THE MANGER ALWAYS IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS

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Beloved in Christ the Lord! On this feast of Christmas each of us becomes a pilgrim, for in spirit we set out on a journey to Bethlehem. We set out on a journey to meet the Word who became flesh — became the flesh on which we feed through Holy Communion, receiving the Most Blessed Sacrament. For so Providence decided: that the Word should become flesh, that the second Person of the Most Holy Trinity, our Lord Jesus Christ, should come into this world in a human nature joined to the divine nature, precisely in Bethlehem — in Hebrew Bet Lechem, the House of Bread.

Dear faithful, in this pilgrimage of ours, in this spiritual journey of ours to the holy city of Bethlehem, to the place where the Word became flesh, joy is nevertheless mingled with sadness, gladness is mingled with tears. On the one hand, gazing at those choirs of angels crying *Gloria in excelsis Deo* — Glory to God in the highest — we rejoice in the depths of our souls. For it is given to us to know the living and true God, it is given to us to become, in a spiritual way, witnesses of that historic and pivotal event in the history of the whole human race, when God humbles Himself and comes to us in order to raise us up, to make us sharers in His joy, in His happiness.

NO ROOM IN THE INN

But on the other hand, my dear brethren, when we read the Gospel according to Saint Luke, we find there those few terrifying words that should give each of us goosebumps. Why is Almighty God born in a cold cave? We read in the Gospel of Luke: because there was no room for Him in the inn. And we realize, my dear brethren, that this Bethlehem inn is a symbol of our human hearts — of our human hearts, which so often are closed when God Himself knocks at them. Our hearts, which are occupied, filled with self-love, do not want such a guest, do not want to be filled with God's love.

Saint Bede the Venerable once wrote that Christ's manger always stands in the shadow of Christ's cross. How true these words are! For this Child, whom today we behold with emotion, on whom we gaze, is destined for sacrifice. This is why Christ the Lord took on our human nature, became man: to offer Himself as a sacrifice of propitiation on the altar of the cross. Such is the purpose of the Incarnation of the Son of God, such is the meaning, the mission of the earthly life of our Lord Jesus Christ.

A COSY RELIGION

And this, my dear brethren, is something we so often would like to forget — we, the contemporary, post-conciliar Catholics infected with the virus of liberalism. We would like to — and we do — create for ourselves a new religion. A cosy, cute, sweet, light, plush religion; a religion that would fit our expectations, that would not demand much of us, best of all nothing. Yes, it would guarantee everyone salvation after death. A religion in which everyone is nice, everyone is sweet. But, my dear brethren, this religion that we have been creating for several decades, since the time of the Second Vatican Council, is not the Catholic religion. For from the divine religion, the religion of Christ, one cannot pick out the raisins — whatever suits us, whatever fits us, whatever is nice, whatever is sweet. One cannot saw Christ's manger off from Christ's cross. And it is the great drama of us human beings that we have simply forgotten this, that we have yielded to those satanic needs to reject Christ's cross, to forget it.

And look further: these feasts of Christmas — or, as they say in the West, the winter holidays — are somehow socially accepted, because they are so nice, so joyful, so cosy, an occasion to exchange presents, to meet with the family, to eat and drink our fill. But when we think of Good Friday, then most people turn their heads away, turn their backs on the Lord. Because that little child in the manger we are still

able to swallow somehow — because He will not reprimand us, will not rebuke us, because He is so sweet; this is still something that modern, proud man is able to bear somehow. But the cross, Good Friday? Oh no! That, Lord God, is not for me.

MANGER AND CROSS

It is a great drama and a great misfortune for us, the people who are creating this new pseudo-Catholic religion, people who have forgotten that Christ's manger always stands in the shadow of Christ's cross. And this means, my dear brethren, that the life of each of us, exactly like the life of our Lord Jesus Christ, is interwoven with moments of joy and suffering. And as long as we do not understand this, as long as we do not accept this, as long as we do not understand the words of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," for as long, my dear brethren, our heart will be full of unrest, of fear, which we will mask with a silly smile, which we will mask by repeating that everything is fine, by pretending that we are living in a godly way [?]. One cannot separate the manger from the cross. Yet this is precisely what the contemporary Bergoglian church desires, at any price, and teaches — and so many people, my dear brethren, have believed this great lie, so many people have turned their backs on God today.

My beloved, there was no room in the Bethlehem inn for the light that enlightens every man, that came to His own, and His own received Him not. What a great drama, which becomes also — and perhaps one should say above all — our lot, ours, the Catholics, who have received so much from God, who have received the treasure of Divine Revelation, who have received the holy sacraments, and have despised all these gifts of God like that faithless people. For just as there was once no room for God in the Bethlehem inn, so today there is no room for Him in parliaments, nor in offices, nor in courts, nor in schools, nor in hospitals, nor in the post-conciliar, Bergoglian neo-church.

ROOM IN YOUR HEART

And each of us should ask himself the question: will God find room in your heart today? On which side of this great spiritual war shall I declare myself today? For this day of Christmas, my dear brethren, as I said, is not only joy but also suffering; not only gladness but also great responsibility. For the stake of this spiritual war, which is being waged also right beside Christ's manger, is, after all, the salvation of our souls.

Will God find room in your heart today? Will you open when He knocks at the door of your heart? Or will you perhaps barricade yourself, lock yourself in with four bolts, only so that He will not upset your order, your pseudo-happiness, your pseudo-joy, so that He will not disturb the Christmas you have arranged for yourself, just like the contemporary world? "Lord God, You cannot do this to me, take away my joy, my songs, presents, little Christmas tree and wishes at the Christmas wafer: health, health, because health is the most important!" And what good is health to you, if you use it to go to hell? It is better to enter the kingdom of heaven lame than to go into the fire with both legs. But such is our contemporary mentality, ours, the Polish Catholics, who have made of religion a folklore, some custom, because it is the done thing. But after all, the meaning of Christmas is the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, nothing else.

Will God find room in your heart today? My beloved, may we always, to our last breath, remain faithful to the Word, who was made flesh and dwelt among us, so that, knowing God today in visible form, we may as children be swept by Him into the love of invisible things. Amen. [...] and of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.