**November 5, 1939**

**Poland Has Not Ceased to Exist**

I welcome you dear Compatriots with the words: Praised be Jesus Christ!

I begin the first Rosary Hour program with poems of the famous bard Kornel Makuszynski:

“Only such a sincere sadness grabs me

Which chokes my soul and grabs my throat

that we still humbly say our prayers

and live, as if for derision

and that our granaries are still empty,

that whoever wants to, will exploit us

whoever wants to, will cheat our hearts with a false word

but now, the Polish heart, you do not believe

anyone, except God, who will not fool you

for you are protected by the speed of his lightning

and he will surround you with angels,

drive away all of them with your shouting,

drive away the swindlers with contempt as dogs

and be like a granite cliff, hard,

or blow up like a firecracker

tear up and into the eyes of the world, spit with iron

or be silent, proudly tighten your jaws ,

bury your sad poetry under a boulder,

so that no one hears complaints

as they will take you with the negroes

to the shameful markets of the world

and then be great and silent, like a coffin

and in that silence, be Oh Poland, proud.”

I ask you all for patience and understanding since I am a realist and at the same time an optimist! Until now I discoursed about the fate of people in everyday life; I did not gloss over the painful and sad side of human life. I spoke of the sad and bitter condition of the working masses. I did not close my eyes nor my heart to the cries, complaints and laments of those suffering. No, I openly and boldly touched the consciences of the anxious, hearts torn to shreds, the souls swimming in bitterness! I gazed at understanding eyes stained with tears and blood. I listened patiently to the cries and complaints of people doubting the worth and meaning of life. In spite of this, I never doubted my faith in God, faith in people, or my faith in the meaning, worth, and beauty of human life! My ideal, always, among the painful moans was the man who cried out to the crowds “I am the truth, the light, and the life!” For this reason I can repeat with Konopicka:

“ I did not come to caress your ears

and to make a wreath from the rose flowers

But to express your silent slavery

and to reach to your soul.”

Indeed, we live in terrible times, filled with cruel happenings that surpass the imagination of all civilized and Christian people! The radio gives us images every day and night of cruelly destroyed harmless women and innocent children! Eyewitnesses describe the attacks of bombers on calm peasants, covering their lands with a steel sleet, fire and poison! Neutral correspondents telegraph about the attacks by planes on hospitals, schools, and Red Cross Shelters! Others, with outrage, try to document the massive executions of the working people or the decimation of intellectuals! However those in the country who suffer are silent! And in this heroic silence, it does not seek the mercy or pity from others, it demands only justice from the honest, even from enemies, and feeling and help from their own! Is this request from the paralyzed Polish Lazarus not a fair one? Is it not our obligation to open not only our hearts but also our pockets to the appeals of widows and orphans, the blind and the wounded, the poor without a roof over their head, in rags, on their knees, under the shoes of the cruel invaders; under the whip of the broken cross or under the hammer and sickle, with tearless eyes turned to the Prussian field or to the Siberian snow! Think about it compatriots, about the suffering of the silent among our brothers and sisters!

