

Summer 2016

THE CRUSADES

Some months ago we published an article on the Crusades in which we comprehensively destroyed the false historical narrative put out by liberals, Islamic apologists, effete churchmen and cerebrally challenged Jesuits. This essay received such an overwhelmingly positive response, we decided to republish it in leaflet form.

We enclose four free copies for you to distribute as you think fit and do your bit for real education, i.e. education based on facts rather than liberal/Masonic propaganda. If you can make use of more, just let us know. They are free, but we hope for donationS of course, otherwise our mission to serve the truth from within the belly of the current ecclesial and secular asylums would not be possible.

"GO AND SIN NO MORE"

By Alice Lengeju



Fr Dominic Howarth

I have coined the word "sodomophile" to describe those clerics and bishops who prostitute their office to surreptitiously promote the sodomite life-style within the Church. In truth, this promotion is not always that surreptitious, indeed, these days, it is frequently quite bold faced. As someone has noted, the wolves don't bother to pretend to be sheep any longer. Since the Council, the Church has become infested with a significant number of sodomophiles, some of whom are even found among high ranking churchman. They advance on the Church and our young people behind barricades constructed from the Masonic, fuzzy-left buzz words beloved of

secular liberals, such as "openness", "non-judgmentalism", "inclusiveness", "mercy", "diversity", etc.

They claim the moral high ground, spuriously asserting that they are serving an inclusive agenda. This, however, doesn't stand up to serious examination. There are scores, indeed hundreds, of different aberrosexual conditions which snare the sons of Adam, 99.9% of which are excluded from the "inclusiveness" of our sodomophile clerics. What, for example, of those poor souls who suffer from coprophilia, erotophonophilia, diaper fetishism, exhibitionism, frotteurism, hematolagnia, infantophilia, sadism, necrophilia or zoophilia - to name a mere handful at random? What these clerical sodomophiles have done is pick out just three or four psychosexual aberration from the bunch to promote and advance (and include in their ridiculous acronyms) and the rest can go to hell. The three or four aberrations selected almost all relate in some way or other to same-sex anal copulating. Whilst some would argue that this bizarre obsession with endorsing and promoting the sodomite lifestyle may not be entirely incompatible with having a normal healthy sexuality, it is surely not unfair to point out that this behaviour would also be entirely consistent with a cleric experiencing, or indulging, disordered desires in that direction himself.

Clerical sodomophiles are very skilled at rationalising. Rationalising is the art of telling oneself rational lies. We all do this of course. When we sin, or are drawn to sin, we rationalise what we are doing. Most of us cannot sustain the rationalising for too long and sooner or later the truth kicks in and we find ourselves on our knees in the confessional. These men, however, have raised rationalising to an art form, and one to which they have made a lifelong commitment. And if you commit your life to something you become rather good at it.

The Scriptures clearly condemn men who have "sex" with men in unambiguous terms in numerous places. However, one does not need the Scriptures to know that same-sex anal copulating is unnatural, unhealthy and grossly depraved - that is a no-brainer for anyone who has not been brainwashed by the materialist indoctrination that is otherwise known as modern education. Indeed, I'm sure that there are many decent homosexuals who would themselves affirm the truth of that statement. Nevertheless, clerical sodomophiles regularly misquote, abuse and truncate Scripture to serve their depraved agenda, but then did not Our Blessed Lord warn us that even the Devil will quote Scripture?

Clerical sodomophiles never act alone. It is of the nature of the beast to form cabals. The fact that our bishops select the priests to form our Catholic youth seemingly *exclusively* from members of these clerical sodomophile cabals should tell anyone all they need to know about the rancid spiritual state of many in the current hierarchy.

Fr Dominic Howarth is a leading light in one of these sodomophile cabals in the English Church, and is a classic example of the genre. He recently preached at a

Mass for those *committed* to the gay lifestyle (note again how very selective and narrow is their claimed inclusiveness). He grounded his sermon on the Gospel account of the young woman taken in adultery, and our Blessed Lord's brilliant intervention. At this point it suddenly goes pear shaped. We are invited to take from this story that God is open and accepting of those practising and promoting deviant sexual lifestyles. But that only works if Our Lord had said something along the following lines:

"Bless you young lady. Your adultery and promiscuous lifestyle are a sexual orientation, it's how my Father made you. Come out of the closet, embrace who and what you are, and continue your adulterous lifestyle with My blessing. Rejoice! God loves and accepts you just as you are. Perhaps, for support, you could seek out a special Mass for those committed to practising and promoting an adulterous lifestyle."

At which point, the "apostle", Fr Timothy Radcliffe, would no doubt have chipped in with his two pennyworth:

"We cannot begin with the question of whether adultery is permitted or forbidden! We must ask what it means, and how far it is Eucharistic. Certainly it can be generous, vulnerable, tender, mutual and non-violent. So in many ways, I would think that adultery can be expressive of Christ's self-gift."

However, away from the feverish imaginations of sodomophile clerics, the reality is that Christ said nothing of the sort, not even close. Instead, He cut through all the pretentious, phony piety and cant preached by sodomophile clerics like Fr Dominic Howarth (just as He cut through the sham holiness and rank hypocrisy of the crowd threatening to stone the young woman) with just five words:

"GO AND SIN NO MORE"

For the sake of historical accuracy, it is improbable that the mob actually planned to stone the young woman as Father would like us to believe. There are three good reasons for thinking this unlikely. One, stoning had fallen out of favour among the Jews of Our Lord's time. Two, Jews were under occupation by Rome and had lost the right to sentence anyone to death - which is why they dragged Christ before Pilate. Three, if they had actually planned to stone her, they would have hardly have consulted our Blessed Lord before proceeding.

No, what we are witnessing here is a trap being set for Christ, the Pharisees believe they have Him between a rock and a hard place. If he says "Don't stone her," they can denounce Him for contradicting the Law of Moses. If He says, "Stone her", His credentials as the representative of a God of mercy and love go up in smoke. Our Lord, of course, knowing precisely what they are up to, not only skilfully side-steps their trap but at the same time manages to reach out in compassion to the young woman and call her to repentance.

Sodomophiles like Fr Dominic Howarth are actually *infinitely* worse than the mob in this Gospel story, for the mob were merely feigning to be intent on destroying the young woman's body, not her soul. Men like Fr Dominic Howarth, by encouraging and confirming us in grave sin, set out to destroy both the soul and the body. He is precisely the kind of "shepherd" that Christ warned us to fear when He said:

"And fear ye not them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him that can destroy both soul and body in hell" (Matthew 10:28)

HAIR GROWING ON A CORPSE

Why are there so many sodomophiles in the post-Conciliar Church? That's easy to answer. Much of the post-Conciliar Church is such an eviscerated, insipid, bland, bloodless, leaden entity, that it entirely lacks the synergy necessary to inspire normal heterosexual red-blooded men in large numbers to sacrifice a wife and family for the sake of the Kingdom. Thus, the men left willing to sacrifice a wife and family for "Catholicism Lite" are often the sort of emasculated half-men who have minimal interest in a wife and family in the first place.

A lack of courage and self-confidence is natural to these moral and emotional *castrati*, and both feeds into the emasculated state and flows from it. These clerics are thus eaten up with craving for *human* respect. Political correctness is the *lingua franca* of those who are terrified of what might happen if they actually speak the truth.

This explains why men like Cardinal Nichols will never utter a peep about the one true Church, no salvation outside the Church, the Real Presence, sins crying to heaven for vengeance, the eternity of Hell, redemption, etc. but he is very happy to shout his mouth off about well-known Gospel themes like EU membership - the latter requires no courage you see, for it is guaranteed to go down well with the political classes, the BBC, bankers, big business and the Masonic lodges.

This lack of self-confidence which feeds into the emasculated state and flows from it, also explains why top ranking churchman can't resist waxing lyrical whenever some poor, lost, celebrity soul dies: Michael Jackson and David Bowie, for example. Catholics have a right to be scandalised by effete churchmen in high places penning panegyrics for these poster-boys of a depraved culture that seeks to devour our children. But nothing should surprise us anymore. No doubt L'Osservatore Romano will soon announce that Bruce Jenner is the Vatican's Woman of the Year!

Emasculatation also explains why these clerical geldings sneak off *behind the backs of the faithful* to Rome. Which they recently did with appeals designed to force traditionalists to accept girl altar boys, drop prayers for the Jews and move the dates of some of our great feasts to Sundays. No normal red-blooded male behaves that way. A normal man would have met with the leaders of the traditionalists first and discussed these issues with them, and, hopefully, might have concluded that, with a

Church rapidly vanishing on their watch, they had more important things to worry about than gratuitously offending their most loyal constituents.

