THE WARSAW SACRAMENTINES AND THE SPIRITUAL WAR OF OUR TIME

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In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Let us be seated, beloved in Christ the Lord. On this first Saturday of December, abiding in our Advent meditations, in the Advent mood of contemplation, we gather today at God's altar to pay homage to the Immaculate Heart of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, to ask her to be our guide in this holy season of Advent. But to be our guide not only in this liturgical season, which is meant to prepare us for the feast of Christmas, for the remembrance of the day on which our Saviour was born in Bethlehem, becoming man, becoming one of us. This holy season of Advent ought to prepare us also for that meeting, that last, final meeting with our Lord Jesus Christ at the end of our earthly warfare.

And abiding in this Advent contemplation, we look in the darkness that surrounds us for some little rays, some sparks of hope, which might help us walk in God's direction in spite of all the evil around us, in spite of this tsunami of evil, in spite of this satanic darkness which has engulfed the whole world and engulfed the Holy Church.

And so today I want to turn your thoughts to a beautiful example, an example which we should learn to imitate. Today I want to say a few words to you about the Benedictine Sacramentine nuns of the New Town in Warsaw, who gave their lives in August 1944. And you will tell me, my dear ones, what kind of example is that for us, what kind of model: nuns who died during the Second World War? After all, we live in a time of peace. We live in a time of so many mighty military and political alliances. After all, our world has nothing in common with a world plunged into the darkness and horrors of war. Well, my dear ones, nothing could be more mistaken, for look at what is going on around us.

In 1944, after the outbreak of the Warsaw Uprising, the streets of the Polish capital were full of proud German soldiers, in beautiful SS uniforms, members of the Wehrmacht, whose task was to destroy what remained of our capital, to murder Poles and in this way to strike at the Holy Church. My dear ones, I do not know whether you realise it, but Adolf Hitler himself said that he would have anyone shot who forbade abortion on the territory of Poland. And look at our times, at the streets of that same Warsaw, along which proud wenches march today, proclaiming exactly the same godless Hitlerite slogans. Swastikas have been replaced today by lightning bolts, but the same godless ideology, derived from Protestantism, remains: the cult of man, my right in place of the law laid down by the Creator. And so these poor girls march today, carrying out, as it were, the will of Adolf Hitler.

But, my dear ones, they did not come from nowhere. They are the fruit of a process that has been going on for the last several decades. Because through our passivity, and above all the passivity of the pastors of the Church, we allowed that godless, masonic ideology of liberalism to seep drop by drop into the minds of Poles over long years. And so, without a single shot fired, we observe today the triumph of evil on the streets of Warsaw. Evil which floods the streets that were turned into rivers of Polish blood several decades ago.

My dear ones, therefore you cannot say at all that this story, which I am about to present to you, has no significance for us living in 2020, because our world, our Warsaw, does not differ so greatly from that Warsaw of 1944. That Warsaw in which the remnants of the Polish elites were murdered, in which the streets were so abundantly sprinkled with innocent Polish blood by proud Germans, who today turn those same Polish streets into identical streams of blood, this time in fine suits: handsome, educated Brussels and Berlin politicians who know better how Poles ought to live. Because, after all, they are a nation so developed, so intelligent, that they will show us how we are to be European.

THE SACRAMENTINE CONVENT

My dear ones, those of you who have been to Warsaw and to the New Town may perhaps remember a large, white, Baroque church, the church of Saint Casimir, next to which stands the convent of cloistered, contemplative sisters, Benedictine nuns of the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. And this convent came into being in Warsaw, we might say, thanks to Our Blessed Mother, because Queen Marysieńka, after John III Sobieski had won such a spectacular victory over the Muslim hordes, vowed to the Lord God a votive offering of thanksgiving for this great triumph of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary over the pagan, Muslim dogs. That is how John III Sobieski's chaplain spoke of them, so, despite the lack of political correctness, I will allow myself simply to quote him. I hope I will not be put behind bars.

My dear ones, it is also worth looking at Queen Marysieńka, who first asked and then knew whom to thank. Because we human beings are like this: when we are in need, we gladly knock at the gates of heaven and ask for help, but when we have received some grace from the Lord God, we do not necessarily remember whom we are to thank for that grace. So, returning to our Sacramentine nuns, as it has become customary to call them for short: Queen Marysieńka did as she had promised and brought the Sacramentines to Warsaw.

