

Autumn 2017

ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MY BELOVED WIFE, TRACY LAWLER

By Patrick Lawler

[It is with a heavy heart that I must open this edition of The Flock with the sad news that in the early hours of Friday 13th October, 2017, Tracy Lawler died. Tracy was PEEP's treasurer and the wife of Patrick Lawler, PEEP's vice-chairman. Tracy's last words before slipping into semi-consciousness were, "Lord, receive my soul." I'm confident that Tracy will be battling for PEEP on the other side of eternity soon if not already. Nevertheless, her passing has left a large and painful hole at the heart of your committee.

Just a year ago Tracy was helping push me around in a wheelchair at the 2016 Rosary Crusade in London - I was recovering from two broken legs. It seems unreal that a year later, I have made an almost full recovery but we are now mourning Tracy's death.

Please pray for the repose of Tracy's soul. Also, of course, pray for Sarah, Tracy's daughter, and Patrick. Tracy and Patrick were a couple joined at the hip, and Patrick is in urgent need of your prayers and support to help him through this incredibly painful time. - Ed]



Tracy, Sarah and Patrick

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On the 30th of November 1996, at the Brighton Registry Office, I did one of the few (the very few) genuinely intelligent and wise things I have ever done in my life, I married Tracy Middleton.

We had met towards the end of November 1994 and had been living together for just over a year when we had our civil ceremony. We were not Catholics then; I was a Buddhist and Tracy would, also, take up the practice of Buddhism in the following years. Tracy had an energetic, intelligent and beautiful daughter whom, in the second of the very few genuinely intelligent and wise things I have ever done in my life, I later adopted.

Previously in these pages my son-in-law has written of his conversion to the Faith and, at some point, I may tell our conversion story. But not today.

Today I am half a person, crippled and flailing, desperately trying to accept and live with the fact that my, truly, better half is no longer here to make me complete:

“For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they two shall be in one flesh.” (Matt 19:5)

I was baptised and confirmed – Novus Ordo, sadly, we knew no better then – at the Easter Vigil, 2012. We had both gone through the execrable Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults (RCIA; if you don’t know what it is, count yourself lucky!) at the local Novus Ordo church in Ashford, Surrey, where we lived at the time. We were both certain the Catholic Church was the One True Faith, we were both certain there was a very serious problem with the modern Church but we had not yet begun our steep learning curve in real Catholic history, teachings and Tradition. However, Tracy simply could not reconcile the coherent, intellectually and emotionally satisfying Traditional Catholic teachings we were discovering online with the vapid, subjectivist and relativist pap we were being fed once a week in RCIA classes, so she was not received into the Church until August the following year.

I clearly remember coming home from work one day and Tracy saying that we should take a look at one of these “Latin Mass” thingies; she had been doing some research and the nearest one to us was a place called St Bede’s, Clapham Park. That Sunday we went to St. Bede’s; we had absolutely no idea what to do! Kneel.....stand.....sit.....stand.....kneel.....er.....

It didn’t matter. SOMETHING very powerful and profoundly important was happening. Then, Fr Andrew Southwell entered the pulpit and within the first few minutes of his sermon on the reality of Hell, Tracy and I looked at each other and grinned in unrestrained joy ... we had found what we were both looking for!

We became regular parishioners at St. Bede’s and made many good friends there; kind, generous, devout and knowledgeable traditional Catholics from whom we learned much about how to live the Faith. None of which would be possible without the courageous and tireless efforts of Fr Christopher Basden, who has put himself in the line-of-fire from the modernist Church authorities on numerous occasions to safeguard the true Mass at St Bede’s.

Tracy was the one most people warmed to instantly, with good reason. She was kind, warm, charitable, friendly and loving; people would meet her and be telling her their life story within the first few minutes. Whereas I am usually uncomfortable in groups of people; I’m the one standing against the wall looking as if I don’t really belong (something I’ve felt all my life).

Last year, in September, Tracy found a lump in her left breast. She didn’t tell me at first. She had missed a scheduled mammogram and when, in October, she attended, the lump showed clearly on the scan. A more detailed scan and a biopsy were carried

out. We went to the Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle (we were now living in the Northeast) to get the results. It was breast cancer.

It turns out that there are many different kinds of breast cancer, some fairly ‘easy’ to treat, some extremely difficult. Tracy had contracted the very worst possible type; the most aggressive, most rapidly spreading, most difficult to treat and most likely to recur after treatment. From the beginning, the prognosis was not good.

I’m not going to go into all the details of the progression of the disease, it’s difficult enough to write this as it is. Suffice it to say, it was rapid and it was terrible.

There are moments, like a slide-show of the last ten months:

Walking to our car in the car park at RVI after the initial diagnosis, holding hands so tightly, one prayer running over and over in my mind, ***“Dear God, please, PLEASE, don’t let her die!”***;

Taking her to the RVI at seven o’clock in the morning to be “mutilated”, as she later referred to her mastectomy. (***“Dear God, please, PLEASE, don’t let her die!”***);

Tracy isolated and alone apart from people in bio-containment suits after her immune system was destroyed and she was nearly killed by her first round of chemotherapy. (***“Dear God, please, PLEASE, don’t let her die!”***);

Tracy doing various comedy poses as she tried on wigs in a wig shop after all her hair fell out; the first time either of us had ever visited such an establishment. (***“Dear God, please, PLEASE, don’t let her die!”***);

Both of us lying in bed, clinging to each other so tightly, as if we could somehow literally merge into one flesh, sorrow and fear rendering us both speechless after she discovered another lump in her armpit. (***“Dear God, please, PLEASE, don’t let her die!”***);

Telling our beloved daughter as we drove her home that the cancer had spread to Tracy’s spine, liver and lymph nodes on the left side of her body.....not crying.....because if we started.....we wouldn’t be able to stop.....and that’s a bad idea when you’re driving. (***“Dear God, please, PLEASE, don’t let her die!”***)

The heart-wrenching pride and admiration I felt for my beautiful, indomitable and humble wife, who, despite her tormented body making every movement an agony, would never dream of not falling to her knees for her Lord and Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. Especially when contrasted with that wretch, Jorge Bergoglio, who will kneel to kiss the feet of Muslim women but never genuflect to the one living God. (***“Dear God, please, PLEASE, don’t let her die!”***);

Tracy joking that, with her new blue badge, “Ha, ha! Now I can park where I bloody well like, whenever I bloody well like, for as long as I bloody well like!” (***“Dear God, please, PLEASE, don’t let her die!”***);

And so, so many more.....

We were both determined that she was not going into hospital or a hospice, she was going to stay at home and, when it came, die at home. Thankfully, our G.P. is an outstanding doctor and she arranged everything: palliative care, Macmillan nurses, District Nurses, end of life care, all at our home.

When it became clear that, barring a miracle, Tracy was going to die soon, she contacted Fr. Andrew Southwell to ask him to guide and counsel her in preparation for death. A true shepherd, he instantly made the long trip from London to spend two days with us. It is not possible to fully express how much that meant to us both, but especially to Tracy. From then on he was always available to her by phone and email.



I've heard it said that there are, basically, two types of people in the Church; saints, who think they are guilty of everything, and sinners, who think they are guilty of nothing. Tracy was definitely in the former category. As her illness progressed, she continuously and consciously offered her ever-increasing suffering to God in reparation for her own sins and for the sins of others. It is almost unbelievable but Tracy took no form of pain relief until the last two weeks of her life, despite having been prescribed Codeine Phosphate and Liquid Morphine months earlier. I had collected the prescriptions but they simply sat in the cupboard until, finally, two weeks before her death, she could no longer even function or think without some reduction in the constant pain. Every day, she begged Our Lord to accept her suffering joined to His, to allow her to accompany Him to Calvary; first walking, then staggering and finally crawling. It was something the medical professionals we dealt with simply could not understand.

In the last few days of her life, my prayer changed, ***“Dear God, please, PLEASE end her suffering! Please embrace her soul and let her come home to you!”***

My darling wife entered eternity sometime in the early hours of Friday, 13th of October, on the one hundredth anniversary of the Miracle of the Sun at Fatima, the twenty seventh anniversary of the ordination of Fr. Southwell, four days after her fifty-second birthday. I was asleep.

I feel strange using the past tense when writing about her, “Tracy was....”, “Tracy did....” and, initially planned to use the present tense in this writing but, in the end,

decided to stick with convention. Tracy's body and soul are, temporarily, separated but she is more alive now than she was in this life.

Throughout her illness and, especially, since her death a very large number of people have offered prayers, rosaries and Masses and this has, truly, been a comfort and a testament to the friendship, respect and love that Tracy inspired in so many people. There have been so many cards since her death that I may not be able to respond to all of them in any reasonable time so, please, let me say now to everyone who sent their prayers and condolences, "THANK YOU! GOD BLESS YOU!"