A year or so ago, a mole with an ear in the UK Bishops' deliberations informed me that they had Yours Truly on their agenda; they were discussing closing down my website. To forward this objective they commissioned one of their apparatchiks to consult solicitors (at our expense, naturally - after all, isn't that what we put money in the plate for?). The apparatchik in question reported back at the next meeting that he had done as bidden, and their solicitors agreed with their lordships that my website was scurrilous, but unfortunately there was nothing legally that could be done about it because it was all true!

Yet again we see the trademark insecurity of the emasculated man writ large. Someone wrote that the biggest cross of a thief is not that no one trusts him, but that he can trust no one, for the thief assumes that all men are like him. Our emasculated clerics are similarly unaware of how bizarre their *modus operandi* appears to any normal healthy male, they assume that all men behave like them. I have no evidence, but I would guess, that the handful of psychologically healthy men within the bishops' conference, who, I've no doubt, caution against this nonsense, is quite literally hated by the majority - we must pray for them.

Nevertheless, those Catholics who are tempted to despair over the current state of our beloved Church, I believe, have mistaken the hour. We are no longer in the dead of night, we are living in the pre-dawn, that moment just before the first rays of light appears on the horizon heralding a glorious new day. An "eureka!" moment came to me this year on the Chartres pilgrimage.

For those unfamiliar with the Chartres pilgrimage, I believe it to be the most important event happening in the world today. It starts under the spires of Notre Dame de Paris when some fifteen thousand mainly young Catholics set out marching five abreast, seventy miles through the byways of France. It concludes three days later on Pentecost Monday with a solemn high traditional Mass in the cathedral of Notre Dame de Chartres attended by some fifteen thousand weary dust-covered pilgrims all in remarkably splendid voice.

This year I counted 230 priests (there were more, but I was distracted from my counting by another pilgrim) processing into the cathedral. Many of these men had walked the seventy miles alongside us, leading devotions and hearing confessions on the hoof. I would be surprised to learn that more than ten percent of these men were over the age of forty. The mean age, I would estimate, would be around 29/31.

The next morning the British contingent had a private Mass in the crypt of the cathedral. I arrived early because one of my grandsons was serving. There was a concelebrated Novus Ordo Mass taking place in the chapel we were to use. Having no interest in this, I sat on the steps outside. The Mass concluded and seven portly, elderly priests emerged and shuffled the 25 metres or so to the sacristy in what I

assumed was intended to be a procession. I would be surprised to learn that any one of them was a day under seventy-five. Three of them had the pronounced stoops that some elderly people develop. Four of them were walking with the aid of sticks. I could hardly resist humming, "*Hi-ho, Hi-ho It's home from work we go [Whistle]*"

It reminded of those elderly comrades who shuffle every May Day around Red Square in Moscow, some in wheel chairs, others with Zimmer-frames, waving Red Flags. One can but pray and weep for so many wasted lives.

I bring tidings of good news, folks! The revolution is dead! What we are watching, the closing of parishes in Wales and Modernist John closing half his parishes in Salford for example (while prating on mindlessly about wonderful new dawns) are merely the last stand of the remnants of the Revolution. The Pontificate of Francis, *Laudato Si'*, *Amoris Laetitia*, are no more than hair growing on a corpse; undoubtedly a disgusting phenomenon, but, in the final analysis, indicative of absolutely nothing. The sun will soon be above the horizon, and this will all disappear as rapidly as an overnight ground frost - and they know it, which is why we are seeing signs of increasing desperation from our elderly revolutionaries. Just keep praying the Rosary, friends.

HERE'S WHAT THEY DON'T TELL YOU
Their Sexual Proclivities Are Killing Them - By Austin Ruse

It is clear from their relatively tiny numbers that "men who have sex with men" (MSM)* are not "everywhere" as MSM insist they are. It is also clear from their sexual activities, particularly related to anal sex, that their sexual practices also set them apart from the normal population.

MSM will continue to insist they are just like everyone else. They will insist they have been with their current lover for ten, twenty, thirty years. But even MSM are beginning to admit that this, too, is nothing more than propaganda. Their sally into marital bliss is a sham and not much more. Some call it the "dirty little secret" of the MSM world; that they want the white picket fence and marital fidelity when what they really want are open relationships where they can have multiple partners often quite anonymously.

MSM have wanted desperately to shield the normal population from the reality of their sordid lives and one reason is they do not want us to know how disease ridden is their "community." Their sexual proclivities are costing the rest of us billions of dollars a year in direct medical costs and billions more in lost productivity. And they will insist all along that their sexual practices cannot change, should not change, since these practices are a part of who they are.

Independent researcher Dale O'Leary published a hair-raising paper in *The Linacre Quarterly* two years ago called "The Syndemic of AIDS and sexually transmitted diseases (STD) among MSM" that tells a plethora of uncomfortable truths about MSM.

Note her use of the term “syndemic.” This is beyond both an epidemic and a pandemic. A syndemic is two or more diseases in a population “in which there is some level of positive biological interaction that exacerbates the negative health effects of any or all of the diseases.”

In the world of MSM, it is not just HIV/AIDs, which is still rampant and growing. There are other diseases that tag along, many of which are deadly. In addition to these diseases there are also contributory pathologies such as promiscuity, alcoholism, drug abuse, and violence.

She writes, “In the 1970s, physicians were treating the large number of conditions affecting the lower intestinal tract of MSM under the classification ‘gay bowel syndrome.’ These included viral infections, infectious diarrheal diseases caused by bacteria and parasites, and injuries caused by anal sexual activity.”

MSM will try to convince you that anal sex is clean and does not put you in touch with faecal matter, particularly if you do it right, they say. They really talk like that. You may see in the comment sections of various MSM blogs.

O’Leary quotes Randy Shilts who—before he died of AIDs—wrote an influential book about the AIDs crisis called *And the Band Played On*:

In San Francisco, incidence of the “Gay Bowel Syndrome,” as it was called in medical journals, had increased by 8,000 percent after 1973. Infection with these parasites was a likely effect of anal intercourse, which was apt to put a man in contact with his partner’s faecal matter, and was virtually a certainty through the then-popular practice of rimming, which medical journals politely called oral-anal intercourse.

O’Leary points out how a cornucopia of nasty diseases has also been a point of pride for MSM since it points to their outsider revolutionary status. Among these diseases, then and now, are syphilis, gonorrhoea, hepatitis A, B and C, cytomegalovirus, Epstein-Barr virus, human papillomavirus, cancer, lymphogranuloma venereum, granuloma inguinale, pubic lice, pinworms, scabies, and flea bites. Flea bites?

Did things change with the introduction of HIV/AIDS among MSM? Of course not. You likely know the story. MSM pressure groups resisted any kind of public health interventions that would have stopped or at least slowed the disease that proceeded to mow down generations of young men. MSM refused to close the bath houses where they had multiple anonymous partners in a single evening. They rebuffed calls for routine testing and for partner tracing. The infected ones even argued they had no responsibility to tell future partners they carried a deadly disease.

O’Leary reports, “A 1986 study of MSM in New York City found that 49.6% had not changed their behavior (Feldman 1986). A 1987 study found that 67% of MSM admitted engaging in anal intercourse without condoms during the previous year.” Note these studies were done after the massive HIV hysteria ginned up by MSM to

demonstrate it wasn't "their" disease but that everyone would get it. This was one of their early and crucial lies that they are like the rest of us.

Ideologues will often argue all we need is more public education on the matter. In fact, as O'Leary says, the problem is not ignorance. We are awash in condoms and in so-called safe-sex advocacy. But sexual buccaneering is part and parcel of who MSM are. As Gabriel Rotello—author of *Sexual Ecology: AIDS and the Destiny of Gay Men* and founder of *OutWeek Magazine*—wrote, “sexual brotherhood of promiscuity ... any abandonment of that promiscuity would amount to a communal betrayal of gargantuan proportions.”

Rotello also said, “A stranger to gay culture, unaware of the reality of AIDS, might believe from much of the gay press that HIV infection was a sort of elixir that produced high self-esteem, solved long-standing psychological and substance abuse problems, and enhanced physical appearance ... creating the subconscious impression that infection—the ‘penalty’ of unsafe sex—is really not so bad after all.”

One massive problem among MSM is promiscuity, and promiscuity on a grand scale. O'Leary writes, “Gay bars, gay bookstores, theaters, certain resort communities, and circuit parties have traditionally provided venues where MSM could engage in various forms of sexual activity with numerous partners.”

In the early '80s, Center for Disease Control researchers were shocked “by the sheer number of sexual partners reported, typically over 1000.” There is no reason to think such behaviour has subsided, particularly since who they are in their own minds is largely defined by what they do. In fact, a column by a young man in *New York Magazine* a few years ago celebrated his discovery of the easy anonymous sex he found at truck stops.