This congregation was founded in the seventeenth century in France by Mother Mechtilde of the Blessed Sacrament, and the charism of this congregation is the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Perpetual, unceasing adoration. The sisters persevere, reciting the so-called reparations, that is, hours-long adorations of reparation for sins before the Blessed Sacrament, and so, one after another, they take turns every few hours and ceaselessly surround our whole Fatherland with prayer, entrusting all our intentions to the Lord God. And, my dear ones, so it was for centuries: they knelt before the Blessed Sacrament, which was for them a source of strength. And for centuries the convent and the Church stood unshaken, and within their walls beautiful Gregorian chant rose up in honour of Christ present in the Blessed Sacrament. Until the Second World War came, and the Lord God was pleased to grant the Sacramentines this grace, that they might confirm this charism of reparation with the seal of their own blood.

THE AUGUST 1944 CHRONICLE

I will only allow myself to weave into these short Advent meditations some passages from the convent chronicle of August 1944, because, as I mentioned at the beginning, our situation, despite appearances, does not differ so greatly from the times of the Second World War. And their example, the example of these religious sisters, whom you will see in a moment, is for us like a spark of hope, like a candle dispelling the darkness of the modern world and showing us the way that leads to salvation.

Wednesday, 9 August 1944. We have had to move completely down into the cellars, because it is getting more and more dangerous. Many shells have already fallen on our convent, doing considerable damage.

My God, such wise Germans, such educated ones! And yet they are common barbarians, for who raises a hand against the Church? Today they are doing exactly the same. Because, after all, that strange man from Argentina spent several years in Germany and soaked up that Protestant, German, thoroughly godless ideology. The same ideology which in 1944 made them capable of bombing, without batting an eye, a church in which nuns were praying. What a degenerate one must be to commit such barbarity! Barbarity for which they never apologised and, above all, never made amends to the nation on which they committed genocide. And genocide resulting to a considerable extent from religious motives.

Listen further. Thursday, 10 August. Yesterday evening a military hospital took over part of our convent, namely the parlours, the corridors, the antechoir and the chapter room. Since this morning they have been bringing in the wounded, poor fellows, but they make so much movement and noise doing it that it will be a miracle if the Germans do not bomb us to pieces. In order to keep up, in spite of everything, our enclosure and regular religious life, we have hung curtains with the inscription "enclosure" near the chapel and near the catafalque. The hospital is no

longer allowed to enter there. One of the sisters always remains by this curtain to receive instructions, of which there are countless. In fact our whole kitchen, our dispensary and the sisters are at their disposal. We help as we can and as we know how, and the entire hospital staff, above all the sick, treat us extremely kindly, expressing their joy that they find themselves with us.

And, my dear ones, when the time of trial comes, it is not out of the question that you too will become such hospitallers, such hospital sisters and brothers, bringing help to wounded souls who will be seeking rescue at the sight of fire falling from the sky.

Saturday, 12 August. We lived through a truly nightmarish night. In the afternoon the Germans let loose on us the so-called "wardrobe." These are some terrible modern bombs that blast apart and spout flame. Our worthy confessor, the Father Provincial, had just arrived and, taking advantage of the relative calm, began hearing the sisters' confessions in the sacristy. When this wardrobe came crashing down from the direction of Praga, it flew across the garden like an avalanche of fire, burning and destroying all the plants and trees, and shook the foundations of the convent. The blast of air was so strong that in the sacristy and other places doors and windows were torn out. It knocked over the nuns waiting for confession, tugging at their veils and habits and covering them with rubble. Thank God none of us was killed, but everyone was terrified and stunned. In our little hospital, however, several of the wounded fell, and one very young nurse, Zosia. In the midst of this throng our Father Provincial, having settled in some armchair, heard first the nuns' confessions and then those of lay people, many of whom crowded in for confession, because the danger was truly great. The worthy father, very tired, kept wiping from his brow [?], but he held his post and did not leave until he had heard everyone's confession. The Germans, evidently having made sure that this was a hospital, hammered at us without a pause.

My dear ones, we all know the Polish proverb: when in trouble, turn to God. It is not out of the question that many sinners, and many of your nearest and dearest too, at the sight of fire from heaven, will remember that catechism truth that the Lord God is a just judge, who rewards the good and punishes the evil. But, my dear ones, the question arises whether there will then still be priests like that Father Provincial, who, undisturbed by German bombs, shelling, fire, rubble pouring down on his head, sat and heard confessions, because he knew that in a moment these people would cross the threshold of eternity, and he wanted to fulfil his priestly mission. He wanted to make it possible for each of them to receive absolution just before death.