Why do we cry when a loved-one dies?

Why such overwhelming grief?

I know, in my own case, it is because I will not have her physical presence with me for the rest of my life; she was kinder than me, more charitable than me, wiser than me, holier than me.....and a darn sight more practical than me! I will not be able to use those well-worn in-jokes that only she understood. I will not have my closest and best friend in all the world right there to reach out and touch whenever I need to. I will not wake up in the night to feel her breath on my neck, to turn over VERY slowly and carefully so I can look at her relaxed, sleeping face in grateful wonder. It is because, whenever I hug my daughter and cuddle my granddaughter, as well as joy and love, there is always sorrow that they are deprived of her love, wisdom and strength in this life.

There is a recognised medical phenomenon called, "Phantom Limb", where someone who has lost an arm or leg can still 'feel' the missing limb. I have been torn in half and I don't know how to manage, how to be. Our daughter is utterly heartbroken and our son-in-law hurt more than he allows his tough exterior to show. Our granddaughter, Maria-Therese, is still too young to understand but, when she is older, I will tell her all about her brave, strong Grandma, who loved her SO much.....and still does. I believe, with God's grace, Tracy's prayers and the prayers of our friends, we will be alright.

There is nothing so important in life as how we leave it and the state of our soul at that moment. I am eternally grateful to Fr. Southwell and, also, to Fr. Michael Brown who came from St. Joseph's in Gateshead to give Tracy the Last Rites in the traditional (i.e. TRUE) way, granting her the final comfort of Holy Mother Church.

A dear friend sent these words from Blessed John Henry Newman:

God has created me to do Him some definite service; He has committed some work to me which He has not committed to another. Therefore I will trust Him. Whatever, wherever I am. I can never be thrown away. If I am in sickness, my sickness may serve Him; in perplexity, my perplexity may serve Him; if I am in sorrow, my sorrow may serve Him. He does nothing in vain. He knows what He is about. He may take away my friends. He may

throw me among strangers He may make me feel desolate, make my spirits sink, hide my future from me —still He knows what He is about.

Of your charity, please pray for the soul of Tracy Lawler, beloved wife, mother and grandmother.

Eternal rest grant unto her, O Lord

And let perpetual light shine upon her.

TRADITION RISING 1
LIGHT IN THIS DARKNESS: A REAL NUN STORY
Written by Hilary White

Some time ago, I met a young woman who had come to Italy to pray at the tombs of the saints and beg their intercession for a project she felt God was calling her to undertake. She arrived in the ancient city, dressed – as we hope she will be for the rest of her life – in a white and blue habit that made her, entirely un-coincidentally, a dead ringer for the Blessed Virgin Mary. I can attest that it rather drew the eye.

I had been blowing a little time that afternoon, as I often did, down in the monks' shop, hanging about the *portineria*, shooting the breeze and receiving my admonitions from Br Ignatius. This young nun walked in and asked to be shown the crypt of the Basilica of San Benedetto, the ancient underground chapel that was originally the family home of the twins, Benedict and Scolastica.



After she came back, sporting the facial glow that people usually had after that visit, I offered to walk her around the city for a bit and point out some of the sights. In truth, my journalistic curiosity was raging; here was a habit I'd never seen before, the story behind which I was burning to know.

It turned out that this American sister had been a Poor Clare in Mother Angelica's community, but she had been called out and set on a path to found a new community under a good American bishop who wanted highly visible sisters in his diocese as a witness. A witness to what? On a most basic level, perhaps only that, as Sam Gamgee said, there is some good left in this world, and that it's worth fighting for. A sight like that young nun, dressed as she was, is like a bright light suddenly flashing in a darkness, recognisable even by those who have all but forgotten the names of Christ and His Immaculate Mother.

Her visit was in the summer, and in that town every summer there was a music festival. Many of the old churches that remained locked the rest of the year (on orders from the bishop) were opened to be used as venues. Very close to the basilica is the

little church of San Lorenzo, built early in the 5th century and thought to be the place where the twin saints had been baptized in 480 AD. Sister was delighted to see this holy place, even if it had not been used for Mass in decades.

When we arrived of course Sister's habit caught everyone's attention and one of the organisers came over and introduced himself and asked if she could play. When she answered that she not only played but had composed a song in honour of Our Lady, she was ushered over to the piano. I sat and listened, and carefully watched the reaction of the obviously secular people, all from out of town. It was as if they had seen some magical creature, a being from an ancient and almost forgotten, legendary time come to life.

When Sister had finished playing and singing and we were ready to go, the polite organiser escorted us to the door and thanked her again. At the last moment, and with obvious reticence, he asked her, "If you don't mind my asking, are you a Catholic?" Sister, obviously taken aback, replied, "Well, yes. Of course. I'm a Catholic nun." Then she asked, "Aren't you a Catholic?" The man looked embarrassed and said, "Well, my mother is Catholic..."

As we strolled about town, Sister told me how the plan for her community had come about, of the need on university campuses in the United States for a *visible* Catholicism. After decades of priests and sisters going incognito, young people needed to see that there were still believers. After the impression she had made on the sophisticated young Italian neo-pagans, I was not going to argue. And it was obvious to me that she was indeed called to do this work, simply of being seen to be Catholic, one of the spiritual works of mercy. Later I was happy to meet the two young ladies travelling with her who were considering joining her enterprise. I was sad to see them go as they went off at the end of the day to Assisi. I remember praying, "If only there were more."

After reading two articles today, one by Steve Skojec for One Peter Five about the "research group" commissioned to "examine" the "history" of *Humanae Vitae*, and the other by Chris Ferrara in the Remnant naming the group of men Pope Francis has gathered around himself who are promoting the homosexualist agenda in the Church, I found my mind reaching back to the afternoon with Sister, as though in a kind of alarm of stinging thirst. The comparison between the two images could not be more stark; the contrast between the truth, beauty and goodness represented by that young nun and the abhorrent, deceitful evil, an anti-real, anti-Church, now making itself known in Rome.

These petty, grinning, small-minded crooks and shysters in the Vatican, their tawdry, shrunken little minds busily grubbing over their boring fantasies of power, money and sex, have nothing to offer the world that the world doesn't already have too much of. They have simply joined the world, thrown themselves headlong into its dreary, monotonous pursuits. In point of fact, since the election of this pope, we have seen that the only interest the world has in them is the incredible spectacle of their open betrayal of the Faith and its divine Founder. At least we can say that the world, in igno-

rance, simply threw away the pearl of great price; these men, knowing its value, have sold it in exchange for a few nights in a low-rent brothel – a German speciality.

Think for a moment about the priorities of the current cabal in the Vatican. Foremost, as our friend Chris pointed out the other day, we have had the systematic assault on the Sixth Commandment. As the centrepiece of the Francis pontificate we have Walter Kasper's promotion of adultery as a morally legitimate lifestyle, the eleventh-hour triumph of his life's work which will certainly be what history remembers best about this pontificate. Now, as was inevitable, we have prelates like Bruno Forte and Joseph Tobin, Reinhard Marx, Christoph Schonborn, James Martin *et al*, coming right up behind, exalting sodomy and ushering in the Church of Holy Gayness, a goal that seems already to be enthusiastically lived out by the underlings of the pope's closest collaborators.

On the financial end of things, we have the former head of the Franciscan Friars Minor, a person of interest to Interpol over a massive financial scandal involving a suspected embezzlement from the order on an epic scale. This was one of Francis' very first appointments, the man he put in charge of all the Church's religious orders and whose first task was the attempted looting of the bank accounts of the lay associations of the Franciscan Friars of the Immaculate for an estimated 30 million Euros. Shortly after, we had a similar bit of fraud – in reality an assault – over reportedly roughly the same amount, against the Knights of Malta. And lest we imagine that the two fronts of the war are distinct, we recall that the winning faction of the Knights of Malta scandal was originally copped for handing out condoms to prostitutes in Asia. And I know that much, much worse information about the financial skulduggery in the Vatican is shortly to come to light.

Do I really need to recite the entire rap sheet? It has more or less the same two running themes throughout. That is, until you reach the top. With Francis himself it seems more personal. Not for him the seething and squelching pursuits of money and the flesh. He has made it clear in the last few years that his interest is more purely one of power. He has used these men and their lesser goals to grasp and hold onto what is, in reality, the most powerful office on earth. Judging from his never-ending stream of blasphemous invective against holy things, Pope Francis Bergoglio's aims are a good deal higher than those of the men he has collected around himself.

Indeed, it is this that has perhaps tickled the ears of the God-hating world the most. The only thing that has made this pope at all newsworthy has been the endless stream of filth – heresy, blasphemy, insults to the Faith, the Church and God, and his expressions of hatred for faithful Catholics – that pours daily like a sewage outlet from his mouth. He has delighted a world that already hates the Faith and the faithful by his never-ending expressions of solidarity with them and all they hold dear; he thinks as they do, and they love him for it.

