



*"Russia Will Be Converted"*

*Mustaffa*

## **OTHER WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR**

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1940 (Book Club Selection) Best Seller in Catholic Field.

*From a Morning Prayer*

1941 (Autobiography) Best Seller in Catholic Field

*A Letter from Lisieux*

1942 (Biography of a Sister of Saint Therese)

*The Peacemaker*

1946 (Biography of Bl. Nun' Alvarez Pereira)

**Also Editor of National Catholic Magazine 1941-1948 and  
Editor of SOUL, 1950-.**

**RUSSIA  
WILL BE  
CONVERTED**

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Partial View of Fatima Crowd, May 13, 1950.

Pictured above is part (*about half*) of the crowd of hundreds of thousands of people who gathered at a Shrine in Portugal on May 13th, 1950, to pray for the conversion of Russia. (*To fit on these pages a picture of the entire crowd would be reduced to a blur*).

These hundreds of thousands of pilgrims represent millions more who could not make the journey to Fatima from distant parts of the world.

Approximately 400,000,000 people believe that a vision appeared at Fatima in 1917, predicting World War II but promising the ultimate conversion of Russia. Many of this number are today translating their faith into the greatest prayer-crusade the world has known since the thirteenth century when the hordes of Genghis Khan, swarming as far west as the gates of Vienna, threatened the Christian world.



## Introduction

**W**e feel that anyone who has the slightest belief in the supernatural will be able to see that Russia and the entire Communistic movement can become Christian and develop upon the earth one of the greatest eras of prosperity and peace the world has ever known. *We hope to demonstrate that this conversion of Russia, at least in the outer reaches of her international organization, has already begun.*

However, to all who will accept this fact, there will remain the challenge and the awful responsibility of speeding that conversion to bring it about before there is another world war.

Hence we approach the subject with acknowledgment of the fact that many people, of good Christian principle, will disdain the possibility of visions yet will view this extraordinary story not so much for what it is in itself but for the very visible and tangible effects which it has had and which it continues to have on hundreds of millions of people who do believe it. If there is some kind of religious revolution which at this very hour is *converting* Communism, if there is a movement which can possibly bring peace to the world without the necessity of further war, then it is to be hoped that everyone will do his utmost to sponsor that movement.

Being a Catholic, I cannot write without faith. I believe that Russia is going to be converted . . . and did believe it before many of the events told in this book

had taken place. The great question in my mind, as it must be in the minds of many who share this belief in Russia's conversion, has been only: "When will it happen? Will there be another World War before it happens?"

This was the question which I put to one of the three children who saw the Portuguese vision. "Do you think," I asked her, "that there will be another war?" The question fell upon her ears and my own with a ring of suspense. There was a long moment of silence before she answered.

This book is an effort to understand her answer. Those who have not or cannot believe her answer will at least be reassured to know that much of mankind has *not only hope* for . . . but a *specific program* to achieve . . . the actual conversion of Russia.



*Our Lady of Kazan, Patroness of Russia, Pray for us!*

## Chapter One

**I**n 1927 there was a strange *coup d'état* in Portugal. While several thousand people knelt in prayer in a town near Lisbon, a handful of devout men marched to the national assembly in Lisbon and demanded the resignation of the allegedly Leninist dictatorship.

Not a drop of blood was shed. The atheist government resigned and a new republic was born in the world . . . a republic which came unscathed through World War II, is now a member of the North Atlantic Pact, and which is one of the few creditor nations of the world.

The story behind this *coup* is one of the greatest oddities of our time and the basis of an increasing current of world-wide belief in the ultimate conversion of Russia.

It all began in a village in the heart of Portugal on May 13, 1917, where three little children said they had seen a vision from heaven. Though reminiscent of Lourdes and of Joan of Arc, their little drama developed strangely.

The three children claimed that God would end the war and give peace to the world if certain simple conditions were fulfilled by enough people. In proof of this they predicted, according to the message of their vision, *the exact hour and place of a public miracle to take place six months later.*

On October 13, 1917, approximately one hundred thousand people from all parts of Portugal and even from some distant parts of the continent, gathered at the

spot. Travel difficulties were enormous. It had been raining heavily all that day. Yet the crowd was so large that one cannot but remark it in itself as one of the strange events of our time.

**AT THE EXACT HOUR AND TIME PREDICTED BY THE CHILDREN, THE CROWD SAW A STRANGE PHENOMENON IN THE SKY. IT LASTED TWELVE MINUTES.**

The next day the newspapers of the atheist government in Lisbon, which had previously berated the story of the children in the kind of abusive language which we find so typical today in the pages of *Izvestia* and *Pravda*, testified in humble bewilderment to what had taken place. Newspapers all over the world briefly told the story during the following days. In America the news was pushed from the front page by the preparations of the United States to enter World War I, and soon in the excitement of the War most of the world had forgotten.

But the people of Portugal could not forget. Many of them had seen with their own eyes.

Thus, in that village of Fátima, in 1917, the 1927 bloodless revolution was born.

Today that revolution, which ultimately converted Portugal, has spread to every part of the world. Inside Russia, the religious underground has spread the message from the Iron Curtain to China and from Siberia to the Baltic. Catholics in France, during recent years, have made it a major force in the prevention of Communist power. In Italy, it was used as perhaps the single most important factor in influencing the Italian elections. In the United States, over a million people turned out to hear lectures about it and to see pictures taken at Fátima. Before writing this book, the author conducted a campaign to see how many in America would sign pledges to fulfill

the requests made by the vision in Fatima in 1917 to bring about the conversion of Russia. *Almost two million people signed within one year.*

These are facts.

It is the strangest news of our day, difficult to tell in a way altogether acceptable to a traditionally material-minded world. It is a story which in itself is a revolution.

The world today, like Portugal before 1927, is divided on moral issues rather than territorial or purely political issues. As Joliot Curie, the French Communist atomic expert said: "You can hinder the progress of Communism but you can never stop it." Communism is an idea. It is a religion of atheism, with the tomb of Lenin as the high altar, Stalin as the high priest, and a relentless creed of state worship.

The democratic world's only hope is to *convert* Communism. And for that reason we can look to the Portuguese affair (and its subsequent effect on all the Communist world) as a bright ray on the darkening horizon of East-West differences.

For the millions of people who have already fallen in some measure into the sphere of Marxist materialism, as well as for those who have preserved themselves from its taint, this "Counter-revolution of Faith" . . . begun by that "vision in Portugal" . . . is of paramount importance. "If my requests are not heard," the vision said, "there will be another war, errors will spread from Atheist Russia throughout the world, the good will be persecuted, the Pope will suffer much, and several entire nations will be annihilated."

Since the bloodless *coup d'etat* in Portugal, in 1927, there have been many books on this subject, particularly

on the Iberian Peninsula and in France and the United States. Life Magazine reported the story in the United States with precision and detail. Half a dozen magazines have been founded and devoted solely to this one subject. *There are at least five national societies in the United States alone* organized simply to spread the message and

Below: An aerial view of Fatima at the close of the second World War. In the ensuing years, buildings have been enlarged, an air-field provided, together with parking space for more than 50,000 cars. The largest crowd seen here was on May 13th, 1946, when it was vari-

ously estimated between from a half million to one million persons. On May 13th, 1950, the crowd was estimated at eight hundred thousand. Pilgrims come from all over the world, and devotions of Fatima are duplicated in Churches in almost every nation of the world.



the requests of the vision (one of the most famous of which is The Family Rosary Crusade, with the Radio Family Theater). Political emphasis was given to the movement in May, 1949, when, on the eve of the signing of the Atlantic Pact, Winston Churchill said that our sole hope of survival in the current struggle between the east and west lies not in arms and bombs but in the fulfillment of the very condition specified by the three children of Fatima in 1917. In this address, Churchill used almost the exact words said to have been spoken by the Fatima vision thirty-two years before.

What you are about to read in these pages is intended to evaluate the story of the "conversion" of Portugal and to show what has been the effect of that story upon the world at this hour with possibility of the conversion of Russia as a parallel. We will draw the parallel at each step, tying the events of Portugal into the events of our own hour. This parallel must have been intended by the vision in the words: "If my requests are not heard, Russia will spread her atheist errors throughout the world . . . but if my requests are heard, Russia will be converted and there will be peace."

*The vision promised not the peace of Portugal, which resulted, but the peace of the world through the conversion of Russia.* Everything that has happened as a result of the vision, everything which is now happening as a result, bears with tremendous weight upon this issue.

Many of the facts you are going to read in this book were personally witnessed by the author or corroborated by him in actual conversations with those who saw them and participated in them.

For those who have already heard the story of Fatima in greater or lesser detail, the first few chapters will seem

familiar. But we will look at the Fatima events through the eyes of the atheist dictator who had to deal with them, thus bringing ourselves more readily to the subject of the possibility of similar events in Russia.

**P**ortugal is a relatively small country. That probably explains why most of us did not know that in 1910 her king was assassinated. In anarchy and bloodshed, an anti-religious movement seized power because a comparatively unknown man named Lenin had said: *"Our revolution is international, we shall begin in Russia and on the Iberian Peninsula, and then close our revolution across Europe."*



Lenin



The petty atheist official who ruled the central part of Portugal after the 1910 revolution was typical of the atheist Communists we now know all over the earth. Instead of Arturo Santos, his name might have been Paulker or Stalin. He was at times ingratiating, promising favors; at other times he was ruthless; he was always governed by the principle that he and the state were right. The object of his life seemed always the same: To destroy religion and the individual dignity of man that humanity might be merged into a jellied mass of subservience to "The State." And he, Arturo Santos, was one of the elite who constituted "The State." He was powerful, in his little section of the earth. His subordinates feared him . . . for their lives.

One day, in 1917, Arturo Santos was faced with a strange problem.

News came to him that three children, near the village of Fatima (which was under his rule), had seen a vision. "Of course Your Excellency knows," his informant hastened to add, "that the children lie, as there could not be such a thing as a vision. But crowds are going to the place. They say that strange things happen there."

Faced with this nebulous possibility *that GOD, creator of the world, was speaking through a vision right there in his own province*, was Arturo Santos to be awed? If the Generalissimo came from Lisbon, Arturo Santos would have been greatly disturbed and there would have been much preparation in Ourem (his capital).

*But God?*

Arturo Santos did not believe in God.

He, and others like him had come to power with cries of: "Down with slavery of religion! Long live liberty! Down with reaction! Long live the republic!"

*His party had sworn to banish religion from Portugal*

*in one generation.* Atheist Santos was so perfectly the type to be found ranting and trying to climb to power now in Italy, France, Germany, England, China, Japan, the United States, India . . . everywhere of importance to Marxist conquest of the world.



**Arturo Santos, suspected  
Communist, "Commissar"  
of Ourem.**

You would have been impressed by Arturo Santos . . . his pleasant voice. If he had chosen to be your friend, you would have welcomed his friendship and somehow excused his atheism by your Christian charity. You would have said: "*Perhaps because he doesn't know . . . in God's sight he is better than many who do know and are guilty of only lesser sins.*"

But Arturo Santos, formerly a tinsmith and iron worker, secretly laughed at the vulnerability of Christians. He exulted in the power bought by his lies, knowing that his Christian enemies were unable to use lies. He let it be known that he belonged to the faith of the people; his children were baptized. Yet he was President of the Grand Orient Lodge in Ourem which had sworn to destroy the Church. *He was a living contradiction, and both sides of the contradiction were believed by the sides to which each side of the contradiction appealed.*

### First Vision on May 13th

It was in July, 1917, that Administrator Santos was told about Fátima. The strange events had begun there two months before, on May 13th.

Three children named Francisco Marto (nine years of age), Jacinta Marto (his sister, seven years of age), and Lucia Santos (no relation to the Administrator, aged ten), had been playing beside a flock of sheep at high noon when they saw a flash of light. *They were frightened. They began to herd the sheep away when the light flashed again. . . . A vision appeared.*

Four weeks later, on June 13th, the annual Saint Anthony Festival was held in Fátima and these three children begged permission of their parents to go to the Cova da Iria in preference to the festival. Permission was reluctantly granted and a few surprised and curious adults tagged along.

One of those adults . . . a woman named Maria Carreira . . . tells what she saw:

"I had not been well," she said, "and I felt a little faint from standing in front of the little tree where the children said they had seen their vision, so I said to

Lucia (the ten year old): 'Will the vision be much longer coming?' And Lucia said, 'No, Senhora, not very long'."

About ten or fifteen minutes later, Lucia stared at the sky, pointed her arm and cried: "Jacinta, there comes the Lady! There is the light!"

"We knelt on the ground. Lucia raised her hands as though praying, and I heard her say, 'Your Excellency told me to come here; please say what you want of me.' Then we began to hear something, a hum, something like a faint voice, but we could not understand what it was saying. It was like the buzzing of a bee."

*At that moment, untouched by any hands the branches of the little tree were seen to bend down.*

When it was over, the adults plied the three children with questions. None of them had the slightest doubt that truly a beautiful lady . . . as the excited children said . . . had for a moment stood on that tree and spoken with them!

The news spread from these few people to all the region . . . as only mouth-to-mouth news can fly in country places. That is why on the following 13th of the month . . . when the children said the Lady was to come again . . . about five thousand people flocked across the roads to the Cova da Iria. Some say there were less than five thousand, some say more.

It was this movement of the population (considerable indeed for a country place) which immediately brought powerful Arturo Santos into the picture . . . \*

\*Since we will speak considerably of "thousands" of people in this account . . . in the interest of accuracy it is necessary to say that few people, even those experienced, can *accurately* judge the size of an outdoor crowd.

In giving the numbers of the crowds involved in the movement of Fátima . . . we will use the numbers *usually* published and accepted.



### Third Vision

Among the five thousand gathered in the Cova were a mixture of the pious and the curious. In the center of the throng, three white faced, somewhat frightened children were saying the Rosary. Suddenly (as the father of the two youngest children, to whom the present writer spoke, narrated) Lucia cried:

*"Take off your hats! Take off your hats!"*

And my narrator, Senhor Marto, saw something like a little cloud coming from where Lucia was staring. It quickly descended to the top of the little tree and instantly a cool breeze began to blow through the torrid Cova and it seemed as though a cloud had passed over the sun. . . .

The eldest child, Lucia, was talking. Silence fell upon the crowd. Her high thin voice was heard and in that long moment of silence the crowd was caught by a feeling of the supernatural.

During the next few days newspapers all over Portugal were trumpeting the story. None of them were sympathetic. One paper flatly accused the Jesuits of having returned to Portugal under cover, inventing the story to regain the prestige they had lost in the 1910 revolution. The chief daily paper of Lisbon, commenting on the size of the crowd, suggested the possibility of business speculators around Leiria being responsible. By and large the papers made the happening the occasion of another violent attack upon religion, suggesting that superstition was something . . . sad to say . . . which would crop out like garden weeds even among enlightened people.

Some of the churchmen . . . who felt privileged even to be alive in Portugal at that time . . . were worried. Just six years before, Church property had been seized and all religious orders were banned from the country; hundreds of priests and sisters fled into exile. The Cardinal of Lisbon was given five days to leave the city never to return. I heard some eye-witness accounts of those days from persons who lived through their horrors, and it was easy to understand why the church . . . in external defeat and retreat throughout the land . . . was now anxious to avoid unnecessary friction with the government.

Therefore when mighty Arturo Santos, Administrator of Ourem, sent to little Fatima and demanded an explanation from the Pastor of the local Church as to why all this religious "disturbance" was permitted at the Cova, his message found a worried and apologetic cleric.

"I have had nothing . . . *nothing* to do with it," cried the priest. "I have not been there. The church has nothing to do with it."

The Administrator's officer found that to be quite true. Indeed, the pastor had openly accused the children of lying. Some priests who went did so in the hope that they might prove the so-called "vision" to be a fraud and hence show that the church was interested in saving souls and not in visions; these clerics caused the three children great anguish. "When we saw a priest coming," wrote Lucia in later years, "we always ran to hide if we could . . . and, if not, we resigned ourselves to offering God one of our greatest sacrifices."

So the officer, following out the word of the Administrator, went to the Marto house and presented a court

Below: House of the Martos, in the Parish of Fatima.



order for the children to appear before the magistrate in Ourem on Saturday, August 11th, at noon.

"It's foolishness to take such young children to such a court," snorted Marto . . . father of the two younger children. "I'm not going to do it. I'll go myself in their place."

Marto's brother-in-law, father of Lucia, was more easily intimidated. He was a weak character. He spent much of his time in drinking houses and was always somewhat resentful of the piety in his wife and children. Religion was something for women, and it would be a good thing to take his ten-year-old girl to court. If she was lying, as he was sure she was, she would get what was coming to her.

### **In an Atheist Court**

The anguish of the children was indescribable. On the Saturday morning, when her father was getting ready to take her to Ourem . . . weeping Lucia slipped off to say goodbye to Francisco and Jacinta.

"Never mind," Jacinta consoled her. "If they kill you, you just tell them that I am like you, and Francisco even more so, and that we want to die too. Francisco and I will go to the well at your house and pray very hard for you."

Lucia's father put her on the burro, and a few hours later he and Lucia and Mr. Marto stood in the Ourem courtroom . . . before the fear-inspiring person of local dictator, Arturo Santos. The present writer later stood in front of that forbidding building and recalled what happened.

For a moment there was silence. The local Stalin glowered inquisitively at the three figures before him: A



slightly defiant, thin, tight-lipped little man (Marto); an obviously frightened ten-year-old girl with twitching hands and staring dark eyes, and a shifty-eyed, badly shaven man at her side.

"*And the boy?*" the Administrator growled, looking at Marto.

"What?" Senhor Marto questioned back.

"*Wasn't there a boy, too?*" the Administrator snapped, showing that he did not even know that *three* children were involved.

"It is twelve miles from here to our village," Marto said firmly. "Little children can't walk that far . . . and they don't know how to stay on a horse or burro . . . they're not used to it."

The Administrator was angry, but he was deeply curious about this frightened girl before him . . . a girl who claimed to have had a vision there in his Province, with thousands upon thousands of his people believing it.

"It is true," he said turning to Lucia, with less anger in his voice, "that you saw a lady at Cova da Iria?"

"Yes," Lucia answered.

"Who do you think the lady was?"

"She said she would tell us in October who she is."

"So she's coming again?" the Administrator asked.

"She told us to be at the Cova on the 13th of this month, then next month, and in October."

"When did she tell you this?"

"The last time." (Four weeks before . . . on July 13).

"What else did she say?"

"She told us a secret," said Lucia, with fallen eyes, choking back tears.

"Will you tell me the secret?" he asked, with changed voice.

"No," Lucia said.

There was silence.

"You there!" barked the Administrator, gesturing towards Lucia's father, "do they believe these things over in Fátima?"

"Oh, no, sir! All this is just women's tales!" exclaimed Lucia's frightened father.

"And you, what do you say, Marto?"

"I am here as you ordered," replied the dignified father of the absent children, "and my children speak as I do."

"Then you think it is true?"

"Yes, sir, I believe what they say."

At this everyone in the court broke into hearty laughter. The Administrator made an angry and rather frustrated gesture of dismissal. One of the officers of the court told them it was over and to leave.

When Lucia got back home, she hastened to the well some distance behind the house . . . and there, after all those hours, little Jacinta and Francisco were still kneeling in prayer! She involuntarily cried out with a quick sob of pent-up relief as she ran down the little bank from the orchard.

"Oh, Lucia!" Jacinta cried, jumping up and running to embrace her. "You're alive! You're alive! We thought they killed you!"

Unhappily, the joy of the three children was to be short-lived.

The thorough-going Administrator *had only begun his campaign!* With the shrewdness of all the modern atheist officials who have exchanged laborer's hammers and sickles for less hand-blistering sceptres, he would if necessary resort to trickery and torture. He had made up his mind that those children would not "see" their lady in the

Cova da Iria again. He would prove, once and for all, before all those credulous thousands who even now were beginning to march along the roads towards Fatima . . . that there could not be a woman from Heaven.

Before the August 13th "vision," he would prove it.

(Author's Note: Although Arturo Santos disappeared completely from public life, we have ascertained that he is still living in Ourem. Statements in this chapter refer solely to his attitude and actions in 1917.)



Above: The residence of Arturo Santos, in Ourem, locale of the dramatic "test" which Santos planned.

## Chapter Two

### ARTURO'S PROOF

On August 13th, *fifteen thousand* people\* gathered in the Cova da Iria. News of the light seen over the tree, and of the branches bending down though untouched by human hands, had spread to the most distant parts of the land. Violent criticism in the government press had done more to arouse the fervor and curiosity of the innately religious "common man" than otherwise.

It was a clear day. No one in the large crowd would have difficulty seeing the children and whatever might happen to them.

Some in the crowd were saying the Rosary. A story spread mysteriously that it was all a trick of the devil . . . that there was an extinct volcano nearby and that these "supernatural" things were caused by the devil to get pious people together so that the volcano could erupt and destroy them. This brought smiles to the faces of most who heard it. All wanted to see the children . . . to watch them talking with something from the other world.

Where were they? It was almost noon . . . time for the vision to come. Had anyone seen the children?

A great murmur began to make its way through the crowd.

*The children were not there.*

\*Please see footnote on page 14.

After the court questioning on Saturday afternoon, the Administrator made plans to go to Fátima the following Monday, day of the "vision," to kidnap them. He was afraid that to have them arrested might provoke a public disturbance and would at the same time serve no good purpose. But after he kidnapped the children . . . just before the time of the "vision" . . . the crowd left alone in the Cova would see that nothing happened. By the simple act of removing the children he would convince thousands of witnesses, and thus all of the now curious nation, that nothing . . . absolutely nothing supernatural was happening.

The kidnapping hadn't been easy.

Shortly before noon, on August 13th, the impressive auto of Arturo Santos stopped in front of the poor little Marto house, on a road teeming with people.

Descending from the car, Santos made his way through the quickly parted throng and demanded to see Mr. Marto.

"I've come to see for myself," he said in a friendly tone. "Where are the children?"

They had not come in from their daily chore of grazing the sheep.

"You'd better call them," Santos exclaimed impatiently, glancing about with such nervousness that Mr. Marto sensed something wrong. "Seeing is believing, as Thomas said," Santos added. "We will take them to the Cova in my car."

"They don't have to be called," Mr. Marto said matter-of-factly. "They know when they have to bring in the sheep and get ready."

The words had hardly been spoken when the sudden raising of voices outside the cottage made it obvious that the children were coming. As soon as they entered,

the Administrator repeated that he had come to see for himself and would take them to the Cova in his open car. "Hurry now," he said, "it will be much faster this way."

The children were frightened.

"There's not need to take them in the car," Senhor Marto said with his usual courage. "Walking, they will get there just the same."

The unwillingness of the children, backed by the bluntness of the parent of the two youngest, made the Administrator think that greater insistence might betray him. Quickly remembering the intimidated priest in the Fátima parish, he said:

"Well, you all go along and stop at the rectory in Fátima as I want to ask the children some questions." This time there was imperiousness in his voice. With a stern look at Senhor Marto, he wheeled from the room followed by his several henchmen.

Mr. Marto's courage had gone the limit, and when the children left the cottage they went directly to the parish rectory to which the Administrator had preceded them. They saw the Administrator standing with the parish priest on the little balcony under the second-story window.

"Send up the first!" snapped the mighty Arturo Santos.

"Which one is the first?" Senhor Marto answered, sensing that there was going to be trouble.

"Lucia."

"Go ahead, Lucia," Senhor Marto prodded the eldest of the three frightened children.

Mr. Marto felt a certain confidence in the presence of the priest and the crowd of sympathetic people. After all, what harm could come of questions? Already there had been so many! *Had not the "Lady" of the vision told the children that they would have much to suffer because of her?*



The Fatima Presbytery

As Lucia entered the house, the Administrator and the Pastor disappeared from the balcony, and Lucia met them in the pastor's office.

"Who taught you to say the things that you are going about saying?" asked the Pastor, who wished to show the Administrator once and for all that he (the Pastor of Fatima) not only did not believe, but wanted to help put a stop to, the inventions of this wayward child.

"The Lady whom I saw at the Cova da Iria told us," Lucia answered.

"Anyone who goes about telling such wicked lies," thundered the priest, "will be judged and will go to Hell if they are not true. More and more people are being tricked and deceived by you!"

"If one who lies goes to Hell," Lucia answered, "then I will not go to Hell for I do not lie. I tell only what I have seen and what the Lady said to me. The crowd goes there only because the people want to go. We don't call anyone."

Have you said that the Lady confided a secret to you?"  
"Yes."

"What is that secret?" demanded the priest.

"I cannot tell it," the little girl replied but, as though strengthened by a wisdom beyond her years, she added: "*If Your Reverence wants to know the secret I shall ask the Lady and, if She gives me permission, I will tell you.*"

Now Santos, who had not at all suspected the intimidated churchman of complicity in the matter but who was merely anxious to see that the children did not get to the Cova da Iria where thousands of people were waiting that very morning, shut off the idea of Lucia asking the Lady for permission to tell the secret.

"But these are supernatural matters!" he expostulated, with an air of finality and authority.

Then, instead of summoning the other two children, he said:

"That's enough."

Taking Lucia downstairs, where Senhor Marto and the other two children were waiting, he said: "You may go . . . or, better still, let's all go. It's getting late."

In the interim, his car had been brought to the door . . . right up to the step . . . so that it was impossible to leave the rectory without deliberately avoiding the car door. In a moment, still mentioning that it was late and they would have to hurry to get to the Cova da Iria on time (as was true), *he handed the children into the open auto . . . Francisco in front and the two girls in back.*

"It was so quick that for the moment I was stunned," Mr. Marto said later. "The car roared off in the direction of the Cova da Iria, and then I suddenly wondered why I had worried at all. But upon reaching the road the car turned and streamed off toward Ourem. It was all so well planned! . . . Nothing could be done."



