BISHOP WILLIAMSON, FAITHFUL TO THE END

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I offer this Holy Mass, as I announced, as another Gregorian Mass for the soul of the late Bishop Richard Williamson. On this occasion I am also speaking today, exceptionally, not from the pulpit, which you have already got used to, but from the altar, because it was in this very place, at this altar, that Bishop Williamson, on Corpus Christi last year, spoke words that turned out to be prophetic. He said then: "Dear friends, it is a great pleasure to be in Poland again and, to tell the truth, I do not know whether it is not the last time. I am getting old and I must die. That is why it is a great pleasure to be able to visit again your great Catholic nation, which is much more faithful than even my own homeland." Divine Providence decreed it so: Bishop Williamson departed this world on the day of Saint Francis de Sales, bishop and Doctor of the Church. It happened just before midnight.

The very next day, a faithful from the Czech Republic, a good friend both of the bishop and of myself, contacted me and told me a story that gave him much to think about. For it was in the year of Our Lord 2023 that Bishop Williamson was in the Czech Republic for the last time; last year I took over the visits to the Czech Republic. When he was at the home of this faithful, Jan, who was also in this church on Corpus Christi last year, with his wife and son, when he was at his home in 2023 and they were talking about Czech sacred architecture, Jan said that they had published a calendar enriched with photographs of Czech churches. The bishop asked to be shown the calendar. As Jan was taking the calendar down from the wall, he caught a picture, which fell on Bishop Williamson's head. Jan was horrified: how could he drop something on a bishop's head! The bishop took the picture in his hands and for two or three minutes gazed at the figure shown in it. And the saint who appeared in that Czech picture was precisely Saint Francis de Sales.

NOT FEARING CONTROVERSY

Dear faithful, today we hear from the mouth of the old man Simeon the words: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." When the news of the death of a certain English bishop went round the media, the headlines appeared: "Controversial bishop dead." Of course, the word "controversial" was used in the most negative sense possible. Controversial, that is, the one who puts a stick in the spokes of the builders of the new world order. The one who does not fit. The one about whom the whole world kept silent, who it would have preferred, wished, would be killed [?]. But we Catholics, dear friends, we Catholics know perfectly well that at the same time this was a great accolade for Bishop Williamson. For Our Lord Jesus Himself aroused controversy among the perverse Jews. All the apostles aroused controversy. All the saints of the Catholic Church aroused controversy. Because, my dear friends, a confessor of Jesus Christ cannot have friends among the sons of this world. If a Catholic does not arouse controversy, it means that something is wrong with his Catholicism.

If we see today, my dear friends, an Argentine Jesuit hugging rabbis, imams, pastors, praised to the skies by the media, it is nothing other than proof that he is a spiritual son of Judas, the betrayer of Our Lord Jesus Christ. "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you," says Christ the Lord. A Catholic who fears controversy, who fears opposition, who fears attack from the sons of this world, is already in the hands of the devil. And it is high time, my dear friends, that among Catholics, priests, bishops, a pope finally appeared who would begin to arouse controversy, whom the world would begin to hate.

In the first centuries of Christianity, Catholics, the martyrs, were often torn apart by the fangs of wild beasts. Today faithful Catholics, my dear friends, are torn apart by the fangs of lying, vile journalists, by gossip and slander. And so it was also in the case of Bishop Williamson, who devoted his whole life to the service of the Church, and who still on Thursday, last

Thursday, that is, two days before his hospitalisation, when we were exchanging emails, stated in his last email: "I have done everything I should have done for the Church."

HATRED, LIES AND DEATH

Many of you had the opportunity to know the late Bishop Williamson, who combined in a wonderful way courage, fortitude and fidelity to Christ — who preached the word in season and out of season, which very many did not like — but combined this fidelity and fortitude with love of neighbour, with compassion for the erring man. As every Catholic pastor should do. This fidelity to Christ was the source and cause of hatred, of genuine, demonic hatred on the part of the sons of this world, who, when he was taken to hospital, threw themselves upon him like wild beasts, to tear him apart with false reports of his death. Disgusting Jewish propaganda. Killing off a living man, in which, my dear friends, a whole mass of supposedly traditional Catholics, supposedly traditional priests, took part: scoundrels dressed up in cassocks, sending around messages: "Bishop Williamson has died", shedding artificial, feigned tears and citing as their source Wikipedia, because Wikipedia said he was dead.

And is this not, my dear friends, a perfect illustration of what Bishop Williamson spoke about all his life, of what he warned against? "Do not believe the lying media, which are the work and instrument of the devil, which are in the service of the apostles of the Great Reset, in the service of the Jews and the Masons." All his life he warned against this. And then a certain sedevacantist [?] priest — greetings here to those sedevacantists [?] — writes to him: "Father, do not spread Jewish lies." And he writes me a text message: "They are not lies, only rumours." So what is that? A scoundrel. Dear faithful, this is a lesson for us all. You see how manipulated the world is. It is enough to write something on the internet and everyone believes it. Fools, idiots!