The secularists and haters of the Faith – including those who still like to call themselves Catholic – have followed closely all his actions and decisions as governor of the Church, by which he has, one by one, taken a pickaxe to the bastions (and at-

tempts at reform,) his two immediate predecessors put in place to prop up an already half-ruined edifice.

Even if one had never read anything Francis has said, his appointments have spoken volumes; the known homosexuals, embezzlers, simoniacs and frauds, Marxists and blatant heretics and those who loathe the traditions of the Faith. His assaults on the Church's teachings on marriage and sex now more or less complete, the usual mechanism of "leaked" rumours have started telling us that his next target will be the liturgy. So-called "liberal Catholic" journalists have burred blissfully over all his signals, all the while castigating traditionalists and conservatives for "conspiracy theories".

From people who have dealt with him in his South American past, who are now also witness to his current behaviour, we know that he is a collector of information about men with large things to hide, a manipulator who does not hesitate simply to destroy his opponents. His love of ambiguity, deflection and confusion speak to his duplicity – even his most enthusiastic journalistic collaborators have been caught calling him "sly". He is a demonstrated liar and has surrounded himself with liars, but in Bergoglio's case lying is paired with a calculated ruthlessness and a thuggish, vengeful rage at anyone who would dare to uphold not just the ancient Catholic Faith, but ordinary human decency. His real nature is no longer a secret, though speculation grows about its true origin.

For many of us, following the progress of this pontificate is a mentally and emotionally painful chore akin to investigating the criminal underworld. It has the effect of slowly grinding you down, while at the same time engulfing all your thoughts and attention. The sheer horror of it all unfolding like an unstoppable nightmare at once rivets the attention and creates a deadening sense of helpless outrage.

That afternoon, I took Sister for tea and asked her why she was considering founding a new religious community in such times as these. It seemed like an invitation to be targeted in an atmosphere where the true Faith is no longer even barely tolerated within the institutions of the Church. I know how hard it has been for founders of communities, even under the comparatively benign previous pontificates. Sister was far from naïve; she knew that the men in the Vatican are specifically looking for authentic expressions of Catholic faith and devotion to squash.

But she shamed my cowardice with her answers. "What better time could there possibly be?" She was simply going forward in faith and trust, obeying a summons to do a work that needed doing.

I've often said that we are past the point of worldly activism being a useful or proportionate response to the tidal wave now bearing down on us. But it's also too easy to adopt a bunker mentality, especially among traditionalists who are accustomed to their separation from "mainstream" Catholicism. The urge to head for the hills and hide, to keep one's head down and wait for the storm to pass is natural. And that's just the problem, of course, since it is naturalism fuelling this entire catastrophe.

Here was this young nun, knowing all that, and showing us the heroism that is actually now a mere requirement. Throwing her entire lot in with a cause that in the natural sense seems lost already. We are looking for ways to put it out of our heads. We want to do anything but face up to the probability that there is nothing ahead but destruction. We look for a bishop or cardinal to come galloping in at the last moment and save the day. We comb through the names of the College of Cardinals to find someone who might save us at the next conclave. Anything but face the terrifying possibility that no one is coming. That we're too far gone, and there is no safe haven left.

A valley of dark shadows is ahead, and we have no other path. But we don't refer to the "tragedy" of the Cross, or the "defeat" of the Cross, but the Triumph of the Cross, the Victory of the Cross.

**"YOUR HEARTS MAY BE FILLED WITH RESPECT AND LOVE FOR
YOUR NEIGHBOUR, BUT YOU CAN'T SLEEP BESIDE A RABID DOG" -
ASHIN WIRATHU (BUDDHIST MONK)**

by Graham Moorhouse (edited and abridged from an essay by H. Numan, a Dutchman living in Thailand).

Put simply, the attempted colonization of Burma's Rakhine state by Bangladeshi Rohingya Muslims has failed and the western media is full of sob stories about the fate of the "poor" Rohingya Muslims being expelled from Burma (or Myanmar as it is now called).

I confess that I'm not exactly an expert on the region - to qualify as an expert you need to be a white female professor at a left-wing university who teaches something like gender studies, and who has never been within a couple of light years of Burma.



Nevertheless, I do know that Bangladesh, the real homeland of the Rohingya Muslims, is dirt poor, is as fervently cruel and intolerant as only Muslim societies can be, and is treated annually by Allah to a couple of disastrous floods, often resulting in a tragic loss of life and property. The Dutch, who like the Bangladeshis also live on a major river delta, know it takes quite a lot of hard work to avoid being flooded every year. The Bangladeshis prefer to put up with the annual flooding and rely on generous Western aid to repair the damage - but then to be fair, isn't that why Allah created us dhimmis?

The Burmese state of Rakhine is much dryer and doesn't flood annually, but it has the misfortune of bordering Bangladesh. The Rohingya Muslims from Bangladesh have been crossing the border (illegally) and settling (illegally) in Rakhine for some decades. They rather liked it there, so decided they wanted to keep it just for themselves and, with support from Bangladesh, attempted to take over the state by force, a war that resulted in the death of some 50,000 of the indigenous people. In spite of the Rohingyas losing this war, the Burmese allowed them to stay. However, they were never granted Burmese citizenship, a decision supported by 97% of the Burmese population.

Burma is a Buddhist country: 86% of the population is Buddhist, 6% Christian, 4% Muslim, and 2% animist. Significantly, there are no religious problems between any religious groups except, of course, the Muslims. The only state in Burma with a substantial percentage of Muslims is Rakhine state, where 47% are Muslim. Because they are close to being a majority, that, like night follows day, spells Muslim violence. Do I need to point out what would happen once they are the majority? Burma may have just dodged a very unpleasant bullet - a bullet, incidentally, governments in the West are seemingly keen we won't be permitted to dodge.

You will see and hear plenty about these poor mistreated Rohingya Muslims on western TV but what you will not see or hear anything about is what the Rohingyas have been up to - that would spoil the left's narrative, you see.

Nor will you learn from the media that all these Rohingya Muslims are Bangladeshi citizens, and should - since they are now neither wanted nor welcome in Burma - return to their own country. However, there is a slight complication: Bangladesh doesn't want them back! This is because they bring in money and, at the same time, agitate to take over Rakhine state, a state Bangladesh would like to annex. It goes without saying, of course, that this repatriation should, as far as possible, be organised as orderly and humanely as possible.

It's such a dreadful shame that these poor Rohingya Muslims who settled (illegally) in Burma can no longer rape¹, rob and kill Buddhists just as they please - it's all the fault

¹ *Ninety percent of those found guilty of grooming and raping underage girls in the UK have Muslim names. But Muslims only make up 5% of the population. You do the calculation: The likelihood of a Muslim man committing this offence is $90 \div 5\%$, i.e. 1,800. The likelihood of a non-Muslim man to commit this offence is $10 \div 95\%$, i.e. 10.53. So the likelihood of a Muslim man committing this offence compared to a non-Muslim is $1,800 \div 10.53$, i.e. the Muslim man is 171 time more likely! And that figure is probably conservative given that the authorities - police, social workers, MSM and politicians - have been brushing the reality under the carpet for at least twenty-five years because it doesn't fit their mindless we-are-all-so-enriched-by-multiculturalism mantra. Indeed, even today, the media are still wickedly blaming "Asian men" for these offences because they are so desperate that we don't learn the truth.*

of the Burmese, of course, who clearly have no respect for different religious traditions. Just as the almost daily gratuitous Muslim violence in Europe is, of course, all the fault of the UK's foreign policy. And the fact that 95% of all crime in Sweden is committed by immigrants, almost exclusively Muslims, is the fault of ... well, you'll have to ask Jeremy Corbyn, or some other left-wing friend, for the answer to that conundrum.

Relations between the indigenous (Buddhist) Rakhinese and the Muslim economic migrants have never been exactly brilliant. The Rohingyas' cultural tradition of gang-raping Rakhinese girls and robbing and murdering non-Muslims may have contributed somewhat to this. But things *really* started to go downhill around 2012 when the Rohingya Muslims decided to revive the noble Islamic tradition of beheading Buddhist monks.

Buddhists, you see, are essentially atheists. Atheism offends Allah. So Muslims, who are duty bound to defend Allah, are duty bound to kill Buddhists. And to be fair to Muslims, if you have been slaughtering Buddhists on and off for the last thirteen centuries, this must be quite a hard habit to break.

You can't really blame the Rohingyas for this, they're only following the example of their peace-loving 'prophet', who is, according to the Quran, the best guy who ever lived. Muhammad had, after all, famously made it into the 627 AD edition of the Guinness Book of Records for the prophet who had hacked off the heads of the most unarmed innocent people in the shortest possible time - around 800 in four days according to Muslim sources.