The suffering of our people is nothing new in the history of our Polish nation! Yes, misery was silent, but also hard, heroic, enduring, and successful, since (Poland) always believed, and even today believes in the triumph of justice. This triumph will be total and decisive. It is true, that this silent misery, after passing through a terrible and thorny way of the cross, today, hangs torn on the cross, between two criminals who brutally mock the crucified victim who is harmless, weak, and dying! I repeat, dying, but not dead. It is not yet a corpse, no! And it will never be a corpse, because the love of God and country gives it strength and manliness to survive the slavery and live in spite of the fear of the brutal oppressor! Today, history repeats itself, the sad history of cruel occurrences after the 1863 uprising! Then, not many, but most of the same Poles lost hope and thought that Poland was to be buried for the ages! There were also those, who deceived the Polish governments. They blamed it for many faults and sins, and even repeated slanders on the nation's heroes! Kraszewski reminded all of these people with the words of bitter condemnation that “It is not good to scourge the mother's corpse!” The enemies already then, cleverly and purposely started to spread the propaganda that destroy the truth and honesty of the noble country. Under the motto: “We have to change the Poles into a group of thoughtless and soulless slaves” they picked degenerate sons, who for a bowl of lentils, threw sharp and unfair words of rapacious criticism, laying out the past of the country to mocking display and scorn! Then, as now, they poisoned the soul of the nation with claims such as : “Poles are not capable of governing,” and “God punishes us for the sins of our fathers” and “Poland fell out of its own fault,” and „Poles tended too much to the churches and too little to their weapons,” and „Poland was exploited by the Catholic clergy” and so on without end, the blasphemies poured down from the mouths of superficial Christians, chaining the country into increasingly stronger chains of slavery! The eyes of those with healthy minds filled with tears, the hearts of the noble not only hurt, but bled, listening to the arguments and proofs that this noble and well-remembered Poland is worth nothing! Darkness and only darkness, both spiritual and moral. Limitless evil and roguery! Faith, love of the country, family and friends, heroism, sacrifice, nobility, and a culture, were all laid in a coffin and buried in a deep grave. How sad and hurting were the Polish souls then! They saw only Golgotha. On Golgotha, they saw the cross. On the cross, they saw Poland! They forgot about the Resurrection! Just as today! I cannot imagine that the blood that was spilled with such sacrifice, by the heroic pilots, sailors, and soldiers, by heroic women and frequently by the children does not cry to heaven for the justice of God on the bandits who attacked Poland and fouled them. One of the murderers is that famous dictator, who thinks of himself as someone “above human”, and Christian charity as a sign of weakness! The second Godless man who mocks Christ, makes Judas out to be the greatest man of history! There is no point to spend time on these two criminals who with their crimes surpass those of the ancient Roman Nero’s! Can we be surprised that these two companions shook hands? That one of them stabbed a knife into the Polish heart and the second stabbed it in the Polish lungs? After all, only the Polish nation proclaimed the teachings of Christ and stood in defense of the Cross!! Poland, that Poland which was always the bulwark of Christianity and Civilization, God picked as a victim for the redemption of the sins of all Europe which was drowning in the teachings of materialism and neo-Paganism. And the uprising, lifted up with the all powerful righteousness of the Creator! There are people today who would not even want to dream about their own happiness while the Homeland suffers and its people bend under the flood of misfortunes! There are others, who promise that they are ready for death, if only the Homeland would live! There are others, who are terrified at the sight of cruel warfare and cry “Jesus, have mercy! Your will be done! Only kiss that beloved country of ours, while I still kiss your bloody feet, and go then to the end of the earth to fight against the enemies of the Cross and Homeland!”

There are those, who for the love of Christ, kneel down among the ruins left after the bombings and flames, lift their tearless eyes to heaven and shout with the voice of hurting martyrs: “Our Father, who are in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive our trespassers.”

This is the example that our sons and daughters of this nation give us, who never held back sacrifice, in defense of the Cross and civilization! For this reason, the country today suffers. Not for the mistakes, not for the flaws, not for the deficiencies of the country, as the open enemies try to stubbornly convince us and others. And not for the sins of the people, as the one-sided and zealous reformer-compatriots prove with such animosity. Thus we are undercutting the trust of the whole world to anything that is connected to Poland. Some spread such rumors with knowledge and anger, others from revenge and hatred, and there is no lack of those who do it from naivety and stupidity! The smart and neutral admit that the Polish nation sacrificed itself out of love for God, for the Homeland, and for all of mankind! It is true, the national sacrifice carried with itself uncountable and irreplaceable costs, since they are national costs! I do not think here about the material losses, since those can be repaired and rebuilt. Who will be able to return life to the dead? To those soldiers, sailors, and pilots? Especially to the defenseless women, young mothers, and innocent children? The poor peasants at whom bombs, tanks, cannons, and machine guns were aimed? Who will return reason to those who, overwhelmed at the sight of death and unhappiness, lost their reason? Who? Who will return sight to the blind, hands and legs to the cripples? Who? Who will replace the father and mother for the orphans? Who? Who will fix these poor ones their damage? Who will wipe their tears, who will cover them? Who will feed them, who will give them drink? Who? It is true that today all of Poland has turned into a national cemetery. It is empty, silent, and quiet there! We all seem to realize this. We cannot doubt though; we cannot despair; we cannot blaspheme. The land of our forefathers and fathers is in ruins. The earth that is so beloved for us is not only covered with graves and crosses but is also flooded, bathed and drenched with the warm and sincere blood of those who first had the courage to stand up to the brutal madmen and shout “Over our dead bodies, there is no other way!” Poland in the eyes of the world, turned into a martyr, and the Poles turned into martyrs. A country such as this cannot die and will never die! The rainbow of victory will appear eventually over the borders of this country and will crown the Polish foreheads. In the meantime, we will show in action our loyalty to the starred standard. Let us be exemplary American citizens. Let us respect authority. Let us stand as a wall by our President. Let us avoid various agitators either in the religious sphere or in the social sphere. In addition, according to strength and ability, let us help the crucified Poland and its unbelieving countrymen. For the help given them, God help us.