In the car Lucia spoke first in a slightly frightened, timid voice:

"This is not the way to the Cova da Iria."

"We are going to see the Pastor at Ourem," lied the Administrator, "we will get his advice, too."

People hurrying along the road were slowing the car. Suddenly some persons who had been to the Cova da Iria before recognized the children and read the fright in their little faces. The cry ran along the road that Dictator Santos was kidnapping the children. As the Administrator snapped a command to speed, some stones flew at him from a shouting, angry mass. Quickly he covered the children with a blanket to prevent them from being recognized and as he whirled down the road to safety he gloated in his success.

### Typical Communist Trick

Telling a lie was not merely easy for Santos, as anyone acquainted with the principles of the atheist revolution understands. In his eyes it was right. Anything which he deemed expedient to the state (and it made little difference that he and the state were one) was morally right. Deliberate deception is the Communists' most used . . . and often quite skillfully used . . . weapon. Whether that lie be in a solemn treaty among nations, or merely the "framing" of individuals deemed dangerous to "the state," makes no difference. *Lies are the hard nails with which they find it easy to pierce the susceptible hands and feet of truth.* In this they find Christianity most vulnerable, as nineteen hundred years ago Christ seemed vulnerable. They do not know what they are doing . . . They do not know that their apparent victory carries the seed of their defeat. *They do not know about the resurrection.*

For a moment, consider the parallel between what was happening on that road to Ourem and what is happening now.

Dozens of famous instances in the modern story of Russian-Communist aggression fly to mind, but none more clearly than the conviction of Archbishop Stepinac in Yugoslavia, or of Cardinal Mindszenty in Hungary.

Cardinal Mindszenty was the sixteenth Bishop to have disappeared into a Red prison since the "end" of World War II. And his case was particularly famous because Hungary had been close to the West; *in a free election, after the war, it had voted overwhelmingly (83%) against Communism* even though occupied by Russian Troops! After the Communist *coup d'état* in Hungary, the few atheist rulers were afraid to strike against the Cardinal because of the sympathy of the people. The majority of Hungarians revered him as a saintly prelate who lived simply and spoke fearlessly in the cause of truth as they all understood the truth.

Cardinal Mindszenty before his trial.....and after.



When command came from Moscow for the liquidation of the Cardinal, the Hungarian Communists found it impossible to carry out several plans to kill the Cardinal "accidentally." Knowing of similar happenings in other countries, those around the Cardinal took precautions. (See Reader's Digest, Nov., 1949, and Soul Magazine, Jan., 1950.)

So the lie was used with more fervor than before . . . in the hope that even though the people were too well informed to believe the lies . . . they might at least get a vague idea that the Cardinal was not as perfect as they thought. Finally, when enough of this had been done, the Cardinal was imprisoned, there was a lightning trial, and the lie was forced from the tortured Cardinal's own lips with such perfection that his torture was not evident. Those who knew the Cardinal knew the lie. But little by little, thousands of people came to wonder . . . and the force of the lie spread simply because it was advertised more than the truth. Sides were taken . . . for and against Cardinal Mindszenty . . . in bar-room conversations and in mass demonstrations in many cities.

Such is the tremendous perfection of the propaganda technique used by International Communism. Such is the power of their nails for the Christian Body.

Thus Arturo Santos had kidnapped the three children of Fátima by a lie, he had comforted them by a lie, and he exulted in the success of his lies.

People were going to Fátima, to the Cova da Iria, to watch three children communicate with Heaven. But they would see nothing! He had the three children with him . . . and he was going to lock them in prison. Let Heaven *try* to communicate with them! Mysterious clouds and lights at the Cova da Iria indeed! He would prove there

wasn't any God, there wasn't any Heaven! He would prove that the only realities of the earth are the realities of the strong . . . of those daring enough to use lies and make them stick! Anyone could see that it is religion which makes a man weak, so that simple lies can reduce him to nothing; religion is therefore truly the opiate of the people. . . .

With such a philosophy, Lenin rightly said: "*Our First enemy is religion.*"

### Arturo's Ruse

Arriving in Ourem, Santos hurried the children into his own house and locked them in a room. His astute mind had devised a way to make the final destruction of the "Fátima Story" easy.

First, nothing would happen at the Cova da Iria when the children weren't there, and then he would issue bulletins (they were already written) pointing out that it was all a hoax, that he had found it out in time. The fact that nothing happened at the Cova when the children were absent would be proof.

Second, *he would actually get the children to retract their story without even asking them to deny the visions! He would make them tell the so-called secret.* Once they had told that, he would force them to admit that the giver of the secret was not from Heaven . . . because, if so, they would not have gone *against* Heaven in telling it!

It is noteworthy that in using this intelligent ruse Arturo Santos showed a profound understanding of the religious mind.

By the time the children had been discharged from the car and taken into the house, they were thoroughly frightened.

"You won't leave here until you tell me the secret,"

Santos said, locking them in a room and glaring ferociously.

"If they kill us," trembled Jacinta (only seven years old) for the consolation of the other two (Lucia, aged ten, and Francisco, aged nine), "it won't make any difference because we shall go straight to Heaven."

### The Test

Back at Fátima the Administrator's first purpose in kidnapping the children was about to be put to the test.

It was noon . . . the usual time for the visions. The crowd estimated at fifteen thousand had just realized that the children were not there. Some new arrivals excitedly testified that they had seen the children in the automobile with Santos wheeling along the road to Ourem. Yes, there was no doubt. Some from Fátima had seen the children enter the car, and they would have been at the Cova well before this. "The children have been stolen by the wicked Santos!" became a cry through a stunned crowd . . . leaving seething anger rolling up from seven years of religious persecution in its wake.

"We will go," one man shouted, brandishing a heavy stick, "and free them."

Scattered through the crowd were government agents. Everyone knew that. No man in Portugal felt himself entirely safe, as one was taught to spy against the other. Their very presence there in the Cova da Iria showed that they did not care about the things the government press had been saying about the children and the "visions." *And, unarmed, they were quite helpless like the some fifteen to twenty million prisoners in the forced-labor and concentration camps of Russia today.* The latter would like to cry out for their kidnapped freedom; they might like to march upon the Kremlin. But *all they can do is pray.*

Barbed wire enclosure and prison bars echo from Moscow a cry thrust at Christ across the world two thousand years ago: "If Thou be the Son of God, save Thyself! Come down from the Cross!"

. Arturo Santos wanted the crowd to see the futility of prayers. Christ had not come down from the cross. He wanted the people to realize that this Fátima affair was a Church hoax, or at best an outcropping of superstition. With the children gone, Arturo Santos relied on the belief that nothing would happen in the Cova da Iria.

*But Arturo Santos was wrong.*

Perhaps there is a time to die on the cross . . . because unless the grain of wheat dies in the ground, many grains would not be borne upon the stalk it is able to give. The cross is part of the Reign of Christ . . . because His Kingdom is not of this world; His peace is not the peace of a merely ordered society, but of the heart. Such peace is bought not by arms, but by enough human hearts looking up from the Garden of Olives with the divine currency that buys freedom for all mankind: "*Father, not my will, but Thine be done!*"

*Within that very hour, the stupefied Santos had electrifying news from the Cova da Iria.*

As the crowd milled about, wondering what to do, *thunder rolled suddenly from the clear sky . . .* above the cries and noise of people. The heavenly roar struck the crowd to instant silence, as though a great giant suddenly catching its breath, and then cries of fear broke out louder than ever: "We will be killed! It is the end! We are all going to die!"

As panic began to spread, again there was a sudden silence . . . a sudden united gasp. . . .

*A white cloud was seen to move through the air and*

*descend to the top of the little tree before which the children had knelt the three previous times. An eyewitness says:*

"Just after the thunder and lightning we all noticed a little cloud, very white, as though made of light, which came down and rested over the holm oak. It stayed a few minutes, then rose towards the heavens and disappeared. Looking about, we noticed a strange sight. . . . Everyone's face, and all the landscape, glowed . . . rose, red, blue, all the colors of the rainbow. The trees seemed to have no branches or leaves but were all covered with color: every leaf seemed to be rather a flower. The ground appeared to be in little squares, each one a different color. Our clothes, everything seemed transformed into the colors of the rainbow."

Continuing the account of what thousands of people universally and simultaneously testified to have seen, this witness to whom the present writer spoke continues:

"When the signs disappeared the people seemed to realize that the Lady had come from Heaven and, not finding the children, had returned. A tremendous resentment seemed to replace their awe. Most of them started towards the village, crying out loudly against Arturo Santos, against the priest, against anyone they thought might have had anything to do with the arrest of the children."

### Victory of Apparent Defeat

Most of the crowd, it is to be remembered, had been for seven years subjected to a very effective and violent vilification of religion. Somewhat like the people of Russia today, they had been without instruction and spiritual guidance and had therefore quite naturally assimilated some of the pagan doctrine of "Might is right." To them,

as to Saint Peter who drew his sword and struck at one of the soldiers who seized his Lord, bloodshed seemed in order. As they began marching toward Leiria, their mob sense of justice-through-blood blotted out the incredible experience in the Cova.

But the truly Christian among them knew that even if the pastor and the administrator had perpetrated injustices, such things were to be left to God . . . the God Who had so awesomely demonstrated His power in the Cova da Iria. Senhor Marto cried: "*Be calm! Be calm! Whoever deserves punishment . . . will he not get it from God? Have we not seen that this is from above?*"

His virtue triumphed. A bloodthirsty but inherently Christian mob suddenly came to its senses, and once again God heard the prayer "Not our will, but Thine be done" . . . and Arturo Santos could relax. Stupid virtue had won, and he was safe. And he would make those children retract if he had to threaten them with death!

Back in Fátima, a vacillating clergyman knew that he had . . . by the barest margin . . . escaped death. And he knew, too, that this matter could not longer be thought the invention of publicity-minded children . . . because so many thousands, in the absence of the children, had seen wonders in the Cova da Iria . . . people who together could not have been deceived. The next day, in complete turnabout from his subservience to the Administrator, he issued a formal statement to the newspapers:

"The rumor that I was an accomplice to the sudden kidnapping of the children . . . I repel as an unjust and insidious calumny. The Administrator did not confide the secret of his intentions to me. . . .

"And if *it was providential*, for such it was, that *the authority succeeded in taking the children away furtively*



*and without resistance*, it is no less providential that the anger of the crowd, excited by this devilish rumor, was dispelled. Otherwise this day the parish would have been mourning the Pastor. Certainly it was through the intercession of the Virgin Mother that he is now alive. . . .

"The authority wanted the children to reveal a secret that they have told to no one. *Thousands of witnesses testify (from the events of yesterday) that the children were not necessary for the Queen of Angels to manifest the Power of God.* They all testify to the extraordinary occurrences which have now deeply rooted their belief in a case so marvelous and sublime."

One would think that Arturo Santos, with all his astuteness, would perceive that something was happening at Fátima which was not "run of the mill." It looked as though this was one of the rare times in History when Christ was going to come down from the Cross or, should we rather say . . . that the twentieth century was about to see the stone begin to roll back from a Christian tomb guarded by the guns of militant atheism? Thunder from Heaven, a light descending from the sky, strange lights . . . all seen by thousands of people . . . seemed apocalyptic. The crucifixion had been going fine, and as some scientist in England had said . . . echoing Karl Marx . . . the days of religion seemed numbered.

Somehow, Arturo Santos did not see.

He was not grateful that his life had been spared. Pough! He would have ordered the militia to cut the crowd to ribbons! And as for that pastor, who now sided with the crowd and believed that what happened at Fátima was "marvelous and sublime"—he, and all the priests left in his jurisdiction, would pay as others had paid before them!

## Chapter Three

### THE TEST

**I**n the morning of August 14th, following the extraordinary events of the previous afternoon, the children were taken to government headquarters in Ourem for treatment now being endured by so many behind the Iron Curtain. In this instance the issues of religion vs. anti-religion were completely clear because those on trial were not "powerful" priests, not "property-owning" Cardinals, not arms-bearing men "threatening the security of the state."

*The prisoners to be tried were three little children.*

First they were subjected to questioning by an apparently kind and elderly lady. She was experienced, shrewd. Her affectedly careless questions were pointed to find the slightest wedge of contradiction in their story. She knew that it did not matter to her government . . . her "cause" . . . that the children might be telling the truth. The important thing was that they should contradict themselves.

But each of the children, even to the details of the appearance of their "Lady from Heaven," told the same story over and over. There were some things of which they could not be sure, because the Lady was in light, they said, *all in light*. Over and over they repeated: "She was all in light." She wore a simple tunic, gathered high at the waist, and a single veil which hung from her head to the bottom of the tunic. A globe of gold was suspended from

her neck, the edge of the veil shining brighter than the rest, and there was a star on her tunic. From folded hands she held a pair of shining rosaries with a crucifix of pearly white.



The old lady had been told to concentrate on the secret.

She tried pitting one child against the other, she coaxed, she suggested, she offered bribes . . . actually holding pieces of shining gold money out to them in return for just part of the secret.

The children held fast.

For the rest of the morning, the dictator himself took up the questioning. Finally he resorted to promises, then to threats of torture.

After lunch, the gruelling ordeal was resumed. One tired questioner gave place to another without suspecting that three children could so long withstand the pressure.

Finally, seeing that threats and promises failed, Santos fell to his last resort.

*"Throw them into prison,"* he thundered, *"and prepare vats of burning oil."*

### Too Much for a Child?

When the children reached the jail, seven-year-old Jacinta began to cry incontrollably . . . her little body racked with sobs. Lucia and Francisco tried to quiet and console her. Ten-year-old Lucia said softly:

"Why must you cry, Jacinta?"

"Because we are going to die without ever seeing our mothers and fathers again. None of them have come to see us. They don't care for us anymore. *I want to see my mother!*"

For this small child of seven years, violent separation from her mother was perhaps greater torture than physical injury. The prospect of dying did not seem as terrible as did the awful loneliness. . . . Whenever she had cried her mother soon made things right. But now . . . ?

"Don't cry, Jacinta," said Francisco, even though he was

only two years older. "The Lady told us to make sacrifices for sinners, and we can offer this sacrifice for sinners."

At this Jacinta instantly choked back her sobs, raised her face and wiped the hot tears. Then, simultaneously motivated, all three children . . . entering the jail . . . looked Heavenwards and repeated a prayer the beautiful Lady had taught them: "*My Jesus, all this is for love of You and for sinners.*"

"And for the Holy Father," Jacinta added, including other requests of the Vision, "and in reparation for the offenses against the Immaculate Heart of Mary."

There were several men in the prison at the time. At sight of the three children, with their frightened eyes and trembling lips, not one of the men failed to show sympathy. At first, having learned why the children were in prison, one of the men told them not to be afraid because seeing a vision, or even telling a lie, was not enough to merit death. But the very sight of the jail, the smell, the men, the hours of questioning and threats, the awful words "*Prepare vats of boiling oil*" . . . all were too much, too real.

Deeply touched at seeing the children remain frightened and on the brink of tears, the inmates of the jail began a chorus of reassurances . . . laughing the matter off and trying to get the children to laugh. But it was to no avail. The children did not seem to mind being in jail, or even of dying. They wanted their mothers.

"Why don't you tell the secret?" one of the men urged. "Why should you care?" "Yes," another took up, "tell him the old secret. There can't be any harm in that. Why should you care if he knows the secret?"

It was Jacinta, the most outwardly distressed of the three, who answered with broken voice:

*"Never. We would never tell because the Lady would not want it. We would rather die."*

The men were impressed. There was some silence, and then one of them suggested a song. An accordion sounded. Singing began . . . and a kind hearted convict took Jacinta up in his arms and, carrying the chorus, began to dance. But the thought of death made the children unable to participate in the well-meant merriment.

"Stop," Jacinta said to the man who was carrying her. There was a catch in her voice. "Please stop."

The man set her down. The music stopped.

Jacinta took a medal from about her neck and asked the man to hang it from a nail on the wall which was too high for her to reach.

He did.



Then all three children knelt on the prison floor and began the Rosary. And one by one, the prisoners found themselves, in the presence of such radiant faith, falling to their knees. Some of the men began to mumble along with the prayers. One man, who had knelt with greater reluctance than the others and who still wore his hat, heard Francisco say: "We should take off our hats when we pray." He took off the hat and rather violently dropped it to the floor. Francisco picked it up and carefully laid it on the bench.

The Rosary was not over when there was a sound of footsteps outside the door, the key rattled in the lock, and a surly attendant barked at the children:

*"Come with me."*

### Confession or Death

Back in the Court House, Jacinta . . . who had appeared to be most weakened by the ordeal . . . was called first.

"The oil is now boiling. If you tell the secret, we shall let you all go. Otherwise. . ."

^ Jacinta, no longer crying, remained silent.

"Take her away!" growled the judge. "Throw her into the oil!" And a guard grabbed the child by the arm and wheeled her from the room.

While this was going on, Francisco whispered to Lucia . . . as though to reassure them both: "If they kill us we shall soon be in Heaven. Nothing else counts. I hope Jacinta won't get frightened. I should say a *Hail Mary* for her." And he took off his cap to pray.

"What are you saying?" a puzzled guard inquired.

Naively, Francisco replied: "I am saying a *Hail Mary* for Jacinta, to give her courage."

A moment later he himself was dragged by the arm be-

fore the judge.

"All right, now," the judge glowered, not at all pleased by his failure with the seven-year-old Jacinta, "Your sister has already been boiled in oil because she didn't tell the secret. Now it's your turn. Out with it! If you want to save yourself and the other girl, tell it."

"I can't," Francisco protested. "I can't tell it to anyone!"

"*Take him away!*" shouted the magistrate. "*Throw him in, too!*" And as the guard began to drag Francisco toward the door through which Jacinta had disappeared, the judge and all about him waited anxiously hoping and expecting to see the little lad break down. But tight lipped, with the same expression which must have lighted the faces of the first martyrs, Francisco went without even turning about.

Lucia had had much time to think. She remembered that when she first came to the Court House with her father the Dictator had not even known there were three children instead of two, so she thought she might bluff her way against death. When it came her turn to be dragged before the magistrate, she talked.

"The Lady said," she began, as though answering the demand that she tell the secret, "that men must mend their lives and give up sin. She said that we must say the Rosary and that she will tell who she is in October when she comes, and then she will have a message and perform a public wonder so that everyone will believe."

The judge was interested in the public phenomenon to come on October 13th, which the Lady said would convince everyone that she was indeed from Heaven, but he recognized that in the interrogations of the day these same things had come to light and Lucia was not telling the secret.

"Is that the secret?" he asked.



Lucia was silent.

*"That is not the secret,"* roared the judge *"and either you tell the secret or join the others in boiling oil."*

Lucia remained silent.

Arturo Santos had failed . . . as the Communists of the world have failed every time they kill or imprison a devout layman, a priest, a nun, a Bishop.

In his anger, probably Arturo Santos would have been very happy to have really boiled the children in oil . . . but he had merely removed them to a locked room.

### Feast of the Assumption

Now frustrated, but not anxious for a bloody clash with thousands of indignant citizens at such an early stage of this strange, new battle, Santos decided to take the children back to their homes.

It was August 15th, a great religious feast day . . . the feast commemorating the final triumph of the Queen Mother who bore a Son into this vale of tears, watched Him die slowly on a cross, and then lived years of exile through the birth-pangs of His new church. Arturo Santos drove into Fátima to return the children to their families.

Had the children really been telling the truth?

Even hardened Arturo Santos could not help but wonder. Strong men had broken down under an ordeal such as these children had endured. Yet they had never once contradicted their extraordinary story. Whatever the secret was . . . they had preferred death to betrayal of their "vision."

Years later I talked with Lucia, and when asked if she had really expected to die that day in the Ourem prison, she answered: "Yes, I thought Francisco and Jacinta had already been killed, and that I would be next."

As we progress in this story we may become convinced that the red-letter day of the twentieth century may one day be known as that May 13th, when three children saw a flash of light in the pasture where they were watching sheep . . . and, like Joan of Arc, heard a voice from the sky promising the conversion of Russia on certain simple conditions.

### The Parallel

Let us remember that Lenin, *before* the revolution in Russia, thought not of Russia but of the world. In the early days of Bolshevik formation, as we already mentioned, he said: "Our revolution is international. We shall begin in Russia and *on the Iberian Peninsula* (Portugal and Spain) and then we shall close the revolution across Europe." Then was to come the Communization of the world, perhaps in one, perhaps in two, perhaps in three generations. It made no difference.

Portugal is only a small country, but Lenin saw it as the key to Spain, and he saw both together as the jumping-off place for one side of his European pincers.

The agents of his atheism, of whom Arturo Santos was one, were active in Portugal without calling themselves Bolsheviks or . . . as they came later to be known . . . Communists. They were equipped with the same efficient technique which succeeded in Russia. Their war cry was "Long live the republic! Down with religion! Long live democracy!" Poverty and subjugation to unjust law were identified with Godliness; freedom was made synonymous with Atheism.

Meanwhile the revolution in Russia was postponed because, as Lenin advised, "It is expedient to wait until the war with Germany has weakened the Czar."

The first recorded Bolshevik terrorism in Russia directed by Lenin took place at noon, May 13th, 1917...*the very hour of the first apparition of Fatima.* It was an attack on a Moscow Church where Maria Alexandrovna was teaching Catechism. The Sacrament was desecrated and several children were trampled beneath the hooves of Bolshe-

visti's horses.

Lenin's revolution in Russia *climaxed in October, 1917*, which was also the climax of the Fatima visions. "Mopping up" and control of the entire nation by the Communist dictatorship took another year.

Below is the actual photo of the attack on Winter Palace in Petrograd.



Thus it was in Portugal . . . the scene of Atheism's early triumph . . . that we witness the strangest spiritual drama perhaps of the entire Christian era. *As Atheism made Portugal and the Iberian Peninsula a testing ground, so did God.*

Hence Arturo Santos, and his challenge to the God in Whom he did not believe, has become more than a news story.

### Santos Faces Death

When Santos returned the children to the village of Fatima the people were just leaving church after Mass. Being the Feast of the Assumption, it was a day on which all Catholics are bound to attend Mass; hence there was a crowd. Everyone was asking: "What has happened to the children?" Some offered the opinion that they might have been taken to Lisbon. But no one knew.

At this moment Santos arrived. Pandemonium broke. Senhor Marto was the first to get to the children. He threw his arms around Jacinta, tears streaming down his face. The other two children clung to him.

The anger of the crowd against Santos was such that the parish priest, even though he had repudiated the rumor of his complicity in the kidnapping, immediately appeared and made a speech implying that with his permission the children went to Ourem . . . thus directing some of the storm away from the threatened dictator. Then Mr. Marto, still holding Jacinta in his arms, careless of the tears wet upon his cheeks, climbed the rectory steps and . . . quieting the crowd by his mere appearance with Jacinta . . . said:

"Friends, behave! Some shout against the priest, some against the Administrator, some against the Governor.

But no one is to blame. The blame lies in lack of faith, and all has been allowed by the One above."

The priest hearing this from the rectory, took advantage of the sudden silence to say: "Senhor Marto speaks the truth . . . Senhor Marto is right."

Most of the crowd was quiet, but there were still a few men who looked menacingly at Santos while talking among themselves. Seeing this, *Senhor Marto offered to accompany the Administrator* (who for the past two days had tortured his own children) *to safety*.

Was the Administrator grateful for this wonderful Christian understanding and forgiveness? Was he touched by it, and . . . after seeing the great faith of the children, was he sorry?

During the time that Mr. Marto remained with him, the Administrator spent almost every moment trying to convince that poor and uneducated shepherd of Fatima that he should disbelieve his children's story.

Like Judas . . . and perhaps like most of the obdurate Communist leaders of the world today whether of petty, revolutionary, or of national jurisdiction . . . he was too hardened in his policies and too blind in his ungodly use of power to accept a chance at truth. To him, the unbelievable Christian virtue which had again saved him from physical harm was still stupid. Did not his very safety seem proof of the invincible strength of godlessness?

What he had done . . . in kidnapping and trying the children . . . had turned against him. Everything that transpired at Ourem had become a matter of court record, and it made the existence of a secret revelation to the children undeniable.

But his personal failure, and what later happened at Fatima, merely confirmed Santos in his intent to destroy

that Divine Enemy which was winning against him without fighting back!

Below: Senhor Marto and his donkey. His virtue saved a Dictator's life and set the pattern for a strange counter-revolution... a revolution of patience, sacrifice and prayer. "The blame lies in lack of faith," he said.



## Chapter Four

### THE MIRACLE

**W**hen Jacinta told her mother about the first vision, and the other children confirmed it, ridicule lashed out at them from the village and from Lucia's family. But, as we shall describe in some detail later, during the previous year these same three children had several times seen "angels" who spoke of some great event to come. The ridicule and pain of contradiction was not new to them.

"*What do you want of me?*" Lucia asked as the Lady appeared for her second apparition (June 13).