In the 1970s and '80s, bathhouses were the scene of bacchanals right from pits of hell. Men could and did engage in anal intercourse under the influence of drugs for hours with multiple anonymous partners. While some of the bathhouses closed, the action shifted to so-called “Circuit” parties, massive fundraisers for AIDS that became little more than drug-and-booze-fuelled attended by thousands and even tens of thousands.

With the advent of the Internet, men are now able to meet other sex-minded men on a moments “anywhere, anytime” as the website *Manhunt.net* announces on its homepage. The site's homepage image is of two men grappling at a front-door, another two getting it on in an office, and six young men in leather cavorting on a couch.

Manhunt.net is not the only one. There is also a truly vile site called *Grindr* where men advertise themselves in gruesome detail. Go onto these sites and you can have a quickie in a bathroom of a public park on the way to work ... right now.

The introduction of retroviral drugs has made AIDS a chronic rather than a deadly disease so that young MSM maintain the argument that anal sex is their right and due but that it remains without real consequences. This tiny part of the population contributes 63 percent of the new HIV cases in the United States.

But it is not just rampant disease that defines the MSM syndemic. There are also psychological disorders and suicidal ideation. O'Leary reports that "well designed studies with large samples done in the US, New Zealand, UK, and the Netherlands have found that MSM were far more likely to have a history of psychological disorders, suicidal ideation, and substance abuse problems (Fergusson, Horwood, and Beautrais 1999; Herrell et al. 1999; Cochran Mays, and Sullivan 2003; Gilman et al. 2001; Sandfort et al. 2001, 2006; Warner et al. 2004)."

There is also drug abuse, particularly methamphetamine, which for many MSM has become inextricably linked to sex. There is also widespread use of the animal tranquilizer Ketamine, called "Special K," also "poppers," various nitrates that are inhaled to heighten the sexual experience and also make anal sex more acceptable. There is an increasing addiction to anabolic muscle-building steroids among MSM in order to make insecure men more appealing to other men in the hyper-yet-phony muscularized MSM culture.

Yet another part of the syndemic is the instance of early childhood sexual abuse that feeds into drug abuse, psychological problems, sexual acting out, and disease acquisition.

O'Leary writes, "Mounting research evidence suggests that men with a history of unwanted sexual activity during childhood are more likely than those without such a history to engage in sexual practices that place them at risk for contracting HIV (Dilorio, Hartwell, and Hansen 2002)." Her paper shows that besides rape in childhood, rape is a regular part of the MSM life.

And the cost of all this runs into the billions of dollars in direct medical costs and billions more in lost productivity. That is another thing they want to hide. Their sexual proclivities are costing us dearly.

No matter what you hear from any MSM you may know, no matter what you hear on TV about how normal they are, no matter what propaganda is rolled out on television about how picket-fence they are, those are simply lies to lull you into a position of acceptance and even celebration.

The awful fact is there are no sunny "gay" uplands. There is only sadness, loneliness, disease, and death.

*MSM (men who have sex with men) is the term used in the medical community when discussing those who otherwise are called gay or homosexual. The useful aspect of this term is that it focuses on behaviour and not on identity.

[Note: - I do not share Mr Ruse's enthusiasm for the term "MSM" for the following reason: same-sex anal copulating is not sex, anymore than stuffing food in your ear is eating. It is an unhealthy, unnatural and disgusting parody of sex, and a parody is, by definition, not the genuine article - Ed]

GOD WILL NOT LEAVE US ORPHANS

Bishop Athanasius Schneider has made his strongest comments yet on the “real spiritual danger” posed by the Apostolic Exhortation *Amoris Laetitia*. The bishop said that the document contains expressions that are “objectively erroneous” and which “one can hardly interpret... according to the holy immutable Tradition of the Church.”

Bishop Schneider’s remarks were made in a letter to the Catholic newspaper *The Remnant* in response to an open letter by contributor Chris Ferrara, which asked the bishop “to do everything in his power to persuade his brethren in the episcopacy... to mount concerted and decisive public opposition to the destructive novelties of *Amoris Laetitia*.”



Among the many important points made by Bishop Schneider in his reply, we wish to draw attention to the following:

(i) that the “the natural and logical consequences” of *Amoris Laetitia* will include “doctrinal confusion, a fast and easy spreading of heterodox doctrines” and “the adoption and consolidation of the praxis of admitting divorced and remarried to Holy Communion, a praxis which will trivialize and profane, as to say, at one blow three sacraments: the sacrament of Marriage, of Penance, and of the Most Holy Eucharist”

(ii) that all Catholics “who still take seriously their baptismal vows, should with one voice make a profession of fidelity, enunciating concretely and clearly all those Catholic truths, which are in some expressions in *AL* undermined or ambiguously disfigured”

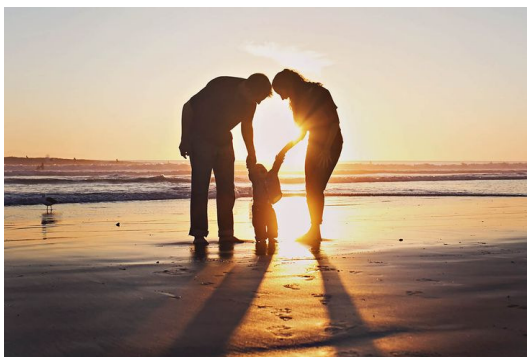
(iii) that exaggerated views of papal infallibility are “contrary to the teaching of Jesus and of the whole Tradition of the Church. Such a totalitarian understanding and application of Papal infallibility is not Catholic, is ultimately worldly, like in a dictatorship; it is against the spirit of the Gospel and of the Fathers of the Church.”

(iv) that future popes “will be grateful to those bishops, theologians and lay people” who raised their voices in this time of “great confusion.”

"CAN LIFE REALLY GET MUCH BETTER?"

By James Parker (Edited and abridged by Graham Moorhouse)

I grew up believing myself to have been born gay, having always and only, had the most powerful, all consuming attraction towards my own sex. I was an exclusively homosexual male with no heterosexual desires whatsoever.



Teenage years were hell. I often thought of suicide, occasionally self-harmed and had a growing problem with alcohol and gay

porn. I came out to my parents when I was 17, in floods of tears. But mum and dad were amazing; they said they had known I was gay and then affirmed their unconditional love for me. My mates at school also told me they had known for some time and supported me. The "coming out" process wasn't tortuous or traumatic. My deepest fears rapidly subsided. I felt a freedom like I had never experienced before.

At 18 I moved to London from the north of England and fully embraced my gay identity. I became the first person to live openly as a gay man in the section of the university I attended, and even established an LGBT group for other students, actively preaching against those who suggested that being gay was somehow a choice, or even wrong. I never felt the need to change. I was born gay, it was all I'd ever known – end of. Even though I'd been raised a Christian and attended an LGBT Christian Movement in London, I revelled in the capital's gay scene and led a very promiscuous lifestyle; I reckon I had 200 sexual partners.

Eventually I settled down with a long-term boyfriend, and we considered going abroad to marry – or at least have a civil-partnership. It was while I was in this long term relationship that I was invited one evening to attend a series of weekly gatherings called Life in the Spirit Seminars. I came to a place where I decided to enter into a relationship with Jesus Christ. There were no dramatic changes overnight to my life but my long-term boyfriend noticed that I was becoming calmer and less self-focused. He decided to come along to the weekly gatherings, gave his life to Christ. I came to a place where I knew I needed to terminate my relationship with my long-term partner.

Acting on a friend's advice, I went into therapy to address my commitment issues. There was nothing brutal or harrowing about the help I received; the horror stories you hear from some of those gay-straight 'conversion' documentaries don't apply here.

I embarked on an incredible journey of forgiveness, having many people from my past, and especially men, that I needed to forgive. The therapy and prayers sessions I now regularly engaged in never focused solely on my being sexually attracted to men, but I was encouraged to look every aspect of my present and past in the eye. This included the painful process of accepting that I had been sexually abused by a number of men as a child.

I eventually came to realise that as a boy I had failed to interact with other men on any significant level. I had perceived myself to be rejected by men even as a small boy and had made an inner vow never to deeply trust them. Only later did I see that other males, including my father and two older brothers, had in fact tried to reach out to me at different stages during my childhood, but that I had always responded out of my perceived hurt and so became more distanced from other guys until they eventually gave up trying to interact with me. No wonder men had become a mystery to me and even an obsession by my teens, when I began erotically craving men and feeding this through porn.

I also realised I had thrown myself wholeheartedly into a world of the feminine, with no masculine counter-balance, yet I despised women for having the natural ability to woo every aspect of a heterosexual man, which I could not do. I discovered that my natural place was not among women.

Feeling of acceptance

My fears and anxiety gradually subsided, and I began to feel more accepted around both men and women. I moved from constantly rejecting masculine identity to embracing it; my posture changed, I began to walk straighter and lost my old mincing walk. My voice gained a whole new resonance, such that people would regularly comment on it to me.

