November 19, 1944

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

By the grace of God we begin the third program of our radio mission, well known as The Rosary Hour. Personally I consider it not only a privilege but also a holy obligation to, with the help of the radio to talk to those good people who showed me so much understanding and good heart. Despite this, I feel a certain cautiousness and fear, as never before. In one sense, I visualize the great deal of work in the upcoming six months; in another sense, I feel my weakness in dealing with the contemporary state of the world which is overwhelming. Responsibility of this work, despite the fact that it is well-known, terrifies me. It terrifies me because the world is in conflagration which leaves behind it devastation, ruin, and ashes. It terrified me because people’s souls burn with non-belief and doubt in the existence of God. I am terrified because the hearts of people are afire with hatred of one person of another, when we, without regard to race, color and persuasion, are all children of the Creator. It terrifies me because the minds of men are afire with revenge and retaliation, despite the teaching of Christ, who abandoned the teaching of “an eye for an eye” and “tooth for tooth” and instituted and new teaching about the love of neighbor. It terrifies me that in his twentieth century entire nations are into what our Savior died for: weakness, infirmity, and lack of character. They discard all those qualities that differentiate man from the animal. I see before me a great conflagration. It was once covered by lush ears of corn. There grew miraculously beautiful and scented flowers. Once, there were orchards, with healthy and delicious fruit. The plain was once our earth. And today? Gone are the fields of grain; the flowers have withered. Cherries and pears, apples and plums (trees) still stand but their fruit is tasteless and bug ridden. But despite the material and moral ruin, all is not lost. One can always keep, renew, and rebuild. It is necessary to get to work and to prayer.

PEACE TO THE PEACE-LESS

There is today so much spoken and written about a “New Order” for the world. It is supposed to bring a happy existence to the people. It supposed to bring peace on earth, weed out injustice, bring freedom, equality and brotherhood to every corner of the world. In theory, it is nothing new. It had been planned now for years and along with it military and civil debates by the learned and movers and shakers of every country. The theory failed to become a reality. People did not gain by the experimentation. Instead, after every attempt, the needs grew greater and injustice and oppression grew with the rights of the underprivileged becoming worse. The intelligence of the people was too weak to be acceptable and to ameliorate the lack and necessities of the suffering people. Lack of peace grew. When in 1918, the German nation took on a peace pledge it was planning for the future. The plans, in its minutest details were called, “The New Order.” And what a name, based on the principles of ancient paganism and barbarism. This “New Order” divided the world into two classes: “lords” and “prisoners” and created a terrible disorder. There, where stood the German boot and where its fist ranged – the land was covered with deportation, displacement, separation. prisoners, concentration camps, camps of the alienated, and camps of forced labor. Hunger, disease, death. Injustice and despair. Those were the results of the “New Order.”

Up until now, Providence was love for our country. We were not witnesses of material ruination and did not suffer and endure moral torture; but not all was under control. What a tug at souls, what distress of heart, what mental mix-up. The clever Pharisees, full of pride and lies and profit by war, playing on the strings of human imagination, legislate prescripts that bring suffering and deprivation. To the naïve they promise to bring health, satisfaction and happiness. And despite that, people lose vision and fall into deeper doubt. Daily in despair, it awaits a better tomorrow.

No "New Deal" and no "New Order," bound only in the framework of human minds, if not rooted in the principles of the divine teaching of Christ, will be of significant help to a tormented and suffering humanity. It is sad the world, that instead of coming closer to God, is moving away from Him.

At the beginnings of Christ’s public teaching, Christ said to the gathering crowd: “Come to me, all you who are burdened and I will give you rest, “**Come to me, all you who are weary** and burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from **me**, for I am gentle and humble in heart.” – In this gentle and merciful quest of the Savior is found the source of real peace, deep satisfaction and a certain happiness. Coming closer to Christ, differences that still divide people in hostile camps. Familiarity with Christ forces us to admit our common brotherhood, since we understand the all of us come from a common Father; that all are saved through the blood of Christ; that all find ourselves under the protective wings of the Holy Spirit. Then we discover a better way to love our neighbor instead of hating him; that the benefit comes from mercy toward our neighbor than burdening him; that all of us are imperfect. And that affects our outlook and softens our character. It evens all out, we with our neighbor and our neighbor with us. It refreshes the soul and satisfies the heart and soothes the mind.