The vision replied (according to Lucia's report):

*"I want you to come here on the thirteenth day of next month. Recite five decades of the Rosary a day. I will tell you later what I wish."*

This latter vision, of all the various aspects under which the Lady showed herself, was the one which Lucia later liked most to recall. In 1947 an American Dominican priest named Father Thomas McGlynn was permitted to reside at Lucia's monastery and to make a statue of this apparition. Later Father McGlynn wrote a book giving Lucia's description of her "Lady in Light" . . . certainly the best and most detailed ever received. Reading Lucia's own words, and her inability to be satisfied with anything but posture, one partially understands the unearthly beauty she saw. When the present writer questioned her in 1946, Lucia said over and over as though there was hardly more to say: "*She was all in light . . . all in light.*"

After this vision was over, the people who had been watching in mute awe saw Lucia jump to her feet, point towards the East and cry: "There, she is going! She is going!"

At that moment, the upper leaves of the tree, untouched by human hands, *turned towards the East!*

The people hastened back to the village, met the people at the Saint Anthony celebration, and told of all that happened and thus on the following 13th of July the crowd which flocked to the Cova was numbered in the thousands.

As the vision disappeared the sound of tremendous thunder rolled over the Cova and the earth trembled so that lanterns hanging on the improvised arch in front of the little tree jangled as though they would fall.

The effect of these visions on the children is one of the most interesting and beautiful facts of the Fátima story. We cannot refrain from advising the reader to avail himself of any one of the many books on Fátima which have now been published, but we want to hasten here to the miracle of the sun.

It was after this July vision, and its secrets, that Jacinta had a vision in which she seemed to see the Holy Father closed in a large house, his head buried in his hands, with a great mob storming outside. Very often, from that time even until she died, she recalled this with tears and sobbed over and over: "Oh, the poor Holy Father! *Oh, we must pray for the poor Holy Father!*"

On August 13th, the children were in prison, but fifteen thousand people in the Cova da Iria heard thunder, and saw a cloud move from the east and come to rest over the tree as we have already described.

The next time the children saw the vision was at nearby



Valinhos on August 19th, according to Lucia's report.

*"I want you to continue to go to the Cova on the thirteenth and to continue to recite the Rosary every day,"* the Lady answered Lucia's usual question. *"In the last month I will perform a miracle so that all shall believe."*

When the vision was gone, the children broke off the branches on which she had rested. Later these branches were noted to have an unusual and wonderful fragrance. (At Ave Maria Institute, in Washington, N. J., is a complete acorn from this tree.)

On September 13th, about thirty thousand people gathered in the Cova da Iria.

The news, winged by attacks in the controlled government press, had now spread not only through Portugal but even to neighboring France and Spain.

Again the vision spoke of the "miracle" to be performed in October:

*"Continue to say the Rosary to bring about the end of the War,"* the Vision directed. *"In October Our Lord will come also, and Our Lady of Sorrows and of Carmel, and Saint Joseph with the Child Jesus, to bless the world. God is content with your sacrifices but does not wish you to sleep with the rope . . . wear it only during the day."*

Again Lucia asked about cures people were begging.

*"Some I will cure, others not. In October I will perform the miracle so that all will believe."*

On this occasion, the thirty thousand people not only saw the children in their ecstasy . . . but they saw a globe of light move over the sky from the east, as on August 13th, and rest over the tree. Afterwards, under the burning and brilliant Portuguese sky, they saw a rain of bright petals . . . like snow . . . which disappeared just as it seemed to reach the ground.

In October, therefore, it is little wonder that *the crowd reached the incredible number of 100,000 . . .* according to a careful estimate made by a professor from the University of Coimbra. We say "incredible number" because Fatima was ninety miles by road from Lisbon, with no public means of transportation, and the entire population within an area of many miles could not have made that number. Moreover, it was raining. High winds swept the roads. The Cova was a slushy pool.

The following paragraphs are verbatim from the quasi-atheist *O Dia* and *O Seculo*, papers which during the previous weeks and months had been blasting at the story of Fatima as being anything from a Jesuit fraud to rankest superstition. No source, in such a matter, could be more credible.



"The rains kept falling. Drops trickled down the women's skirts of coarse wool or striped cotton making them heavy as lead. Water dripped from the caps and broad-brimmed hats onto Sunday finery. Bare feet of women and hobnailed boots of men sloshed in the wide pools of muddy roads. They did not seem to notice the rain but went up hills without stopping, illuminated by faith, anxious for sight of the miracle promised by The Lady to take place at noon.

"A murmur drifting down from the hills reached us. It was a murmur like the faraway voice of the sea. It was the religious songs, now becoming clear, intoned by thousands of voices. On the plateau, over a hill, filling a valley, there was a vast and moving mass of thousands upon thousands of people in prayer."

*O Seculo* mentioned that, entering Fátima, some of those who had become atheists during the seven years of the atheist regime were joking. "Aren't you going to see the saint?" one asked. "Not unless she comes to see me!" "They laughed heartily," the anticlerical paper reported, "but the devout went on indifferent to anything which was not part of their pilgrimage. All night long, through the dark and rain, the most varied vehicles moved into the town square carrying the faithful and the curious, and also old ladies, somberly dressed and weighted by the years.

"At dawn, the sun was rising greyly through the rain but dark clouds loomed over Fátima. Yet nothing could stop the crowd converging from every road toward that now holy place. Though some came in luxurious automobiles, gliding swiftly along the road, continually sounding their horns, oxcarts dragged slowly alongside them. There were carriages of all types, victoria chaises, landaus,

and wagons fitted out for the occasion with seats and crowded to the limit."

After a further description of the vehicles and the people, *O Seculo* continues:

"About ten o'clock in the morning the skies were altogether black and sheets of rain, driven by a chilly north-east wind, whipped the faces of the pilgrims, drenched the roads, and chilled the people to the bone. Some sought shelter under the trees, against the walls, or in scattered houses. Others continued their march with impressive endurance. Parked along the road near Fatima were carriages of every type and the thousands of pilgrims that had come from many miles around and from the provinces gathered about the small oak tree which, in the words of the children, their Lady had chosen for a pedestal. This small, shredded tree was the center of a great circle around which the devout and other spectators ranged themselves."

Then in the Cova da Iria, according to *O Dia*, this is what the people saw:

"At one o'clock, the rain stopped. The sky had a certain grey clarity but seemed suddenly to be getting darker. The sun seemed veiled in gauze, we could look at it without strain. The grey tint of mother-of-pearl began changing as if into a shining silver disc that was growing and growing . . . until it broke through the clouds! Then the silvery sun, still shrouded in that greyish light, *began to rotate and wander within the circle of the receded clouds!*

"The people cried out with one voice. Thousands whom faith seemed to transport fell to their knees upon the muddy ground.

"Then, as if it were shining through the stained glass windows of a great cathedral, the light became a rare blue, spreading its rays upon the nave. . . . Slowly the blue



Crowd watches miracle.

faded away and now the light seemed to be filtered through yellow. Yellow spots were falling now upon the white kerchiefs and the dark skirts of coarse wool. They were spots which repeated themselves indefinitely over the landscape. All the people were weeping and praying bare-headed, weighted down by the greatness of the miracle. These were seconds, moments, that seemed hours . . ."

"From the height of the road," *O Seculo*, the other heretofore skeptical newspaper, adds, "from beside the parked carriages and where many hundreds stood afraid to descend into the muddy soil of the Cova da Iria, we saw the

immense crowd turn towards the sun at its highest, free of all clouds. The sun seemed to us like a plate of dull silver. It could be seen without the least effort. It did not burn or blind. It seemed as though an eclipse were taking place. All of a sudden a tremendous shout burst forth, '*Miracle, miracle!*'

"Before the astonished eyes of the people, whose attitude carried us back to biblical times and who, white with terror, heads uncovered, gazed at the sun which trembled and made brusque and un-heard of movements beyond all cosmic laws. *The sun seemed literally to dance in the sky.*

"Immediately afterwards the people asked each other if they saw anything and what they had seen. The greatest number avowed that they saw the sun trembling and dancing; others declared they saw the smiling face of the Blessed Virgin herself; they swore that the sun turned around on itself as if it were a wheel of fireworks and had fallen almost to the point of burning the earth with its rays. Some said they saw it change colors successively."

The above account, to all of us who have since investigated what happened, is completely accurate.

There can be no doubt that in the excitement some people imagined things that did not happen, but substantially all testified to the one essential fact that the sun performed abnormally . . . for about twelve minutes.

Most writers often mention in some detail the testimony of a professor from Coimbra, Doctor Almeida Garrett. This man, whose every observation betrayed a disinterested and scientific spirit, said that the color of the sun might have been best described as that of a brilliant pearl. He said that it was not clouded over in any way, as the sky had become perfectly clear except for well-defined

clouds around the sun. Speaking of the strange colors, which changed on the landscape, he said:

"While looking at the sun I noticed that everything around me darkened. I looked at what was nearby and cast my eyes away towards the horizon. Everything had the color of an amethyst: the sky, the air, everything and everybody. A little oak nearby was casting a heavy purple shadow on the ground.

^ "Fearing impairment of the retina, which was improbable because then I would not have seen everything in purple, I turned around, closed my eyes, cupped my hands over them to cut off all the light. Then with my back turned I opened my eyes and realized that the landscape and the air retained the purple hue.

"This did not give the same impression as an eclipse. While still looking at the sun, I noticed that the air had cleared and I heard a peasant nearby say, 'This lady looks yellow.' As a matter of fact, everything far and near had changed now. People seemed to have jaundice. I smiled when I saw everybody looking disfigured and ugly. My hand had the same color . . ."

*Then occurred what was perhaps the strangest, the most substantiating evidence of all.*

When the phenomenon was over, and the sun was shining normally in a now clear sky . . . too brilliant to be gazed upon . . . the bewildered people, excitedly conferring with each other, began to feel their clothing.

They had been in rain for many hours . . . Even those under umbrellas . . . as most of them were . . . had become soaked to the skin. They had stood here, less than fifteen minutes before, in dripping misery.

*But their clothes were dry.*

Ten witnesses might have made a mistake. A hundred,

# O SECULO

EMENTARES DE HOJEM

COISAS ESPANTOSAS!

COMO O SOL BAILOU  
AO MEIO DIA EM FATIMA

S. Henrique de Vila Rica,  
Báhu

As aparições da Virgem — em que o sol se esvaia de todo — foram  
vistas por milhares de pessoas afirmam ter-se produzido em Vila Rica — A  
página 2 e 3



LIBS A OCIDENTAL

SEMPRE

Alfonso de Gusmão  
Luiz de Gusmão  
Bernardo de Gusmão  
Francisco de Gusmão

in such a vast crowd, might conceivably have been hysterical. But the witnesses numbered almost a tenth of a million!!

Of course the effect on the nation, as is immediately evident in the attitude of the editors of *O Seculo* and *O Dia*, was deep and mighty. The atheist government did its best to discredit the whole affair and to hold to its doctrine and its power.





An actual picture of the whirling "sun" was impossible to the cameraman of 1917 who, beyond the comparative newness of his art, was utterly unprepared for the kind of phenomenon which presented itself. However he obtained pictures of the crowd

From these pictures... especially those on pages 59 and 62...the modern reader

can grasp the unusualness of such a crowd gathered in this out-of-the-way place and the sudden cessation of the rain. The picture on page 59 was taken less than half an hour before the picture on page 62. Some pictures appeared in "O Seculo". Photostatic copies of the original newspapers are in possession of the author of this book.

But, as the ensuing months and years soon proved, *God had won.*

At first the church was reticent, as is her traditional and proper attitude in such matters. This phenomenon might have been diabolical, and it might even have been something explicable by unknown natural laws.

A Commission was appointed by Monsignor José Correia da Silva, a devout and learned priest who was consecrated Bishop of Leiria and appointed to make a thorough investigation. Thousands of witnesses were interrogated, scientists consulted, every possible facet was exhaustively examined. On June 13th, 1921, fourth anniversary of the apparition of the Immaculate Heart, the Bishop spoke with Lucia and requested that she go incognito to Porto and live in utter seclusion without ever mentioning who she was or anything that had happened. This was perhaps a final test, as well as it was a protection for the now fourteen year old girl from the intrusions of thousands of pilgrims who were plaguing her constantly with the same questions, the same adulation, the same thoughtless harassment.

The other two children, as the Vision foretold, had died.

By 1929, with increasing thousands visiting the Cova da Iria and miraculous cures reported, the investigation had been completed. The apparitions were considered genuine by the Bishop, and in his historic pastoral letter he wrote:

"The children long before named the day and hour at which a public miracle was to take place. The news spread quickly over the whole of Portugal and, although the day was chilly and pouring rain, many thousands of people gathered . . . They saw the different manifestations of the sun paying homage to the Queen of Heaven and Earth, who is more radiant than the sun in all its splendor. This phenomenon which no astronomical observatory registered was not natural. It was seen by reporters of the principal newspapers *and by people many miles away.*"

Surprise was evoked at the great length of time re-

quired for this formal approbation. Shrines like Lourdes, Pontmain, and La Salette had been approved after only a few years. Yet, even though the proofs at Fátima were so dramatic, the local hierarchy took thirteen years!

It was the very unusualness of Fátima, however, that caused the long hesitation. Pope Pius XI publicly expressed belief in the apparitions as early as 1922. And in 1942, twenty-fifth anniversary of the apparitions, His Holiness consecrated Russia and the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and called upon all Christendom to throw itself wholeheartedly into the "revolution of faith" begun at Fátima.

Concerning the miracle of the sun, the following things are evident: (1) It could not have been the sun which whirled in the sky . . . because the phenomenon was witnessed within an area of twenty miles . . . *but no farther*. Had it been truly the sun, it would have been seen . . . at least to some degree . . . hundreds of miles away.

(2) It could not have been mass hallucination, or some form of multiple hypnosis. It would be impossible for a tenth of a million witnesses to imagine the same thing at the same time. Although their descriptions differed greatly, *all saw what they thought was a solar phenomenon*. Moreover, it was witnessed by people who . . . convinced that Fátima was a fraud . . . *had not stirred from their homes within the twenty-mile radius in which the miracle was seen*.

(3) It could not have been some astronomical phenomenon other than the sun because *it was not recorded in any observatory*, and although scientists were unable even to offer a hypothesis . . . *the exact hour had been predicted by the illiterate children*.

"The fact that many of the people's clothes were suddenly dry is also seen to be miraculous in that the air was damp,

pools of water remained on the ground, and only twelve minutes had passed. It is impossible for sodden, woolen garments to become completely dry (without wringing or processing) in less than a quarter of an hour.

One of the witnesses to whom I spoke was Carlos de Azvedo Mendes, who was a militant atheist until he saw the miracle of the sun. Being a tall, heavy man, with a mighty impetuosity he pushed his way through the stupefied crowd and snatched Lucia up upon his shoulder to carry her to her parents.

*"Give up your sins," Lucia cried to the crowd, "Make sacrifices and give up your sins. The Lady says we must make sacrifices!"*

From that moment, Carlos Mendes was not only a convert but an apostle. It is said that he has not missed a single trip to the Cova da Iria on the 13th of the month ever since. When I saw him in the Cova, in August 1946, I noticed that all the many nurses and "servants" of the sick seemed to look up to him as a sort of unofficial leader. I felt comforted as he guided me through the vast crowds and I quietly reached up my hand to the great shoulder from which a ten year old girl had preached the simplest and most important sermon of our age.

## Chapter Five

### EFFECT ON PORTUGAL

**A**fter the great phenomena at Fátima, the people of Portugal came to have a renewed faith.

At first many had believed the Santos propaganda which decried religion as the cause of their poverty. They had begun to believe that religious orders were in a conspiracy to keep them in subservience to a cruel and despotic system. Shortly before the apparitions of Fátima two priests were put to death and most of the Portuguese people had become sufficiently cool towards religion and its ministers to take scant notice; the cruelty was largely overlooked or condoned. Atheists had begun successfully to identify certain lax clerical practices with religion and, under the catchwords of "Freedom!" and "Long live the Republic!" the cry of "Down with Religion" had been made acceptable.

Now the farce was over. The lies were no longer given credence. The people had seen a miracle, and they could never again confuse religion with its ministers, principle with practice. They could be told that the pastor had renounced his faith, and still they would know that faith itself was not thereby changed . . . any more than Christ was changed from being Christ when one of His apostles betrayed Him with a kiss.

Ten years after the vision of Fátima, while a great crowd prayed to the Blessed Virgin in a town some distance from Lisbon, a delegation headed by the colorful Gen-

eral Carmona marched to Lisbon and demanded the resignation of the atheist government.

Not a drop of blood was shed. The government, which had fallen into a total failure and bankruptcy, resigned.



Posing beneath a picture of the Pope in 1946, are (left to right): Cardinal Masella, Legate from the Holy Father; General Oscar Carmona, President of Portugal; Cardinal Cerejeira, Patriarch of Lisbon.

Because the greatest need of the nation appeared to be at once social and economic it was suggested that a famous Professor of Economics of the University of Coimbra named Dr. Oliveira Salazar be asked temporarily to head the new Republic to be run on democratic lines with free elections.

An American priest of great reputation for sanctity was staying at the University of Coimbra at the time in Doctor Salazar's room. He was Father Mateo, world-wide apostle of the Sacred Heart, who had been preaching the doctrine of penance and of night adoration of the Blessed Sacrament up and down the Portuguese hills. And when the message came from Lisbon asking Salazar to head the new government, the quiet professor went to Father Mateo and asked his advice.

The saintly priest, who has been likened by some to Saint Francis of Assisi, deliberated some time and then told Salazar that he should accept the direction of the new republic . . . both for his country and for the good of souls.

There then followed the most incredible national comeback of modern history.

Salazar lived in a modest bungalow in Lisbon, setting a personal example of sacrifice, asking the people of the nation to make the solvency of their government a personal matter. In one election after the other he was approved in office without opposition. On one historic occasion when the House of Representatives voted against a measure which he considered important he offered to resign . . . and the House, as a testimonial, overwhelmingly reversed its decision.

There is probably not another case in modern history in which the ruler of a reputedly dictatorial nation obtained his way by threatening to give up his position!

Today, Portugal is one of the few nations of the world with *no national debt*. Few men in Portugal, unless they will it, are without work. In contrast to the fact that in 1928 the little country did not have enough money in its treasury to pay the personnel of the government and could not get credit from a foreign government, after comparatively few years under a democratic and prayerful regime the nation (*unscathed in World War II and untouched by civil war even though Spain lost a million men*) is now a creditor to Great Britain!

To any student of sociology and of economics the "counter revolution" in Portugal, begun by the events of Fátima and rising directly from them, is most amazing. Not only is there the economic miracle, but there is above all the fact that the Communists have been unable to stage a comeback even though they have been tremendously active in southern Portugal . . . and many people of the country are still comparatively poor. Actually, Salazar has put the nation through a succession of *voluntary* five year plans. The present writer is intimately acquainted with a Lieutenant in the Portuguese army who did the work of a Captain, being Doctor of Philosophy at the military institute, but who refused an increase in rank for many years because he did not feel that the government could afford to pay him a higher wage. He wore uniforms until they had to be patched, and his shoes were often thin.

Unlike the Communist forced economic system, the system born of Fátima was often heroic and personally patriotic. That probably explains why it has begun to be a sociological as well as an economic success.

Portugal today still has a typical European problem of a lop-sided distribution of wealth, at least in the south. There are few privately owned farms in that part of the



nation, and there is a considerable contrast between those who do own property and those who do not. But the fact is accepted, out of centuries of practice, and as changes become feasible they are being introduced. There are no immediate, drastic reforms. Salazar steers a middle-of-the road policy, with his eyes on the ultimate goal of better



Sign carried in middle of crowd reads: "Our deepest thanks to Salazar, symbol of Peace!"

distribution of wealth through taxation (as in the United States). He works indefatigably, many hours a day, and rarely has visitors or appears in public. When Communists once threw a bomb at him as he was walking from his bungalow to the National Assembly, he was persuaded to move to a house behind the Assembly which



had once been a convent for Sisters.

It would have been expected that Salazar, being a Catholic, would have greatly favored the Church. But perhaps *most* criticism of him in his own country comes from clergy who complain that he has been very slow to restore church property and has never been known to give financial aid to the impoverished church! He believes in the complete separation of church and state, and thereby gives no occasion whatever to his enemies (many of whom were left, of course, from the old regime) to reopen the old propaganda. After reading these various criticisms of Salazar and of his attitude toward the Church (especially that of Doctor William Thomas Walsh) the present writer made it a point to learn as much as he could by "slumming" in some Lisbon cafés. Unwittingly he ended in a notorious Club . . . and because of wine to which he was not accustomed was fortunate to get innocently home. But from the mouth of prejudice itself we felt that we heard the truth . . . if such a thing is available about any world statesman.

Peace did not come to Portugal as suddenly as the sun whirled from the sky at Fátima.

It came slowly, turbulently, even though there was no bloodshed. The spiritual conversion of the people did not flash forth like a great light, but came forth like wheat planted in the ground and pushing its way to maturity in the change of seasons.

All who saw the miracle of the sun were affected. But it takes more than the sight of a miracle to cause most men to give up long habits of incredulity and of evil. Only about ten per cent of the Portuguese people . . . particularly those who had seen the miracle of the sun or who had been directly influenced by those who saw it . . . began

to take the message of the vision to heart.

The greatest drawback of such a message is that it places responsibility on so many millions of persons . . . and in awe at the sheer numbers the individual is prone to say: "What good will *my* part do? How can *I* stop another war?" When great numbers are involved, the individual is so likely to leave it up to "All the others."

After the 1927 coup, however, Catholic Action began to flourish in Portugal a little at a time. By 1940, it had been fairly well organized and set forth to proclaim the fundamental "Christopher" doctrine among the people. By 1946, the conversions had reached such proportions that the Cardinal of Lisbon had 134 parishes clamoring for priests . . . and no priests available because vocations and theological training had not been able to keep pace with the great spiritual revival.

*If* there will be a similar miracle in Russia (the full possibility and nature of which we are yet to examine), it might very well follow a similar pattern.

Today, there are great buildings at Fátima . . . in the Cova da Iria . . . so large and magnificent that the stranger is usually astonished by them. Tens of thousands of Portuguese, month after month and year after year, journey there on foot and spend as long as from ten to twenty hours in public demonstrations and prayer. Their faith and fervor is one of the strangest and most wonderful sights to be seen anywhere in this twentieth-century world.

And . . . oh yes! . . . what happened to the great Arturo Santos?

Not long after the visions of Fátima, when the Atheist government of Portugal suffered its first internal conflict (echo to the Stalin-Trotsky split in Russia), Arturo Santos was swept from power.

He was last reported in public news as throwing a bomb in one of the counter-revolutions.

Today, no one seems to know just what happened to him. We shall mention him again, perhaps, in these pages . . . but in the very towns and cities where he wielded great power and set out so intelligently to meet the challenge of a God in Whom he did not believe, these few years later Arturo Santos is completely forgotten.



Nearly half a million people, from five continents of the world, light the night with candles around the Basilica at Fatima on the night of May 12-13, 1946. This was the year, in the struggle against communism, which Pope Pius XII called "The Year of Decision".

## Chapter Six

### FOR CATHOLIC AND NON-CATHOLIC

**T**he present writer went to Fátima just after World War II. It was July 12th, 1946. The sun had begun to scorch the long concrete stretches of La Guardia Field. But few of the forty-two passengers in the silver trans-Atlantic airliner had as yet begun to notice the heat. The air in the cabin was cooled by the challenge of adventure. Several of the passengers were going to Russia to witness the uses of American food and clothing gifts to the Soviet and they had just boarded the plane from a pressing throng of photographers and newsmen. For most of the passengers, it was our first flight across the ocean. It was the year after World War II. Russia was considered a friendly nation and there were high hopes of world peace.

Suddenly the usual pre-flight belt-fastening and the silent expectation of the slam of the cabin door was broken by a Western Union boy paging "Dr. Sockman." "Dr. Sockman," he said starting up the aisle, his voice restrained in the general silence. "Dr. Ralph Sockman, please."

Apparently Dr. Sockman was the gentle-eyed, middle aged man in a bow tie seated just in front of me. In a pleasant, slightly throaty baritone he said quickly, "Here, son."

(At this point, with apologies, the author would like to resort to the convenience of the first person because his experience of meeting Doctor Sockman is an introduction to the meaning of Fátima, and later there will follow

personal accounts of extraordinary events actually witnessed at the spot of the visions.)

In the hours of flight from New York to Gander, I had soon exchanged life-stories with the man on the aisle. He was Peter Grimm, President of the New York State Chamber of Commerce and Secretary of this commission that was going to Russia to witness (at the invitation of the Soviets) the use of American relief to the U. S. S. R. The story of his life made the hours until our arrival in Gander slip away. When we dismounted from the K. L. M. flying horse at Gander, I thus found myself paired off with the most important man of the flight. I stepped aside while a camera-man, traveling with the Commission, took a picture of him and Dr. Sockman. Then the next thing I remember, the camera-man and Mr. Grimm were together and, down a dusty Gander road, Dr. Sockman and I were walking alone.

After a little conversation about Monsignor Sheen, about radio, about Dr. Sockman's new Park Avenue Church, he asked me what books I had written. I felt a little diffident in explaining that they were mostly about The Blessed Virgin . . . in one way or another . . . and usually in a highly specialized aspect that was a little difficult sometimes even for the most Roman of us. "Indeed," I said, "in criticizing my first book, the Protestant magazine *Theological Quarterly* said that if non-Catholics wanted final and positive proof that Romans adore the Virgin, they need but read my book."

"What *is* Catholic belief concerning the Blessed Virgin," the Doctor asked. "Do not Catholics see in the Blessed Virgin the maternal aspect of Divinity?"

