat: it may be good for the simple man but it is offensive to the intelligent man." I will come comment on this later. I come to today's talk:

 GOD - DEATH -THE DOLLAR

My comments on the previous two letters with examples because examples best suit the mind and hearts of the listeners to our program. The first letter is in relationship to the last World War, according to Roman Wargina: "The Military chaplain stood before a hastily erected barracks serving temporarily as an evacuation hospital and somehow looked anxiously at the skies. The night appeared beautiful, bright moonlit - an atmosphere which was conducive to joy, but an enemy though ruffled his brow and from his lips came the utterance: "Again the moon will shed light. Oh God, that's terrible." At those words his lips trembled as he prayed. In a moment, he entered the barracks, where a dim light penetrated the paper windows. Darkness and silence pervaded the room. Two rows of beds were on two sides of the room creating the atmosphere of suffering. The restless wounded lay sighing and groaning. They were recently brought in from the field of battle. They had to wait a day or two before being brought to the main hospital quarters in Southern France. Having closed the door to the barracks after himself, the chaplain greeted all graciously. His words were a soothing balm to the wounded whose groans indicated serious injury. The chaplain moved among them urging them to fight against death, uplifting their souls with talk of God's mercy, urging them with prayer. Suddenly from the darkness came a curious voice: "Nonsense!" There is no God!" - The word fell like a bomb among the wounded but the Chaplain only smiled. He had heard the words more than once, even from the lips of the dying. He knew the nature of war, its horror and its rage; he understood completely what havoc it raged on the souls of the soldiers, what sourness it elicited from the lips of the wounded; he smiled mercifully and spoke to one of the closest wounded in bed: "But you believe in God, don't you? The questioned man with the white ragged bandage through which blood seeped replied, lifted himself up from his prone position and said, "Yes, I believe in God." "And you also believe" the chaplain asked a nearby wounded man, whose arms dangled lifelessly." "I don't know" the miserable soldier replied. "I never saw him but I believe there must be a creative and wise force which is in charge of everything - perhaps that is God?" In the darkness in the corner of the barracks someone groaned. T he Chaplain faced that direction and asked, "And you, even though you do not see him, do you believe in God?" -- "I do not believe", said a loud voice. "And why?" "Because I only believe in power. Power is the law. The most powerful is the American dollar." The response entertained the group. One and then the other heartily laughed. The Chaplain took a breath, prayed, and promised an answer the next day. Silence again in the barrack, only from time to time, heavy breathing. The pale beams of the moon played on the walls giving them a ghastly image. Suddenly, from above, came the rattle of an enemy airplane. The wounded were terrified. Defenseless, abandoned, with eyes fixed on the transparent ceiling the wounded gasped and waited breathlessly. Their hearts engulfed in fear, the sound of the planes became louder and louder engendering a moral anguish of soul. Suddenly the motor quieted and then...sssss....Grrumppp! A terrible whistling blast. The barrack disintegrated while voices were heard saying: "O Jesus! Mother of God! Lord have mercy!' ... again a deep silence. No one called for aid, no one asked about the dollar - only God spared some of the suffering from death and spares many. On the next day, the found the Chaplain. Shrapnel had torn open his chest. He lay cold, ashen, but his face seemed to radiate joy. His known last breath was , "O God!".

Some thought the dollar was power and above all. Some ridiculed the change about God, who touched the conscience. Some built an altar on which they placed their god-dollar. Some sang honor and might of the dollar and bowed his head in deep homage. Suddenly the kingdom of the mighty dollar began to falter and with a loud blast fell on the group of slaves, physically and morally shattering with wounds and death. The mighty dollar disappeared with its mighty goals of life. An emptiness occurred not only in the pocket but in the mind. An epidemic of suicides, rushed like a hurricane over the kingdom of the servants of the almighty dollar leaving a terrible signs of devastation which will follow down the memory years, the years of impoverished existence. The worshipers of the mighty dollar hung themselves and drowned; used poison and shot themselves, jumped out of windows and ran in front of railroad trains. The little god with his dollar kingdom took with himself his believers. am reminded of a happening when I visited Gary, Indiana. It is a happening worth remembering. I'm at a radio station in the company of many of my countrymen. After my talk I met with the audience. One of them told me, "I'm in bad straits. I lost my business and two homes. The money was gone. I have only what I brought with me when I came to America. I'm not complaining. I have a good wife and children and I'm in good health. God willing, better times will come, so that with the help of God, I will come out the bad situation. It's difficult but it could be worse." These are the words of a simple but honest man who has a more noble goal than those who have written instead of "God", on their banner of life is written "the dollar". Another example is from Orkan: "From huts in the forest steam a group walks slowly, moving through the light snow under their feet. Four husky farmhands carry a black coffin on their shoulders. Their heads covered in the cold, the sing a sad purgatorial hymn. Sometimes the melody resounds through sparse forest, sometimes in the base sound of a church bell echoes in the hills. The loud sobs of a lady by the coffin cuts through the air in a quiet field dressed in white snow. In front of the church stands a group of people. Ahead of the coffin, elders, women, adults and children enter the church. The small church soon fills with those attending "the funeral". The undertaker positions the coffin and lights six candles. "For thirty coins, it's eno0ugh light said the Pastor. " The organist intoned a sad song and the priest came out in a black vestment. After mass the people place their offerings near the coffin. It will only help the deceased a bit. The service ended. The priest accompanied the coffin from the church and the mourners followed. They gathered around the grave. The priest sprinkled the coffin and threw some dirt on top of it. The widow threw herself on the coffin clutching it with cold, red hands. "Couldn't you cry yourself out at home," said his honor. It's useless to shout here. He intoned the "Salve" and seeing that his duty was done and the fees paid he moved away for it was cold. They barely tore the widow away from the coffin. The crowd placated the widow as much as possible and then said good bye to their neighbor. The last song was sung:

"We lay this flesh in the grave

Let him rest in peace

For created from the earth

To the earth it is returned.