Unfortunately, the Burmese aren't as meek as modern effeminated Westerners, so when Rohingya Muslims gang-rape a Burmese girl or beheaded one of their monks, they are often repaid in kind ... frequently with interest. The Burmese army has had to step in on more than one occasion to prevent the local population sending all the Rohingyas off to meet Allah. Subsequently, many Rohingya men decided to pass up the opportunity to grope the seventy-two celestial virgins promised by their disgusting religion as a reward for slaughtering non-Muslims, and have chosen instead to return from whence they came, i.e. Bangladesh. The failure of the Burmese to appreciate how much they were being enriched by all this religious diversity can only be lamented.

Actually, the Rohingyas would prefer to move to a country where life is pleasanter than their native Bangladesh - Thailand, for example. There are lots of refugee camps in Thailand, where people from Laos, Cambodia and Burma are sheltered but, unfortunately, the only people Thailand no longer accepts are - you've guessed it - Rohingya Muslims.

Muslims take the view that once they colonize a territory, it's theirs ... *forever*, no matter what. So they have mobilized their Western left-wing water carriers to racket up the pity. There are, of course, no shortage of left-wing journalists who can write sob stories and take heartbreaking photos of little babies in order to paint the Rohin-

gyas as oppressed, misunderstood victims, who deserve our mindless support². Nor, unfortunately, is there any shortage of gullible, ill-informed politicians in the West willing to meddle in Burma's affairs.

Aung San Suu Kyi doesn't mince words about the Rohingyas, which doesn't sit very well in western left-wing circles. They have put lots of pressure on the Nobel prize committee in Norway to withdraw her Nobel Prize. That's not going to happen, but it demonstrates the left's hatred for people who don't think the right (in this case: left) way. Aung San Suu Kyi deserves enormous credit for resisting the immense pressure from the West. If only the West had similar leaders.

On the other hand, perhaps Burma should learn from the West and when Muslims gang rape their daughters and murder innocent men, women and children on their streets for the crime of not being Muslims, Burmese politicians could prate on endlessly about how Burma is enriched by all this diversity, and then organise a peace rally and arrange for some teenager to sing saccharine pop songs about "All yer need is luv" ... finally, they could invite even more Muslims into their country.

That should fix the problem. What could possibly go wrong?

THE BIG, BIG LIE **By Graham Moorhouse**



The Left's support historically has been the working classes. This was a solid and respectable enough base, even if, paradoxically, many working class men actually held pretty right-wing views, while still insisting on voting Labour because their fathers had done so before them.

The Left has recently begun to abandon its working class base. In America, Clinton famously wrote them off as a "bunch of deplorables" and they are often even portrayed by the MSM as racists. In

Britain one would be hard put to find a more obviously working class movement than the Football Lads Alliance, yet the MSM, on the basis of no evidence whatsoever, describes them as "far-right racists", notwithstanding the very significant number of Blacks in their ranks.



2 - So far four of the photos used by the BBC have been demonstrated to be fakes, being photos taken in other countries of other conflicts at other times.

The Left's base now would seem to be some fellow who has a whim on a Tuesday to don a Laura Ashley frock, rub blusher on his stubble and call himself Caitlin, and a lass who likes to shave her head, shove a length of tubing down her knickers and call herself Nigel. Not, *prima facie*, one would have thought, an obvious formula for on-going electoral success.

What do we mean by left and right wing? These terms are a legacy of the French Revolution. Those who sought to maintain the status quo – the Catholic Monarchy and the established state religion – sat on the right of the French Assembly and were thus called “right wing”. Those deputies who wanted to violently overturn the old order and establish a new world order, the revolutionaries, were known as “left wing” because they sat on the left of the assembly. One could argue, at the risk of over simplification, that the right is defined by what it loves and the left is defined by what it hates.

Trump is often denounced as being extreme right-wing, but as America has neither a monarchy nor an established religion, this is clearly problematic. The term today has morphed into little more than an insult directed at anyone who opposes the latest revolutionary objectives of the left. Broadly, it is anyone who has some respect for what G.K. Chesterton called the “democracy of the dead”, i.e. folk who *instinctively* reverence and value the traditions and wisdom of their forefathers.

One of the biggest cons pulled off by the Left since WW2 is the big lie that Fascism is far right. It is difficult to imagine anything further from the truth. To understand the Left's motive for propagating this lie we first need to go back to the roots of the modern Left: Marxism. Karl Marx didn't advocate initiating a working class (i.e. proletariat) revolution, as popularly imagined. What Marx taught was that the exploitation of the working classes by capitalists would inevitably result in the capitalists becoming richer and the working classes becoming poorer. This inexorably, he fantasized, would result in a revolution of the proletariat.

This never happened. The working classes were doing rather well out of capitalism; the coming revolution had floundered on roast beef and package holidays. It's true that the Russians had a revolution, but that had nothing to do with the workers rising up against capitalists, it was the military overthrow of an incompetent absolute monarchy, which was skilfully exploited by Leninists. Moscow did try to export their revolution to Spain, but this was a monumental failure from which the Left is smarting even to this day.

This failure of the proletariat to do what they were supposed to do resulted in a crisis in the left in the early part of the twentieth century. Put simply, the question was, if the proletariat were not the catalyst for the revolutionary changes the Left craved, what or who was? The Left broadly speaking broke into two factions: which faction you were in depended on how you answered this question.

The Bolsheviks under Lenin decided that the working classes were just too sluggish and inert to spontaneously rise up, so what was needed was a cadre of professional

agitators. These professional agitators needn't come from the proletariat, they could be drawn from the intelligentsia, or even the capitalist classes themselves.

Fascists, on the other hand, were former Marxists who decided that if class was not the basis for the revolutionary change they longed for, then perhaps a highly centralised state controlling every aspect of life, with a centrally planned economy, could be. Mussolini had noted that men were prepared to lay down their lives for their homeland but not their class. In the First World War, for example, bakers would die beside bankers, and consider one another comrades in arms.

Fascism was not inherently racist; racism was a German bolt-on. Hitler's National Socialists can be viewed as a Fascist heresy. It was the result of mixing Darwin's evolutionary theories with fascism. So, instead of viewing the centralised state as the catalyst for radical change the Left desired, the Nazis put their money on the German race.

Here's a little test - who wrote, *"What is the worldly religion of the Jew? Huckstering. What is his worldly god? Money. Very well then! Emancipation from huckstering and money, consequently from practical real Jewry, would be the self-emancipation of our time."* The answer is Karl Marx, the godfather of modern socialism. Hitler's anti-Semitism came out of the left, it was a product of Hitler's socialist hatred for capitalism. The Jews were in Hitler's left-wing mindset the poster boys for unproductive capitalism. The left will never tell you that - nor will they tell you that it is no coincidence that the British Labour party even today is still dogged with charges of anti-Semitism.

Mussolini was an ex-Communist as were all of the early Fascists. Lenin regarded Mussolini as a good revolutionary socialist and congratulated him for his decision to form the Italian Fascist party. And Hitler actually changed the name of his own party from *German Workers' Party* to *German Socialist Workers' Party* - that is what the "Z" in the acronym "NAZI" stands for.

Why then, you might ask, did Bolshevik thugs and Nazi Brownshirts fight one another. That invariably happens when revolutionary movements splinter into factions. The French revolutionaries finished up guillotining one another, and Lenin had Trotsky assassinated, but one could hardly argue from this that Trotsky wasn't very firmly on the Left.

If you put the 1919 Manifesto of Mussolini's Fascists alongside the manifesto of Corbyn's Labour party, or Obama's Democrats, you would be hard put to tell them apart:

Universal suffrage, lowering the voting age to eighteen, abolishing the elitist senate, mandating an eight-hour workday, a massive public works programme, worker participation in industrial management, nationalisation of defence related industries, old age and sickness insurance for all citizens, state confiscation of uncultivated land, steeply progressive taxation, an 85% tax on war profits, and strong anti-clerical policies, including no religious instruction in

schools. Hitler's programme also included: persecution of bankers and other lenders on grounds of usury.

Remove "usury" and replace it with "City greed" or "Wall Street greed" and you pretty much have the manifesto of any modern Socialist party you care to mention.

Another fact the Left won't tell you is that prior to WW2 the Western Left and progressives in general, and the American Left and progressives (the Democrats) in particular, were firmly in bed with Fascists - indeed, one could describe them as mutual admiration societies.

The Left won't tell you, for example, that the Nazi's infamous race laws, which were passed in 1935, were modelled on the race laws of the Democrats, the American Left - some thirty Democrat run American states at the time forbade interracial marriage. Amusingly, the Nazi drafting committee actually rejected some aspects of the American race laws as being too draconian: for example, under the Democrats' race laws one drop of Negro blood was sufficient to classify you as Black, whereas, under the Nazis' laws, one had to have at least three Jewish grandparents to be classified as Jewish.