"No," I hastened to explain, "we regard her as a





Left: Picture of Dr. Sockman taken by the author at the Gander airport. His genial smile and unaffected manner were easily caught by the camera. He is American Protestantism's most outstanding radio personality.

creature, attributing perfections to her only in a reflected way. Our most used analogy to explain this is that of a reflector to a light. Christ is the light, and she the reflector. Take the light away, and the reflector has no light. And so the Blessed Virgin . . . who is great because she is the Mother of Christ . . . derives all that she is from Him. Without Him she is nothing, but with Him and because of being His earthly mother it follows that she is the greatest of all God's creatures so that to honor her is, by reflection, to honor Him."

This conversation, which I have greatly summarized, consumed about half an hour and we had been walking steadily, slowly, abstractedly, in one direction. It was about time to turn back.

Just as we turned, Dr. Sockman asked:

"Did I understand you to say that you are going to Portugal to write about Fatima?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't like to show my ignorance, but what is Fatima?" In that very moment I suddenly thought that our theological discussion was a perfect introduction to the heart of the story for which I was traveling to Europe.

*"Fatima is a place in the geographical centre of Portugal where the Blessed Virgin, of whom we have been speaking, appeared in 1917 and promised the conversion of Russia."*

There was silence.

Even in the presence of such an understanding and great clergyman, those words seemed naked and incredible . . . out of place in a scientific age of ocean-crossing on mechanical wings. They seemed mediaeval.

"Perhaps it were more understandable, Doctor," I said, "to say that in 1917 there was an extraordinary series of events at Fatima which . . . heavenly or not . . . resulted in a complete political and economic revolution in the country. And this revolution, which bears no arms but which has shown itself capable of defeating Communism, is spreading through the world."

Yes, that sounded more scientific.

Whether what happened in Portugal was heavenly or not . . . whether it was a vision or magic or whatever it was . . . it had political repercussions. And there were between two and four hundred million people at that very moment who believed that those repercussions were going to spread out to Russia. That's why I was going to Portugal, as a reporter, to study it. I had been invited by the Bishop of Fatima. As author of the only English book about Portugal's national hero . . . (Nun 'Alvarez Pereira, who is to Portugal what George Washington is to us), I

would be honored to study the matter at close hand, I would be permitted to talk to the only living one of the three children who had seen the "vision," I would even talk with Salazar, and I would travel Western Europe to see what the effect of this "Fátima Story" was having in the international war between Communism and religion. I would find out, as far as possible, whether we really could reasonably believe on the basis of the Fátima story that Russia is going to be converted.

Doctor Sockman, on his way through the Iron Curtain, was more than passingly interested.

When, plied by questions, I had told him in a few words about the prophecy, the threats, and the miracle of the sun, he asked with what I took to be eagerness: "When will your book be out? That should be very interesting to people of all faiths!"

In answering, I little suspected that many strange adventures would come between that walk down the stretches of Gander, on my way to the actual scene of the Fátima story, and the final writing of these pages.

## Chapter Seven

WITH MY OWN EYES



**W**ith my own eyes, I saw two miracles at Fátima . . . one on August 13, 1946, and the other on October 13, 1947.

The possibility of the conversion of Russia suddenly became as real to me as this book and as easy as the rising of the morning sun.

After leaving Doctor Sockman's group in Amsterdam, I went to London, and then quickly went through most of the countries of Western Europe. I made extensive inquiries in informed circles about the Communist threat

and the effect of Fátima on the preponderantly Catholic population of the non-Communist countries. It wasn't an investigation thorough enough to warrant publishing my conclusions, but it gave me the background I wanted. I knew that that year . . . 1946 . . . was indeed as Pope Pius XII labeled it: "The year of decision."

It was just two days before my return to America that I saw a miracle.

I arrived at Fátima saddened by the threat of Communism in Italy, Hungary, Roumania, and all the rest of the continent. I had talked privately with the Holy Father; I had interviewed hundreds of people. Finally, in Portugal, I had even talked with the only living visionary of the Fátima apparition. I believed in Fátima . . . as I believe that one day Stalin will die. But it was a remote belief . . . with a sea of heartless possibilities before International Communism might be as much a thing of the past as the Reichstag fire.

I was privileged to kneel beside the Bishop of Fátima during the great pilgrimage Mass on August 13, 1946, and then I walked next to the monstrance during the famous "Blessing of the Sick," the event during which most of the Fátima miracles occur.

The girl who was first to be blessed, in the front row, had been brought from the clinic of the University of Coimbra. She was on the verge of death. The doctors had protested her removal from the clinic and had predicted that she would never live through even the short journey from Coimbra to Fátima. She was in the final stage of a malignant tumor of the brain which had already paralyzed her body from the waist down and had rendered her blind and delirious with pain.

Her case was famous because the clinic from which she

had come was famous. The doctors had predicted her blindness and paralysis before it occurred, so accurately had they measured the nature and extent of the tumor. During the twenty-four hours prior to the moment that I first saw her lying on the litter, wracked with pain, she had been unconscious most of the time.

Noting the intense expression of faith and deep emotion on the faces of all around her litter, I instinctively raised my camera and photographed her without thinking for a moment that I was photographing, at that moment, one of the most spectacular cures of all time.

Below: Picture taken before cure. Invalid is paralyzed from waist down...has brain tumor. Eyes of all about her

raised hopefully to Holy Eucharist raised in blessing. Picture on next page shows change in their faces.



After the benediction, in one single moment, the girl suddenly felt the pain sweep from her body. She moved her legs incredulously. Then, looking up at her father, in words scarcely audible, she said: "*It is gone!*"

She was cured. Just like that.



At the left is the last of the three pictures. In my excitement, I would not have had even this picture were it not that my companion, Father Oliveira, was shouting excitedly to the cured girl and her relatives: "The American who knelt beside the Bishop wants a picture!" Therefore these photographs, like many other things in this book, may be ascribed to the help of God and to good Father Oliveira.



Less than ten minutes later, when they had been able to remove her litter from the row of the sick, she got up . . . unassisted . . . and waved her scarf towards the Basilica, with great tears of joy standing in the corners of her eyes.

I was excited and so awed that I did not think to take pictures of her walking but I did take a picture immediately after her cure. Indeed, I think that her pose for her picture, just after the cure, was perhaps the first thing she did after announcing her cure to her father.

That night when I arrived back in Lisbon, I was surprised to see the story of this cure under great headlines in the Lisbon evening papers. Apparently the girl's case had



been well known and the complete evidence of the malignant tumor, which had vanished in a single moment, was beyond any question. However, it was only a year later that I fully realized what a truly extraordinary thing it was.

When I went to Fatima in October, of 1947, for the blessing of America's Pilgrim Virgin, I was very fatigued and in poor health. It was only because I felt the mission very important that I did not at the last minute cancel the trip, and when I arrived at Fatima on October 11th, I stopped briefly at the Chapel of the Apparitions and then went to bed in a room provided for me by the Bishop in the hospital.

As I lay there, watching the two nurses move about the room, it occurred to me that I had never thought to ask the nurses of Fatima about the sick . . . about the cures they saw. "Certainly," I thought, "these volunteer nurses must know more about the wonders of Fatima today than anyone." Aloud, I said:

"Pardon me for asking, but have either of you nurses seen many miracles while ministering to the sick here at the Cova?"

Instantly there was a flood of conversation. One nurse talked more rapidly than the other so that I could hardly understand them. They had seen so many cures! So many blind who suddenly saw, crippled who walked, deaf who heard. And when they saw me smiling at the unintelligibility of their mingled excitement, I said:

"Of all the wonders you've seen, which one stands out as most extraordinary?"

One of the nurses . . . the elder one . . . could not think for a moment which one she would single out. But the younger nurse said, after very slight hesitation:

"I think the most wonderful cure I saw took place in August, a year ago, when a dying girl was cured of a brain tumor. She had been given up by the doctors of the University of Coimbra. . . ." *And she went on to describe, detail for detail, the very miracle I myself had seen and photographed over a year before!*

"Why were you so impressed?" I asked, not betraying my sudden special interest.

"Well," she answered, "I think it is because she was suffering so much through the night. Most of us did not think she would live until morning, and in her rare moments of consciousness we had to restrain her to the litter because of her agony."

Then I told her that I had not only seen that very cure but had taken pictures. Indeed, I said, "Your own picture . . . as I now recognize you . . . has been viewed in America



by hundreds of thousands of people who have seen those pictures in my lectures!"

Immediately, of course, we thus had something very sacred in common and I hastened to ask:

"If there is a miracle tomorrow, after the blessing of the Pilgrim Virgin, I shall be standing on the steps of the Basilica and will you signal to me?"

"All right," she said brightly, "and you have your camera ready. Some very sick ones have been coming in tonight."

The next day, when I was finally out on the steps, more than a quarter of a million people were in the Cova. It was the greatest crowd I have ever seen. There were several Bishops about the altar, and the Archbishop of Evora carried the monstrance in the blessing of the sick. I was standing alone on a roped off section of the Basilica steps (which are so vast that they will hold 8,000 people) and just below me . . . with nothing in the way . . . was the first row of sick persons.

Slowly, as the little litany used at Fátima during the blessing swelled from tens of thousands of throats, the Archbishop moved down the line making the sign of the Cross with the Blessed Sacrament over first one invalid, then another.


Suddenly I heard a great, piercing cry.

There, just in front of me . . . only a matter of a few steps down . . . a young woman had suddenly sat up upon her litter, the cry just dying from her lips. I began to run down the steps to her side. The Archbishop and his entourage had passed on. Out of the corner of my eye I saw my friend, the nurse, wildly waving her arm.

The affliction of this particular young woman was later described in detail by the official newspaper of the Bishop

of Fátima. She was paralyzed from the waist down, and had two external tumors on her thigh which exuded quantities of purulent matter. As I watched her, she was sitting up with extended hands, looking straight in front of her as though she were seeing a vision. Her face was intense. Her lips trembled the words: "*Oh, Nossa Senhora! Nossa Senhora!*"

Then, without change of expression and without moving her eyes as she stared constantly forward, she put a trembling hand beneath her blanket. *She had begun to move her legs.* A nurse quickly ran forward and arranged the blanket. Suddenly, beneath the blanket, the girl seemed to find what she had been trying to touch . . . and



This picture was taken by a cameraman from *Lisboa Films* at the very moment that I was running down the steps. The cured girl seems unable to realise her good fortune.

instantly she drew forth her hand and raised trembling arms to Heaven crying more loudly and with tears starting in her eyes: "*Oh, Nossa Senhora! Nossa Senhora!*"

Besides being able to move her legs, the bandages had fallen away from the place where the fistulas had been . . . and *the wounds were gone!*

I cannot describe the feeling that gripped me, nor can I try to describe the aspect of the fortunate girl. She did not smile. She seemed awed, overwhelmed with gratitude towards God.

As I walked around her, my motion-picture camera ticking away, Canon Oliveira came from nowhere and exercised his authority to keep people back as I went around and around the litter. I began to wonder, after some time, that the camera did not stop because it contained only a certain length of film. As it went on and on, the reality suddenly dawned.

I had been taking pictures just before and in my excitement, I had forgotten to insert new film. But later I took pictures of her walking for the first time. The following account of what followed appeared in *Voz da Fatima*, official newspaper of the sanctuary:

#### THE STORY OF A CURE

October 13th 1947

A loud cry at the moment when everything was suspended in expectation of a miracle electrified the thousands who had assisted with tears and earnest supplications at the blessing of the sick.

Cameras are levelled while from mouth to mouth passes the magic word—Miracle! The Servitas, accompanied by the doctors hurry back to the hospital carrying a woman. What has happened? A paralytic, they tell us, helpless for years, has risen and walked. In the hospital questions are being asked:

"Your name?"

"Arminda de Jesus Campos."

"And where do you live?"

"I live at Tomar, but was born at Gondomar."

"How old are you?"

"I was 22 last August."

"And how long have you been ill?"

The "miraculada" replies smilingly though a little abstractedly to the questions which are fired at her from all sides. She has been put into her bed once more as a precaution against the extreme weakness of her condition. In the Gospel it is related that the Master, after a cure ordered food to be brought to the patient. He does what men cannot do—cures the body in an instant—but the after treatment is within human powers. And so when we arrived, Arminda was eating with obvious relish a bowl of soup and a sandwich!

With the greatest simplicity she related her story. Her mother had died when she was only eight years old and she was cared for in an orphanage together with her younger sister. A short while afterwards her father abandoned the family of six and all of them dispersed to various occupations. Arminda went to Tomar as a maid in the service of Snr. Alfredo Pereira.



At this time she began to suffer from a maxillar sinusitis, the first step of the dolorous way which she was to tread. She was interned in the hospital of Coimbra where she was operated upon by Dr. Penha. With the treatment of the sinus trouble appeared distressing symptoms—nauseas and vomitings—which robbed the patient of her strength. X-Rays were taken which showed a gastric ulcer. However, her extreme weakness did not permit an immediate surgical operation which her condition indicated.



Once again in Tomar she was treated by diathermy and a hematemesis caused the doctors of the Misericordia of the City to send her to Lisbon to the hospital of St. Anthony to undergo an operation. Afterwards, cicatrization was not complete and



A photographer from *Filmes Portugueses* took the above picture of the author shortly before Arminda's cure. Because he was standing in a reserved area on the steps, the author was immediately in front and above the cured girl and was able to be at the side of her litter almost before the great cry had died from her lips.

unforeseen complications obliged the wound to be opened up twice. Broncho-pneumonia then set in and the coughing once more burst the stitches, while an acute infection caused the



evacuation of purulent matter whose cause was completely unknown. The doctors then sent her to the Institute of Oncology where cancer was suspected. After nine months the patient left the Lisbon hospital of St. Anthony for that of her home town Tomar, where, after fresh observation by the doctors it was decided that she must undergo a fresh surgical operation.

So once again she was sent to Coimbra, this time to the care of three well known doctors — Vaz Serra, Pedro de Sousa and Egidio Ayres. She suffered chiefly from acute pains in the abdominal region and the doctors diagnosed chronic entero-colitis. Fresh applications of diathermy and the patient returned to Tomar.

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul had rented a small room for Arminda which she occupied in the intervals of her operations and convalescences and after the last operation she once more occupied it, in a slightly better state of health. But new torments awaited her. A strange new pain seized her right foot, cut the peroneo-tibial articulation, rose to the knee and the thigh and invaded the sacro-lumbar region. The patient cried out day and night, and her convulsions of pain were so violent that it was often necessary to hold her by physical force from throwing herself from her bed. Only narcotics were able to give her temporary relief. All this happened in 1945.

After some 20 days of unconsciousness the patient returned to herself with her hearing greatly impaired. An incision was made in the thigh where the seat of infection appeared to be, but nothing appeared. After a few days, however, the skin of the wound burst and a wave of purulent matter flowed over her bed.

The terrible disease, which lasted for months, paralysed the trunk, and prevented Arminda from so much as moving her neck. On the night of the 12-13th May 1946—the date of the Coronation of Our Lady of Fatima—the girl had a dream. She saw on the top of a wide stairway a Lady dressed in white, who invited her to approach. Still dreaming she rose from her bed and took a few steps in the ward, falling disastrously on her side. From this moment she completely lost all feeling in the diseased leg and in the hip the purulent fistulas opened one after another.

She was brought to Fatima for the first time in May, 1947, at the International Pilgrimage of Catholic Youth and was observed by Dr. Pimentel who questioned her closely and took notes.

After this interview we left the Infirmary for a short time and later returned there, where we found the number of visitors in nowise diminished. Near the patient's bed was Dona Maria Bastos herself "miraculada" in Fátima on October 13th, 1942. Since then she has been an indefatigable Servita of Our Lady in the hospital at Fátima, caring for the sick.

We particularly wished to interview her because her experience in the Red Cross in London, after study of nursing in Lisbon, gives her testimony a peculiar interest.

"My first task in Fátima yesterday," she told us, "was the reception of this patient, in ward No. 16, where the most serious cases are accommodated. Arminda, besides being bent nearly double, had such a distended abdomen that I, not knowing the nature of the disease, thought I would have a special work that night. And so I did, but not in the way I had imagined. The patient was extremely ill and only morphia afforded her any respite from pain. I gave her three injections during the night. It was then that I saw in her thigh two fistulas: one excreted pus, the other a watery substance. The girl seemed to be almost at the point of death, and said to me: "Do you think that I should offer my life for sinners or for the peace of the world?" "Don't

This picture was taken not long after the cure of Arminda. The Archbishop is bringing the Blessed Sacrament back to the Basilica. Arminda has been taken to hospital.



upset yourself too much, my dear," I replied. "Trust Our Lady, for she is our Mother and knows all our needs."

"As I had no time to dress her wounds immediately before the Mass of the Sick, I limited myself to a disinfection of them at mid-day. They were then open. A few moments ago I saw them again. I found them cicatrized. And the infection of the abdomen, as you see, has also disappeared."

And to confirm her words, which we were not disposed to doubt, the nurse asked Arminda to show us the scars. The clock of the tower of the Basilica had just struck five, and we wondered what human power could cicatrize wounds in a space of five hours!

Dona Maria Bastos continued:

"This cure impressed me profoundly and I was not the only one. Yesterday a doctor whom I did not know visited my ward. He stood for some time by Arminda's bed. A short while ago I met him there in the gallery; he called me to the consulting room and I could see that he was visibly perturbed. Shutting the door he burst into convulsive sobs. And I could not contain my tears either. . . . I am not ashamed to admit this.

"The miracle," said the doctor, "was not for her, it was for me. I had strayed away from the truth, but now, I swear, I shall change my life."

MARIA DA CRUZ

This miracle occurred just before the final solemn benediction and the blessing of the American "Pilgrim Virgin." This latter blessing was the big occasion of the day and because of it Mrs. John Wiley, wife of the United States Ambassador to Portugal, was at the Cova da Iria for the first time since she had arrived in Portugal. She was very tired and after the cure I turned to her and said:

"Don't you feel fortunate that you were here today?"

"Oh yes," she said, and her emotion was evident even through her great fatigue.

Following the blessing of the sick and the blessing of the Pilgrim Virgin, I was scheduled to meet the Bishop of Fatima in the parlor of the hospital, where I had placed some personal statues for blessing.

These pictures only vaguely convey the wonderful thing that has happened...and the great joy which it brought.

On the way to see the Bishop, a few minutes after these pictures were taken, I obtained motion pictures of the girl walking.

Maria da Cruz, in her detailed description of what happened, saw the scars at five o'clock. These pictures were taken about three o'clock, and it



was shortly afterwards that I myself saw the scars in the presence of the Bishop of Fatima. I shall never forget the thrilling moment of the cure, but even more especially the dramatic realization of what had really happened in these events which immediately followed.

In these pictures the girl is standing. Her terrible affliction has simply, completely vanished...leaving only the scars.

On my way to the hospital I was helping to carry the Pilgrim Virgin and thousands of people barred the way. They all seemed to want to place a farewell kiss at Our Lady's feet. Many had tears in their eyes and were saying "Bon voyage" as though by means of the image they were addressing Our Lady herself. But as time passed, I became more and more apprehensive about keeping the aged Bishop waiting after he had had such a strenuous day. Finally, just as we were about to enter the hospital, I felt a tug on my sleeve and a shout in my ear over the noise of the crowd:

"I've arranged for you to see that girl who was cured!"

It was the nurse. She had obtained the extraordinary permission for me to see the cured girl who at that very moment was with her family in a nearby hospital room. When I explained that I could not accept, because the Bishop was waiting, Canon Oliveira prompted me to go, saying that he would take my place and explain to the Bishop.

A few moments later I walked into a small ward which had been vacated to give privacy to the cured girl and her family. No one else was there except a doctor and a few of the nurses.

The girl was resting, on orders from the doctor, and she and her family radiated joy. Instead of the intense, awed and almost ecstatic person I had seen at the moment of the cure I now met a smiling, intelligent-looking girl perfectly normal in every way but radiating a breathless happiness.

At the foot of the bed lay a pair of crutches.

As I talked to the family, hearing details of the illness for the first time, I picked up one of the crutches.

The girl saw the amazement in my face. Getting

up, she walked slowly over . . . and taking a crutch in her hand, she said bemusedly:

*"And now I can walk!"*

The nurses, however, did not want her on her feet. I suppose they had had experience with cured persons being able to walk but needing exercise of long-unused muscles.

Constantly in my mind was a picture of the Bishop waiting, so I said quietly to the nurse: "Do you think it would be all right to take her in to see the Bishop? Don't you think he might be pleased to see her?"

There was a little consultation, particularly with the family, but everyone was agreeable. At the moment, I think that happy family would have said "Yes" to almost any good request.

A nurse brought a wheelchair and asked the girl to get in.

The girl looked at the nurse, then at the chair, and then lifting her hands in a little questioning gesture she said with a lilt I shall never forget: "Why do you bring a chair? I can *walk!*"

The nurse remonstrated, and said that it was best to use the chair.

Obligingly, as though anything would be agreeable, the girl got into the chair and we all started down the ward. When we got to the door, which opened on the courtyard across which we had to pass, there was a slight hesitancy as the chair was worked over the sill. At sight of the open yard and the blue sky, the girl could contain herself no longer. Pushing at the arms of the chair she jumped up with a radiant smile, and walked into the yard! Resignedly, the nurse returned the chair, and we all went happily

on walking together.

When I saw the Bishop seated in the parlor, I was struck with remorse for having asked him to wait for me. He looked so very, very tired.

Then followed the most dramatic moment of all.

As I stood on the side of the table opposite the Bishop, the cured girl was introduced from the end of the table by one of the nurses. The saintly Bishop of Fátima listened patiently to the story. In his twenty-six years as Bishop he had heard many, many similar stories. In the early days when he had been appointed to investigate Fatima after being made the first Bishop of the diocese, he had gone into sheaves of endless details about cures.

Then I heard the nurse saying:

*"Show the Bishop the scars where the fistulas were."*

There, on the upper part of the thigh, at a spot revealed with careful modesty, were two clear, dry scars. They were not red, as a fresh-healed wound usually is. They were clear (like a little scar on my own hand . . . more than thirty years old). One of them was so deep that it would have been possible to insert the tip of one's little finger where the tumor had been.

As I stared at the healed tissue, wondering if it could have been possible that there were really awful sores there just a few hours before, I saw the face of the nurse. Tears were streaming down her cheeks, and with an open-arm gesture and trembling hands, she exclaimed: *"And Your Excellency, to think that this morning I put bandages there on large running fistulas!"*

It would seem that no more drama, no more tearing emotion could be crowded into one day. But suddenly, even as the nurse was talking, the girl cried out just as I had heard her cry in the Cova at the moment of her cure:

*"Oh, Nossa Senhora!"* And she had raised her hands and was staring with wide eyes across the table towards the end of the room. My heart leaped. As I looked into her face, I was certain she was seeing a vision. I slowly turned my head, as had all the others, to follow the direction of her stare.

There, at the end of the room, in all its simple and majestic beauty, was America's Pilgrim Virgin.

When it was all over, and the girl had left and the seventy-three-year-old Bishop had blessed my statues and crowned each individual one, he lifted his eyes to mine and said slowly:

"It seems that when you come to Fatima, Our Blessed Mother does everything for you."

I knew it was because I would one day share with many these extraordinary things I had seen . . . with my own eyes. It was final, convincing proof of the reality of the vision which promised, on certain simple conditions, the conversion of Russia and world peace.





# Chapter Eight

## 1946, THE YEAR OF DECISION

**T**he day after I saw my first miracle at Fatima I was preparing to return to America. Doctor Salazar . . . Portugal's ruler . . . had graciously consented to receive me privately in his Lisbon home behind the great National Assembly building.

It was not that I had never believed in miracles. But actually to have seen one somehow made "believing" different. All the rumors of a new war, the "cold-war" victories of the expanding Soviet, the political tension I had sensed and come to fear in my weeks of questioning through the European capitals, paled into a new perspective. Alongside the POWER which can wipe out a tumor in an instant, can open blind eyes, can enable dead legs to walk, what were our petty fears? All the world had to do was get down on its knees and ask that POWER to wipe out the tumor of militant atheism from the world's tortured brain, open the blind eyes of statesmen lunging towards atomic war, and set the dead legs of a spiritually paralyzed world back on the road of simple faith.

As my taxi sped through the warm summer night to-

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\* We feel that it is important to assert here that anywhere in these pages where the word 'miracle' is used, except in the instance of the miracle of the sun on October 13th, 1917, at Fatima, it is solely on private opinion and always without intention in any way of anticipating the judgment of the Church. Any 'miracles' in the pages of this book have been published elsewhere and the facts have been verified as well as possible. The Church rarely makes a decision in such matters of private nature and then only after exhaustive scrutiny of all the facts.



wards Salazar's residence, for some reason I remembered Doctor Alexis Carrell . . . author of *Man the Unknown* and a scientist whom I had always considered one of the greatest of our time. I recalled that Doctor Carrell was ultimately converted from agnosticism because of the miracles he saw at Lourdes. He had leaned towards the somehow satisfying Bergsonian concept of a pantheistic world evolution, but the miracles he saw during the time that he served voluntarily on the medical commission at Lourdes had led him to a simpler and far more satisfactory faith. (He became a Catholic).

But now I had seen a miracle myself. I had seen a girl, partially paralyzed and dying, cured instantly before my eyes. And how different it was to have seen! The newspapers of Lisbon were filled with the story. The restored girl had returned to her village where those who had known her helpless condition broke into a concerted and incredible public demonstration just this one day later.

However fantastic it sounded, repeated to myself as I myself had seen it, it was as real and as true as this taxicab, as the palm trees whizzing past along the Avenida.

Such were the thoughts skimming through my mind as the taxi drew up alongside the great wall behind Portugal's National Assembly. Captain Castanheira de Samvel of the Portuguese military institute (often mentioned in my lectures) announced me at the gate.