I began to see that maybe, just maybe, I was never truly gay and that there was a man as real and as noble as the men I had often admired, worshipped and yearned for hidden deep within me, waiting to be freed and released.

Physical contact with women, even touching a woman's hair, became more enjoyable. I began to enjoy being a man, and enjoy women's company more. This doesn't mean I went out and was attracted to every woman I met; I wasn't an on-heat teenager. But it was a gradual process, eventually leading to dates and relationships.

Today I've been married to a woman for eight years, and we have a five-year-old daughter. I love art and theatre, but I enjoy team sports in a way that frightened me as a child. One of my favourite movies is *Saving Private Ryan*, because it's about brotherhood and deep male friendships, something I'd never enjoyed before.

I don't miss the gay lifestyle I left behind – when I visited my ex-boyfriend, five years after therapy, it brought home to me the drawbacks of that life. His voice had become camp and weak, and he had even contracted HIV. I know more than ever

that my decision to enter therapy, saved my life. It also saved a lot of taxpayers' money, too. I now believe I would have ended up considering, and no doubt requesting, gender reassignment at the expense of the public purse.

But I now believe people aren't born gay, and anyone can develop the sort of hidden identity I've found. I guess I became straight by accident. It was never a grand plan; the therapy was an attempt to resolve commitment issues, rather than sexual identity. I never had any desire to change my sexuality. But that's what happened – in fact it changed everything.

Today, I find myself a million miles away from where I expected to be half a lifetime ago. I am surrounded by the richest of relationships and am certain of God's eternal love for me. Nothing can replace this. Can life really get much better?

CHRIST'S EXTENDED FAMILY **With Acknowledgment to Christopher Wong**

Protestants never tire of arguing that the Mother of God could not have been a virgin because the Bible refers to "the brethren of Christ." The following snapshot of our Lord's extended family makes very satisfying sense of a number of scriptural verses, and also various texts from the early Church.

First up: St Joseph, our Lord's stepfather, had a brother named Cleophas. It is reasonable to assume this Cleophas was a pious, steadfast rock of a man, like his brother St Joseph. Cleophas' first wife (whose name is not mentioned in the Gospels) had borne him two sons: Simon and Jude. Cleophas remarried a widow named Mary. This Mary, who through this marriage becomes our Lady's sister-in-law, had previously been married to one Alpheus and had borne him two sons: James and Joseph. There is, of course, nothing extraordinary in the marriage of a widow and a widower, each with children.

We do not hear of Cleophas or Joseph (Jesus' adopted father) in the Gospels during Jesus' adult life. We can speculate that after their deaths, the two families—deprived of their protectors and heads—came together under one roof. This would further strengthen their ties: the two Marys as "sisters" and Jesus and His cousins as "brothers". Gospel and tradition are thus in harmony and without questioning Mary's perpetual virginity.

This scenario throws light on numerous biblical verses, for example, the reference to Jesus' brethren: James, Joseph, Simon and Jude (Mt 13:55). We also know that His mother Mary had a "sister" called Mary, "And there were standing by the cross of Jesus His mother and His mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen." This other Mary had a husband named Cleophas (Jn 19:25). We can safely assume that Mary wife of Cleophas is not a true sister of the Virgin Mary, given that they both have the same name.

Mary wife of Cleophas is also described as the mother of James and Joseph (Mt 27:56 and Mk 15:40). On the other hand, James is described as the son of Alphaeus (Mt 10:3, Mk 3:18, Lk 6:15).

An historian named Hegesippus, a native of Palestine, sheds further light. Hegesippus finished his Memoirs when he was an old man during the reign of Pope Eleutherius (AD 175-189). He had been able to question surviving members of Jesus' family. Hegesippus also tell us that: "After the martyrdom of James, it was unanimously decided that Simeon, son of Cleophas, was worthy to occupy the see of Jerusalem. He was, it is said, a cousin of the Saviour." Hegesippus also confirms that Cleophas was a brother of Joseph (Eusebius, Hist. eccl., III, 11).

St Epiphanius (Haer., LXXVII, 7) says the same and adds (ibid., 14) "that this Simeon, the son of Cleophas, was a cousin of James the Just," as Hegesippus says in another passage. (Prat, Jesus Christ, p. 505).

Ferdinand Prat reasons: "We know then, that the mother of two of the brothers of the Lord was Mary of Cleophas, the sister of the Blessed Virgin. We also know that Cleophas, St Joseph's brother, was the father of a third, called Simon or Simeon. Since the remaining one, Jude, is always connected with Simon and is, like him, part of the family of David, it is reasonable to suppose that he was also a son of Cleophas."

This hypothesis also explains why James, Joseph, Simon and Jude are always named in that order, as brethren of the Lord; why James and Joseph are a pair distinct from Simon and Jude; why Mary, sister of the Blessed Virgin, is called the mother of James and Joseph and never the mother of Simon and Jude; why, according to Hegesippus, Simon and not James is the son of Cleophas; why, again according to Hegesippus, Simon and Jude are of the family of David; why, according to tradition, James was of sacerdotal ancestry; why the common opinion of Catholics identifies James, son of Mary, sister of the Blessed Virgin, with James the Apostle, the son of Alphaeus; why Mary of Cleophas is called in the Gospel sister of the Blessed Virgin, when she was really her sister-in-law, being the wife of St. Joseph's brother; finally, why, after the deaths of Joseph and Cleophas, the two sisters brought their families together, so that thereafter the two families seemed to be but one. (Prat, Jesus Christ, p. 136-137).

"JUST IMAGINE WHAT AN ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS OPPORTUNITY FOR RENEWAL THAT WILL BE!"

The demolition contractors who have been employed as bishops by the Church for the last forty years are now being steadily replaced by insolvency and crisis managers.

As reported in the Catholic Herald: "The Bishop of Wrexham, announced the closure of 22 churches by 2020, adding some changes will begin within weeks.



Spouting the usual post-Conciliar episcobabble we have all come to know and admire, he announced that the closure of 22 churches across his diocese is a “huge opportunity for renewal”.

In a pastoral letter to the diocese, Bishop Peter Brignall announced that he plans to shut 22 out of the current 62 Catholic churches by 2020. He wrote: *“To some it will be shocking, to others not radical enough [Presumably he has the Masons in mind here]; to some it will come as a relief, to others a disappointment or even a scandal; to us all it will be a challenge, but I firmly believe also a huge opportunity for renewal. It will mean pastors and communities will have to look afresh at how we live parish*

life, how the Catholic Church in north Wales is profoundly missionary.”

One can't help a sneaking admiration for someone who can keep a straight face while spewing out that sort of inane drivel. Ah, the springtime of Vatican II, isn't it fabulous? *“On present calculations,”* further notes His Excellency, *“by 2020 the number of under-retirement-age priests will be 22”*

That's awesome. And a few years after that, there won't be any priests left in Wales. And just imagine what an absolutely fabulous opportunity for renewal that will be!

CROSS-DRESSING (By Hilary White)

[Hilary White is one of the most original and insightful counter-cultural thinkers on the trad circuit today. I've printed the following essay without her permission. But I would like to pay her, so if anyone reading this has her email, or knows someone who might, please pass it on. I'm not personally endorsing the following essay, because it addresses what is uniquely a woman's issue - although I would be less than honest if I did not say my sympathies are with her. However, I do believe that what Hilary writes deserves to be prayerfully and reflectively read by Catholic women - Ed]



So, remember those “leathern-winged harpies” I mentioned the other day? Self-identified “conservative” Catholic women who apparently patrol the internet making sure no one says an unkind word about Harry Potter? Well, the same

flock also seems a little sensitive about suggestions that they ought not to be participating in the modern cultural disease by cross-dressing. In fact, I first met them on my blog some while ago when I suggested *On the Origins of the Sexual Revolution: Why did Marlene Dietrich Start Wearing Trousers?* Marlene Dietrich, Sexual Revolutionary that one of the easiest ways one can, in a small way, actively subvert the new regime is to cease wearing men's clothing, namely, trousers. It was like a duck-call, so instantly was my combox and email all aflutter with the leathery flapping and shrill shrieking. I expect that they will be back with this, my second foray into the subject.

Some time ago, I decided that my own participation in the usual activities considered normal under the New Paradigm of the Sexual Revolution, must cease entirely. This was well before I turned Trad, but I had come to an understanding of the cultural poison that the SR really was, and wanted no part of my life to continue to be involved in it.

Shortly after this I found that not only did I want to reform my life to conform to the moral law of God, I no longer wanted to have anything I did, including the way I presented myself, reflect those values, down to the smallest particle of appearance of external cooperation.

I was a bit scrupulous about it, admittedly. I decided, at about age 32, that I would resist, actively and passively and start to dress, as I put it at the time, like an adult woman.