F.D. Roosevelt, the nearest the Left has to a canonised saint, was admired by the Nazis. A Nazi Newspaper wrote of Roosevelt's book, *Looking Forward*, "*Many passages ... could have been written by a National Socialist. One can assume that he feels considerable affinity with the National Socialist philosophy.*"

Rexford Tugwell an economist who was part of Roosevelt's first "Brains Trust," a group of Columbia University academics who helped develop policy recommendations leading up to Roosevelt's New Deal, wrote of Fascism, "*... is the cleanest, neatest, most efficient operating piece of social machinery I've ever seen. It makes me envious.*"

Roosevelt himself, wrote of Mussolini to a journalist, "*I don't mind telling you in confidence that I am keeping in close touch with that admirable Italian gentleman.*"

The love fest was mutual: American journalist Irvine Cobb visited Mussolini in 1926 and told him that a great many Americans called him, "*the Italian Roosevelt*". Mussolini responded, "*For that I am very glad and proud. Roosevelt I greatly admire.*"

In England, the Fabian socialist George Bernard Shaw wrote lauding Mussolini, while the utopian leftist novelist H.G. Wells actually called for what he called "liberal fascism" in the West, and emphasising the need for "enlightened Nazis".

As for racism, FDR infamously blocked Republican anti-lynching laws, and worked hard to convince the American Left to support Southern Democrats in preventing this bill from coming before Congress.

At the Nuremberg trials after WW2 the allies sought to convict the leading Nazis of Crimes Against Humanity. Again, what the Left will not tell you is that one of the items on the charge sheet to support this accusation of Crimes against Humanity was

that the Nazis had promoted abortion in their occupied territories. Who today is ferociously pro-abortion, if not the Left in general and the American Democrats in particular, even aggressively striving, just like the Nazis, to promote it beyond their own borders?

You may legitimately ask, if I'm right that fascism is firmly of the Left, why do ninety-nine percent of folk believe that they are far-Right? That's easy: it's because the Left own all the big megaphones (i.e. the mainstream media, academia and government) so they control the message 24/7. The simple fact is that because of Hitler's association with the Holocaust in the modern mind, if the Left allowed their association with fascism to become common knowledge it would be electoral suicide, so for over seventy-years they have kept up the big lie that Fascism is right-wing.

If you are interested in exploring and understanding this subject deeper, I cannot recommend too highly the book, *The Big Lie* by Dinesh D'Souza. It is one of the most insightful political books written in the last half-century. To purchase a copy, type the following URL into your browser: <http://amzn.to/2jqUMAF>

HUMAN CAUSED GLOBAL WARMING: THE BIGGEST DECEPTION IN HISTORY

Written by Dr Tim Ball - June 15, 2017

[Most normal people have a built-in scam filter. We don't for example immediately fork out £10,000 when an unknown Nigerian emails us and tells us that his dad has just died leaving five million pounds worth of gold bullion. And we don't fork out £60 merely because someone telephones us claiming to be from Microsoft and assert they have identified a fault on our PC. However, some people obviously must, otherwise these scams wouldn't exist. What is the difference between those of us who spot scams a mile off and those who fall for them? It's hard to say - a greater degree of gullibility in the latter maybe - who knows.

I can only say that my scamometer started to ring loudly from the very first day the media started to push the anthropogenic global warming story line (AGW). Why? Well, there were a number of reasons, but chief for me was the emphasis on "consensus". First, this was never demonstrated, merely aggressively asserted, it was basically "trust me, I'm a journalist." More importantly for me was the fact that if there was genuine fact-based science behind these assertions then that science could and should be explained to us, but it never was. I will use an analogy to explain what I mean:

Suppose your brother is on trial for murder. Let's further suppose that you know he is entirely innocent because he was five thousand miles away on holiday with you at the time of the murder. You are confident that he will be acquitted and are therefore stunned when the jury unanimously find him guilty. So you ask the jury members individually why they found him guilty against the evidence. Would you not begin to smell a rat if the only reply you could elicit from all twelve was, "Well, there was a consensus." Would you not reply along the lines, "Yes, I know there was a consen-

sus, but I want to know why there was a consensus - surely you don't have a consensus for no reason!"

With a 50-year academic career focusing on Historical Climatology, Dr Tim Ball is uniquely qualified to address man-made climate change, and he demonstrates that it is a flat-out hoax. Thinking people everywhere should get multiple copies of his book and hand them out to everyone they know. - Ed]

President Trump was correct to withdraw from the Paris Climate Agreement. He could have explained that the science was premeditated and deliberately orchestrated to demonize CO2 for a political agenda. Wisely, he simply explained that it was a bad deal for the United States because it gave a competitive economic edge to other nations, especially China. A majority of Americans think he was wrong, but more would disagree if he got lost in the complexities of the science. I speak from experience having taught a Science credit course for 25 years for the student population that mirrors society with 80 percent of them being Arts students. Promoters of what is called anthropogenic global warming (AGW) knew most people do not understand the science and exploited it.

The plants need more atmospheric CO2 not less. Current levels of 400 parts per million (ppm) are close to the lowest levels in 600 million years. This contradicts what the world was told by people using the claim that human production of CO2 was causing global warming. They don't know the UN agency, the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), established to examine human-caused global warming, was limited to only studying human causes by the definition they were given by Article 1 of the United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change (UNFCCC). It is impossible to identify the human cause without understanding and including natural causes. Few know that CO2 is only 4 percent of the total greenhouse gases. They assume that a CO2 increase causes a temperature increase. It doesn't. In every record the temperature increases *before* CO2. **The only place where a CO2 increase causes a temperature increase is in the computer models of the IPCC.** This partly explains why every single temperature forecast (they call them projections) the IPCC made since 1990 was wrong. If your forecast is wrong, your science is wrong.

I studied weather as aircrew with the Canadian Air Force, including five years of search and rescue in Arctic Canada. After the Air Force, I went to university to study weather and climate, culminating in a Ph.D., in Historical Climatology from the University of London, England. When I began in the late 1960s global cooling was the consensus. I was as opposed to the prediction that it would continue cooling to a mini-Ice Age, as I later was to the runaway AGW claim. I knew from creating and studying long-term records that climate changes occur all the time and they are larger and more frequent than most know. I also knew changes in CO2 were not the cause.

The Club of Rome (COR), formed in 1968, decided that the world was overpopulated and expanded the Malthusian idea that the population would outgrow the food supply

to all resources, especially the developed nations. COR member Maurice Strong told Elaine Dewar in her book, *Cloak of Green*, that the problem for the planet was the industrialized nations and it was everybody's duty to shut them down. Dewar asked Strong if he planned to seek political office. He effectively said you cannot do anything as a politician, so he was going to the UN because:

He could raise his own money from whomever he liked, appoint anyone he wanted, control the agenda.

After five days with him at the UN she concluded:

Strong was using the U.N. as a platform to sell a global environment crisis and the Global Governance Agenda.

He created the crisis that the by-product of industry was causing global warming. Even Obama claimed that 97 percent of scientists agree. If he checked the source of the information, he would find the research was completely concocted. It is more likely that 97 percent of scientists never read the IPCC Reports. Those who do express their concern in very blunt terms. Consider German meteorologist and physicist Klaus-Eckart Puls' experience.

"Ten years ago, I simply parroted what the IPCC told us. One day I started checking the facts and data – first I started with a sense of doubt but then I became outraged when I discovered that much of what the IPCC and the media were telling us was sheer nonsense and was not even supported by any scientific facts and measurements. To this day, I still feel shame that as a scientist I made presentations of their science without first checking it."

He discovered what I exposed publicly for years. My challenge to the government version of global warming became increasingly problematic. They couldn't say I wasn't qualified. Attacks included death threats, false information about my qualifications posted on the Internet, and three lawsuits from IPCC members. Most people can't believe that such things occur about opinions in a democratic society. Test the idea by telling people that you don't accept the human-caused global warming idea. The reaction from most, who know nothing about the science, will invariably be dismissive at best.

I documented what went on in a detailed, fully referenced, book titled *The Deliberate Corruption of Climate Science*. A lawyer commented that it lays out and effectively supports the case, however, it was "a tough slog." I recently published a brief 'non-slog' handbook (100 pages) for the majority of people, not to insult their intelligence, but to help them understand the science and its misuse for a political agenda. It is entitled, ***Human Caused Global Warming: The Biggest Deception in History***, and presented in the logical form of a criminal or journalistic investigation, it answers the basic questions, Who, What, Where, When, Why, and How.