I walked across the boxwood-studded lawn and up the steps where a maid in a French apron held the door and led me to a parlor. It was only a few minutes after she had gone that a middle-aged man, with greying black hair, entered the room.

It was Doctor Salazar.

After shaking hands, he offered me a chair close beside one which he chose himself. For a moment I felt a little strange. Conversation wove around my other visits through Europe, about Communism. The Third International was gaining strength in France and didn't the doctor think that only if smaller parties united Communism could be defeated in Italy?

The doctor began to relax in his chair. I began to relax, too, and almost at once I found myself telling him about the miracle.

There was no restraining the excitement that crept into my voice and for the first time . . . but later repeated hundreds of times . . . I told of what I had seen in the Cova da Iria.

"I had been invited by the Bishop," I breathlessly repeated to Doctor Salazar, "to walk behind the monstrance and when I saw this girl first in line she looked so pitiable, and the general attitude of those around her was so touching, that I instinctively took a picture.

"After the benediction, she was cured. *Just like that!* No more pain. No paralysis. No blindness. She wanted to get up, wanted to join with the crowd honoring the Blessed Sacrament. But they began to whisk her litter away to the hospital as the crowd pressed and the word spread: *There's been a cure! There's been a cure! The dying one from Coimbra!* I was trying to take a picture, and one of the priests saw me and said: "The American who knelt by the Bishop is taking a picture . . . step aside for the American!" And some people stood back while I took one picture and then . . . as though she knew . . . the girl folded her hands, clasping a Rosary, and lifted eyes ecstatic with joy just as the camera clicked.

"As the litter was borne away, she apparently kept asking to be permitted to rise because at the hospital ramp *she got up* . . . after being on a bed of death for days! . . . and shouting '*Viva Nossa Senhora*' she waved joyfully towards the place where the statue of Our Lady of Fátima was being carried. Two hundred thousand thrilled people were also waving their hands and crying '*Viva Nossa Senhora!*' in an unforgettable pandemonium of joy."

As I finished my story, I saw that Dr. Salazar had leaned forward in his chair. He was as carried away by my excitement as though he, too, had been there! Then, after a long moment of silence, he said in one long breath:

*"My, but you were fortunate to have seen that!"*

For the moment I felt surprised at such a remark from him whom the people of Portugal regard as being himself a part of their "national miracle."

For a long moment, there in Salazar's house, there was silence. And in that moment I thought of the entire effect of Fátima . . . of the change in Portugal . . . of Lenin's threat to make the Iberian Peninsula a starting place of the

world-revolution. I thought of the fact that the man before me symbolized the greatest defeat Communism has known . . . a defeat which cost not a single life, and which has brought years of peace to a nation once afflicted with atheist despotism. Cardinal Cerejeira, Primate of Portugal, had told me: "What has happened in Portugal is a sign of hope for all the world." And thinking of this, I broke silence by asking:

"Doctor, as you see Communism gaining in Europe and



This is an unusual photo of Salazar as he greeted Cardinal Spellman, February, 1950.

in Asia, do you think that there will be another war?"

His answer, and most of the rest of the interview, was "off the record." Through the Spanish War and all of World War II, Salazar had kept Portugal neutral, at peace. Now faced with the international prestige of Soviet Russia . . . sworn enemy of his little country . . . one would expect his answer to have been measured and conservative. But he replied:

"The problems which confront statesmen of the world today are more grave than those of the recent war." Europe seemed to him more likely to be overrun by atheist dictatorship in a cold war than in a fighting one.

"But," I exclaimed, "don't you believe in the promise at Fatima, that God is going to bring about the conversion of Russia?"

Deliberately, he said:

"From what we now know of internal affairs in Russia, a revolution there at this time is improbable, but there is one hope of peace: *The hope that Providence may do in Russia what it has done here.*"

In that moment I was confirmed in my conviction that Fatima is not so much a story to be told as a revolution to be won.


Some people today do not believe in God. Most people do. *And the world-struggle is fundamentally between those who do and those who do not.* Communism believes that when people are atheists they will be sensible enough to be Communists. "*Réligion,*" said Lenin, "*is our first enemy.*" "Religion," echoes world-Communist teaching, "is the opiate of the people." But the West says: "*Religion is our first ally, the basis of morality, the very principle of peace.*"

Religion will win. Fundamentally people "look up to a Greater Power in the Universe," as President Truman put it, and "those who look down and are purely materialistic" soon find that you can build nothing downward.

Lenin said that Communism and Capitalism cannot exist in the same world together; either one or the other must give way. And he is right. But, while he and all atheists see the solution of such a dilemma only by annihilation of one or the other, there now arises in the world another solution which is diametrically opposite to the solution of atheism. And if enough people learn and apply this other solution there need not be another war.

When He walked on the earth, Christ performed miracles. "*If you do not believe Me,*" He said on one occasion, "*believe My works.*"

And in our incredulous age, whether we are able to rub our eyes and believe it or not, *He is working miracles again.* What happened at Fatima on May 13, 1917, brought peace to Portugal, and, as we shall show, is now skimming through the religious underground in Russia and across the world.



Dr. Salazar, on balcony of house, receives popular applause.

## Chapter Nine

### REVOLUTION

**J**oliot Curie, French atomic scientist, made some important new discoveries in 1948, and British and American reporters swooped down on the famous custodian of French uranium to ask:

"Will you relay your secrets to Russia?"

"No," Curie replied. "I am a Communist, but these secrets are the secrets of France!"

"Do you think Russia will get the bomb?" they asked.

Curie replied with his famous words:

"You can temporarily check the progress of Communism through the world, *but you can never stop it.*"

A few months later, in the Spring of 1949, America suspected that Russia finally had the atom bomb in the making. Today we know definitely that she has and is at work on the H-bomb. Unquestionably, Russia today has the greatest fighting force in the world . . . and the greatest organization of interior and foreign police in the world. It would seem, as Atomist Curie matter-of-factly stated, that by such things as Marshall plans and Pacts we can temporarily check Communist progress . . . but we can never stop it. Ideas do not *stop*.

*And it might be very dangerous for us to imagine that Communism, following the 1946 Western resistance, has ceased advancing.*



In the following chapters we are going to pursue the theory that Russia will be converted . . . on certain conditions . . . but we defeat ourselves if we forget the possible dangers *before* that conversion comes.

So far, Christian forces have *begun* to recognize that the cold war is fundamentally a spiritual struggle. We have *begun* to rally to the banner of Faith. The Protestants have formed a World Federation of Churches, and have begun a genuine effort to reach unity in fundamentals. Catholic groups have begun a renewal of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, with a program of more fervent daily prayer and sacrifice and reparation before the Blessed Sacrament. Marian organizations strive night and day to increase fundamental Christian fervor.

But it is no more than a beginning. So far we have but seen the lighthouse . . . standing alone out of a threatening sea. There remains the greatest question: Can we make the port of peace before the dark of further war?

There is no guarantee in the words of the promise of the "Lady in Light" that there will not be more war. The treaty ending World War II has not been fully signed and officially the war is not over; the victors have not been able to agree among themselves and are on the brink of further conflict to solve their problem. Indeed, the Vision predicted that Communist errors would spread *through the entire world* . . . fomenting wars (plural), persecution of the good (with special suffering visited on the Catholic Pontiff), and . . . finally . . . *annihilation of certain entire nations*. IF the crusade of Faith does not reach a certain point in time, then we may most certainly see worse suffering in the future than we have already seen in the past. IF the ultimatum of daily duty is met by sufficient numbers . . . sufficient to tip the scales of Divine

Justice . . . then it will be over.

The problem of *how* Russia will be stopped, or how she will be converted, is unimportant. It may be as it was five hundred years ago, when the Mongol Khan died and the pagan hordes were divided as the Mongols went back to the East to elect a new successor. There may be some extraordinary heavenly event (which we suggest as a hypothesis and will mention later as being generally expected by many in religious circles).

Through its first half-century, the Atheist revolution launched by Marx and Lenin has appeared under different guises in different places. Sometimes, as originally in Russia and Portugal, it was a sudden, well-planned and violent uprising taking most of the nation by surprise. At other times it was effected by political chicanery, as in Hungary. But at all times and in all places it has the same goal: The overthrow of all existing forms of government except those of the Soviet *and the overthrow of Christian morality.*

Most people of the world have underestimated the power of the Communist revolution, at least through the years until 1950. Marxism's greatest asset was and continues to be its camouflage. Well-meaning people in different countries have unwittingly aided increasingly far-flung and diabolically clever agents of world-atheism, unable to see through their humanitarian false-faces. And besides giving direct aid, lending their names to Communist fronts, these same misled people have felt that Communism . . . like Satan . . . was not to be feared because as a *world-ogre* he simply *did not exist.*

Today this may seem incredible to a world suddenly over-run and fearful, but I remember again that prior to 1946 I rarely gave a lecture without someone challenging

the picture of Communism as a world-menace.

Traveling as much as I did at that time, I heard snatches here and snatches there of what Communism was shaping up for the future world. Today, America knows generally that about half of all the world is Communist . . . and that the other half has been seriously infiltrated. But how many Americans even yet know about places like Korea or Guadalupe? Above all, while gaping fearfully at the fall of central Europe and of China, and pulling in our skirts with new fear as we see banners calling for death to Yankee America in the streets of Mexico City, what do we know of Communism in Detroit? In New York? in Los Angeles? in New Orleans? in Washington? in Chicago?

Most Americans before 1946 were placing their comfort in the Federal Bureau of Investigation . . . as though the knowledge of Communists would be enough at the proper time, to render them helpless. Yet few Americans seemed shocked when, with the conversion of Budenz, it became known that the leading American Communist, Gerhard Eisler, was unknown not only to the Federal Bureau but to most other Communists! And if the American Stalin could hide, and then after being convicted could be freed by skillful use of legalities, *what about the more than five hundred minor Stalins in Chicago alone?*

Communists form one of the best organized minorities in America. They grew to their present strength primarily through organizations in state colleges and universities and through infiltration of government and unions. Their strength within America is great. It is so great that, as Louis Budenz testified in the New York Grand Jury trials and as we here repeat, they would have entered the stage of violent revolution to overthrow the United States in 1941 if Hitler had not attacked Russia.

In 1946 the tide turned for the better in America as it did in Europe. Communism is now losing ground. But still in the event of war between Russia and the United States . . . *our greatest enemy would be, not the Russian but, the American Communist.* The New Jersey State Communist leader said with a conviction that carried unmistakable faith: "If there is another depression in the United States, we will be *welcomed to power.*"

Typical of the American failure to estimate Communism at its true strength was the reaction of former Secretary of State Marshall to warnings of possible Communist trouble at the Pan-American Conference in Bogotá as late as June, 1947.

"Don't tell me," the Secretary of State said disdainfully, "that a handful of Communists, with their speeches and rotten eggs, could disrupt the meeting of the sovereign nations of the Americas." And on being warned of possible danger even to himself, the Secretary "Made particularly salty remarks" (according to the New York Times) about the impotence of a mere handful of long-haired reds.

Undoubtedly the Secretary knew, as most people later knew, that there were approximately 8,000 Communists in Colombia out of a population of 10,000,000. And, like most Americans, the Secretary's idea of an American Communist was of a college boy who isn't able to make up his socially disturbed mind and finds it fashionable to seem extremist.

*A few weeks later, the Communist uprising in Bogotá shocked the world.*

Not only was the conference disrupted but Colombia's national sovereignty teetered in the balance.

The great Pan American Conference of the "Sovereign Nations of the Americas" disbanded. Argentine delegates

left shortly after the uprising. Secretary Marshall remained with others in a matter of face-saving, because it was then obvious that the disruption of the conference was a world-revolutionary act to discredit the power of the United States in the eyes of all the peoples south of the Equator. But finally the Secretary, too, returned to Washington before the conference was over, on the grounds of "Important business."

This is not repeated with the object of reflecting in any way on General Marshall who, learning the lesson taught at that conference, launched the plan which has done more to stop the world-revolution of Atheist-Communism than any other material plan since the end of World War II. Despite some admitted mistakes, he is one of the great soldiers and great Americans of our era.

Quite simply, Atheism's world-revolution *is more powerful in America than most of us think*. "We must not estimate their powers by their numbers," Secretary of Labor Krug warned in 1946. "It takes only three percent Communist domination in any labor union to make that union Communist." And, as a modern historian, Mr. Krug might also have observed that it has not required more than three percent Communist membership in a nation to cause a *nation* to fall to the Soviet!

Just how close we are in America to three percent Communist infiltration, no one seems actually to know. It would, indeed, be practically impossible to know. Our opinion is that we exceeded three percent before 1946 . . . but that the campaign to sell America to Americans has begun to make progress and events in Europe, plus the testimony of American ex-Communists like Louis Budenz, Whittaker Chambers, Elizabeth Bentley, etc., has helped to alert the nation.

But statistics in this matter are unimportant.

The point to be emphasized is that *there is a WORLD, atheist revolution . . . and the United States is just as much the object of that revolution as any other nation.* Moreover, the United States is just as much in danger as . . . and, indeed, may be in even greater danger than . . . many other nations.

This revolution cannot be measured in the old manner of measuring revolutions because it is pressing from within and from without, and because it is camouflaged. It sells itself under guise of principles and rights, even though in reality it recognizes no principles and concedes no rights but those of the Soviet Union. Even capitalists are persuaded that, considering their labor problems, they would be better off under a Russian system where the factory boss receives far more than the American tax-ridden capitalist and with no labor problems. And the laborer is persuaded that he has to work for a living just to keep the capitalists free to make wars. Of course it is contradictory; of course it is false. We would say that no capitalist could be victimized by such propaganda, and no laborer would choose state-regulated labor for free labor. *But the lie strikes home.* As Machiavelli advised: "Tell a lie often enough and it is believed."

We will try to imply, in later chapters, that there is a diabolical force behind this Marxist world-revolution, with its lies and twistings and denial of God. This subject is elaborated in another book: *Lightning on the Road.* And we not only imply but definitely state that the only force which will defeat this world-revolution is *faith in God.* In this is our one hope of driving Communism back.

Of course . . . whether we call it Satanical or diabolical or simply anti-God . . . all evil is on the side of

lies, the side which wants to create a world of men without souls. Its world-revolution is a revolution against *every* government, except its own, whether that government be good or not. Their world-revolution is not just a political revolution. *It is primarily a spiritual one.*

In Spain, for example, a priest who was famous for his great eloquence in preaching devotion to the Sacred Heart was asked three questions by his Communist captors: "What is your name? Are you the priest who preaches devotion to the Sacred Heart? Will you continue to preach that devotion *now*?" And when the saintly orator told them who he was, and that he would continue to preach love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus until he died, *they fired five bullets into his throat . . . one for each of the Wounds of Christ.*

Analyze that act.

To the Communist, this priest was an enemy simply by the fact that he preached religion . . . and "Religion is our first enemy" (Lenin).

But why, therefore, did they not kill him simply as an enemy? Why would they want to inflict five wounds, one for each of the wounds of Christ? Were they not attacking and hating Someone above and beyond that humble minister of the gospel?

Consider the famous incident of the Sacred Heart Monument . . . in the geographical centre of Spain.

This immense figure of granite was a national symbol of Spanish devotion to Christ. It showed Our Lord in an attitude of embracing welcome, his spear-pierced breast showing a Heart aflame with love for men.

Communists placed dynamite beneath the monument. A firing squad stood back, aimed their little rifles at the majestic granite image, and the petty official shouted



"Fire"! Later, detonators set off the dynamite and blasted the image of Christ over the square.

*In effigy, they were executing Christ.*

These are not men who disbelieve in Christ. We do not execute, even in effigy, that in which we have no belief. We do not remember to perpetuate five wounds of a Man Whom we merely deny . . . *but Whom, rather, we hate.*

Thus every Christian will recognize that *every* anti-Christian and every *thing* anti-Christian *is the enemy.* What we have to fear, and what we have to fight, is *within our own daily lives.*

That is the message of Fatima.



When Pope Pius XII designated 1946 as "*The Year of Decision*," he obviously meant that either the flowing tide of Communism would break over its last restraint and flood all mankind, or it would begin to recede.

The consensus of democratic opinion in Europe in the first part of that year was pessimistic. France was in such a state that American observers were predominantly of the opinion that *Russia could have drawn France behind the Iron Curtain in twenty-four hours* if she wanted thus to risk complete economic isolation of Europe. America's *Saturday Evening Post* bluntly published that statement. And the largest single, united party of Italy . . . fortified with the millions of dollars confiscated at the capture of Mussolini . . . was Communist. Most of the Balkans had already fallen, Berlin was surrounded, and Britain had suddenly veered strongly toward the left.

Thus Russian Communism had pushed the iron curtain far to the west and seemed certain to win Italy in the postwar elections. In the previous six years . . . which saw the beginning and end of World War II and a more rapid change of world events than in any other six years perhaps in all history . . . if Hitler had not betrayed Stalin and attacked Russia, *there would have been a revolution in America, as the 1949 Communist trials in New York brought to light*. And if Russian Armies had marched in 1946, Europe would probably be Communist today.

But that year saw the peak of Communist power and threat to the west, and the beginning of a great change.

Why did Russia not take advantage of her power in that year? America might have used the atom bomb, but hardly against all Europe. War had impoverished all the nations within and without the Curtain, and American food and machinery was needed . . . but hardly (from

the Russian point of view) at the price of an altogether Communist Europe. Perhaps Russia was then confident of winning Italy in the elections . . . and felt that France was sufficiently organized to be taken into the Union of Soviet Republics at any time. The victories in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, etc., all seemed so certain that perhaps it was expected that nothing would prevent similar action in Italy and France . . . should it become necessary . . . after the United States had also been sufficiently "organized." Agents already had broken the atom-bomb secrecy in the United States and Alger Hiss was in the State Department; other agents had been developed to a higher degree throughout America than anyone realized. The Federal Bureau of Investigation did not even know the name of the Number One American Communist! Over 80,000 *alien* Communist agents were suspected to be in America.

At this crucial hour when Russia knew where she was aiming but America momentarily floundered in postwar uncertainty, an extraordinary thing happened at Fatima.

It was May 13, 1946, twenty-ninth anniversary of the apparitions and *one million people* thronged to the Cova da Iria. At the command of the Pope, a special airliner flew from Rome bearing a Cardinal Legate and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. The Holy Father spoke on International Radio, addressing his message to the world through Fatima.

It was raining in the Cova . . . as it had rained twenty-nine years before on the day of the sun miracle. The hundreds of thousands of people, with no shelter, stood in the rain while Cardinal Masella . . . in the name of Pope Pius XII and in an assembly of church dignitaries such as has rarely been witnessed, placed a half-million-dollar



crown upon the exquisite memorial statue of the vision. Instantly the rain stopped. Great shafts of sunlight, like searching rays, streamed from a spot in the clouds and bathed the glistening statue in radiance while sighs of a million voices swept to the skies.

That same day was the 25th anniversary of the Russian Revolution . . . and was it a mere coincidence that *one million armed men paraded* before the tomb of Lenin, in Red Square?

On one side of Europe . . . a million people stood in faith; on the other side, a million men marched under arms.

It was the Year of Decision.

World peace will come not by arms, but by faith. God, in His Omnipotence, can bring all His enemies to naught in one great flash, like the conversion of Saint Paul or the whirling sun of Fatima. Only there is something we must do.

Here, therefore, is the fundamental explanation given at Fatima of the great struggle through which we live:

God, in the greatness of His Love, made man free. He gave man the power to serve or not to serve, to love what is good or not to love. In this sense, He created man "In His own image."

Today, a majority of men choose *not* to love. They deny the God Who made them and gave them the use of the world, setting themselves . . . "The State" . . . in His place.

Now, if God were suddenly to convert Russia in answer to the prayers of the few who still love and serve Him, He would necessarily take back, in some measure, His great gift of free will to mankind. As long as more hatred rises against Heaven than there is love, how can His Mercy reach down to the world without circumventing His Justice?

Thus He sends a messenger . . . to demand the revolution of Faith and to fire our courage with the assurance that in the end this revolution of love against hate, of faith in God against denial of Him, is going to be victorious.

Over the world, therefore, we can imagine a giant set of scales. One side is weighted down by those whose denial of God cries to Heaven for Divine Justice to destroy us. The other side is weighted by those who recognize the fundamental human obligation to love our Creator.

As the scale tips, so goes the revolution.

Winston Churchill, who did more than any one man

to unite all the Western Powers first against Nazism, then against Communism, made a strange speech in Boston on the day before the signing of the Atlantic Pact in 1949. Broadcasting systems united and millions listened to him. Ambassadors of most of the western countries were in the United States for the signing of the Pact. It was an address which Winston Churchill himself called: "Important."

In that talk, Churchill stressed what must have been . . . to much of the world . . . an incredible doctrine. Hardly a newspaper in America, obviously unable to believe its ears, singled out that statement for comment. And yet in that statement Churchill placed *our one hope* of saving the world.

He was speaking at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's mid-century convocation and he began by making certain observations about the failure of Communism to capitalize on its power in 1946. Although he did not

**Churchill giving Boston Tech speech is on platform in distant background.**



consider war to be inevitable, he was optimistic. He advised military and scientific preparedness, because: "We are now confronted with something quite as wicked but in some ways more formidable than Hitler. These thirteen men in the Kremlin have their hierarchy and a church of Communist adepts whose missionaries are in every country as a fifth column, awaiting the day when they hope to be absolute masters of their fellow-countrymen. They have their anti-God religion. Behind this stands the largest army in the world, in the hands of a Government pursuing imperialistic expansion as no Czar or Kaiser had ever done."

But what did Winston Churchill advocate as our weapon against this force? He said that we should be prepared, but he also said that he thought war could be averted.

How could this be done?

"*The fulfillment of spiritual duty in our daily life,*" he said, "*is vital to our survival.*"

This answer wonderfully indicates the turning tide . . . and is in itself one of the most significant events in the Fátima story since the conversion of Portugal and the Italian Elections.

After advocating the importance of continued supremacy of arms and science, Mr. Churchill at once added:

"No technical knowledge can outweigh knowledge of the humanities in the gaining of which philosophy and history walk hand in hand. Our inheritance of well-founded, slowly conceived codes of honor, morals and manners, the passionate convictions which so many hundreds of millions share together of the principles of freedom and justice, are far more precious to us than anything which scientific discoveries can bestow."

In other words Mr. Churchill said: *Morality is more important in winning the peace than planes or bombs.* And he went on:

"The problems of victory (*as Salazar had said in 1946*) may be even more baffling than those of defeat. However much the conditions change, the supreme question is how we live and grow and bloom and die, and how far each life conforms to standards which are not wholly related to space or time."

In speaking thus diplomatically to 14,000 scientists in this world of scientific skepticism, Churchill continued:

"Here I speak *not only to those who enjoy the blessings and consolation of revealed religion, but also to those who face the mysteries of human destiny alone.* The flame of Christian ethics is still our highest guide. To guard and cherish it is our first interest, both spiritually and materially. *The fulfillment of spiritual duty in our daily life is vital to our survival. Only by bringing it into perfect application can we hope to solve for ourselves the problems of this world and not of this world alone.*"

Thus Winston Churchill, at the signing of the Atlantic Pact in the lining-up of Communism against the rest of the now united world, repeated the words spoken by a Vision in Portugal in the days when the Communist Revolution was born: "If my requests (*fulfillment of duty and thereby offering of sacrifices in reparation for sin*) are heard, Russia will be converted and there will be peace . . . and if not . . ."

It is beyond all doubt . . . from the purely philosophical and historical viewpoint alone . . . that only by bringing the fulfillment of our spiritual duty in daily life "Into perfect application" can we "Hope to solve for ourselves the problems of this world . . ." But the problem of

bringing the fulfillment of our spiritual duty into perfect application remains a problem in a world which has heretofore given little thought to the spiritual. It would seem easier to develop an army greater than the armies of Russia, and perhaps easier to establish freedom in India and China and Europe by force of arms and death . . . than to build up an army on its knees, with hands unclenched from machines into an attitude of prayer.

But if it is only on our knees that our real enemy of mankind and of peace can be met and defeated . . . *then it is on our ability to achieve this that world peace depends.*

In the picture at right the author shows Fatima statue to Father L. Brassard, Catholic priest now in Moscow. On May 22nd, 1950, Trygvy Lie, Secretary General of the United Nations was returning from the last conferences in Russia before Korean War. He said he had talked with Father Brassard and that the latter had dedicated his oratory in Moscow to Our Lady of Fatima and that one of the most striking things in Russia today is growing religious fervor.

"Yes, I have heard of Fatima," Mr. Lie said, "and that many people are praying for the conversion of Russia."







Parade before tomb of Lenin

# Chapter Ten

## SOLE HOPE OF SURVIVAL

**I**n May 13, 1946, twenty-ninth anniversary of the apparitions and *one million people* thronged to the Cova da Iria. At the command of the Pope, a special airliner flew from Rome bearing a Cardinal Legate.

A few months later, well before the Italian elections, it was seen that the tide in Italy was inexplicably changing. *It was apparent that what happened in Fatima, Portugal, was going to affect the entire world. . . .*

I think the following true story conveys the feeling of what happened. . . .

In the Spring of 1946 before going to Europe I had occasion to visit with the Prior General of one of the old religious orders (the Carmelites) who had spent most of the war years in America but was finally returning to Rome. When it came time to say "goodbye" I shook his hand warmly

He returned the handshake with what I thought was unwonted deliberation, saying sadly:

"Goodbye."