Will there be such priests in our times? Such priests as, not long ago, several decades ago, walked the Polish land, who were not afraid to call things by their name, to call evil evil. They did not hide behind political arrangements and little deals. They did not calculate whether one may say something to the modern Caesar or whether it is better to keep one's mouth padlocked, because I might still lose a few zlotys. Will such priests be found in our times? I am afraid that there will be few. And that will be a tragedy. A tragedy of which Our Lady spoke at Fatima, at Akita: people will be sorry for their sins, but they will not have access to the sacraments.

So make use of the sources of grace as long as, by God's grace, you have access to them, and take care to remain in the state of sanctifying grace. Because we do not know when we shall find ourselves in the kind of situation the Warsaw Sacramentine sisters found themselves in. Only they were in a far better situation, because they had Catholic priests with them, who were not afraid of German guns, who were not afraid of Protestant shells, who were not afraid of rubble pouring down on them, because they knew whom they served: our Lord Jesus Christ, and not Satan, as so many members of the anti-church created after the Second Vatican Council do.

THE VICTORY OF FAITH

Tuesday, 15 August. The Assumption of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, so eagerly awaited, brought no improvement. After Holy Mass the Mother Subprioress, in the name of the Reverend Mother, who is so weak that she does not leave her bed, read out the act of electing the Most Blessed Mother as our Supreme Abbess. Apart from that, all the religious exercises are held in the crypts, as regularly as possible. The hours of adoration, by day and by night, are punctually fulfilled. The reparations too, right at the altar, at the

feet of the Blessed Sacrament.

Look at the example of these nuns, who remained at the altar no matter how much the walls of the bombed convent and church shook, destroyed brick by brick, by day and by night. They remained at the altar although they knew perfectly well that at any moment they might die. But they knew where the source of their strength lay. They understood the words of Saint John: "This is the victory that overcomes the world, our faith." They did not look for themselves a comfortable, safe shelter. They did not flee, they did not go over to the German side to become prisoners of war, but remained with their Bridegroom.

Saturday, 26 August. The feast of Our Lady of Częstochowa. We made a fervent novena to the Queen of Poland for the rescue of our poor capital. Meanwhile, there is no answer from heaven. The Most Blessed Mother looks into God's eyes and evidently sees that Warsaw must suffer so terribly. *Fiat voluntas Dei*, let God's will be done. Let her obtain for us only the strength to endure all this, because in many people faith is already breaking down. Warsaw must suffer so terribly.

WARSAW IN 2020

We too ought to repeat this in 2020, looking at this city sunk in sin, in lies, in godlessness, in debauchery, in drugs, in hatred of Christ's Cross. A city taken over by Freemasons. And also by those in cassocks, who close churches, pump out the holy water, order Communion in the paw. Not recommend, order! And just try asking for Communion on the tongue. A brothel after a brothel on every corner, on John Paul II Street one sex shop after another, the capital of a Catholic country, marches of some mad wenches, possessed, doped up [?], demanding abortion on demand, attacking churches. They are already so brazen that they are able to walk in and interrupt Masses, [...] Masses, disturb the order of worship, throw themselves at altars to profane the Host.

And where are the Polish bishops? Where is the Archbishop Metropolitan of Warsaw, Cardinal Nycz? He calls for dialogue. Dialogue with whom? With a Satanist? So as to enrich one another? Because the Cardinal wishes to invite representatives of the Women's Strike to the palace for talks. What does he want to talk with them about? Which churches are they to profane? Where are they to hang those rainbow rags? Godless people and blasphemers have taken over Warsaw and all of Poland, spreading the same ideology which several decades ago the godless German troops tried to impose.

And so we too should repeat, together with the Sacramentines, those dramatic words: Warsaw must suffer so terribly. And ask, as the Sacramentines asked: let her obtain for us only the strength to endure all this. We too should beg the Most Blessed Mother to give us the strength to endure this flood of evil. This deluge, this swamp, this cesspool that is spreading over our whole Fatherland. The Fatherland which for centuries prided itself on the title *Regnum Mariae*, the Kingdom of Mary. And where is she to reign today? Over this sewer, this crowd of godless people?

PRAYER UNDER THE BOMBS

In spite of the great exhaustion of the sisters, all the exercises, such as meditation, adoration and above all the common recitation of the choir prayers, are kept and diligently observed. Look at the zeal. The zeal of a true Catholic: *Zelus domus tuae comedit me*, zeal for Thy house consumes me. Sometimes voices tremble, especially when bombers drone low over our heads or artillery shells shake the walls, but choir prayer is not interrupted for a moment. Once, when the wardrobe came flying in, knocking us over with a strong blast of air and putting out all the candles, there was confusion, but soon the braver sisters took up the psalm again and recited it from memory until things calmed down and the candles were lit again. How beautiful it would be for a Benedictine of perpetual adoration to die at the foot of the altar, reciting the canonical hours, but it is for God to give what is best.