In Spain, on his death bed, lay a wealthy and brave man named Abd-er-Rahman. He was a Mohamedan Commander, who conquered Spain and ruled severely and strictly. He bore the title of Kalifa, or Sultan. By his guilded bed, stand his servants. The mighty leader glances around at the *bystanders*. On his pale brow there are beads of sweat. Fear paints itself on his face. He opens his lips and feverishly says with difficulty: “The world gave me a nickname: “the Great “. For fifty years, I was your leader. Fortune gifted me with riches; those under me gave me honors. I utilized comforts and pleasures. I was their listener. In those fifty years of uncommon luck, I counted days in which I was truly happy and satisfied. I counted “twenty”. If you will reply to me that my example is old history, listen to an American millionaire whose yearly income was a million dollars. These are his words: “today I am worth 40 million dollars, but what has my treasure brought me? Not even a drop of happiness.”

I am in a port city in the British Isles. After Mass, I go to a hall where a thousand Polish cadets await my arrival. I am going to chat with them. One of the young ones ask: Father, there were about 700 of us at one time. We marched from east to west. On the way almost all of the children died. We arrived at the assigned place after two weeks. The barracks were built of manure, straw and reeds. They were not heated. The windows were barred. The rooms were dirty, moist, and smelly. The air smelled rotten. The floor was covered with rotting hay and mud. There was a priest with us. He was sad but peaceful. He looked upon our palace and said: “My children, do not lose spirit or hope. With God’s help, we will survive. We are blessed because He saved our lives. We prayed to God to spare our lives. We spent 18 months here. We helped each other in hunger and survived the winter. As a result we began to understand the meaning and worth of a human being. Then he burst into tears. There is no clear cut recipe, no human endeavor that will bring rest and peace to the people. Not in this age, not in these times.

At times I am asked: What is the biggest difference between today’s people and those who lived when I was a boy? My response is always the same: “Years ago, people knew how to smile. They smiled with a certain peace and satisfaction. Today’s people lost the art of smiling. ‘When someone smiles nowadays it is only forced, insincere, and cynical and pushes away others. The modern tempo of life, which the British rightly called: “fast pace” violently took away the peaceful and easy going smile from the human face and replaced it with a hideous mask of insincerity and cynicism. The reasons for it are not hard to see. You are traveling by train or bus to work. Take a look at the faces of the passengers. Wrinkled brows, gloomy eyes, and crooked lips. The faces reflect so many concerns, problems; such anguish in the faces of those present. It reflects a theatre of comedy, drama and tragedy. Throngs pass before your eyes like an army of ants. No one walks a leisurely pace. Everyone hurries and rushes. Some kind of fever impels them. People are in deep thought, fearful and saddened. They have the outlook of convicts for whom there is no hope and rescue and salvation. Everywhere there is hurry, everywhere there is feverishness, everywhere there is doubt, and fearfulness.

Contrary to these portraits of today’s modern life which is made easier with discoveries, and surrounded by various comforts which, however, boils with anxiety, drips with dissatisfaction, boils with hatred and spews forth with invectives - to give you a few scenarios. Let me lead you to the old Roman catacombs. Occasionally I would visit the catacombs as a student in Rome. The Roman catacombs are replete with corridors and corners, sculpted from the inner earth, and in volcanic sand. They are sometimes in tiers. The walls are adorned with writing and art. There are nothing but deep tunnels. Here in times of the persecutions, which lasted through three centuries, the first Christians gathered for Mass and buried their dead and their martyrs. Despite the suffering, despite the sadness and pain these heroes, men and women, underwent – men women and children of every age and state of life – in writings and depictions on the walls, there is no evidence of sadness or suffering, there isn’t even a trace of injuries or trauma. No, there is nothing absolutely that would show forth vengeance; everything is tinged with peace, goodness, hope, forgiveness, - faith. What miracle motivated these early Christians to possess these marvelous virtues and gave them the peace and the courage to put up with these problems of life and persevere through it all. What was the secret of these persecuted Christians and martyrs who, with such peace, joy and constancy in the midst of a life filled with these large and heavy crosses? They disdained the material means of the world and took supernatural means. They went on the journey to Him who once reminded and asked all men: “Follow Me!”

I have before me a copy of the underground paper titled “*Pobudka (Reveille)”* I read the article headlined, “*Nasze Zadanie (Our Mission). –* Endure, persevere, to foresee victory. That is true but not the whole truth. There is further the need to wage a battle by the entire people of the Polish nation – in order to protect life, the language and the traditions. Such a battle is waged currently between those who occupied the country and our selves. Our protection and our waging of war is different from our enemy. Moral fortitude, faith and a thousand year Polish history. From this scenario we are not permitted to leave or we lose. But the most important thing is to endure. We need to be prepared at all times and for all opportunities. What is important above all is the problem of saving the nation; a problem which today which can only solved by us since public life is under the German boot. We must ready ourselves and our youth to what we face what faces us tomorrow. We well understand that we must solve our problems but within the bounds of morality. We must emphasize the building of character. Not only in view of freedom, perseverance and the expending of action. But above all to know how to carry out our personal goals – the goals of the nation. We must be careful that in carrying out our activity toward our own goals we do not harm our national effort. Our national interest must coexist with our personal efforts. Here opens the colossal area for the impact of the family. You could do well in this current epoch, Polish Mother, or you may lose. The school cannot do this. The only place where this may be accomplished where serious moral structures may be inculcated is in the family home. Parents! It is not appropriate only to teach hatred. You have to teach moral constancy, high dedication and above all, the daily virtues; not only looking into one’s own heart and see the good of the nation and not only personal good.