There was a finality in his voice. Since he was elderly, I thought he was implying that he might be expecting to die.

"Oh, not 'goodbye,' Father," I said, "You are still a young man . . . I'll see you in Rome this summer."

"I say 'Goodbye,'" he answered, "because I expect to see the Communization of Italy and to die in it."

*That attitude was almost universal among those who*

*knew the European situation well at that time.* Later I talked to any number of Servicemen of the various European zones of occupation who were almost unanimously chorusing "I just hope it doesn't break before I get home!" Those in the Trieste area said they felt as though they were sitting right on top of the atom bomb. And this elderly man of the church, who had many monasteries and churches under his guidance not only in Italy but in other parts of the world, had seen many of his men suffer at Communist hands.

About three months after that farewell in New York I was in Rome, and I went to see this Prior General in the motherhouse of his order just a short distance from the Vatican.

On the way from the airport, streets were lined with posters condemning Christian Democracy; hardly a building, a fence, a wall . . . was without some sign extolling Communism and Stalin. The hammer and sickle were everywhere. Recently a man who had been trying to nail up a Christian Democrat poster was shot in the act; Christian Democrats carried his body in protest through the streets. There was an atmosphere of suspense and terror, restrained only by the presence of British and American troops who were going to see that the elections were free.

When I arrived in the presence of my friend, I was not the same reassuring and confident person who had bade him "Bon Voyage" three months before. I had just come from France where I had met some leaders in *L'Action Catholique* who considered the situation hopeless and were negotiating to get to America although they had stood with France through the crises of two wars. I had sensed the prewar atmosphere of "For tomorrow we die" in many Frenchmen I met. I had seen Saint Malo, which had



Above: Communist pastes red poster over one belonging to Christian Democrats. The arguments which followed (like one pictured on the right) often resulted in violence and even death.

received no relief since the end of the war because the French Minister of Food was a Communist and only Communist-sympathetic places were given precedence. The French Minister of Transportation was a Communist. The French Minister of Communication was a Communist. As in most of the countries already overrun, Communists had achieved key posts throughout France. Now, the same process was evident in the streets of Rome. . . where the

most dramatic election of postwar history was in the making and the Communists already were able to count more hands than the divided Democrats and Socialists.

It is important in the understanding of this story to note that at this time the events of Fatima were just coming to be known outside of Portugal. The crowning of the statue was the great "news release." Wherever I lectured, most people seemed to be hearing about Fátima for the first time . . . and for that very reason seemed reluctant to believe that it was true. I know of only two leaders in America who prior to 1946 were crying: "Either we listen to the message of Fátima, or else . . ."

"Well, Father," I said to the Carmelite General, after meeting him in Rome, "how do you feel now about the possibility of Communist bloodshed in Italy?"

I expected him to emphasize what he had said *just three months before in New York*. To my utmost surprise, he answered brightly:

*"I have hope. All of us have hope. It is the hope given us by the message of Fatima. Her promise is stirring Italy."*

In the Spring of 1948, his hope became reality. The Blessed Virgin is said to have appeared in several places in Italy. The tide began to sweep the country. Letters poured from America, urging the people to vote against Communism. Catholic action seemed to unify divided Italian parties almost overnight. All the world knows what happened.

*"At the last hour,"* a high ecclesiastical observer in Italy told me, *"the people of Italy seemed to feel that the choice in the elections was Communism or the Madonna . . . and they had no choice."*

Then there suddenly came the conversion of the Amer-



On eve of crucial Italian elections, Communists parade in the streets, carrying torches.

ican Communist, Louis Budenz, through devotion to the Blessed Virgin . . . and his subsequent book and lectures throughout America climaxing in the most conclusive and damaging testimony at the New York trial of the American politburo in the Spring of 1949. Chambers broke the story of State Department infiltration; Elizabeth Bentley turned Catholic; suddenly the entire spy story broke. Douglas Hyde, editor of the Daily Worker in London, entered the Church. Osana Kasenkina threw herself from the window of the Russian Embassy in New York, lived and soon was striking a new deathblow at American Communism by a new book. Stories began to leak from behind the Iron Curtain.

Finally, in the Fall of 1947 when the Bishop of Fatima officially sent a statue of "Our Lady of Fatima" to America . . . *four million Americans turned out in one year to touch it as a symbol of their faith* in Russia's conversion. It seemed, after all those years of uphill work that a pent-up geyser of American faith had broken through.

The year of decision is now behind us. The strength of the Soviet Union has not been impaired in any way that we can actually measure. The fall of China has compensated largely for the setbacks in Western Europe, where civil wars remain a constant threat through the great Communist minority. But on the other hand there is the growing political swing to the right. E. C. A., which was a plan and a commitment that Communists were sure the United States would never undertake, reassured Western Europe and led finally, in 1949, to the Atlantic Pact.

**The imminent possibility of a simple Communist *coup d'état* in the western world has passed.**

**The great question now remains: Will peace come to all the world, without much further suffering, as it came**



The day after the elections, however, Christian Democrats rejoice in the same streets. Here, on April 21st, is a view of Via Marco Minghetti waiting for De Gasperi to appear on balcony.



in 1928 to Portugal? Will the promise of the "Lady in Light," which was a primary and decisive force in the turning of the tide in Italy, come true now? Can we expect the Revolution of Faith to take hold in nations that have no faith? Can the world have peace, like Portugal, without bloodshed?

When the scales of human free choice have been weighed down to the side of evil, in simple justice, God must permit His chastisements to strike. But in His Mercy, He sent a messenger in 1917 at Fátima to explain things to us and to help us change the balance. That messenger is known simply as "Our Lady of Fátima," and her effect on Russia is now becoming apparent.

The scale has begun to tip the other way. It can perhaps be shown that the hand of God is in it.

In London, Mr. Douglas Hyde, the great Communist leader and editor of England's "Daily Worker," suddenly saw that Communism was false to its core. It was the coup in Czechoslovakia that first shook his atheist faith in the Soviet's world revolution, of which he had become an important part, and then light seemed to flood his reason and his soul and he renounced Communism to embrace the oldest and most difficult of all forms of Christianity.

In New York, something similar happened to the editor of America's "Daily Worker." *Almost simultaneously, but independently, other Communists, with important information about the party's international plans turned to Christianity.*

From Lipa City, in the Philippine Islands, God's Grace, brought to the world by the faith of peoples afflicted by two world wars and delineated at Fátima for all to see, has suddenly begun to sweep through the Orient. Tomor-

row something may happen inside Russia as it has in so many other parts of the world. As long as people continue to pray with increasing fervor and to cry out *to God* in reparation for those who cry out *against Him*, *the conversion of Russia and the doom of the atheist's world-revolution is certain*. Consider their two great misfortunes to date in their race for Atomic power. . . .

In that historic year of 1946, I was lecturing in Springfield, Illinois, and just before the talk, Father Hubbard . . . the famous Jesuit traveler . . . had just arrived back in the United States from a world tour and he telephoned to my host at the hotel. In a conversation from New York, which lasted only a few minutes, the one thing that seemed to stand out in Father Hubbard's mind, as news of his long trip around the entire earth, was that while he was in Russia . . . the Russian atomic bomb plant exploded, resulting in the death of hundreds, including many of the scientists whom the Russians had brought from Germany.

The plant has subsequently been reconstructed, and the Russians have stolen American atomic secrets as well as having developed methods of their own.

*But who can say what that explosion in Russia in 1946 may already have meant to all the Western World?*

Moreover, in November of 1949, fire broke out in the Russian Uranium deposits, taking hundreds of lives.

Both of these blows to Russia's frantic efforts to rival American progress in the development of a super-bomb may have been sheer accident.

But they add up.

In 1947, in Italy, a Communist sympathiser on his way to a rally saw a vision in a cave at Tre Fontane, outside Rome. Thousands flocked to the spot and word flew through Italy as the converted Communist went about

telling of all that had happened. Other apparitions were reported in other parts of the country.

In France, a secretary of the local Communist party in the village of Liart was leaving his house on December 7, 1948, and standing beside the road was the tall figure of a "Lady in Light." He called aloud, and was soon joined by eleven others, *all of whom saw the vision* which, after five minutes, gradually faded away. When they described what they had seen, persons who knew about Our Lady of Fátima recognized the description. The effect on the converted men was such that the word spread not only through France but all Europe.

In Germany, apparitions were reported from Pafenhofen. They were thoroughly investigated by ecclesiastical authorities and have created a stir not only in Germany but throughout the world. Vision was reported to have said:

"Yes, I am the powerful Mediatrix of Graces. As the world can find mercy only thru the sacrifice of the Son with the Father, so can you only find favor with the Son through my intercession. Christ is so unknown because I am not known. Because the nations rejected His Son the Father poured out His cup of wrath upon them. It is true that the world was consecrated to my Immaculate Heart, but this consecration has become a fearful responsibility for many men. I demand that the world live this consecration. Have unreserved confidence in my Immaculate Heart! Believe that I am able to do everything with my Son. Substitute my Immaculate Heart in place of your sinful hearts. Then it will be I who will draw the power of God and the love of the Father will renew the fulness of Christ in you. Fulfill my request so that Christ may reign as the King of Peace."

"The world will have to drain the cup of wrath to the dregs because of the countless sins through which His Heart is offended. The star of the infernal regions will rage more violently than ever and will cause frightful

destruction, because he knows that his time is short and because he sees that already many have gathered around my sign. Over these he has no power, although he will kill the bodies of many; but through these sacrifices brought for me, my power to lead the remaining host to victory will increase. Some have already allowed my sign to be impressed on them; their number will keep growing. But I want to tell you, my children, not to forget that the very cross of those bloody days is a grace. Pray, make sacrifices for sinners. . . . Then Christ will reign as King of Peace over the nations. Let it be your concern that this wish of mine be made known to the world. I will give you the necessary strength."

The result of these apparitions cannot yet be measured, but it is possible that they will ultimately affect Germany even to the extent that Fátima has affected Portugal.

Regarding the many visions and miracles which are being reported on all sides, it is only fair and honest to say that the Church has taken no part in an official manner without her usual deep study and analysis of every little phase. Any "reporting" done . . . including most emphatically any done in this very book . . . is as personal and objective a matter as Louis Budenz writing about his conversion. The Church, as such, does not pronounce on these matters unless they have stood many tests, including the test of time.

And it is to be most emphatically stated that none of these unusual events . . . including Fátima . . . are ends in themselves.

The one thing of importance is the Law of God . . . first: To Love Him as the Perfect Being and Source of All, and second: To love our fellow men as His images and creatures. If we have strayed so far from the path of this Law that God must use unusual ways of drawing our attention back to Him, the "attention getting devices" remain . . . in themselves . . . of far less importance than

one good deed.

In this book we have by no means endeavored to cover the full story of "attention-getters" which have taken place since 1946 . . . our year of decision. We have given bare mention to several, and we have stated the actual message of only two. Yet there are before us, at the time of the writing of this book, reports of *eighteen* recent apparitions in various parts of the world . . . all echoing the message of Fátima and all contributing to a stiffening Christian resistance to atheistic Communism.

Whatever is going to happen may come, as some spiritual writers assume, before many of the new extraordinary events have been thoroughly evaluated. Perhaps the attitude of present day religious journalists was best expressed by Monsignor Matthew Smith, editor of America's principal Catholic news-weekly *The Register*. When asked why he published accounts of the wonders of the Pilgrim Virgin, the events of Lipa, of Tre Fontane, Necedah, the Monsignor replied:

"We were caught napping with the events of Fátima, and it won't happen again."

But the explanation partially finds itself in the *unusualness* of Fátima. The events in the Cova da Iria in 1917 were not only of religious importance but of physical . . . terrestrial . . . political importance. A vision was promising world peace by means of mass conversions . . . and, whether it might be demonstrated an authentic vision or not (which would take much time) *there was an immediate political effect*. That effect was news, and it demanded reporting.

Following are two typical reports. The first appeared in the *Catholic Universe Bulletin*, official newspaper of the diocese of Cleveland, on Friday, December 2, 1949:

# Romania Reports Apparitions

A priest in exile from Communist-captured Romania disclosed this week that the Blessed Virgin Mary is reported to have appeared repeatedly to a saintly woman there, encouraging faithful priests and people, reproaching priests who went over to the Kremlin-dominated Orthodox Church, and promising, through her Immaculate Heart, victory for the Church over the enemies of God.

The priest is Father Mircea Todericiu. He came to America from Paris where he was in charge of the Romanian Greek Catholic Mission, distributing relief to some 3,000 Romanian refugees.

Father Todericiu is now serving as assistant pastor of St. Helena and Most Holy Trinity Parishes, Cleveland, and St. Basil Parish, Lorain.

There are reported to have been at least five apparitions, Father Todericiu said, beginning last September just before the Red persecution broke in all its fury, "exterminating" the nation's Byzantine Rite Catholic Church which has 1,500,000 members.

**AS REPORTED**, the apparitions constitute a repetition

and a re-emphasizing of the message of Our Lady of the Rosary of Fatima, with particular application to Communist-persecuted Catholics.

Referring to the government law requiring all "cults" to obtain permission to exist, Our Lady was quoted:

**"I wish that the application of the Byzantine Rite Catholic Church be presented to the government and that it show in writing that the Greek Catholic Church will not separate from the Catholic Church even if the bishops should have to withstand death and shed their blood together with all the priests and all the faithful.**

(When Bishop Julius Hossu of Cluj-Gherla went, in good time, to the capital with the application for the Greek Catholic Church, he was arrested as he alighted from the train. Government agents then announced: "No application—no church.")

Our Lady is reported to have said further:

**"I wish that on each First Saturday of the month the consecration to my Immaculate Heart be renewed. Let the bishop do it in the name**

of all the faithful and each priest in each parish together with the faithful; and on the same day go to Confession and receive Communion for the intentions of My Immaculate Heart.

"Let this consecration be made in every parish with no exceptions."

"The Heavenly Father accepts with love your sacrifices. Sacrifice yourselves. Sacrifice yourselves. Sacrifice yourselves."

After the government by torture, drugs and threats forced 38 priests into signing a "petition" in Cluj asking readmittance into the Orthodox Church and after the persecutions roared into the open, Mary was quoted as saying:

"The grave hour in which the Church will suffer much has come."

The woman further quoted the heavenly visitor as telling her to communicate "simply and sincerely everything that I communicate to you. Be not fearful, do not hurry with your communication. Let me speak through you. Listen to me and execute everything according to the will of the Heavenly Father.

"Struggle, struggle with trust because I have received from the Father the power to destroy the head and the pride of Satan who wishes to destroy the Church and your souls. Pray, sacrifice.

"Be not sad in these temptations. Be happy because the Heavenly Father loves you. You who struggle and sacrifice yourselves with trust in my heart

are but few. But if only two souls will be found who will struggle with firm trust in these days full of sufferings, the Father will show them through my Heart the fruits of my sufferings.

"The Father has permitted these temptations against you so that your souls will become pure, so that you will become true children of mine and so that through prayers and sacrifices the pride and instigations of Satan will be destroyed from the earth. The Heavenly Father will no longer permit this pride and hatred on the part of Satan who has dominated your souls, and for that reason threatens with His punishing anger so that you will see the sins and the iniquities with which you have hurt His infinite goodness . . ."

On Oct. 15, the Blessed Virgin was quoted as saying:

"PRAY THE ROSARY because in the hour in which the dangers will be greatest and the blows strongest the Heavenly Father will show His victory, His love and mercy that He has for you. Don't think of life and food, but of the protection and strength of My Son . . .

"Fight with trust . . . Do not give in. Do not let other priests enter into the churches of my Son, priests who have apostatized from the true Faith and who have joined with those of the other faith. . . .

"My Son established this Church with the Blood of His Cross and you must sustain it through your prayers and sacrifices, professing faith in the strength of the Cross, keeping it always in your midst.

"THE SUFFERING of my Heart is so great when I see the priests who have apostatized from the Faith and my Son. Be good

enough to communicate to the bishop of your soul the wishes of my Heart concerning the priests who have apostatized. Communicate to them my words:

"You priests who must confess the Faith, who must be the pillars of the Church of my Son, you to whom the souls of the faithful have been entrusted in order for you to open to them the Way of the Truth and to bring them on the road of eternal life, behold how you have wounded my Heart by renouncing the Faith, by renouncing my Son and the Heavenly Father. You have stepped in the ways of falsehood and of death, and instead of edifying souls, you have destroyed the Faith; instead of building the Faith in souls, you have sought and do seek to ruin the Church and to lose souls. You are those who strike continually the Mystical Body of My Son.

"Behold, my sorrow is indescribably great when I look toward you because you despise even the Vicar of my Son, the one who is the father of all the true faithful; you who will not even recognize my Son as your King and Lord and of the world and who will not listen to Him and will not submit to Him.

"**BEHOLD, I HAVE** come to tell you clearly the word: I wish you to return, to become again the children of the true Church, pastors of the souls entrusted to your priesthood because my Son has placed you under my protection. I have come to communicate all of these things so that you will know what to do and you will know what the Heavenly Father wishes from you. I communicate these things to this soul of my Heart who cries, prays, sacrifices itself, who suffers day and night for your sins, the sins of you who strike so

much the justice of the Heavenly Father.

"If you will not listen to my Heart; if you will not believe in my words addressed to you through this suffering soul; if you will not return, the anger of the Heavenly Father will fall upon you. I ask prayers, sacrifices; I ask that you repair the insults committed against the Heavenly Father through apostasy, pride and your unbelief in His goodness and power which He has over you through my Immaculate Heart.

"You, who should hasten the hour of the victory of the Cross of my Son through my Heart, have increased the punishing anger of the Heavenly Father Who cannot any longer stand injustice among you. For you who remain faithful, my Heart is close to you so that you will remain strong and unmoved."

On Oct. 17, the saintly woman said, Mary gave specific instructions for the veneration of her Immaculate Heart, saying:

"I wish that in each church an image of my Immaculate Heart be placed. This should be at the entrance so that all may see it and pray before it. . . . Those who look to my Heart will be moved so that they will be converted.

"I am the protectress of the Catholic Church. I wish that in the homes of the priests who are threatened and tempted, and in the homes of their faithful for their strengthening, there should be placed an image with my Immaculate Heart. Daily the Rosary should be recited by the whole family for the intentions of my Heart. . . .

"I desire that all churches and all homes and families be consecrated and turned over to the care and protection of my Immaculate Heart because only I will avert the dangers and the threats



your protectress. Anyone who will carry an image of my Immaculate Heart and who by at least touching it and saying at least once the prayer of consecration and once the Hail Mary asking my help will receive my protection.

"I will protect those in prison from disaster or I will free them. I will alleviate the sufferings of the sick and I will assist at the hour of death the sinners and the erring ones who return to My Son. I will occupy myself with the poor and the derelict so that they will not be lacking in the necessary things. I will give peace to families and anything that you will ask of my Son through my Heart I will obtain. I am the mother of those who call upon

my help .

"I wish that your bishop communicate also to the other Catholic bishops the wishes of my Heart . "

The report of the apparitions, spreading through Romania, aroused a wave of religious fervor and rejoicing among the people, Father Todericiu said. As a result, Communist secret police have been searching for the stigmatic, trying to arrest her.

ON OCT. 17, two days after Mary reportedly rebuked apostate priests, Bishop Suciú repeated her words in a pastoral "with all reservations" and asked priests to "read them in solitude, with faith and fear."

In the events of Tre Fontane, Marina di Pisa, Ponsacco, (in Pisa), Remola, Milan, Lucca, and other places in Italy, the Catholic press of that nation set a precedent in the 1948 electoral struggle between "Democrats" and "Communists". Time was not taken to evaluate all the events. There was no time. Each was reported on its own merits in the presumption that it *might* be from God, provided there was nothing contrary to faith or morals in the "message" which these events invariably carried.

There is no question whatever that these unusual facts influenced the results in Italy. Most of us outside Italy were attributing the Democratic victory to American influence. But those in Italy knew, and do know, that American influence was only a part . . . and not a sufficient part . . . of the last minute change in the Italian Communist majority. As one high official in Rome said:

"Despite the careless attitude of many Italians towards the outward form and authority of the Church, the many strange events taking place in many parts of the country

convinced them that they would be voting not between Communist promises of social justice and the old order so long tolerated by the Church, but they were choosing between an atheist movement and the Madonna. And on that ground, they had only one choice."

The following news report appeared in *The Register*, which is edited and printed in Denver, Colorado, and sold in Churches throughout the United States and Canada. This is a photographic reproduction of the story as it appeared on page 2 of the National Edition, Sunday, July 16th, 1950:

## Farm Mother of 7 Says B.V.M. Will Appear

(This paper presents the following simply as news, not as canonically established fact. The Chancery Office of the La Crosse diocese, in the June 23 issue of *The La Crosse Register*, authorized an announcement about the reported visions, but "emphasized that all such matters require a thorough investigation undertaken by the Church in her usual cautious and quiet manner." The statement did not attack the veracity of the reputed visions, but said it was the Church's wish to exclude sensationalism in such cases and advised a devotional attitude toward the seemingly unaccountable occurrences.)

Necedah, Wis.—(Special)—An on-the-spot report of events on a farm near here, where Mrs. Fred (Mary Ann) Van Hoof claims the Blessed Virgin has appeared to her

five times since Good Friday, April 7, is given by Anne Stuart of Dubuque. The Iowa writer visited the 40-year-old mother of seven children at the small farm home, with no modern conveniences, where she says Our Lady appeared April 7, May 28, 29, and 30, and June 4 and 16, 1950.

### *Promised to Appear At Noon Aug. 15, Oct. 7*

The apparition is said to have promised to appear at noon on Aug. 15, and on Oct. 7. The warnings of Our Lady as reported by Mrs. Van Hoof parallel those of Fatima and Lipa. "The people are not heeding my warnings given at Fatima and Lipa. There are too many of you that are forgetting God. You love and worship the silver dollar and God is forgotten. The almighty dollar is your god."

The first apparition, relates Mrs.

Van Hoof, came at about 11 o'clock Saturday night, Nov. 12, 1949. She heard a noise in the hallway outside their downstairs bedroom. A faint blue vision came into the room and stopped a few feet from the bed. The lady, wearing a blue mantle over a cream-colored dress, gazed sadly at her. Mrs. Van Hoof, frightened, turned on her side, turning her back to the vision.

On Good Friday night as she was saying the Rosary in bed, Mrs. Van Hoof heard a beautiful voice saying: "Pray, my child, and pray wholeheartedly. . . Tell your parish priest to tell his people and children to pray the Rosary at 8 o'clock every night no matter what happens. . . . You will be laughed at and not believed. Pray for those who do not believe. . . . My child, your cross is heavy to bear [Mrs. Van Hoof has a kidney ailment] and the crosses of all the people in the world weigh heavily on my Son, but the heaviest for Him to bear is that of the enemies of God."

On Pentecost Sunday, May 28, Mrs. Van Hoof relates that the vision came again, at noon. "I saw a blue mist behind a clump of ash trees in the farmyard, opposite the kitchen door. Then the mist as it descended became the figure of the Blessed Virgin. Oh, she was so radiant, so beautiful! An artist could not do her justice."

After a warning that only about 10 per cent of the community was devoted to the Rosary, the vision told Mrs. Van Hoof to mark the spot with a cross and said: "You, my child, must do penance for your people and community that failed to do as requested on Good Friday. Go to Mass for 15 days and Communion. You must fast, eat only enough to equal one meal a day for 15 days. Also go to Mass on five first Saturdays in honor of my Immaculate Heart. You will continue

to suffer your pains as a sacrifice for sinners."

The figure of Our Lady was described as holding a long rosary of 15 decades. She had a gold cord about her neck, which hung below her waist and was tied with a peculiar knot—to one end was attached a blue globe of the world, the other end had a gold tassel.

In the apparitions May 29 and 30, the vision took Mrs. Van Hoof's rosary and touched it to her rosary. Two of the children, Joanne, 13, and Fred, 12, told Anna Stuart that they saw their mother's rosary leave her hand and hang suspended in the air. She gave the message for Father Sigmund Langowski, pastor of the parish, to give to his people: "Pray hard, pray devoutly; pray the Rosary wholeheartedly. Meditate on your Rosary for the conversion of sinners, for my Son's heart is heavy. For greed and earthly desires you are forgetting God and the Commandments.

"Wake up America. The enemy of God is creeping all over America. Yes, you believe it cannot happen here. I am warning you people again as I warned you at Fatima, Lipa, and La Sallette. What already did happen, will happen; still you believe me not, and you have not faith in me."

Sisters were asked to perform 15 days of fast as a penance. The laity were asked to pray the Rosary daily as a family group or in a gathering. "Pray with your hearts; pray for the poor souls in Russia. My dear people must all work together in prayer. All religious must work together against the enemies of God. You must love thy neighbor, the Way of the Cross, not just try; you must love my Son above all earthly things; you must pray and convert Russia and you shall have peace. You must do things now, not tomorrow. Live a clean life and pray, pray; hear Mass and receive the sacraments regularly."

Perhaps now would be as good a time as any, in this disjointed summary of the increasing effects of Fátima today throughout the Communist-threatened world, to tell what happened in 1948 in the Philippines . . . America's threshold to the Soviet Union's sprawling eastern side.

On Sunday, September 12, 1948, the feast of the Holy Name of Mary, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, Teresita, a Carmelite Postulant who was taking a walk in the convent garden, suddenly remarked that a vine shook. As there was no wind at all, it attracted her attention. She approached and she heard a woman's voice that said: "Fear not, my child. Kiss the ground. Whatever I shall tell you to do, you must do. For fifteen consecutive days come to visit me here in this spot." The sister did not see anyone. She only heard the voice.