The book cost a mere £2.29 and can be found by typing the following URL into your browser: <http://amzn.to/2jGgLnC>

THE DEATH OF ST FRANCESCO MARTO

*To three little shepherds
Our dear Lady came;
from that moment onwards
their souls were aflame.*

One of the proofs of the genuineness of the apparitions at Fatima is the extraordinary heroic sanctity of the three children *post* the event.

In October, 1918, almost a year to the day since the last apparition, the entire Marto family came down with influenza. Francisco was in a particularly serious condition and could not move out of bed. Our Lady appeared to him and his sister, Jacinta, and told them she would come for Francisco very soon and that Jacinta would follow him not long after. Francisco was just over ten and Jacinta was not yet nine.



The two children were so happy about this news that Jacinta confided in their eleven and half year-old cousin Lucia, *"Lucia, Our Lady came to see us and said she would come soon for Francisco. She asked me if I still wanted to convert more sinners. I said yes. Our Lady wants me to go to two hospitals but it is not to cure me, it is so that I can suffer more for the love of God, the conversion of sinners and in reparation for the offences committed against the Immaculate Heart of Mary. She told me that you would not go with me. My mother will take me there and afterwards I am to be left there alone."* One needs to pinch oneself to remind oneself that this is the conversation of a child of eight!

Francisco had the same spirit of love and sacrifice. His mother said, *"He would take any medicine we gave him. He never fussed ... If I gave him milk he took it; and when I gave him an egg, he sucked it. Poor child! He took any bitter medicine without making a face. This gave us hope that he would recover, but he insisted that it was useless because Our Lady was going to come for him ..."*

At one point, Francisco recovered sufficiently to be able to take short walks. He invariably walked to the Cova da Iria where Our Lady had first appeared to the three children. He would kneel close to the stump of the holm oak over which Our Lady had appeared. His eyes seemed to sparkle with new life as he contemplated the joy that would be his when Our Lady came to take him to Heaven. He would return from

the Cova looking so much better that his father exclaimed, *"You are going to get better, and you are going to grow up to be a fine big man."* *"Our Lady will come for me soon,"* Francisco would reply with absolute certainty.

Tired and saddened from nursing his family, his father would reply, *"God's will be done,"* and then, unable to contain his grief, burst into tears. Francisco's godmother promised, *"If Our Lady cures you, I will give your weight in wheat."* *"That is useless, Our Lady will not do that for you,"* Francisco responded. As time went on, he again lost the strength to get out of bed and he had a persistently high fever, yet, his ready smile and cheerfulness belied the seriousness of his condition.

Lucia's family were not spared the flu epidemic. Lucia, however, was spared and helped nurse the sick in her own family. But when she had the chance, she would run over to the Marto house to help them and to spend time with her cousins, Jacinta and Francisco. She was well aware that they were not long for this world. When they were together, the children would exchange confidences to which the adults were not privy.

"Have you made any sacrifices today?" Lucia asked Jacinta.

"I have made a lot. My mother went out and many times I wanted to get out of bed and go to Francisco's room but I didn't."

Lucia told Jacinta about the prayers and sacrifices she had offered to show her love for Our Lady. *"I did that too,"* little Jacinta would exclaim, *"I love Our Lord and Our Lady and I never get tired of telling them that I love them. When I tell that to Them, it seems sometimes that I have a fire burning in my heart, a fire that does not consume ... Oh, how I would like to go again to the hills to say the Rosary at the Cova. But I can't any more. When you go to the Cova da Iria, pray for me, Lucia. I'm sure I'll never go there again. Now go to Francisco's room. I want to make a sacrifice of being alone."*

As she sat next to Francisco's bed, Lucia gently asked him, *"Francisco, are you suffering a great deal?"*

"Yes, I am. I suffer it all for the love of Our Lord and Our Lady. I want to suffer more but I can't." He lifted himself up a little to check the door was closed. He then removed a length of rope from under his pillow and asked Lucia to look after it for him. The three children had taken to wearing a length of course rope around their waist as a penance, but Our Lady had instructed them not to wear it in bed.

Francisco was fully aware that he would not recover. *"Look, Lucia, I'm going soon to Heaven. Jacinta is going to pray a great deal for sinners and for the Holy Father and for you. You are going to stay here below because Our Lady wants you to. Do whatever she wants."*

Lucia said later, *"Jacinta seems only to be interested in the conversion of sinners; she wanted to save sinners from Hell. Whereas Francisco's sole desire was to console Our Lord and Our Lady who appeared to him to be so sad."*

"I feel very sick," he confided to Lucia, "but I will be in Heaven soon."

"Then make sure you pray very much for sinners and for the Holy Father, and for Jacinta and for me," Lucia responded.

"Yes, I will. But you should also ask Jacinta because I'm afraid that I will forget everything when I see Our Lord. I would rather console Jesus and Mary."

Lucia's visits undoubtedly lightened the burden of sickness in the Marto home. *"It made me sorry to watch Jacinta in bed, covering her face with her hands and not moving for hours at a time,"* recorded her mother. *"She said she was thinking. When I asked her what she was thinking about, she smiled and responded, 'Nothing, mother.' She kept no secrets however from her cousin Lucia. Lucia brought joy and happiness to everyone. When the two girls were alone, they talked endlessly and in such a way that none of us could catch a word of what they said no matter how hard we tried. When anyone went near them, they lowered their heads and kept quiet. No one could penetrate their mysterious confidences."*

"What did Jacinta tell you?" Jacinta's mother once asked Lucia, but Lucia smiled and sped away. But her mother recounted that, *"... I do know that they used to say Rosary after Rosary, at least seven or eight times every day and there was no end to their short prayers."*

Francisco, on the other hand, in his last days, was unable to say his prayers. *"Mother, I can't say the Rosary, I can't even say the Hail Mary without being distracted."*

"If you can't pray with your lips, do it with your heart. It will make Our Lord happy just the same." - Francisco was comforted by this counsel.

He had not yet made his First Holy Communion. As his fever rose and his appetite failed, he realised the end was near. *"Father,"* he said to his dad, *"before I die I want to receive Our Lord."*

These words pierced his father's heart. He hated, of course, the thought of losing his little boy but he manned up and responded, *"I'll take care of it right away. I'll go right now to see the priest."* His father remembered the sad journey well. He related later how he took some of the older children with him, and how they said the Rosary together on the way back.

Meanwhile, Francisco asked his sister Teresa to call Lucia. When Lucia came, he asked his mother and siblings to leave them in private. *"Lucia, I'm going to make my confession now and die,"* he said, when they went out, *"I want you to tell me if you ever saw me commit a sin."*

"Sometimes you disobeyed your mother," Lucia ventured, *"when she wanted you to stay home, you sneaked away to be with me or to hide yourself."*

"That's true," he responded, *"now go and ask Jacinta if she remembers any."*

After some thought, Jacinta answered, *"Yes, look: tell him that before Our Lady appeared to us he stole ten cents. And when the boys were throwing stones at the boys from Boleiros, he joined in."*

Lucia passed this on to Francisco. He responded that he had already confessed that but said he would confess it again. *"Maybe it is the reason why Our Lord is so sad. But even if I wasn't going to die, I wouldn't do it again. I'm sorry Jesus, forgive us,"* he said." Then turning to Lucia again, *"Lucia, you also must ask Our Lord to forgive me my sins."*

"I will, don't worry. If Our Lord had not forgiven you, Our Lady would not have told Jacinta that she would be coming for you soon. I'm going to go to Mass to pray for you."

That afternoon, the priest came to hear Francisco's Confession and promised to bring him his First Holy Communion in the morning. Francisco was so happy and asked his mother to be sure not to give him anything to eat or drink after midnight. He wanted to fast like everyone else.

The next morning, when he heard the tinkling of the bell announcing the coming of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, Francisco tried to sit up in bed, but his strength failed and he fell back on the pillow. He received Jesus and closed his eyes in prayer. As the feeling of the presence of God flooded over him, he recalled the day the Angel had appeared to them and the three children had adored Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament together.

This faithful little boy had given his life to making reparation to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary for the sins of men. He had spent hours, whole days, dreaming of Jesus and Mary and scorning the normal pleasures of childhood. With Christ now physically within him, Francisco offered himself again as a victim of love, consolation and reparation. When he finally opened his eyes, he saw his mother's tear stained face, and said, "Mother, will the priest bring me Communion again tomorrow?" But this was to be his first and last Holy Communion; tomorrow he would be with his beloved Jesus and Mary in Heaven.

Lucia and Jacinta were both present at Francisco's first Holy Communion. *"I can't pray any more,"* he confided to them, *"you pray for me."* The two girls knelt and prayed.