I didn't talk about it much at the time, and it was, of course, before the advent of 'blogs, but people noticed, and would sometimes ask me about it. I never wanted to dictate to anyone how they should dress, but I was happy to explain my reasoning. It was then that I noticed the oddly furious reaction one could sometimes generate by suggesting that a person change the way she dresses to present a different kind of cultural message. To, in effect, opt out of the anti-culture and start wearing a visible badge of that resistance.

I was surprised at the violence of expressions used, and how uniform they were. I always got the same phrases, mainly having to do with the assertion of absolute personal autonomy. It seemed almost as if the response had been conditioned somehow.

The other day, I was daydreaming at Mass, as usual, and happened to glance at a woman who was wearing jeans with some kind of casual top, plus a chapel veil, and I started pondering the incongruity. Why did it strike me as incongruous? What message was being sent, and why did it seem mixed, even contradictory? What do jeans mean, culturally speaking? What does a chapel veil mean? And why don't they go together?

When I was a teenager, I was very interested in clothes, but not in the usual way. Having been raised on the West Coast in the 60s and 70s, cultural experimentation

was a way of life and I wanted to understand what the clothes we wore *meant*. That cultural revolution had been concerned with changing a great many aspects of our daily lives, and clothes not the least. I was keenly attuned to the history of clothes and the cultural messages sent out by the things we choose to wear.

It was then that jeans had become ubiquitous for men and women, or I should say at that time for boys and girls, since the adults were not being included.

Jeans on everyone were one of the symbols of what was then called “youth culture,” and were actively understood at the time as both an economic statement, rejecting the dictates of capitalism, and, more pertinently and lastingly, as a rejection of distinctions between the sexes.

“Unisex” clothing and hairstyles were deliberately adopted by the revolutionaries, specifically in order to subvert and eradicate cultural sexual distinctions, (a doctrine that has finally reached its fullness in the person of Bruce Jenner.) Wearing jeans, particularly by women, in other words, was one of the early works of the Sexual Revolutionaries.

Perhaps it was this cultural sensitivity that makes me notice it as strange even now. When I see a middle-aged woman wearing jeans – that I still regard unconsciously as clothing for teenagers, children, essentially – I can’t help but wonder, instinctively, why she doesn’t want to grow up and why she doesn’t want to look like a woman. I am only going on my own observations here, but I think one of the larger undocumented effects of the Revolution was to make us afraid of the fullness of sexual maturity that finds its completeness in marriage and motherhood.

My mother, who had long been ensnared in the ideology’s web, told me that in her teens, in the middle of the poodleskirts and bobby-soxer period, the way people dressed was, as she put it, “rigidly controlled” socially, and deviation from the accepted standards was heavily punished. She said that it was specifically against this suffocating social control that her generation rebelled. But I am inclined to believe, knowing what I do about Marxist grievance-mongering and psychological manipulation techniques, that her memory of that time may have been somewhat skewed by the interpretations of the new orthodoxy.

Since the Revolution, dress has become, in Western countries, a “very personal matter,” and as such is absolutely and utterly sacrosanct under the rubric of personal autonomy, a doctrine that has come to rule every aspect of our societies. I have come to believe that its ability to generate a disproportionately emotive response is itself part of the revolution’s brainwashing. As Orwell might have put it, that it is a form of Crimestop to burst into a rage at the suggestion that one might be happier eschewing habitual participation in the evil anti-culture that is making everyone miserable.

Since that all-encompassing cultural alteration, “expressing” ourselves by our dress, often deliberately in order to shock and undermine cultural standards, has become one of the hallmarks of modern Western notions of “freedom.” And as with all suc-

cessful revolutions, the one unforgivable crime is any attempt to deny the tenets of the revolutionary ideology. Thence comes the flapping and shrieking.

But what about wearing trousers, more generally? How did that happen, and when? It is usually not so easy to pinpoint a large cultural development, but in this case we have not only the written memory, but photographic and even video evidence. Perhaps unsurprisingly, the “trousers craze” was started by Hollywood, in the person of Marlene Dietrich – the Angelina Jolie of her time – who in 1932 shocked US society by wearing a tuxedo to the premier of a Biblical film called, “The Sign of the Cross,” a message that would have been difficult to miss even then.

Although the star was later quoted calling the whole business a lot of “fuss over nothing” and claimed that she had been wearing trousers privately for years, the stunt was not a simple matter of a personal choice on the night of the premier. The suit she wore had been carefully prepared, having been tailored for her by none other than the legendary Coco Chanel herself, and the journalists had been prepped as well.

That photo was splashed the next day across the front pages of every newspaper in the country. The response was immediate and sensational, and global, as it was no doubt intended to be. The media were instantly awash in interviews and responses from prominent members of the Hollywood elite and from politicians and other opinion-makers. At one point, the US congress even briefly considered, and then dismissed, a bill that proposed to prohibit women from attempting to pass themselves off as men.

Department stores took the hint and started stocking up on knock-offs.

The trend was immediately followed by a number of the more “progressive minded” Hollywood stars, among whom the cultural progressivist pioneer Katherine Hepburn was notable. It was soon to be bolstered by the necessity of women going to work in wartime factories while their husbands and boyfriends were fighting.

Not all Hollywood women were on board. Constance Bennett said, “Trousers? – Never!” and called them “atrocities.” Adrienne Ames said, “I am not ashamed of being a woman. I intend to keep on looking like one. Trousers on women are quite hideous. You will never – I repeat – never see a woman wearing trousers on Park Avenue!” Carole Lombard said, “I have never seen a single woman who looked well in trousers. I adore men’s tailoring – but trousers? No!” But none of these had the mystique of the sultry, sophisticated and obviously highly intelligent superstar Dietrich.

She remains a “style icon” and a symbol of overturning and defying cultural norms to this day. It is also notable, perhaps, that after her death, following a lifetime of “androgynous” and “genderbending” roles, it was revealed that she was herself “bisexual”. She has become, retroactively, a proto-representative of the gender ideology which she assuredly had a major hand in promoting in its nascent stages.

Naturally, I'm not saying that a particular kind of clothing is *per se* appropriate or inappropriate for all women or men. The matter is obviously culturally determined. In some parts of India traditionally feminine clothes consist of loose trousers under a long tunic. In Bhutan, the customary outfit for men involves a kind of kilt, and of course we could name such cultural artefacts all day.

But we live in this cultural context, that of the nations formerly known as Christendom and now called the West. In this culture, since the arrival of the Barbarians in the former Roman empire, it has been the cultural norm for bifurcated clothing to be mainly the preserve of men. Women starting to wear trousers is a subversion of those 2000 years of cultural standards, and I contend a deliberate, conscious one that has done its work well in forwarding the goals of a revolution bent on utterly destroying them.

But of course, saying that the wearing of skirts or trousers for women is culturally determined is going to be used as an excuse: if it's only a cultural custom, obviously the culture has changed and it's now perfectly normal. OK, maybe, but doesn't that mean that understanding where this change came from gives us more freedom to act?

People ask me all the time how they can possibly do anything to stop this culture, to turn the Titanic away from the iceberg it is inevitably heading for. I usually tell them the same thing: that the only person over whom we have complete control is ourselves. If we want to see the culture change, we can change it most securely only in ourselves. We, as women, can find at least one very simple way of becoming the walking embodiment of a counterrevolution. Stop dressing like men. It will send a message.

THE ORLANDO MASSACRE
OR: STRAIGHT AND CROOKED THINKING
By Graham Moorhouse

The recent murder of some fifty men and women in a homosexual bar in Orlando was an unspeakably wicked act. And it goes without saying that we should pray for the victims and their families, and, indeed, for the family of the perpetrator of this evil crime. I find it difficult to pray for the soul of the perpetrator, but as Christ spilt His precious blood out of for love of all men, one must make the effort. We should also pray for all the other poor souls trapped in these sewers.

However, it should be possible for a decent, sane man to abhor the crime and lament the loss of life without joining in the bizarre celebration of fags and faggoty that this event triggered in the secular asylum. When a bad man is murdered by another bad man, the victim does not become a good man, he merely becomes a dead bad man.

Why, I hear some ask, use harsh words like "faggot" when referring to homosexuals, instead of more bland words like "gay"? I do so out of a sense of justice to decent

homosexual men. There are men who bear the cross of the disorder of same sex attraction, but who strive manfully to live decent, chaste, upright lives. I personally have one such acquaintance, a good man who carries a heavy cross, who would rather be seen dead than frequent these emporiums of mortal sin.

“Homosexual bars” are a misnomer, for they are no way analogous to ordinary bars where people go to socialise and hang out with friends. Homosexual bars and clubs exist for one purpose: to facilitate promiscuous sodomite sex, and lots of it. Thus the Orlando club would be like a portal of hell – where the damned hate the damned.