A terrible truth, and the next verse took voice:

The rich and the poor is equal

No one talks himself out of death

Who knows what his status is now

So all should be wary in thought.

The crow out-sung and out-cried themselves and went to their homes quietly even though winter's freezing cold tugged at face and eyes. The sang one song after another as if a complaining voice from the coffin played with the trees.

I go on this journey...taking nothing with myself

Covered in a deadly sadness

Only four planks and a shroud

My only take from the miserable world

Then the elders and the young took turns in tow sad choruses. The young ones ask>

Wait a moment; can't you see

Whose remains call out

O sons, O daughters - what are these hills

 That sing of the dungeons?

And the voices from the grave answer:

They passed us by and forgot is in time

And spoke about us:

"Rest in Peace"

And painfully repeated complaints. And the living ask again:

"Answer us - remind yourselves

Sad fleshless bones

You are not recognized by relatives and friends

Or those who are young

The answer from the grave in groaning comes:

We deeply sleep - your eyes

will not be able to see us

Unless on judgment day

The singing came to an end. People quietly uttered prayers and began to leave respectfully from the cemetery. Each person wanted to pray for his own and there was no one "who would not have someone in this place." At long last the freeze chased the last old man from the cemetery and there remained a silence in the forest.

The true sadness of this people could only be seen at the cemetery. At the cemetery gate the pain and sorrow of earthly existence disappears and the true treasures of a beautiful soul are opened to the sight of graves. The thinking man when enters a cemetery with forgive his greatest enemy. Here is found his true faith: his heart-think. Comic are the grand funerals "formally official", to these rich temples of sorrow and grief of the people. I write what I have seen and what I have heard. As a child, my soul cried at the funeral songs of the people. It was a worthy sadness. Whoever wants to know the ethos of our people, let him go to the cemetery to hear their plaintiff songs. I know not the thinking person who would restrain tears at their melodies. Mixing with our people I have the possibility to come across with various individuals. On one feast day I met a certain lady, who was counted among the Polish elite. In reality, this lady was without heart or conscience. She was the daughter of an upstart who unjustly stole from the poor. She also married an atheist. I unfortunately found myself in this kind of company. Exteriorly she was very proper to boredom - in intellect if not empty then shallow and cynical with a terrible coldness of heart. She left a religion about which she knew as much as could be written on a child's fingernail. She prated on an on. I said nothing. I only thought: this is a free country. Let this unladylike lady do as she wishes. She ended on this note: "The Church is for the trash. I do not attend church because it smells in church. Men congregate there who do not wash; I can't stand that because the air in church is unclean and it's too close for me." Incidentally, she was dressed in the newest Parisian fashion. It fit her like that kind of wrap would fit Mahatma Ghandi. Finally that meeting came to an end; I left hurriedly not wanting to get involved in her argument. Often I saw the name of this lady in English as well as Polish newspapers. She knew the worth of personal ads. She broadcast herself constantly in conferences. Although she claimed that it was too stifling for her in church, she encountered fresh air in meeting halls and gathering places. After the passage of a few years, one day I took the newspaper in hand and found that left this valley of tears. She was buried in church after dying quickly and suddenly. She died of asthma. The mighty dollar is only a dollar which is mighty. Death is mightier. One cannot buy himself from death. She will meet judgment of the almighty judge. It's worth thinking about. The Lord's prophet writes in the fifth chapter: "Do not look at ill gotten treasures and do not say that you have enough to live on for nothing will help in time of trial. Do not flaunt your might; and who will out do my deeds. For God in his wrath will deliver wrath even though the Almighty is patient in reciprocating. Do not put off day after day coming to the Lord. Do not be anxious about ill gotten treasures for they will not help in the day reckoning. Be steadfast in the way of the Lord and truthful in mind and let peace come with that.

Before I conclude, I return to a letter in which our unsalted philosopher quotes: "The Catholic religion may be good for the plain man, but it will never satisfy the learned person. Your Rites and church hymns are pyramids without sense or meaning. They are laughable." If someone who writes this brutal idiocy and blasphemy considers himself intelligent and educates, I quote an aphorism, "Half dog and half goat -the faithless of God." The intellect of man without the light of faith is a blind man without a leader, erring in his path through the world. Intellect without religion is a child without a mother, weak, with the inability to be helped, not knowing dedication and sacrifice. The mind without religion is a ship without a helm which never reaches safe harbor, but sooner or later comes to doubt and despair, or will wreck itself on the rocks of cynicism. He is fish out of water. The famous author, Alexander Humboldt writes: "Knowledge itself does not bring peace or satisfaction. The intelligent man of today if he does not believe or worse if he scorns God, sooner or later will come to the conclusion that teaching, knowledge, intelligence and behavior in itself does not calm the conscience or satisfy the heart. Only faith can accomplish that. Every ceremony of the church has its meaning and is a pyramid of historical truths, s linking creation with the creation. The hymns of the church, especially our beautiful polish songs, heartfelt and sincere, are eternal monuments with deep and humble belief in God, whose faith cannot be destroyed by armies of unbelievers.