Dear faithful, there is a saying: "As you live, so you will die." Such as your life, such is your death. And so it was in the case of the late Bishop Williamson: surrounded by faithful priests and laity saying the Rosary, before he was taken to hospital he received the holy sacraments and prepared himself for death. And there, from Saturday until Wednesday, until 23:23, the vigil went on. The whole world was already announcing his death, while Catholics kept watch at the bed of the sick, dying pastor without interruption for those many dozens of hours; they did not leave the hospital. They persevered in prayer, in that prayer which Bishop Williamson ceaselessly asked us to say, to which he ceaselessly encouraged and called us. A great gift from Our Lady: to be able to die provided with the holy sacraments, surrounded by unceasing prayer of the Rosary. And one thing was certain, my dear friends, that Bishop Williamson most certainly could not die on the day on which the Jews had planned it. Since they announced to the whole world: 25 January, 12:00 o'clock, they even gave the hour, one thing was certain, my dear friends: a man who all his life had the courage to speak the truth, who did not bend before them, most certainly could not die when they appointed it, when they decided it for themselves.

This prayer, my dear friends, is a great witness of faith, which moved the doctors and nurses working in the hospital. They had never seen anything like it. They came and asked: "What are you doing? What are these beads that you are holding in your hands?" They were not able to believe that death could look like this. Death, whose servants today's doctors have become. The death that they bring, the death to which they contributed in the time of the psychoplandemic, which Bishop Williamson immediately called by its name. He called scoundrels scoundrels, robbers robbers, which, unfortunately, so many supposedly traditional priests did not have the courage to do.

And it seemed, my dear friends, on the feast of Saint Francis de Sales, 28 January, that the bishop had made it through that day. It was already about 11 p.m., when some of the clergy and faithful withdrew for a short rest. The bishop was breathing calmly. His friend Father Brühwiler [?] from Switzerland remained. And suddenly, after 23:15, the bishop began to breathe deeply. Father Brühwiler realised that death was approaching. Those keeping watch sent out a text message for everyone to return to the hospital. But, being Bishop Williamson, he did not wait. At 23:23 he gave up his spirit. Father Brühwiler stood beside him, saying the prayers for the dying

with him, repeating the holy names: Jesus, Mary, Joseph. "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace" — Bishop Williamson could have quoted the words of the old man Simeon. A man who departs in peace, because everything he was to do for the Church, he did. A man who departs in peace, with a clear conscience, because he fulfilled the duties of his state. He handed on, as Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre did, he handed on what he had received. He handed on the treasure of the Catholic faith, he handed on the Holy Mass of all time, he handed on the sacrament of the priesthood, of apostolic succession.

FIDELIS INVENTUS

Dear faithful, Bishop Williamson's episcopal motto were the words *Fidelis inventus*: "He was found faithful." Words that refer to the Letter of Saint Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians: "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God. Here now it is required among the dispensers, that a man be found faithful." A steward is not the owner of the goods, but manages them and must hand them on, as he received them, to those who come after him. This is exactly what he did, our dear friend, father and brother in the priesthood and the episcopate. A tireless companion in the fight for the faith. I recall the words of Saint Paul the Apostle: "For I am even now ready to be sacrificed, and the time of my dissolution is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just judge, will render to me in that day; and not only to me, but to them also that love his coming."

But are there still, my dear friends, on this earth those who love the coming of the Lord? Who, after the example of Saint Simeon, await the meeting with the true God? Are there still on this earth those who live with the desire of meeting Christ? This hatred, my dear friends, which was nursed against Bishop Williamson will most certainly still continue. For the hatred of the God-killing nation reaches even to the grave. And so news reaches me of further vile acts, when, for example, in the Priestly Society of Saint Pius X the superiors are sending priests guidelines and forbidding them to offer Masses for the intention of one of the four bishops consecrated by Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre in 1988. You know perfectly well which bishop I am speaking of. See, my dear friends, how this can be reconciled with the Catholic faith, when prayer for the dead is forbidden. This, my dear friends, is plain abomination. An abomination that will be punished by Almighty God. An abomination committed by priests and faithful of Tradition. Yet another murder of Bishop Williamson's good name, resulting solely and exclusively from the fact that he called things by their name, that he did not consent to betrayal, to squandering the legacy of the archbishop, to signing any agreement whatsoever with modernist, conciliar Rome. This hatred, my dear friends, as we see, reaches beyond the grave.

This hatred, my dear friends, is however, as I said at the very beginning, an accolade, the best proof that Bishop Williamson fulfilled his episcopal motto: he was found faithful. To the end. Therefore today we wish to commend his soul to God's mercy. We wish to beg an eternal reward for him. And although we grieve, we grieve thinking that he will no longer stand in this church, that we will no longer hear his instructions and admonitions, nevertheless our mourning is soothed by all that Holy Church gives us to believe, all that Holy Church teaches about the death of a just man. *In memoria aeterna erit iustus* — Archbishop Viganò wrote — the just man shall be in everlasting remembrance. Just, my dear friends, because he wished to render to each what is due to him, and so first of all honour and glory to the Triune God, who led him out of heresy, out of the Anglican schism, to the light of the Catholic faith, which he loved more than life.

Let us raise, my dear friends, the prayer of the Church. Rise.

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

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Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him. Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him. Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him. May he rest in everlasting peace. Amen.

Let us pray. May Thy merciful kindness, which we invoke, O Lord, assist the soul of Thy servant, Bishop Richard, that by Thy grace he may obtain for ever fellowship with Him in whom he placed his hope and in whom he believed, through Our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God, world without end. Amen.

Of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.