Did you mean: [Dokonać trzeba ***krucjaty*** przeciw ***sobkostwo***](javascript:void(0))

You must wage a crusade against egotism, against moral ignorance. True power exists in integrity. Let mothers teach their offspring that there is no time today for useless entertainments at movies and soda shops, no time for self-pity. It is time for education to be the might of the spirit and character – No theologian would be able to write a better article than the following.

Did you mean: [Napisał go cywil dla ludu zbitego i ***krwawiące***](javascript:void(0))

He wrote it for the beaten people civilly bleeding. He wrote it in the current catacombs of the Polish people. He wrote it not only in pen and ink, but in blood and tears. He wrote it, not according to a theory, conditions, outlooks of people, but according to the teaching of God’s minister who called out: “I am the way, the truth and the life.

In order to benefit and achieve true peace in satisfied rest we need to seek beyond people and look for help and salvation from a Might which is able to penetrate the shell of life’s traditions and enter the depths of the human soul. We need to have a strong will; an iron will to break the oppressive grip of a deadly conscience, and to free the souls of fear and concern. A broken human being, in spite of his disinterestedness an external carelessness, is in a nest of dissatisfaction and anxiety. Some kind of invisible entity, not permitting to be seen and touched stands by such a human being day and night. It throws guilt at him. One can get rid of these feelings temporarily. One can laugh and make fun, but it will neither bring luck, rest or peace. The spirit will not depart. One can seek forgetfulness in entertainments; it will not bring peace. It will only bring grief and irritation. One will only lose self- possession and right thinking. In time one becomes a slave and prisoner of his emotions.

Before all ages and always everywhere and for all, there was, is and will be one and only one power and energy which will bring the human race to a “New Deal” or “New Order” in whatever nation and in the life of a human bring a way to bring back a peace and rest. That might and energy comes from One who called out: “Come to me all who work and are burdened and I will refresh you….and you will find rest for your souls.”

Christ gives us love, truth, hope and life! Despite the fact that the waywardness and anger of people flooded the earth; despite the fact that, humanity shut their ears to the reminders of God. Despite the fact that it shut its eyes in order not to see the works of Almighty God. Despite that people willingly the characteristics of God’s creation and descended into unreasoning entities, whose God is their stomach. – Christ did not forge humanity which bends from under the weights of their own doing and goes blindly along the way, which warns: “This is the way to suicide” Everything on earth changes. Christ only remains one and the say: “yesterday, today and always.” That the reason the Christ’s teaching is unchanging, it is always the same.” I can visualize I can see Him with hands lifted to heaven. From His lips come the words: “Even though your sins are scarlet, they will become white as snow; and even though they be red as redfish, they shall be white as wool. I see the Savior, who invites all *that* springs from the love of humanity: “Come to me all” I will give you rest – rest!~

Today on the lips of all are found wise issues about a “New Order”. Generally this theme finds its way into debates of those who are familiar with a certain order which in which the laws of humanity takes its origin. Around a hundred years ago a Polish writer, Zygmunt Krasinski, wrote a work the title of which was*: A Heavenly Comedy.* The author depicts a person of satanic strength who, equipped with ill will and hatred for everything good, after great exertion accomplished destruction of the order on earth. An order that was based on God’s laws. When he accomplished his work, he stood triumphantly upon the ruins and filled his eyes with the great devastation. From his eyes a fire of victory shone. From his face, a ray of anger appearing, he fell into deep thought. After a few minutes of evil silence, he grit his teeth: “I have accomplished all that I set to do but there emptiness before me. But in whose name shall I tell people to live anew, work and create?” There was no answer to these questions. Broken, he admitted that ill will and hatred does not work. He admitted, “Galilean, you have won!”

There are people today who call what is good, bad. What we called truth, they teach falsehood. That what was virtue, they call weakness. Honesty they call useless. These and others wish to bring a new order to the world. By what right? There will come a time sooner or later because it must come when the justice of God will take over. Then God will triumph – the God that said “Come to me all…”