On the days which followed, however, a beautiful vision appeared to Teresita, identical in almost every respect to the vision described by the children of Fátima. In the course of the apparitions, the vision said that she had come to ask: "*The same thing that I asked at Fátima.*" She urged amendment of life and placed particular emphasis on consecration to Her Immaculate Heart, an aspect of the message of Fátima which has been somewhat neglected.

As she disappeared, the vision told Sister Teresita: "*Gather the rose petals, my child.*"

To the astonishment of the little nun, the ground was strewn with perfect rose petals! On September 30th, rose petals were strewn in the cells of the entire monastery. On October 3rd, a shower fell on the staircase. On Friday, November 12th, after Mass, Teresita was called to



Above: Two of the Lipa petals upon which images appeared. The image on the left is that of the

Blessed Virgin; the one on the right is of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Petals remain fresh.

the place of the apparition and the beautiful vision awaited her.

*"People believe not my words," she said, "Pray, my child, pray much because of persecution. Pray for priests. What I ask here is exactly what I asked at Fatima. Tell this to the people. They do not believe in me nor do they give what I ask. Tell the sisters that I ask them to pray and help spread my devotion and to do penance for those who do not believe. These things may now be revealed. This is my last apparition in this spot."* Blessing her little one and the Community assembled, Mary, Mediatrix of all graces, vanished.

Bishop Versoza, of Lipa City, told the Mother Prioress to keep the matter a secret and to publish nothing of what had happened in the convent when the Prioress communicated the details of the events to him. Then, a short time

later, the Bishop personally visited the convent and as he was speaking to the Prioress, suddenly the petals fell in the very room in which the Bishop stood! His Excellency then told the Prioress to publish the entire story to which he gave his *Imprimatur*.

Within a few weeks, the story spread not only through the Philippines but through the world. It was front page news on every Catholic newspaper in every principal city of the globe where there is freedom of the press. Literally *hundreds of thousands of people flocked to the monastery where they were able personally to witness the miraculous shower of petals*. Showers have occurred many times, not only in the convent, *but on the streets around it* and the miraculous petals have been sent to almost every nation on the globe where they have been inspected by millions of people. Within one year, a great Basilica was erected on the spot where the vision occurred and increased faith in the message of Fatima has been strikingly evident, not only in the Philippine Islands and in other parts of the endangered Orient, but particularly in the United States where many of the petals have been viewed. I, myself, received one of the petals from the Prioress of the Lipa Carmel in February, of 1949, and I have shown it to many thousands of people at lectures. There can be no doubt that it is truly a rose petal. It has never lost its fragrance or its freshness and the bottom of the petal is so constructed that botanists agree that it could never actually have been part of a rose.

The cures reported in the Philippines and elsewhere through the use of these petals are incredibly numerous and wonderful. As an elderly professor at Georgetown University remarked to me: "I was never very enthusiastic about the message of Fatima but now I have seen one of

these petals with my own eyes. I am impressed with the great importance that Heaven is placing on this message."

It would be beyond our purpose to lengthen this book by giving all the details of these Lipa apparitions and of the many conversions and other extraordinary effects, as well as the details of the colloquies of the vision of Sister Teresita.

We see it, however, as one of the many manifestations which have suddenly burgeoned forth from the east, from the west, from the south and from the north, since that fateful year of 1946 . . . the year of decision in which atheist Communism, by a narrow margin, teetered in its balance on the scales of world dominion.

At the time of this writing it is too early to judge the effect of events which followed in the wake of the Pilgrim Virgin of Fatima in every part of the world, or the effect of Lipa in the Orient, or of a whole series of Heavenly visitations which are taking place and which are being reported constantly. But it would appear, that they are part of a pattern . . . and a pattern so effective that those outside suspect that it might be premeditated. The anti-religious government in Portugal, which was eventually unseated by the spiritual revolution begun at Fatima, accused the Church of "perpetrating" the Fatima miracle in a battle for power. In Italy, from 1946 to 1948, the Communists constantly argued that the Church was manufacturing miracles. And as these things continue there will be those who believe and those who are suspicious and even downright hostile.

But it is our opinion that a growing majority will come to the opinion . . . primarily out of the argument of Fatima . . . that the explanation of many, if not most, of these unusual events lies deep in the mystery expressed

by the Psalmist:

*Quid est homo, quod memor es ejus, aut filius hominis, quoniam visitas eum?* "What is man, O Lord, that Thou dost remember him . . . or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

God has not, God could not be unmindful of our affliction, our unrest, our fear of the great struggle which is impending. And even as the enemy which denies Him is militant, so our forces are becoming militant in a crusade to bring mankind back to Justice and His Law. Such is the message of Fatima and the crusade that has grown from that message: The principle of daily spiritual duty as the sure road to peace . . . the road which will bring the Hand of God from Heaven to smite His persecutors and restore justice to the earth.

Below: The marquee on Taft Auditorium in Cincinnati proclaims lecture by author. Most of the views expressed in this book were "tried" on audiences from coast to coast, and in groups ranging from 100 to 10,000, aggregating more than a million persons. Almost all who heard the lectures signed pledges to fulfill the requests of Our Lady of Fatima for the conversion of Russia.





## Chapter Eleven

### "I AM FROM HEAVEN"

**I** think it is to be supposed that some who have read this book thus far are not convinced that there is a world-revolution of faith. Some who are informed in greater detail than that into which we have yet entered may agree that there is much world-improvement of religious faith, but think it may be superstitious and that the turn of events since 1946 is explicable in altogether natural terms. They would say that the World Federation of Churches and the events of Fátima, of Tre Fontane, Heede, Liart, Lipa City, etc., might have any explanation other than the last-hour intervention of Almighty God in answer to the prayers poured forth to Him through two world wars.

But regardless of our faith, regardless of our policies, there is one great and inescapable fact looming out of this fear-ridden world over which hangs the gathering storm of a war in which whole segments of mankind can be annihilated in a few days:

*The world struggle is fundamentally spiritual.*

The East says that man is not a free person but a cog in social machinery. The West says that man is a free person, and social machinery is his to operate. One predicates its ideology on a denial of God, and the other predicates its ideology on the existence of God from Whom comes the inalienable freedoms of every man.

Thus the great issue at stake now is between God and anti-God, between the Light and the Darkness.

Darkness has always tried to overcome the Light, but the crisis of our times rose from the great armed might and international union of the Darkness against the Light . . . and the feeble faith of the Light-bearers. Arturo Santos, as an early disciple of this anti-religious world revolution was a small part of the militant organization which has vowed to annihilate Christianity.

And now, regardless of our faith, we cannot overlook the fact *that millions BELIEVE* that a heavenly vision has set off a sort of spiritual "counter revolution."

Few men outside the church will admit the possibility of visions, and most of us even within the Church are always highly suspicious of such things. Every man knows that it is not *usual* for God to send angels, or persons who have long ago died, to interfere in world affairs.

It is therefore quite difficult for most of us to regard the events of Fátima with anything but skepticism. It is not surprising that when newspapers all over the world (including those in major cities of America) carried the story of Fátima in 1917 hardly anyone gave it more than passing attention. Published in LIFE magazine, it was considered by many to be a mere oddity; many readers wrote to the editors asking not for further information . . . but in protest to what they considered superstition.

It nevertheless remains that sometimes God *does* send messengers from Heaven. Biblical history is replete with examples. All through pre-Christian History there are instances . . . one upon another . . . of God sending messengers, prophets, angels. And it is certainly possible that *today* He has sent one of the greatest of all His creatures . . . the Mother of Christ . . . to reassure us as to the outcome of our world.

Moreover, even though the Christian era provides many instances of visions, none has ever been substantiated by as much real proof as the message of Fátima. For instance the experiences of Joan of Arc were relatively personal and in a national cause. The nearest thing to Fátima would be something like the "*In Hoc Signo Vinces*" vision of Constantine, or the Turko-Christian struggle of Lepanto in which visions are said to have played a part. There are perhaps a dozen well credited famous instances. But at Fátima we have two very different factors:

First, *the world is given an ultimatum*. There will be peace, through the conversion of Russia, if certain things are done; and if those things are not done the world will endure sufferings unparalleled in history . . . climaxed in the annihilation of entire nations, according to Lucia's report.

Second, in proof of the ultimatum *a public miracle is predicted . . . to take place at a certain time, in a certain place . . . "In order that everyone may believe."* \*

This latter fact makes the Fátima events unusual not only in the Christian era but in all time. We know of *no other recorded instance* of a miracle (something beyond the usual laws of nature) being predicted by a Heavenly messenger at a certain time and place as proof of a Heavenly message.

Since it can be proved that on October 13th, 1917, there did occur (as predicted by the three children) a scientifically inexplicable event in the Cova da Iria, then every thinking man . . . regardless of his creed . . . cannot fail to be impressed. And for people of faith, there can be no alternative but to meet the conditions of the ultimatum.

Of course had mere voices been heard by the children of Fátima, or even if they had seen merely nameless visions

with a general message of betterment of life . . . similar to the 1949 Boston address of Winston Churchill . . . a book for people of all faiths would be easy to write.

But instead of sending an angel, who would have been acceptable to people of every faith, God sent the Queen of Angels . . . the Mother of Christ. And it is specifically over Her that much of the Christian world is today divided. Most non-Catholics look askance at Catholic devotion to a mere creature; it is the general Protestant belief that Christ alone is a sufficient mediator and that a secondary mediatrix is complicating and superfluous . . . perhaps even a reflection on the *Sole Mediator* (in the *strict sense* of mediation). Furthermore, there are the millions of persons of Jewish faith . . . who believe in God and believe with us that only He can bring peace to the world . . . but who would never accept the Blessed Virgin as the Mother of the Messiah for the obvious reason that Christ was not (for them) the Messiah.

Yet we have taken the point of view . . . and we hold to the point of view . . . that *a unity of all religious minded people* is necessary if we are to hasten the promised peace.

It was for this reason that our conversation with Doctor Sockman was recorded in an earlier chapter as a completely spontaneous prelude to this problem.

*It was logical, despite all these facts, that the vision of Fatima should be a vision of the Mother of Christ, for at least four reasons:*

1) The people of Russia have a traditionally strong devotion to the Madonna. It is a Marian devotion, by and large, deeper and perhaps even more intelligent than is generally found in the west. In Russia the Mother of Christ is never seen pictured without the Infant Jesus. She is the first "Christopher" . . . the first and foremost

"Christ-bearer" of all time. To the people of Russia, who have hidden her ikon "waiting for better days," as Pope Pius XII expressed it, she is a symbol of the highest union of the human race, through Christ, to God. Therefore the people of Russia are more likely to be influenced by what happened on May 13, 1917, at Fátima, than by any "propaganda" in the world.

2) Most of the people of Poland, Czechoslovakia, etc., are Catholics, with a similarly strong devotion to the Virgin. They *expect* Christ to have His reign of Peace established through Her in the pain of their present persecutions.

3) The Iberian Peninsula, also Catholic, could most easily be turned against Communism and start down a new path of Social Justice because of faith in Her merciful intercession with God.

4) The spiritual message given by the vision is *acceptable in itself to people of any faith.*

To a person of Catholic faith, there are deeper reasons why the vision was appropriately Marian. But to persons of other faiths . . . and even to persons of no faith whatever . . . there are also the four practical, objective reasons we have enumerated above.

The events of Fátima should, therefore, transcend the differences of all faiths. If, as Protestants believe, the Catholics are wrong in their devotion to the Blessed Virgin . . . it still remains that if God would save the world from Communism he would do it in the way most acceptable to the persons directly involved in the vortex of the Communist whirlpool. God would not condone error, but

there is nothing in the apparitions of Fátima which speaks of adoring the Virgin, or of anything which a person of any faith might not accept. The message asks for the recitation of the Rosary, but that is a prayer which anyone can say with profit. And non-Catholics can well substitute any similar prayer of their own . . . because prayer is prayer regardless of the words or form. Moreover, it is certainly possible for anyone to consecrate himself to the revolution of Faith and to the cause of Christ without doing it through His Mother. Catholics think it is fitting to do it through her, but they do not hold by any means that it is *necessary* to consecrate ourselves to Christ through her.

The message of Fátima is simply: *Make the sacrifices necessary to fulfillment of daily duty, and offer those sacrifices for God's victory over Atheism in the world.*

Prayer and dedication to God are the two implements held forth as necessary aids to this fulfillment of daily duties.

These two facts emerge as the most important facts in this book . . . if we accept the Fátima story at all. We shall treat of them in a little more detail, but with these words of preparation I would like to take the reader back now to Fátima to scrutinize the actual words spoken by the visions.

A description of our visit with "Lucia" (now Sister Mary of the Immaculate Heart, O. D. C.) will follow later, but here is the *first* extraordinary event she remembers:

In the Spring of 1915, in pastureland owned by her father, she and her cousins and another child saw something which floated in the air. They described it as white, very bright, but none of the children had any idea of what it was though it seemed to have a human outline. When

they told the story in their various families they were severely ridiculed. They soon wished it had never happened.

Some time afterwards just Lucia and Francisco and Jacinta were in a cave near Fátima. They had been watching the sheep when rain began to fall. They had taken shelter in sight of the flock and after the rain stopped, they remained in the cave to eat their lunch, said their traditional noon-day Rosary, and began to play jacks. They had hardly begun to play when they heard a great wind. As they looked up in surprise at the suddenness of the whirling air they saw their first real vision.

There, above the bending trees, they saw a bright light appearing from the east. As they watched, it came closer and closer until . . . as they became accustomed to the light . . . they saw that it was the form of a young man, "Transparent," Lucia said, "and more brilliant than a crystal pierced by the rays of the sun."

Coming near, the lighted figure said:

*"Fear not! I am the Angel of Peace. Pray with me!"*

As the young man knelt and bowed to the ground, the children awesomely followed suit. They found themselves repeating with the angel:

*"My God, I believe, I adore, I hope, and I love You. I beg pardon for those who do not believe, do not adore, do not hope, and do not love You."*

This prayer, word for word, was repeated three times.

"We felt the presence of God so intensely," Lucia later said, "that we dared not speak even to each other. The next day we still felt that atmosphere of Divine presence. Only very gradually did it diminish. None of us thought of speaking to anyone about it. It was so intimate that it was not easy to utter a single word about it."

It is probable, too, that memory of their previous experience, when they had been severely ridiculed, also helped to influence them to silence. It was not until long after the extraordinary events of Fátima . . . which seemed to give reality to this heavenly visit . . . that the story was told.

We have not and we will not go into details about the children's personal reactions, but we will single out essentials and try to probe their meaning. In this instance it is noteworthy that the six great apparitions of the "Lady in Light" were to be of such world-importance that the little visionaries were prepared in advance to see her and to transmit her message. And of course those who have any acquaintance with mystical phenomena are not at all surprised that these children, rather than adults, should have been selected for such an honor . . . first because of their innocence, and second because . . . like the twelve apostles . . . they could not be considered to have manufactured the amazing and consistent story for which they were later willing to die.

It is thought by many that this angel who appeared to the children in 1915 might have been Saint Michael, whom God has often sent as a messenger, and who is called "The Angel of Peace and Warrior Against Hell." He is invoked by Catholics after every Mass and is mentioned in the Apocalypse as the one who will kill the dragon after those days when men shall see "*A Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon beneath Her feet, and on Her head a crown of twelve stars.*" (Apocalypse XII, 1.)

Some time after this appearance of the "Angel of Peace," when the seriousness had long since passed, they were playing by the well behind Lucia's house when sud-





denly they saw a similar vision.

*"What are you doing?" the vision asked. "Pray! Pray much! The Hearts of Jesus and Mary have merciful designs on you. Offer prayers and make sacrifices to the Most High."*

"How must we sacrifice?" Lucia asked.

*"With all your power offer a sacrifice as an act of reparation for the sinners by whom He is offended, and of supplication for the conversion of sinners. Thus draw peace upon your country. . . . Above all accept and endure with submission the suffering which the Lord will send you."*

From that day, although they kept these experiences to themselves, the children began to give up little pleasures and to make sacrifices for the sinners of the world. They remembered especially to pray as the first angelic vision had taught them, repeating often: "My God, I believe, adore, hope and love You! I beg pardon for those who do not believe, do not adore, do not hope and do not love You!"

Finally, just about six months before the appearance of the "Lady in Light," the angel appeared the third time.

It was in the cave where the children had taken refuge from noonday heat and were in the act of saying the prayer: "I believe, I adore, I hope, and I love You!" It was his final and most memorable appearance.

Suddenly standing before them in blinding light, the angel held in his hands a chalice and a Host. Leaving the Host and the chalice suspended in the air, the angel fell to the ground and said three times:

*"Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son, Holy Spirit, I adore You profoundly and offer You the most precious Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ, present in all the tabernacles of the earth, in reparation for the outrages, sacrileges, and indifferences with which He Himself is offended. And through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I beg of you the conversion of poor sinners."*

Then, after their recital of the same words, the angel rose, took the chalice and the Host, and communicated the three children saying:

"Take and drink the Body and the Blood of Jesus Christ, horribly insulted by ungrateful men. Make reparation for their crimes and console your God."

Then towards noon, on May 13th, 1917, the three children, instructed by the angelic visions, were playing in the Cova da Iria, near the Village of Fatima, beside the grazing flock.

The Cova da Iria is a great hollow of ground. In English, the name means literally "Hollow of Irene." Tradition is that the name was derived from a saintly hermit, named Irene, who centuries before had dwelt in that arid and lonely place high in the Serra Aire mountains. Today, three things are noted of the spot: First, that it is a natural amphitheater capable of holding one million persons at one time (as occurred May 13, 1946); second,

that it for centuries bore the name "Irene," which means "Peace"; third, that over this ground Blessed Nun' Alvarez, the Portuguese George Washington, won the final battle of independence, under the aegis of the Blessed Virgin, five hundred years before. But agriculturally it was so poor that it belonged to one of Portugal's poorest families, and sheep scrounged in its powdery, arid soil for food. The fact that a saintly hermit had lived there did not make it more valuable to men of the world. The fact that it was a natural amphitheatre was meaningless, because only a few people lived in that entire region . . . far from Lisbon or Porto. And as for the battles of Don Nun' Alvarez, they were commemorated a few miles away in one of Europe's most beautiful churches erected centuries before as an *ex voto* to Our Lady of the Rosary for the establishment of the Portuguese nation.

The children had said an abbreviated Rosary and began to play house-building. In the quiet, abandoned waste, Francisco was the Builder, and Jacinta and Lucia carried stones for him.

Today, on that very spot stands one of the most magnificent basilicas erected in modern days . . . the outside steps alone being capable of holding eight thousand people. It was there, from that spot, that the apparitions of the "Lady in Light" began. And we will now relive the scene and listen to all the words She spoke.

There was a sudden flash of light.

None of the children had seen lightning at high noon on a clear, sunny day. They felt a certain awe and fear. After a moment, Lucia said:

"We'd better get the sheep and take them home. There must be a storm coming from behind the hills."

Quickly they rounded the flock, and began to hurry

down through the Cova towards the rutted road to Fátima. As they hastened along, the light flashed again. More frightened, they began to run when, over a little tree (about three feet high), they saw a beautiful lady . . . all in light.

The children stopped, frozen in their tracks, and stared at her "indescribable beauty."

Finally Lucia spoke.

"Where do you come from?" she asked awesomely.

*"I am from Heaven,"* the Vision replied.

Telling the children to come to that same place six times at the same hour on the same day of the month, the Vision added: *"Then I will tell you who I am and what I want. Afterwards I will come a seventh time."*

Lucia wanted to know if she would go to Heaven, and also Francisco and Jacinta.

*"You will come to Heaven,"* the Vision answered, but of Francisco she said: *"He will have to say many Rosaries."* Then she continued:

*"Do you wish to offer yourselves to God, to endure all the sufferings that He may please to send you, as an act of reparation for the sins by which He is offended, and to ask the conversion of sinners?"*

The children, through Lucia, said they did.

*"Then you will have much to suffer,"* the vision said. *"But the grace of God will be your comfort."*

Saying this, the vision opened her hands and great rays of light streamed forth (as pictured on the 'Miraculous Medal'). In these rays of light, the children seemed to see themselves in God (to repeat Lucia's own explanation), and instinctively they cried out: "Oh most Holy Trinity, I adore you! My God, My God, I love You in the Most Blessed Sacrament."

Finally the vision told them: "*Say the Rosary every day to obtain peace for the world and the end of the war.*"

When the vision had gone, the children felt light and joyous. That is how they described the difference between this experience and the appearance of the angels. For a long moment they were unable to speak.

When they recovered they enjoined silence upon one another, again probably remembering that when they had seen something strange in the sky a year before they were ridiculed and punished.

Little Jacinta, although she had been secret about the angels, was too filled with joy to keep this "Lady in Light" to herself. As soon as she saw her mother she broke out with the whole story.

Since Lucia was the eldest, she was severely punished . . . especially when the news got from the Marto family around the village. Lucia's mother was sure it was a lie or a deception, and the treatment to which Lucia was subjected bore out at once the words of the Lady: "*Then you will have much to suffer.*"

Three things are particularly notable in the messages thus far:

First, emphasis was laid by the Angel on the essential act of worshipping *the Most Holy Trinity*: Adoration, faith, hope and love.

Second, *the means* specified are prayer (words for which the angel supplied), acts of sacrifice and reparation, especially by submission to daily trials, and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

Third, this was to be somehow linked with extraordinary aid from the *Blessed Virgin*. In each appearance were mentioned "The Hearts of Jesus and Mary," and the children placed particular significance on the rays eman-

ating from the hands of the "Lady in Light" in which they saw themselves in God.

In that light, notice well, the children *saw themselves in God*. They were transported with joy . . . and they instinctively cried out: "*O Most Holy Trinity, I adore You! My God, My God, I love You in the most Blessed Sacrament!*"

This points out the logic of Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It explains everything about her.

Catholics, not only in orthodox Russia, but in the entire world, believe that the most practical reason for devotion to Mary is that we may . . . through her protection and intercession . . . be purified and sufficiently enlightened to make acts of Love and of intimacy with God. God has created her and given her to mankind as a mother . . . not so much that men may perceive her beauty and love and admire her perfection as that through her they may be aided to Him. If it is indeed the Blessed Virgin whom God was sending to Fatima, and if God now wished in a special way to renew devotion to her, would it not be in order that the same light which enveloped the children (revealing them in God) might shine to all the world . . . illuminating the minds of men to cry out in a transport of world peace and joy: "*O Most Holy Trinity, I adore You! My God, My God, I love You.*"?

It is important for the Catholic reader, as well as the non-Catholic reader, to understand the role of the Mother of Christ.

In the early centuries, devotion to the Mother of Christ . . . who was called "The new Eve" . . . was fervent among all Christians. It was not, as some supposed, idolatrous. She was revered as the greatest of saints, and her prayer before the throne of God . . . Who had chosen Her as His

Mother when he became Man . . . was greatly esteemed.

After the Reformation the Christian world came to be divided on the subject of devotion to her, so that today it can be said that she constitutes one of the principal differences between Catholicism and Protestantism. Within the Catholic Church there is unity of doctrine about her but difference of opinion as to just how much eminence should be given to her. Some say that devotion to her is overemphasized, and some say it is not emphasized enough.

Today, Saint Grignon de Montfort, Saint Alphonsus Ligouri, Saint John Eudes and others have largely contributed to the belief that devotion to the Blessed Virgin is such an essential part of Christianity that until devotion to her is put in its proper perspective Christianity will never achieve the world perfection to which it is destined.

This perspective sees the Mother of Christ in the role of co-Redemptrix and Mediatrix. It presupposes that her relation to the souls of the world did not cease with the single act of cooperating in the Incarnation, but rather that it began with that act. It is pointed out that God could have become man simply by appearing from nowhere at the age of thirty, and commencing public life; indeed, on the surface it would seem more fitting that He should have thus appeared without multiplying miracles. But he chose to have a human mother in order that He might thus honor all mankind through Her, and restore to all men a woman and a Mother who might return what Eve had lost for us.

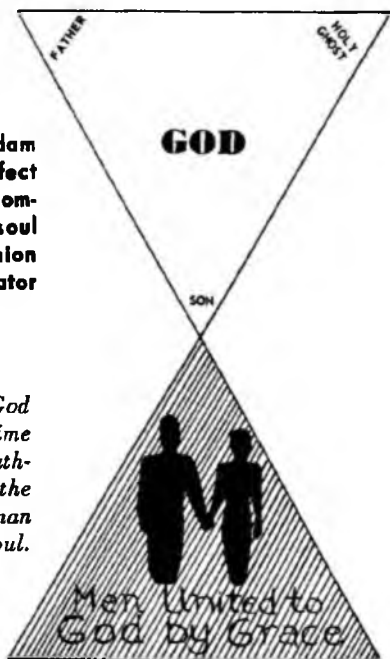
The most unfortunate and deplorable intellectual loss of our age is the loss of faith in Christ, and for Christians of all creeds that is the loss which interest in devotion to the Mother of Christ can restore. We cannot honor her

without, by that very fact, showing understanding and appreciation of God having become a man . . . and that He has a constant and active part in our struggle between good and evil. Thus, to honor her presupposes and includes a *supreme* honor to Him. She is a physical and intellectual link between ourselves and the Incarnation. In associating her in the act of becoming man, God associated us . . . all mankind . . . in that act; and in asking her cooperation for the Incarnation and for the act of Redemption which followed, He asked us . . . because she is one of us.

A diagram-description may help us to understand what all this means.