29-year-old Omar Mateen, the killer, was almost certainly homosexual himself, for he was known to be a frequent patron of the nightclub. So what we really have here is a homosexual man killing other homosexual men. Omar was clearly a deeply conflicted individual, a state of mind yet further exacerbated by his adhesion to the evil creed of Islam.

Should it surprise us that a homosexual man should want to kill homosexual men? - only if you have been mindlessly soaking up liberal propaganda for the last twenty years. The fact is that most serial killers are homosexual, most spree killers are homosexual, almost the entire officer corps of the Nazi Brown Shirts were homosexual (and they made a pretty good fist of killing other homosexual men - see the Night of the Long Knives), plus domestic violence, up to and including murder, is widespread in the homosexual community. Liberals would have us believe that homosexuals are regularly beaten up by gangs of homophobic skinheads. The truth is that almost all violence against homosexuals is perpetrated by fellow homosexuals. Once one escapes the liberal psychosis, one will in time be able to reclaim one's birthright and be able to stare reality in the face. And the reality here is: fags often hate fags, and fags kill fags - always have done and always will do.

Indeed, as I started work on this essay, news is breaking of one Stephen Port, 41, of Barking, easy London, being charged with murdering four men he met on gay websites. He is also accused of six further counts of administering a poison, seven of rape and four sexual assaults against another eight men.

The reason I believe is simple: homosexuals are often deeply conflicted, just as an alcoholic both loves and hates his bottle, so many homosexuals both burn with lust for their disgusting, unnatural, unhealthy vice, yet at the same time, retain enough humanity, to be deeply repelled and revolted by it. This turmoil in the soul explains why suicide, drug addiction, mental illness, alcoholism, violence and a cavalier attitude to deadly disease, are inbuilt into the homosexual sub-culture.

Should it surprise us that an Islamic Jihadist was homosexual? - only, again, if you have been uncritically soaking up liberal and Islamic propaganda for the last twenty years. When I was MD of a building company, one of my foremen did a two-year spell of duty in Saudi Arabia. When he returned, some of his first words to me were to express amazement at how many of the men *appeared* to be homosexual. "You

see men walking around hand-in-hand everywhere," he exclaimed, "even policemen on duty!"

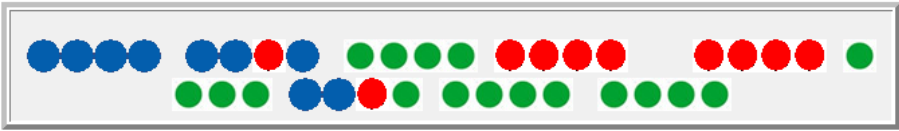
The truth is that the entire Islamic world is a sewer of sexual perversion: child brides, female genital mutilation, war rape (explicitly encouraged by the Koran), sexual abuse of children (Mohammed had a six-year-old wife), incest (the reason Pakistanis suffer high rates of mental retardation is almost certainly inbreeding), rape (100% of the rapes carried out in Stockholm last year were carried out by Muslims), child rape (Rochdale), porn (according to Google, Pakistan tops the list for porn-searches), bestiality (Pakistan also tops the world in searches for sex with animals: pigs, donkeys, dogs, cats and snakes - *snakes!*) and widespread faggotry (in Iraq, MPs recently complained that the number one challenge in the detention facilities was keeping the inmates off one another). Plus, the Islamic world's enthusiasm for public whippings, even of young women, suggests a strong undercurrent of sado-masochism. US officials revealed in 2011 that former al Qaeda leader Osama bin Laden had a stash of pornography hid in his squalid lair in Pakistan. Recently, former US intelligence director, Lieutenant General Michael Flynn, revealed that the hard drives of laptops seized from ISIS jihadists were filled up to 80 per cent with porn films.

If you really want to understand how a culture steeped in sexual licence and perversion rots the soul and mind, just brood over the following: in 2010, the Yemini government sought to set a civilised minimum age for marriage (17 for girls, 18 for men). The result: thousands of *women* in black niqabs poured onto the street in protest and to defend the Islamic tradition of child brides as young as eight. They held up posters which read: "*Do not prohibit what God has made possible.*" It is difficult to get one's head round a religion so sick that its *mothers* are prepared to march in their thousands in defence of vile paedophile child rape - or why anyone would want to worship a deity that promoted such cruel obscenities.

What then of those awful stories one hears of homosexuals being tossed from high-rise building in territories controlled by ISIS? Ask yourself this: how many normal heterosexual men do you know who have the slightest inclination to throw a homosexual man off a bus, let alone a high-rise building. The answer is none, which leads one inexorably to the conclusion that most of the perpetrators of these unspeakably cruel crimes are conflicted homosexual men themselves - fags hate fags and fags kill fags.

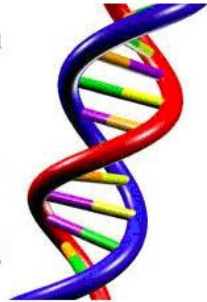
Omar was also an Afghan. Boy rape and adult faggotry is normative in Afghani culture. Do a Google search on "Bacha Bazi". Bacha Bazi includes boy sex auctions, which are popular in Afghanistan. Decent American servicemen serving in Afghanistan are being driven into PTSD and suicide because they are ordered to turn a blind eye to child rape, because it is deemed by their superiors to be cultural. This is just one of the reasons decent men return home to the United States broken, and tragically sometimes blow their own brains out. It is not just combat trauma; it is






because of the soul-crushing, despair-inducing scandal of the depravity to which they have been forced to turn a blind-eye.



When someone speaks about the alphabet, we tend to instinctively think of the Latin alphabet with which we are all familiar, A, B, C etc. However, alphabets come in all shapes and sizes: semaphore is an alphabet, as is Morse code.

It would be entirely possible to construct an alphabet out of snooker balls for example. The snooker balls could be arranged in groups of four and (restricting oneself to just three colours) one would have eighty-one possible permutations, and we only need twenty-six or so.



If in our imaginary alphabet let's say "A" = , "F" = , "H" = , "L" =  and "U" = .

In which case:      would spell "HALF FULL".

But the absolutely crucial point to understand is that this is only meaningful if you speak English. If you speak French or Chinese all you have in front of you is random nonsense, random coloured balls.

DNA can be conceived of in the above terms, an "alphabet" constructed of coloured beads, which carries the instructions for a human being, a daffodil or whatever. But the crucial point is that DNA doesn't actually do anything; it is merely a string of coded instructions, like the assembly instructions for a Boeing. Instructions do nothing unless someone who understands the language in which the instructions are written, reads them and then carries out those instructions. Similarly the DNA has to be "read" and the instructions carried out. Within every living cell there is an "interpreter" that does just that, reads and then executes the instructions written in the DNA alphabet.

Even more amazing is that modern geneticists have discovered that there is more than one DNA "language". So some species have the same DNA "alphabet" writing instructions in a different language! It is as if the mother tongue of some DNA "interpreters" is English but other "interpreters" speak Japanese, so the DNA has to write its instructions in a different language for some species.

Once you begin to understand this, the secular creation myth of blind evolution becomes not just nonsense but nonsense on stilts.

There is a sort of parable put out by secularists to answer the objections raised by creationists. It goes something like this: if you have a million monkeys banging away on word-processors 24/7 for a million years, it is possible that one of them could inadvertently write the complete works of Shakespeare just by accident. To this one may reasonably retort, theoretically possible but still astronomically improbable.

However, what modern genetics clearly shows is that it is far more extraordinary than that, with each species having its own coded instructions written in the DNA "alphabet", in the specific language of the "interpreter", our monkeys would by sheer chance, have to write the complete works of Shakespeare on the Monday, War and Peace on the Tuesday and Lord of the Rings on Wednesday ... and keep up this amazing achievement millions of times over - with a complete new set of instructions for each new species.

THEY SEEMED LIKE A NICE COUPLE
Or: State Infanticide by Non-Judgementalism



Little two year old Liam Fee died when his mum or her lesbian partner punched or kicked him in the chest so hard they ruptured his heart. They did this, almost certainly, because he wouldn't stop crying. And he wouldn't stop crying because the couple had broken his thigh with similar violence a day or so before, and he was in prolonged *unimaginable* agony. In fact, he had his femur broken because he wouldn't stop crying because the couple had earlier fractured his arm. He had a total of 30 injuries when he died.

His mother Rachel and her lesbian partner Nyomi had carried out two years of cruel abuse of Liam and two other children. The couple had imprisoned one of the other boys in their care in a cage made from a fire guard and tied his hands behind his back with cable ties. A third child in their care was tied naked to a chair in a dark room and left surrounded by snakes and rats, having been force-fed his own vomit and told that snakes eat naughty little boys. All the children were given cold showers for wetting their beds.