"Lucia," Francisco said, *"Maybe I'm going to miss you so much. I'd like Our Lord to take you to Heaven soon."*

"You are going to miss me!" Lucia exclaimed, *"Of course not! As if that were possible when you are near Our Lord and Our Lady Who are so good."*

"You're right. Maybe I won't remember you," Francisco conceded.

Francisco was obviously failing but remained lucid. He became very thirsty. Lucia and his mother remained with him and tried to give him small spoonfuls of water but

he was too weak to swallow. When they asked him how he was, he responded, "*I'm fine. I'm in no pain.*" When his mother left the room, he confided in Lucia and Jacinta, "*I'm going to go to Heaven, and I will ask Our Lord and Our Lady to take you soon.*"

Jacinta, always the impetuous one, blurted out, "*Give my best wishes, my very best wishes to Our Lord and Our Lady, and tell them I'll suffer all that They want me to for the conversion of sinners and in reparation for the sins committed against the Immaculate Heart of Mary.*"

His mother returned to look after her little boy. Although she prayed, "*God's will be done,*" it did not lessen her mother's heartache as she watched her little boy sinking. In the night, Francisco suddenly roused and exclaimed, "*Mother, look! What a beautiful light - by the door.*" He sank back, "*Now it's gone; I can't see it anymore.*" At first light, he asked them all to bless him, to pray for him and to forgive him all his faults. They were all moved to tears.

About 10 am, just as the first rays of the sun pierced the room, his face brightened, an angelic smile parted his lips and he quietly slipped away. Without any fuss, in absolute peace, he tiptoed out of this world. He had finished the work God had entrusted to him, and on Friday morning on the fourth day of April 1919, Our Lady came to take him home.

The following day his body was taken to the cemetery. The procession was led by a crucifix followed by a group of men and the priest. Behind the priest, four boys in white robes carried the body. The Marto family and relatives and friends followed. His sister, Jacinta, sadly, was too sick to participate. A simple wooden cross was placed over the grave. Until Lucia left the village, she would visit Francisco's grave every day.

On March 13th, 1952, little Francisco's remains were carried from the cemetery to be interred in the transept of the great Fatima basilica. Three of Francisco's brothers were pallbearers.

A PEEP MEMBER WROTE THE FOLLOWING LETTER TO BISHOP NEARY, CO. GALWAY - NO PRIZES FOR GUESSING THAT SHE DID NOT RECEIVE THE COURTESY OF A REPLY

TO: Most Reverend Michael Neary D.D., Archbishop's House, Tuam, Co. Galway

My Lord Archbishop, I was a young woman of 20 years at the time of the great upheaval in the Catholic Church (VAT. II) e.g. the removal of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in Advent 1969, the removal of the 1952 Catechism and watering down of the Sacraments and Catholic Culture.

An associate of mine informed me the Holy Mass of Martyrs and Saints was available in St. Pauls Church in Arran Quay Dublin in 1990. I was overjoyed when I attended it again and I couldn't stop crying at the beauty of it, as indeed I always missed it.

As the Mass was available only on Sundays at that time, I sought other avenues and Providence led me to the holy priests of the SSPX. I was married by then and mother to five children so I was delighted to have the support of the society to help me in the Catholic formation of my children, not available in my children's schools or elsewhere.

They provided daily Mass, 1st Friday and 1st Saturday devotions, Benedictions, retreats, novenas, pilgrimages and moral support etc. etc.

Thank God and his Blessed Mother my children all adults now and two married with their own children still practise their faith, whereas very few of their friends do. Most are agnostic and marry outside the Church, Jesus Christ their Creator and Redeemer rejected at the outset.

The Catholic Faith has not been taught for fifty years and as a consequence the Irish people voted for sodomy to be recognised as marriage and will probably vote for baby killing in the forthcoming referendum. A heavy price will be paid by the Hierarchy for their shameful neglect of the flock. God will not be mocked. Millions of souls have already been lost. This catastrophe was foretold by our Blessed Lady as far back as the sixteenth century under the title of Our Lady of Good Success and Our Lady of La Salette in the eighteenth century, e.g. Rome will lose the Faith, and become the seat of the Antichrist, and priests will become Vessels of Impurity. This prophesy has come to the fore in our lifetime, the third part of the Fatima Secret is obviously revealing this reality which was to be disclosed no later than 1960. Knock, the most important of all apparitions is foretelling of the coming attack on the Holy Mass and the priesthood. The story of Knock is told in allegory which the Freemasons

You will have heard by now of the shameful treatment accorded to understand very well faithful Catholics on their annual pilgrimage to Knock. This year they were accompanied by two young priests, one American and one young Australian. To say they were shocked at the treatment towards them and the Latin Mass is to say the least. The silent dignity with which they left the grounds of Knock after this insult to their priesthood, followed by near one hundred on that pilgrimage was a lesson in Catholic forbearance. Oh the shame of it all.

The Holy Mass was offered in a restaurant car park, kindly offered by its owner. All of us had to kneel in the muck and the lashing rain, young children and elderly alike. It was reminiscent of the Mass Rock in past sad times in Ireland, and Oliver Cromwell's persecution of the Catholic Mass in Penal times came to mind. What Cromwell failed to do, our own are now attempting.

To see photographs of heretics and schismatics pictured with your good self and Fr Gibbons on the internet while faithful Catholics are expelled leaves me speechless.

I'm certain now the Church is in eclipse and can not survive without the Holy Mass from which all grace comes. No grace comes via Protestant Communion services. Pope St Pius V in his Papal Bull Quo Primum July 14th 1570, stated the Mass was to

be offered in perpetuity and not a jot was to be added or taken away. To do so would incur the wrath of Almighty God, St. Peter and St. Paul.

We have the Blessed Virgin Mary's assurance, when the consecration of Russia is done, there will be great changes in the world and her Immaculate Heart will triumph. I won't live to see that great time but my children and grandchildren may do. Each of us has a choice to help or hinder our Holy Mother. Which side will you choose?

Yours Respectfully: Elizabeth O'Hanlon

**IN THE SECULAR ASYLUM EVEN A CONCEPT AS SIMPLE AS RACE
HAS BEEN REDUCED TO COMPLETE GIBBERISH.**



The Left's race industry has reduced the concept of race to gibberish. Yet 'racism' is still used as a cudgel by them to silence anyone with whom it disagrees. Yet, we can no longer refer intelligently to "race" or make meaningful distinctions such as 'white', 'black', 'Asian', etc.

For example, Barack Obama is hailed as 'America's first black president', notwithstanding the fact that there is no obvious reason to consider Obama any more black than white. This is possibly a left-over from the American Left's (the Democratic Party's) segregation laws. What was known as the "one drop" law legally defined anyone with "one drop" of Negro blood as Black.

Amusingly, even the Nazis thought that was going too far.

Rachel Anne Dolezal, an American former civil rights activist and President of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, resigned in June 2015 after it was revealed that she had lied about being African American. She had also lied about having been the victim of nine hate crimes; a subsequent police investigation failing to support any of these claims.

Dolezal came to media attention when her *European* American parents revealed that Dolezal was a white woman *pretending* to be black. However in a subsequent television interview, Dolezal publicly stated that she was born white but still identified as black. Her defenders contend her racial identity is genuine while obviously neither based on biology nor ancestry! The concept of 'transracial' is now being promoted by the Left to describe nutters who claim that they are a black person born in a white man's body. If I was black, I think I'd find that pretty insulting to be honest.

Meanwhile in the UK, Jews and Sikhs have been legally defined as racial groups. As a man can obviously convert to Judaism or Sikhism, this must mean that a man can change his race! Similar attempts to define Islam as a race have so far failed, but I

suspect it is only a matter of time. In the secular asylum words mean what they say they mean; a classic example being, of course, same-sex sham marriage.

Finally, a first generation black man born in the UK can claim to be British, but a tenth generation white man born in Africa cannot claim to be African!

COMMUNION IN THE HAND WHILE STANDING, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

Communion on the Tongue is an Apostolic Tradition (Statements from Popes, Saints and Church Councils)

"It is not permitted that the faithful should themselves pick up the consecrated bread and the sacred chalice, still less that they should hand them to one another." ... Pope John Paul II

Subsequently, Pope John Paul II twice indicated the irregularity of this practice as a universal norm. In *Dominicae Cenae* (Feb 1980), he stated: *"To touch the sacred species and to distribute them with their own hands is a privilege of the ordained."*

St Sixtus (circa 115, NB a mere 82 years after Our Lord's crucifixion): *"The Sacred Vessels are not to be handled by others than those consecrated to the Lord."*



St Basil the Great, Doctor of the Church (330-379): *"The right to receive Holy Communion in the hand is permitted only in times of persecution."* St Basil the Great considered Communion in the hand so irregular that he did not hesitate to consider it a grave fault.

The Council of Saragossa (360): Excommunicated anyone who dared continue receiving Holy Communion by hand. This was confirmed by The Synod of Toledo.