Sunday, 27 August. Today after Holy Mass the Lord Jesus remained with us in the tabernacle. Somehow we feel more joyful and safer. The sisters surround the Lord Jesus all day with a wreath of adoration. So many acts of love and trust flow, through terrible fears, ever onward to the feet of our Emmanuel.

Truly it takes simply superhuman strength to endure all this. And it also takes superhuman strength to endure what surrounds us. This darkness. Without the Catholic faith man falls into despair. He loses the meaning of life. And then stories such as the one an acquaintance from Germany, working in the ambulance service there, told me are no surprise.

It is a story from a few months ago. They were called out on an intervention during the so-called first wave of the pandemic. They arrived, and there a young German woman had first killed her five children and then committed suicide herself, leaving a note that life had lost its meaning for her and there was no point in living here any more.

THE LAST CHRONICLE ENTRY

Tuesday, 29 August. We are to hold out at the post where God has placed us, bravely and trustingly, for as long as He wills, ready at any moment for death. The sisters are preparing very much for this great moment, and death, it seems, circles ever closer. Fortunately we do not lack spiritual help. Fathers Kapusta and Hrynaszkiewicz are always at our service. The sisters go to confession often and spend whole days in fervent prayer and in union with Christ in Gethsemane. Only this likeness to His suffering and agony on the Mount of Olives gives us the strength to survive these hard moments.

A strength which only a Catholic can understand, only one who venerates the Most Blessed Mother and understands how much she suffered with Him for our salvation. One who understands that our human sufferings are needed so that we may rescue from hellfire at least a handful of souls of lost sinners. That strength which the Germans, plunged in the darkness of Protestantism, never understood, because Protestantism deforms the mind, makes intellectual cripples, unable to understand what truth is and who the Lord God is. Because Luther did not understand it. And those poor Germans who followed in his footsteps. Who have in their heads a caricature of God.

And those Germans stood there at the time, convinced that by shooting at those nuns in the church they would break them, that they would come out, surrender like prisoners, because they did not understand that the strength of those nuns did not come from their human character. Because no man is, of himself, ready to offer his life, because man fears death. But it was God's grace that made true heroes of these frail women. Just as God's grace gave strength in the first centuries to those crowds of women giving their lives for Christ. And the Romans, that proud nation, seeing what sacrifices Christian women were ready to make, asked who this Christ is, who can make of a woman such a warrior, enduring the most terrible tortures. The Romans were still able to ask, to reflect. And when they understood it, they were converted. But the Germans saw the heroism of Catholic nuns, and zero reflection.

And today their grandchildren and great-grandchildren walk the same streets along which Polish blood flowed, and decide the future of Poles. In Brussels, in Berlin they will decide how Polish children are to be brought up. What the Polish economy is to look like. Or rather, how it is not to look. Because the point is to finish off the Poles economically, so that they do not even have a moment to think about the things of God, and to make slaves of them.

THE COMPLETED SACRIFICE

And, my dear ones, let us move on to the last entry of the convent chronicle. Thursday, 31 August. The day the sacrifice was completed. The German ring is tightening ever more strongly. Tanks have already entered the New Town and were hammering at the church walls. And bombers dived again and again just above us, dropping their load ever closer to our walls. At three in the afternoon, Vespers, as usual on Thursday, of the Blessed Sacrament. Then Compline, during which there was a raid. And the aeroplanes circle endlessly right over the church. Nevertheless we bravely say Compline. *Sub umbra alarum tuarum protege nos*, under the shadow of Thy wings protect us. Then the wonderful prayer *Visita nos*, visit us, the blessing, and finally the *Salve Regina*. With what feeling we recited this most beautiful antiphon, which is perhaps the best preparation for the hour of death. The roar of the aeroplanes died down somewhat, as if moving away. With a feeling of some relief, but always in earnest recollection, the sisters surrounded the tabernacle with a wreath and began the adoration of reparation. Usually, when the bombers roared over us,

some supplicatory prayers were recited in common. Today, the opposite. A great silence fell, full of the gravity of death. Suddenly a terrible shock. Darkness, a human cry, and the commandant calling out: "Calm, ladies and gentlemen, it is only a pillar." The poor commandant was mistaken. It was not a pillar, but the whole vault of the church collapsed with a soft rustle, burying under its rubble our nuns and up to a thousand civilians.

My dear ones, may this example of the Benedictine Sacramentine sisters become for us like one more Rorate candle on this altar, dispelling the darkness of modern paganism, of modern godlessness and sin.