Before killing little Liam, the couple Googled: "Morphine for children," "How long can you live with a broken bone," "Will a hip fracture heal on its own?"



and, after killing him, “Can wives go to prison together?” They then set about trying to stitch up the child they had imprisoned in the makeshift cage for the murder, forcing the fist of this child into Liam’s mouth post-mortem in order to leave DNA traces.

The Social Services had repeatedly failed to act. It would, you see, have been judgemental to assume that a couple of lesbians could not make **excellent** mothers. Hence we had the customary catalogue of missed opportunities by the Social Services to save Liam and the others. We are now told that Fife’s Child Protection Committee is carrying out a review into Liam’s death - blah, blah, blah. One of the things that you can bet your right arm will not be covered by this review is the patently ridiculous assumption that lesbians in general make good mothers. That would be to question a settled dogma of the secular asylum. It would be like the Catholic Church setting up a commission to question the Virgin Birth.

A lesbian is by definition a woman who has failed to develop, except in a very narrow physical sense, as a woman. There may be numerous reasons for this failure, reasons which psychologists, broadly speaking, now understand, but that is a different issue. Thus lesbians have less of the empathy, caring, warmth, tenderness, compassion, family cherishing, self-giving, openness to children, or that softness that is the source of a woman’s power, and which is broadly what we mean when we say a woman is feminine. Thus, to argue that a lesbian, generally speaking, may make a good mother is as daft as assuming that a bird that has failed to develop its feathers will experience absolutely no problem flying. It’s conceivable of course that such a bird may surprise us by flying moderately well, but no sane man would want to bet on it.

But surely we must concede that Rachel and Nyomi were exceptional even by lesbian standards? Yes, of course, but they were exceptional in the sense that they were a very extreme example of the norm, not in the sense that they differed in essence from the norm.

Rotten ideas have rotten consequence. When the political classes and the liberal establishment cravenly caved into the lie of the militant homofascist collective that homosexuality was normal, that lie had consequences. The agonizing death of poor Liam was just one of those consequences.

The US state of Illinois keeps a register of sexual assaults carried out by adoptive and foster parents on their own children. The figures are very illuminating. Between 1997 and 2002, 69% of recorded offenses were carried out by lesbian couples and 14% were carried out by male homosexual couples. That means that 83% of offenses were carried out by people suffering from a psycho-sexual pathology that inflicts less than 2% of the population! Go figure, as they say. These figures mean that a child is something like 240 times more likely to be abused by a lesbian mother than by a normal mother. Yet these are the sad, sick, stunted individuals with whom

the Social Services are now legally obliged to place children, to satisfy laws rooted in the liberal psychosis.

Sad little Liam was a high-profile sacrifice to the gods of non-judgmentalism. There is no doubt that there have been, are, and will be many more.

A CHILDREN'S ROSARY BALLAD

The Five Joyful Mysteries

I - The Annunciation

Our holy mother, Mary,
A virgin pure was she;
Espoused unto St Joseph
In the land of Galilee

Now God sent down to Mary
His angel Gabriel.
“Hail, full of grace,” the angel said,
“The Lord with thee doth dwell.”

“And blessed art thou, Mary,
Amongst all womankind,”
But Mary at the angel’s word
Was troubled in her mind.

“Oh, be not troubled, Mary,
And let thy fears be done;
Behold thou has found grace with
God,
And thou shalt bear a son.

“It is the name of Jesus
That thou shalt name him by;
He shall be great, and shall be called
The Son of the Most High.

“And God a throne will give him__
King David’s throne of yore__
And of his kingdom there shall be
No end for evermore.”

“How can it be,” said Mary,
“And I a spotless maid?”
“The Holy Ghost will come to thee,
God’s power will overshadow.

“Thy holy one shall therefore be
The Son of God. Behold

Elizabeth, thy cousin,
Though now in years grown old.

“Shall also be a mother
Ere many months ye see,
Because no word to God on high
Impossible can be.”

“Behold,” said humble Mary
“The handmaid of the Lord.
And let it unto me be done
According to thy word.”

The angel parted from her,
And in that day and hour
The Son of God took human flesh
By his almighty power.

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, Three in One.*

II - The Visitation

Now in those did Mary
Arise, her steps to bend
Through Judah’s hills to visit
Elizabeth, her friend.

In haste she made her journey
Along the mountain road,
And entered where Elizabeth
And Zachary abode.

Elizabeth beheld her,
And rising at the sight,
Filled with the Holy Ghost she spake
In wonder and delight.

“Oh, blessed amongst women,”

She cried aloud, “art thou;
And blessed is the holy fruit
Whom thou art bearing now.

And how can such a marvel
Of condescension be,
That thus the Mother of my Lord
Should come to visit me?

“For as thy salutation came
Upon mine ear to sound,
I felt within my bosom
For joy mine infant bound.

“And blessed art thou, Mary,
Because thou didst believe:
For all that God foretold to thee
Fulfilment shall receive.”

“My soul doth magnify the lord”—
So Mary raised her voice —
“In him my God and Saviour,
My spirit doth rejoice;

“Since on his lowly handmaid
His eye hath deigned to rest:
Behold, all generations
Henceforth shall call me blessed.

“The mighty One and Holy.
Great things to me hath done;
To them that fear him age by age
His mercy shall be won.”

And Mary there resided
Until three months were gone.
When Saint Elizabeth brought forth
The holy Baptist John.

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, three in One.*

III - The Nativity

The Emperor Augustus
Had issued his decree
That all the people of the land
Enrolled by name should be.

Now Joseph was descended
From David’s royal race,
And David’s city, Bethlehem
Was his appointed place.

From Nazareth to Bethlehem,
In winter’s bitter cold,
With Mary, his espoused wife,
He came to be enrolled.

And save in one poor stable,
No shelter could they find,
And Mary there brought forth her
Son,
The Saviour of mankind.

In swaddling clothes she wrapped
him,
And laid him in the stall---
A manger was the cradle
Of the King and Lord of all.

Now in that region shepherds
Were keeping watch by night,
When suddenly around them shone
A glory heavenly bright.

An angel stood beside them.
And bade them not to fear,
“For tidings of great joy,” he said,
“Are what I bring you here.

“This night is born your Saviour
At royal David’s town:
In swaddling clothes you’ll find him
Laid in a manger down.”

An army of the host of heaven
Was with the angel then.
“Glory to God on high,” they sang,
“And peace on Earth to men.”

In Bethlehem the shepherds
Beheld their infant Lord:
With Mary and with Joseph
Devoutly they adored.

With praise and glory unto God
They did from hence depart:
But Mary pondering all these words
Preserved them in her heart.

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, Three in One.*

IV - The Presentation

Now Mary after forty days,
As Moses doth award,
Brought Jesus to the Temple
To present him to the Lord;

And, as the law commanded,
A sacrifice to bring,
Two pigeons or two turtle doves,
Their humble offering.

And while unto Jerusalem
In joy they took their way,
On Mary's breast, or in the arms
Of Joseph, Jesus lay.

Now in the city Simeon dwelt,
A man devout and just;
For Israel's consolation
He looked with humble trust.

That morning to the Temple,
By the Spirit he was led;
He took the infant in his arms,
Gave praise to God and said:

"Now dost thou let thy servant
Depart in peace, O Lord,
Mine eyes have thy salvation seen
According to thy word.

"Thy people's glory and a light
On every land to shine."
Then spake he unto Mary:
"Behold this child of thine

"Is for the fall of many
And for the rising set,
And for a sign that is to be
With contradiction met.

"And through thine own soul, Mary,
A piercing sword shall go,
That thoughts from many hearts re-
vealed
Compassionate may flow."

And Anna, too, a prophetess
Of eighty years, was there,
Who served the Temple night and
day
In fasting and in prayer.

She also made confession
Of the Lord unto his face,
And spoke of him to all who hoped
Redemption for their race.

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, Three in One.*

V - The Discovery in the Temple

In Nazareth, a city
Of distant Galilee,
Dwelt Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
The Holy Family.

And ever, as the solemn day
Of Paschal time was near,
They went unto Jerusalem
To Worship year by year.

And when the years of Jesus
Had now to twelve increased,
According to the custom
They went unto the feast.

And when the days were ended,
They turned their home to find,
But Jesus in the city
Remained alone behind.

They deemed that he was with them,
And journeyed for a day,
When missing him their hearts were
filled
With Sorrow and dismay.

Among their friends and kinsfolk
They sought for him in vain;
And then unto Jerusalem
Returned in anxious pain.

And when three days were over,
Their Jesus then they saw
Conversing in the Temple
With the doctors of the law.

Hearing them and questioning
And giving his replies:

And all who heard him marveled
At his words divinely wise.

His parents also wondered,
And Mary said: "My son,
To us who sought thee sorrowing,
Say why thou thus hast done?"