The Synod of Rouen (650): Condemned Communion in the hand to halt widespread abuses that occurred from this Practice, and as a safeguard against sacrilege.

6th Ecumenical Council, at Constantinople (650-681): Forbade the faithful to take the Sacred Host in their hands, and threatened transgressors with excommunication.

St Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274): *"Out of reverence towards this sacrament [the Holy Eucharist], nothing touches it, but what is consecrated: hence the corporal and the chalice are consecrated, and likewise the priest's hands, for touching this sacrament."* (Summa Theologica, Part III, Q. 82, Art. 3, Rep. Obj. 8)

The Council of Trent (1545-1565): *"The fact that only the priest gives Holy Communion with his consecrated hands is Apostolic Tradition."*

Pope Paul VI (1963-1978): *"This method [on the tongue] must be retained."* (Memoriale Domini)

Pope John Paul II: *"To touch the sacred species and to distribute them with their own hands is a privilege of the ordained."* (Dominicae Cenae, 11)

TRADITION RISING 2

A New Contemplative Religious House for England



A new foundation for the Institute of Christ the King Sovereign Priest in the U.K.: after a new Shrine Church, a House for the Sisters Adorers of the Royal Heart of Jesus!

Only two weeks after a second church (English Martyrs) in Preston was given over to the care of the Institute of Christ the King Sovereign Priest, the Diocese of Lancaster and the Institute are pleased to announce that the Sisters Adorers of the Royal Heart of Jesus Christ Sovereign Priest, the female branch of the Institute, have accepted Bishop Michael Campbell's invitation to establish a House in Preston in the Diocese of Lancaster.

The arrival date for the contemplative (but not enclosed) Sisters has yet to be determined, but it is hoped that the Sisters will arrive as soon as possible to set up their first UK foundation at St Augustine's Presbytery, Avenham, Preston. The spiritual life of the Sisters will be an invigorating support to the life of the Church in Preston, and indeed the whole Diocese of Lancaster. The Sisters' days will be centred around prayer, Holy Mass and the Divine Office in the traditional rite (i.e. the rite of our forefathers, saints and martyrs), personal prayer and Eucharistic adoration in the evening, the Rosary, etc.

Addendum: The sisters arrived in Preston on Saturday 10th November and were welcomed officially on Sunday 11th with solemn Benediction at St Thomas and the English Martyrs – led by Mgr Wach – followed by a social event.

FROM THE MAIL BOX

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

"Your apostolate is so desperately needed"

Dear Friend in Christ, My wife Pauline and I are great admirers of your work and that of PEEP in trying to restore our beloved Church to orthodox Catholicism.

The recent Flock editions have been noticeably powerful and as ever packed with clear referenced facts - just what we need! Is 'The Crusades' leaflet still in print/stock? If yes then I will be pleased to buy some and pay the mailing cost.

Your apostolate is so desperately needed, especially in view of the pernicious, God-less agenda of HMG's education (propaganda) ministry and the Ofsted Gestapo

With every good wish - Semper in Domino

May the Martyred St John the Baptist assist us!

Keith McAllster (Heighington, Co. Durham)

"... thanks for your fantastic Flock publication."

Dear Mr Moorhouse and Flock team, As always many thanks for your fantastic Flock publication. I always look forward to receiving my copy. This latest edition was excellent. I knew nothing about "Homosexuality in the Concentration Camps" and thus am better informed having read this article.

Indeed, history does appear to be repeating itself because of evil and lack of knowledge regarding this subject. I am grateful now to have a better understanding and knowledge of something so important unfolding before our very eyes - unfortunately most eyes are closed!

God bless you in your great work and for the knowledge that you impart.

Please find a small donation enclosed.

Barbara McCaffrey.(Newcastle-upon-Tyne)

[The lies and half truths of the liberal establishment continue: the BBC is rerunning a series at the moment entitled, *The Nazi: a Warning from History*, in which Rohm's pivotal role in the Nazi party's genesis was covered without once mentioning that he was a notorious in-your-face homosexual. Imagine if Rohm had been an ex-Catholic seminarian - would Laurence Rees, the producer, have overlooked mentioning that? - Ed]

"I want to congratulate you on your wonderful article on Nazism and homosexuality."

Dear Graham, I want to congratulate you on your wonderful article on Nazism and homosexuality. While it appalled me, it also enlightened, and cleared up misconceptions I had had about them.

It has made me think about another widely misunderstood ideology, which in itself influenced the development of Nazism: Darwin's theory of evolution. This ideology is still widely followed today, and, of course, blocks belief in the One True God.

Might it not do a lot of good in your precious pearl of a magazine to run a similar article on this subject? One book which opened my eyes is the key volume entitled 'The Evolution Hoax Exposed' by A.N. Field, published by Tan Books, ISBN 0-89555-049-0. It gives details of the reasons why this theory cannot hold water (e.g., that fossils and organisms have remained unchanged throughout millennia, despite changes in the environment). Darwin himself was on the point of withdrawing his book, 'The Origin of Species', from first publication, when he was persuaded by those with a vested interest in it to go ahead.

With best wishes for continued blessings on your work,

Sr Susan Asher (Via email)

[\[I have touched on evolution a number of times and will no doubt return to it. - Ed\]](#)

" ... the BBC TV programme with respect to our most Blessed Lady's Nativity."

Dear Mr Moorhouse - Thanks (indeed) to my friend David Lightfoot (a fellow parishioner at Holy Rood, Market Rasen) I have seen several copies of The Flock. All of interest, though I have to say I enjoy debating with David what I have read.

However, the Summer 2017 edition has led me to thank you in particular for the shocking account of the nil reaction (bar the good few) to the BBC TV programme with respect to our most Blessed Lady's Nativity.

Frankly I am amazed that Father Emily's approach to the Archbishop produced no result. I am not a frequent viewer so without the Flock, I would never have heard of the matter at all.

I am pleased to send you a donation to assist in your work. It is clearly vital in the Church.

May you and others working in the Flock be greatly blessed in your most essential effort to present the evidence. Yours most sincerely:

Colin Jackson (Market Rasen)

"A thousand thanks for the wonderful job you do ..."

Dear Mr Moorhouse - A thousand thanks for the wonderful job you do in informing us and educating us on so many subjects that affect us on so many levels.

I loan my copy to various friends but my friend, Meta, wants to have her own copy.

Presently, I will send additional Euros to help you in your endeavours. Gob bless the work.

Elizabeth Marlon (Dublin)

Looking forward to passing on the extra Flock copies

Dear Graham - Looking forward to passing on the extra Flock copies you send. They all go so quickly!

Your work is so vital and pertinent for us who think the traditional Catholic way about life and its core values. The Flock helps to shore up and secure our thoughts when even Catholic clergy, local and further away, are scandalizing us weekly by word, deed and silence. Our hearts can grow so heavy but your energy brings a relief and fighting spirit.

Love: Gail (Bath)

Bishop Peter Smith ... invited Stonewall ... and approved of "gender neutral" uniforms

Dear Mr Moorhouse - I hope that the following issue (WWIII permitting) will deal with Bishop Peter Smith of Southwark, who invited Stonewall into the primary schools of his diocese, and approved of "gender neutral" uniforms.

On 1st August, I wrote to new Apostolic Nuncio denouncing the bishop on both counts.

There is also the matter of the lesbian education secretary's plan to oblige all schools in England and Wales to adopt a government dictated programme of sexual instruction. Eric Hester had an article about this unspeakable programme, but gave no details. Your sincerely:

Peter McEnery (Glasgow)

[What I find odd Peter is - given the glaring in-your-face fact that, except for few glorious exceptions, the Church in England (and in many other places) has been governed by a brew of apostates, faggots and cowards for decades - that we are still surprised by these outrages. The Catholic education system is so corrupt that any parents who entrust their child to it may well have to answer for their decision on the Day of Judgement. When the shepherds turn into ravening wolves, we, the sheep have a duty to defend ourselves. That means forming associations with like-minded Catholics, not putting a brass farthing in the collection plates of the apostates, praying the Ro-

sary daily and making the 1st Saturday Devotions, and educating ourselves in the faith (and with the Internet, thank God, that has never been easier) - Ed]

... it is only through it [the Flock] that I can keep my sanity and my faith.

Dear Mr Moorhouse - I am sorry for not writing to you in the past. I have been meaning to send a donation for the Flock Newsletter. I look forward to receiving it for it is only through it that I can keep my sanity and my faith.

I am so relieved when you speak out about the state of the Church and all the clergy who are in error - especially Pope Francis.

I cannot thank you enough for all your work. May God bless you always. I mean to support you as much as I can and will send donations to you. Yours:

Agnes McKenzie (Nottingham)

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PLEASE REMEMBER PEEP IN YOUR WILL

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