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

My dear ones, although our times are similar, because we are living in the time of the Third World War, since the time of the Council, in a time of war which we should fear far more than the previous ones. For as Holy Scripture says: do not fear him who can kill the body, but him who can drag the spirit into eternal damnation. And this Third World War has precisely a spiritual dimension. The point is that the evil one should gather up as many souls as possible and drag them [?] into hellfire.

But the most dramatic thing in this situation of ours is that I am afraid there will not be found today modern Benedictine Sacramentines who would remain at Christ's altar, who would adore the Most Blessed Sacrament while hearing bombs falling above them. Nor would there be found priests who would bring the last service to the dying. Because look at Polish hospitals, often turned into places of spiritual torture. Because people die today like dogs. A priest is not admitted to them with the last service. In the name of epidemiological safety. And what epidemiological safety is a dying man to fear?

And not further back than a few days ago a faithful man called me, terrified, because his brother-in-law's grandmother had been shut in on a Covid ward. First he called with hope and asked whether the priest would go to the hospital. "You know, Piotr, if only they let me in, I will go." But, as you can guess, there is no admission for a priest. Because a priest constitutes a source of epidemiological danger. So he called the chaplain of that hospital with a request that he walk through the ward as chaplain of the infectious diseases ward, and he heard then that he can absolve the grandmother from a distance, but go to her he will not, because he does not want to catch it. So what does that stinking lazybones draw his salary for? He is supposedly a hospital chaplain, but wants to bring the sick his service from a distance. As if Zbyszek Nowak [?] or that Kashpirovsky were now going to radiate absolutions.

My dear ones, what have we lived to see in our Poland? And did any of us expect, while living through the previous Advent, that they would prepare such horrors for us on Polish soil, that thousands of people would be deprived of access to a priest at the moment of death? Why, even the French revolutionaries did not go that far. When Louis XVI wished, asked before his execution to meet with a priest, and a non-constitutional one at that, my dear ones, because the revolution had introduced the civil constitution of the clergy and demanded that French clergymen swear loyalty to the Republic. And the vast majority of bishops as well as priests refused, for which they paid with their heads or had to hide in forests and visit the faithful by night with sacramental service. And even those godless Masonic revolutionaries respected the wish of Louis XVI and allowed a priest who had refused to take the oath of loyalty to the Masonic state to come to him with the last service, to celebrate Holy Mass in his cell, so that the King of France could receive from a Catholic priest absolution and Viaticum, his last Communion, and so that this priest could walk behind him all the way to the guillotine and accompany him at the moment when he stood before the face of the Divine Judge. And today Catholic bishops are silent, and Catholic politicians treat the sick, the elderly, worse than a dog.

THE TIME OF TRIBULATION

Therefore, my dear ones, aware of the gravity, of the tragedy that has become our lot, we must all the more fervently turn to the Immaculate Heart of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary and beg her that she be pleased to shorten this period of tribulation and darkness, that she obtain from her Son the shortening of this terrible

time, for the sake of those few chosen ones who are devoted to her Immaculate Heart. Because if this time is not shortened, then even the chosen may fall into discouragement and doubt. Therefore let us pray for mercy, that our Mother may save us from God's wrath. That she may save those souls who are not completely hardened, in whose depths a tiny little flame of Catholic faith still burns.

My dear ones, what can I wish for myself and for you, as we live through this special Advent, in 2020, which was full of strange events, strange signs, which Catholics ought to read? I can wish for myself that I and you may have in us at least a part of that zeal for the house of God, of that total surrender to God's will, which the Warsaw Sacramentines had in 1944. Who, unlike the post-conciliar hierarchs, whose mouths are full of platitudes about the Lord Jesus, about the Mother of God, Queen of Poland, because they like to wipe their treacherous mugs with beautiful, holy words, but nothing follows from it. Those are empty platitudes.

So I wish that there may be found in us at least a part of that faith, that zeal which the Sacramentines had. That we may not be empty bells, but that the fire of true love for the Immaculate Heart of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary may burn in us. So that at the end of our lives we may be prepared for the meeting with Christ the Lord. As the Warsaw Sacramentines were prepared.

And I can wish for myself and for you too that the sacrifice which they made of their lives, the sacrifice by which they confirmed with their own blood the charism of their congregation, the charism of reparation for sins [...], that this sacrifice may not go in vain. That we Poles may not allow the blood of these women martyrs to be trampled today by Germans, Freemasons, by the enemies of Christ's Cross. And may they burn for us like little candles, showing the way to our heavenly homeland. There, where, as Saint John the Apostle writes in the Apocalypse, every tear will be wiped away.

Amen.