And Jesus answered sweetly:
"Why did ye seek for me?
And knew ye not my Father's work
My task on earth must be?"

Returning with them he fulfilled
A child's obedient part.
But Mary treasured all these words
And kept them in her heart.

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, Three in One.*

QUOTE OF THE QUARTER

*"In the post-Conciliar Church canonization is not so much a mark of heroic sanctity,
it is more a lifetime achievement award for services to the revolution."*

Louie Verrecchio.

FROM THE MAIL BOX

*NB Because of toxic atmosphere in which orthodox priests have to work in the
modern Church, we never publish their real names. All priest are called
Fr Ignobilis and reside in Stat Veritas for the purposes of this mailbox*

... I knew the smoke of Satan had entered the Church.

Dear Mr Moorhouse: I appreciate the Flock so much, you tell the absolute truth. I am a lapsed Catholic, not because I don't believe, but because I gave up, I couldn't take any more of all the changes, and of being knocked back and treated as though I was mental, because I stuck up for the faith to schools, priests and bishops. I went to a traditional Mass (Fr Lessiter) but the mistake I made was sending my son to a Catholic school, and also going to the modern rite. I have spoken to many good priests who suffered in silence after Vatican II.

My local priest visited me and I found that he no longer believed in purgatory or hell, everyone goes to heaven. Adam and Eve never existed, nor miracles, nor the

flood, or casting out of demons ... but he did believe in evolution. The first sermon he ever gave, he said the Bible is a book of myths, legends and poetry. My heart sank.

Once the church removed the tabernacle to the side, and there was no respect given to Our Lord, no genuflecting, loud talking, Eucharistic ministers distributing Holy Communion whilst the priest sat, you couldn't kneel anymore to receive Our Lord, nuns out of habits, shopping, not praying, when the church was refurbished (how I hate that word) taking away the statues, I knew the smoke of Satan had entered the Church.

We knew the Church had the truth, it was our salvation, yet they lied to us, they pitied us for being so strange and stuck in our ways. The priests used to get the lectionary to prove these changes were right and proper. I cried at all the irreverence, but no one would listen to me. The Church was supposed to believe the faith and defend us, but they turned against anyone who dared to stick up for the old faith.

Now the Pope is thinking of letting divorced and "re-married" Catholics receive Holy Communion. Next will be married priests, etc. How can these bishops turn back to the truth, they are not going to change because the Pope tells them that what they are doing is right.

After thousands of priests abused kids the world over, and the bishops moved them around to different parishes, and everyone knew, even the parishioners and the Pope, I was disgusted. They also tolerated practising homosexuals, priests and laity, I didn't want to mix in their churches anymore - it's all so corrupt.

The traditionalists didn't stick up for you because they didn't go to the parish church. The traditional Mass is wonderful, but they are so worried about any uncleanness entering their churches, I found them to be unloving and not kind, especially Pope Pius X Society. I do respect them for keeping the Faith though.

I have no one to tell, so I hope you don't mind that I've told you. I am frightened that I am in mortal sin through not going to church, and I will go to hell. I pray all the time, so I hope God will give me the strength to get back to the true Mass.

God bless you all for speaking out.

Yours sincerely, Barbara Daws (Leicester)

[Thank you Barbara for your brave, sad and deeply moving letter. I understand, as do many others, exactly where you are coming from. We live in an age when Christ, in his Body, the Church, is being horribly flagellated anew. And to make matters infinitely worse, the flagellation is being carried out by His own. At such a time, Our Lord needs women like you back in the Church more than ever, accompanying Him on His way to Calvary, ready to wipe His face like Veronica, or just standing with Him, weeping and silently praying for Him like the Magdalene and the two Marys, His holy Mother and Mary, wife of Cleophas.]

I recommend to you to seek out a traditional Mass within reasonable commuting distance. I'm very sorry to learn that you found the SSPX unfriendly; that is indeed a shame. However, I feel sure that a strong woman like you, if you persist, will eventually break down that initial lack of warmth. Remember that the faithful who attend SSPX chapels have, like you, been demonised and marginalised for merely clinging to the faith and orthopraxis of their forefathers, saints and martyrs, by the hirelings who lord it over what is left of the post-Conciliar Church - and this white persecution, from those who are supposed to be our fathers in Christ, may create a certain regrettable coolness in the soul when first encountering strangers.

I too have endured Novus Ordo Masses so irreverent that one had difficulty deciding who was the more clueless, the celebrant or the congregation. It was like being forced to participate in some demonic vision, watching the blind leading the blind to the gates of the Inferno. And I too have struggled with the question of whether the obligation to attend Mass under pain of grave sin applies in such circumstances - I honestly don't know the answer. But surely, if the Church imposes on us the obligation to attend Mass, she has a reciprocal obligation to provide us with a rite that is, at the very minimum, edifying.

God bless: Graham]

"I was very concerned to read some recent reports on Pope Francis."

Dear Mrs McLeod: I was very concerned to read some recent reports on Pope Francis. Are these reports based on facts or is it just hearsay?

Many thanks for all your efforts to save the Church.

kindest regards and best wishes: Kevin Molloy (Stockport)

I'm afraid to say Kevin that it is probably all true. I believe this Pope to be one of the worst popes in the history of the Church - Ed

God bless you all

Thank you Graham. I just got a copy by post as a subscriber. I pass it around. You and your team are doing most heroic work in the face of inept Church leadership. I am fearful of what more betrayals are in store.

Prayer is all that I can and must continue to do as I am in the evening of my life

God bless you all

Surrexit Dominus: Jim O'Sullivan (Bantry)

Thank you Graham

Thank you Graham for your great work keeping the One Holy Catholic Faith alive, the only means of salvation available to man

Rita O'Rourke (sent from iPad)

"I'm so tired of pretending that the bishops in this country (with the odd exception) are Catholics"

Dear Mr Moorhouse: Please forgive me for delay in sending this donation. I seem to have been very busy over the last few weeks.

Thank you for the magazine, I do enjoy it and love your sense of humour. I'm so tired of pretending that the bishops in this country (with the odd exception) are Catholics when in fact they make it very obvious that they are Roman 'Protestants'.

Keep up the good work.

Yours sincerely, Catherine Reitzik (Pontefract)

"We must continue to pray that God's Catholic Church be restored to its proper full strength and glory."

Dear Graham, I have just received the Flock in its new format for the first time and am very impressed. Be careful you don't get a Fatwah slapped on you for daring to call Islam evil!

As for the dismal performance of our leaders, I wrote them off years ago as having no relevance to my spiritual life.

As things are going, it looks as if we will have only Mass centres in 10-20 years time. Then we will, like the Protestants, have only the Bible and pre-Conciliar books to live on. I am thinking here of John Bunyan whose Pilgrim's Progress and Autobiography '*Grace Abounding*' I greatly esteem as being how to save your soul without the help of the Church. "*Work out your salvation with fear and trembling*" (Phil 2:12) was favourite text, as also was, "*Let every man bear his own burden*" (Gal 6:5). His example could be very useful to us in the likely future scenario. Although we must continue to pray that God's Catholic Church be restored to its proper full strength and glory.

Yours Sincerely: Jim Allen (Torquay)

[I can assure you Jim that you are now on our permanent mailing list. I personally would not suggest trying to survive spiritually without the Church: regular Confession and the Blessed Sacrament are as essential to the spiritual life as air and water are to one's physical life. I believe what the remnant must do is be prepared to go to much greater effort to seek out pockets of genuine Catholicism - whether these be

independent chapels, SSPX, or good priests struggling inside the belly of the beast. For example: I have good American friends who drive 100 miles each Sunday to get to a traditional Mass with an orthodox priest. And I have English friends who sold up and moved house to be within commuting distance of a solid priest- Ed]

I have learnt so much from your magazine

Dear Graham, Thank you very much for adding me to the mailing list - I have learnt so much from your magazine (Oh and I did see my brother's letter in the latest edition about the challenges he faces in teaching)

Thank you for the link to the project - I went through a few parts with my seven-year-old and he thought it was good; especially the answering questions and filling in the blanks - we have the kids "St Joseph First Communion Catechism" and he loves how we play quizzes and answer the questions. I have prepared many different lessons for children and teenagers through the Church and also as a general Teaching Assistant in a primary school so I would like to get involved if you need any help.

I do accept that learning other religions is part of the education these days but unfortunately, when my son had the Hinduism day a couple of years ago he came home, aged 5, saying "you know those other gods..." Thankfully we have been able to teach him the Truth - but I am still wary, especially when they are so young. I shouldn't complain though as we are very lucky in that the Head teacher is from the Parish and genuinely tries to teach and show the Faith which is a lot more than many other Catholic schools!

Anna (By Email)

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PLEASE REMEMBER PEEP IN YOUR WILL

*Help us to carry on the fight against the enemy within the gates
for the faith of our children*