**1. In Paradise, Adam and Eve enjoyed perfect union with God...complete perfection of soul and body in communion with their Creator through Grace.**

*And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth: and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul.*  
Genesis, II, 7.





**2. By original sin, man loses grace and is separated from God.**

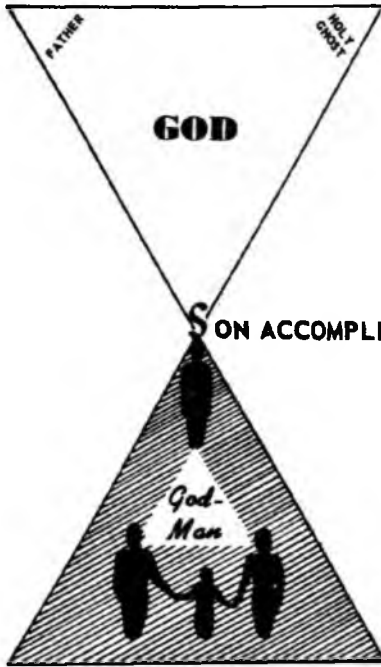
*And the Lord God sent him out ... to till the earth from which he was taken. Genesis, III, 23.*

The diagram features an inverted triangle with the word "GOD" in the center. The top-left vertex is labeled "FATHER", the top-right vertex is labeled "HOLY GHOST", and the bottom vertex is labeled "SON". Below the triangle is a silhouette of a family consisting of two adults and a child, all holding hands.

**3. One of human race (Virgin Mary) is preserved free from sin in anticipation of Redemption.**

*Hail Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is with thee. Luke, I, 28.*

The diagram features an inverted triangle with the word "GOD" in the center. The top-left vertex is labeled "FATHER", the top-right vertex is labeled "HOLY GHOST", and the bottom vertex is labeled "SON". Below the triangle is a silhouette of the Virgin Mary standing between two other figures, with a small house-like shape between them.



*"Now you are the body of Christ, member for member"... St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, XII, 27.*

4. Although the first man and woman were united to God simply by Grace (shaded triangle in diagram no. 1) man is now united to Him in the Mystical Body of Christ (shaded triangle) of which the Living Jesus is Head.

Thus from the fact that it was the Blessed Mother who appeared to the children, we are not to gather that mere devotion to Her is what will convert Russia . . . any more than that Patrick Henry's speech freed America. *Devotion to her brings about fuller devotion to Christ and thus to God . . . and the consequence of this in daily living is what will convert Russia.*



**The Miracle of the Doves**

## Chapter Twelve

### THE ESSENTIAL CONDITION

Consequently there is an historical as well as theological reason for saying that the modern loss of appreciation of the Blessed Virgin is not only concomitant with a decline of Christianity but is an integral part of that decline. The restoration of our understanding and devotion to her will necessarily herald a fresh turn from the atheists' camp into a deeper and fuller knowledge and love of Christ.

This fact is not understood.

Pope Pius X said: "Unless devotion to the Blessed Virgin is restored as it should be, we will not have Christ restored to His rightful place." Pope Leo XIII said, "We look to her for the salvation of the modern world." Father Faber expressed it completely and firmly: "Devotion to Mary is not the prominent characteristic of our religion which it ought to be. It has no faith in itself. Hence it is that Jesus is not loved, that heretics are not converted, that Christianity is not exalted; that souls, which might be saints, wither and dwindle; that the Sacraments are not rightly frequently or souls enthusiastically evangelised. *Jesus is obscured because Mary is kept in the background.* . . . It is the miserable unworthy shadow which we call our devotion to the Blessed Virgin that is the cause of all the evils, omissions and declines."

Many of us apologize for our devotion to the Blessed Virgin without bothering sufficiently to explain it either to ourselves or to others.

Without such an explanation, the events of Fátima are difficult to understand.

*"I want you to come on the thirteenth day of next month,"* were the Lady's first words to Lucia's question: "What do you want of me?" during the famous June 13th apparition.

*"Continue to say the five decades of the Rosary a day in honor of Our Lady of the Rosary to obtain peace for the world and the end of the war. She alone will be able to help."*

Lucia wanted the Lady to perform some wonder so that the people would know she was real.

*"In October I will tell you who I am and what I wish, and I will perform a miracle that everyone will have to believe."*

*"Sacrifice yourselves for sinners and say many times, especially when you make some sacrifice: O JESUS, IT IS FOR YOUR LOVE, FOR THE CONVERSION OF SINNERS AND IN REPARATION FOR THE SINS COMMITTED AGAINST THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY."*

Again great light emanated from her hands, but this time it seemed to pierce through the earth and there the children saw a horrible vision, so awful that they were unable to describe it. "Had she not been there." Jacinta said later, "I would have died of fright."

*"You see hell,"* the Vision said, *"where the souls of poor sinners go. To save them God wishes to establish in the world the devotion to my Immaculate Heart. If they do what I will tell you, many souls will be saved, and there will be peace. The war is going to end."*

*"But if they do not stop offending God, another and worse war will break out in the reign of Pope Pius XI."*

*When you will see a strange light illuminating the night you will know that it is a sign which God gives you that he is going to punish the world for its crimes by means of war, hunger, persecution of the church and of the Holy Father.*

*"To forestall this I shall come to ask the consecration of Russia to my Immaculate Heart and the Communion of Reparation on the first Saturdays.*

*"If they heed my request, Russia will be converted, and there will be peace. If not, she shall spread her errors throughout the world, promoting wars and persecutions of the Church; the good will be martyred, the Holy Father will have much to suffer, various nations will be annihilated. But in the end, my Immaculate Heart will triumph. The Holy Father will consecrate Russia to me, she will be converted, and an era of peace will be conceded to humanity.*

*"In Portugal the dogma of faith will be kept always.*

*"Do not tell this to anyone . . ." the vision concluded.*

What else the Lady told the children that day we do not know. Lucia has written it and given it to the Bishop of Leiria-Fátima in a sealed envelope not to be opened until 1960. One of His Excellency's Canons confided to me: "When the Bishop received the envelope, I urged him to open it as he most certainly has the authority to do so. But he mildly replied that he would follow the wishes of the Lady in Light. If the Bishop dies before 1960, the envelope will be entrusted to the Cardinal Patriarch."

Made joyful by the sight of the vision, the ten year old visionary asked if she and her cousins would go to Heaven.

*"Francisco and Jacinta will come to Heaven soon," the*

*Lady answered. "But you must remain some time. Jesus wishes to make use of you to have me acknowledged and loved. He wishes to establish in the world the devotion to my Immaculate Heart."*

Lucia exclaimed at the prospect of being left alone.

*"Do not be discouraged," the Lady in Light comforted her. "I will never forsake you. My Immaculate Heart will be your refuge and the road that will conduct you to God."*

Again the Lady lifted her hands and light streamed forth. In the rays going upwards, towards the sky, the children seemed to see Jacinta and Francisco . . . and in the light streaming towards the earth was Lucia. Before the palm of the right hand, suspended in the light, they saw a heart surrounded with thorns.

One year after the visions, Francisco died in a short time, and Jacinta died the following year alone in a hospital in Lisbon. She knew in advance the exact hour of her death. In 1936, when her body was exhumed to be removed to the cemetery at Fátima (where Francisco had been interred) her little body was found to be incorrupt, even though it had been sprinkled with lye at the time of burial seventeen years before.

Lucia, however, was told by the vision to "Learn to read and write" because she was to make known the fullness of the message.

Few people have ever actually spoken with her. Her communications have been made mostly to the Bishop of Fátima. At the time of this writing, I seem to be the only living American layman to have seen her. In May, 1948, she entered a Carmelite cloister, in Coimbra, under the name of Sister Mary of the Immaculate Heart, and no layman will ever be able to see her again. The "fullness" of the message having been made known, she has retired

into the silence of cloistered walls, after an earlier seclusion which began in 1920.

In 1920, when Bishop Don José Correia da Silva was appointed to the see of Leiria (in which Fátima is located) after the see had been vacant for eighty years, he was given to know that one of his greatest tasks was the thorough investigation of Fátima. And any of us who have the grace to know this wonderful Bishop, and to know his history, believe that the choice of such a prudent, intelligent, thorough, judicious and religious person was made in Heaven. He was perfectly suited for the very difficult task. Portugal was still governed by anticlericals and opinion in Portugal at the time was tremendously divided both within the church and without:

One of his first acts was to call Lucia to him.

Until the moment of that interview, he had not spoken to her. He was one of the ecclesiastics who had maintained a prudent reserve in the entire matter. And now, instead of plying her with many questions about the apparitions, he asked if she would be willing to leave her mother and her home and enter a private school in a distant city, without telling anyone who she was.

"Yes, Bishop," the fourteen year old girl answered.

"And you will tell no one where you are going," the Bishop added, in a voice which naturally mingled gentleness with authority.

"Yes, Bishop," the girl replied.

"In the school where you are going you will tell no one who you are."

"Yes, Bishop."

"You will say nothing more to anyone about the apparitions of Fátima."



"Yes, Bishop."

And in the ensuing years, teachers in the school (with exception of the superior) and all the students had no idea of the identity of the dark girl named "Maria das Dores" (her assumed name). When Fátima was mentioned as it often was, since it was becoming a matter of international as well as national news this Maria, whom everyone liked, never betrayed by the slightest expression or word that she knew anything more about it than those who talked around her.

The Bishop had been as interested in the personal happiness and spiritual protection of this sought-after little girl as in the problems of the Cova. Years later, when Lucia left the school and then entered the Order of the Sisters of Saint Dorothy (who had conducted the school), the news of her whereabouts began to leak out. She was moved to Spain, to the border town of Tuy. When people began to go there, she had so matured that no one who had seen her as a child would have been likely to recognize her in her religious habit.

One day, she and another sister were crossing the bridge from Tuy to the Portuguese side of the border on a community shopping trip. They had just crossed the bridge when some pilgrims accosted them.

"Are you sisters of the same Order as Lucia?" they wanted to know, searching Lucia's face as though it were somehow familiar.

The sisters had to admit, of course, that they were.

"We have come to see her," the pilgrims said, still searching Lucia's slightly familiar face. "We have learned that she is in your convent in Tuy."

It was Lucia who quickly spoke:

"Oh," she said, "*we are sure she is in Portugal, now.*"



Sister Lucia, as the author saw her on  
July 12th, 1946

Hearing this later, when Sister Lucia had taken steps to enter Carmel and her companion told the story, the pilgrims must have been thrilled to know that their pilgrimage was not in vain. The very ordinary and simple sister to whom they had spoken at the international bridge was the one they had traveled to see; they had indeed talked with the girl who talked with Heaven.

It was on August 12th, 1946, that I was privileged to visit with her. I sat immediately next to Sister during the

interview, holding a little black notebook in which I had jotted the various questions I wanted to remember. I had had several interviews with religious celebrities, including the living sister of Saint Therese of Lisieux, and other persons whom I know to be unusual, but this interview was sensibly different. Here beside me was a person to whom I believed that God, through the Blessed Mother, had revealed the future . . . *and His conditions for world peace.* This apparently ordinary little sister, whom one would have difficulty selecting out of her community, probably knew whether or not there would be another war.

All the questions jotted in my book were about the message of Fátima. There were dozens of books, in dozens of languages, telling the story of the visions with almost endless detail, yet there seemed equally endless confusion as to just what the Visions meant . . . just what the essential condition of the ultimatum might be.

I asked her first about the very last vision which I had not seen described in any books I had read. I showed her some pictures of Our Lady of Mount Carmel to see which one was most like the actual vision. She could not choose among them. She kept saying over and over as she shook her head: "She was all in light . . . all in light." She gave the impression that it would be impossible, by picture or statue, to do anything but *vaguely* simulate what she actually saw. One of the pictures I had was a composite, painted by an American nun, showing all the visions in the sky at one time. This picture interested her so much that when she saw it she reached for it with a sudden exclamation, rapidly scanning it as though the reality might be found there. After a moment, as she examined the picture closely, her enthusiasm somewhat abated, but she began vivaciously to describe how each of the visions had actually

seemed by comparison, and how they had followed one upon the other.

From that point on we began to talk of the actual meaning of Our Lady's message and I began with this question:

"Sister, is the recitation of the Rosary the principal request of Our Lady?"

"No," she answered, with a surprising positiveness.

I had asked the question only as a lead. Until that moment I had thought that the Rosary *was* the principal condition for Russia's conversion. Nothing in all the ensuing conversation, until we came to the question of another war, surprised me more.

"Well what is the principal request?"

"*Sacrifice*," she answered.

"And what do you mean by 'sacrifice'?"

"By 'sacrifice' Our Lady said that She meant *the faithful fulfillment of one's daily duty*."

"But isn't the Rosary important?"

"Yes," she said, "because we must pray if we are to be able to fulfill our daily duty."

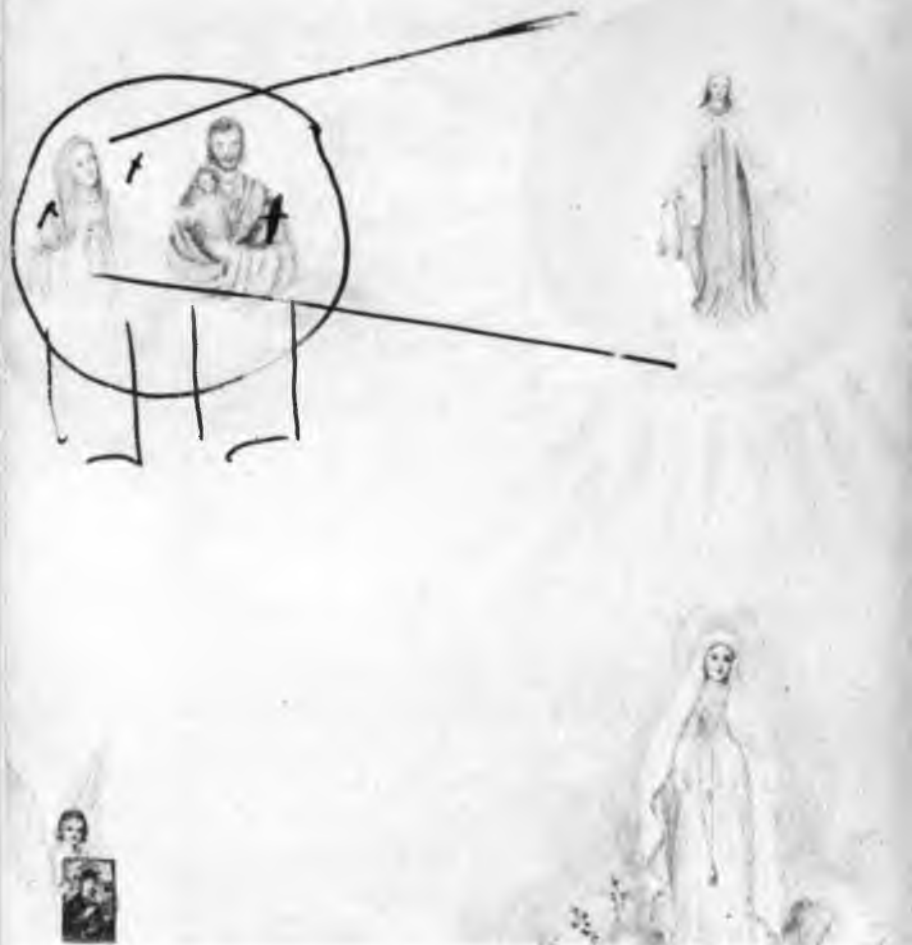
We talked for some time on this point, and then I said:

"Sister, you have not mentioned the First Saturdays. In a vision in 1927 did not the Blessed Virgin tell you that She asked Communion on five consecutive first Saturdays of the month, together with fifteen minutes spent in meditation upon the mysteries of the Rosary, for the Conversion of Russia?"

"Yes."

"Well, would you not say that these first Saturdays are therefore important?"

She was silent for a moment. It was obvious that she did not want to emphasize the importance of anything but daily duty. Finally she said:



The above picture is of special interest because it became the "breaking point" of an interview with Lucia... eldest of the three visionaries ...and led to a detailed and

accurate description of the visions witnessed by her during the miracle of the sun.

During almost the first hour of the visit which the present writer had with Sister Lucia



in July, 1946, she was most friendly and spoke readily in answer to almost all questions, but she had shown little personal emotion...even when asked about the visions,

of which she has been forced to talk perhaps more often than she would like. But when this picture was shown to her, she became momentarily excited and reached for it with a loud exclamation. She scanned it eagerly, as though for a moment recapturing what she had seen, and then little by little her excitement abated and she began animatedly to describe in what way the picture differed from what she saw.

I took the picture from her and indicated differences both on the front (note dark circle and markings) and on the back. The notes I made, as she repeated the descriptions for me, read:

- Our Lady rose from the top of the tree with light streaming from her hands...light reflected back from the sky...much stronger than the sun.

Figures of light...but Our Lady as before...Saint Joseph appeared in light with Our Lady, holding Infant...both Saint and Infant blessed crowd...

There was a change of light...and Our Lady became Our Lady of Dolors...not showing heart...Saint Joseph was replaced by Our Lord and Our Lord blessed the crowd... Then Our Lady became Our Lady of Mount Carmel and Our Lord remained. Then light faded and she heard people shouting.

"I would say that the first Saturdays are important, because if people make them they will purge themselves of sin once a month and renew their purpose to fulfill daily duty."

"And what about going to Fátima, to the Shrine. Is that not a good thing to do?"

This brought a smile to Sister's face as she replied:

"We will do far better to fulfill our daily duty."

We spoke for some time about Marian devotion, and particularly devotion to the Immaculate Heart, and it was obvious . . . as from the conversation above . . . that Sister looked upon Our Lady's devotions as a source of strength to the fulfillment of daily duty; but she seemed to feel that there had been too much emphasis on the extraordinariness of Fátima, ending in emphasis on particular devotions rather than Her message. She believed that the visions came to inspire us, in imitation of Mary, to act as persons who could say: "I live now, not I, but Christ Who liveth in me."

Our Lady came at Fátima not to give herself to the world, but to give Christ. Such is her office, the office given to her two thousand years ago when an angel appeared in her presence and said: "*Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women. Fear not, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and thou shalt bring forth a son; and thou shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the most High . . . and of His Kingdom there shall be no end.*" (Luke, 1, 28-33.)

An this same Holy Virgin, sent by her Son, came back at Fátima to help us find grace with God and, in our own hearts, to bring forth Christ once again to the world that His Kingdom may triumph over the kingdom of evil.

*A prayer . . . such as the Rosary . . . is important not so much in itself but because of the effect it must have in our daily lives.*

We expressed this thought at great length in the book "*Mary in Her Scapular Promise*," and it is expressed perhaps in its very best form in the book "*True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*," by Saint Grignon de Montfort. This latter book was recommended in a special way by Pope Pius X, and in the Marian Congress of Einsiedeln, in 1906, it was resolved that: "Devotion to Mary after the manner of Blessed de Montfort ought to receive first and weightiest emphasis in the whole educational field, in the family as well as in the social union and in the educational institutions."

And it is possible that if that latter resolution had been adopted after the Congress by the entire church-world, there would not have been two world wars. Indeed, if the requests of the Popes, beginning particularly with the sixteen encyclicals of Leo XIII on the Rosary, had been obeyed . . . Fátima might not have been necessary.

No Christian is without respect and honor for the Blessed Virgin. He could not adore Christ without honoring her, as we have already mentioned.

But few Christians have learned to regard her as a mother not only of Christ, but of themselves. Few Christians, therefore, really understand what Christ meant when He said: "I am the Vine, you are the branches"; few Christians understand that they have *part* with Christ, *which honor to the Blessed Virgin automatically brings to men.*

Fundamentally this, and this alone, is the reason why in giving the message of Fátima she said: "My Divine Son wishes to establish in the world devotion to my Immacu-



late Heart." Because as Our Lord chose to be born in a stable through her . . . so it is now necessary in a similar manner to have Him come once again into the stable of our tarnished world.

Within the Church there are certain means of devotion to Mary which are preferred to others. The two which are honored by universal Feast Days in the church are the Rosary and the Scapular of Mount Carmel.

Such things . . . with the exception of pictures (not statues) . . . will not be found in Russia. Russian Orthodox Catholics, despite a tender regard for the Blessed Virgin, do not know devotions like the Rosary . . . which came during and after the thirteenth century. This is likewise true of most of the non-Catholic churches of the west . . . which sometimes teach a tender devotion to the mother of Christ, but who long ago rejected most of the instruments of devotion to her because of repudiation of Roman indulgences attached to them. It will be remembered that Luther, as the spearhead of the Reformation, seemed moved to break with Rome primarily because of the practice of simony, or the "selling" of indulgences. To Roman Catholics this has seemed a little like breaking with Christ because Judas sold Him. But differences have grown.

Here, however, we are speaking of the message of Fátima as it affects not just those who are accustomed to certain daily practices . . . such as the Rosary . . . but as it affects every living Christian.

As will be apparent when we speak of the "Pilgrim Virgin," Fátima has universally awakened a fresh and appreciative interest not only in faith generally, but in the Blessed Virgin. But from talking with Lucia I do not think we can overstress that the message of Fátima is misunderstood if emphasis is placed on herself. She came

not to give herself, but her Son; and the means she offered, in addition to the aid of her secondary mediation which we may obtain by a devotion such as the Rosary, emphasizes the doctrine of daily duty.

*Regardless of who we are, regardless of what we believe, we will help and hasten the conversion of Russia if we fulfill our daily spiritual duty.*

Archbishop Goodier, author of one of the greatest biographies of Christ, gives this explanation of spiritual duty:

“In order to be saints (or perfect Christians) we have only to be *what God made us to be*, and to do what God made us to do. If we are clever, then to be clever, if in good health, then healthy; if sickly, then to be sickly, and so on. Perfect simplicity with regard to ourselves; perfect contentment with everything that comes our way; perfect peace of mind in utter self-forgetfulness for God.”

Following these general observations, we are given three rules for perfect fulfillment of daily duty . . . three rules by which we can never fail to rise to any problem:

1) Sit still once in a while in the presence of God, lost in acts of faith, and love, and hope, in acts of praise, and adoration, and thanksgiving. (Particularly, make the *Morning Offering*.)

2) When the thought of ourselves, with our petty worries creeps in, be still again in His presence, with acts of humility, contrition, and oblation, telling Him how small we are, how sorry we are for ourselves, how we would like to be and do better. (Particularly, renew your offering in moments of temptation).

3) When the human heart is hungry, as at times it must be, come again to the feet of God and fill it with acts of longing for Him and His love and His glory, rather

than with the little husks of self-satisfaction; fill it with acts of rejoicing in Him and in His tremendous almightiness, such that nothing in the world really matters at all. (Particularly, say the Rosary . . . applying the lesson of the mystery to the problems and trials of our day.)

*"Pray like this,"* the Archbishop concludes, "and we shall lay that foundation upon which perfect Christianity is built.

*"Live like this* and sanctity will build itself."

*"Die like this* and we shall be good and faithful servants'."

The mysterious Lady's final message on the day of the Miracle of the Sun . . . the message which climaxed in that magnificent and terrible spectacle which proved to those who saw it that all this was from God, was straight to the point.

She said first that a chapel could be build on that spot, commemorating the event, and added:

*"I am the Lady of the Rosary. Let people continue to say the Rosary every day. The war is going to end and the soldiers will soon return to their homes. . . . Let them offend Our Lord God no more, for He is already much offended."*

As for the specific acts of the day . . . the trials and sufferings as they present themselves . . . we all know and recognize them.

Those who have Sacraments, and devotion to the most Blessed Virgin Mary, are greatly aided because for them it is far easier to do the three things which Archbishop Goodier indicates for good living. That is why we consider our primary devotions to Mary of great importance, even though none of them is considered essential or ob-

ligatory. They help us place ourselves in the Presence of God and help us realize our kinship with Christ. Those who have a traditional regard and understanding of this are helped. But those who have not been so blessed may nevertheless attain importance in obtaining the conversion of Russia.

On March 13, 1939, the official newspaper of the Bishop of Fátima published an article titled "*What We Must Do.*" It was the first time we had ever seen anything like it officially published, and with permission we conclude by giving it in full as a perfect explanation of the Visions. It was written one month after Cardinal Mindszenty's imprisonment.

The world press has carried columns of reports of the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty, *Voice of Fátima* relates, and His Eminence has already served some time of his term of life imprisonment under the sentence which has horrified world opinion and all decent people. Perhaps it needed just this outrage to shock the world into a full realization of what we face, to see clearly that "*He that is not with Me is against Me.*" Everything else is unimportant beside this mighty question of our time: *For Christ or against Christ.*

The following paragraphs are taken verbatim from the newspaper of the Bishop of Fátima:

The question, it must be stressed over and over again is not political but spiritual. Even the most perfect earthly state, the best government, just social conditions, could not resolve this problem. They, too, would be used by the devil to draw men away from God for it is the nature of evil to make an onslaught on good. Evil is never neutral; it is devilishly active and there can be no neutrality on our part either. The Holy Father's voice rang through the

Cova da Iria on May 13th, 1946, carrying these words to the pilgrims there assembled. He did not call us to arms but to prayer; and perhaps to the vast majority of modern men prayer is the most difficult thing to persevere in. Time presses, modern pleasures are seductive, while the most useful things seem to be the more obviously active ones. Yet Our Lady asked for prayer and penance. In every apparition of modern times she has repeatedly asked for these things. We disregard her words at our peril.

There is perhaps a danger, ever present where the things of the spirit are concerned, of sentimentalizing Fátima, of reducing it to outward and exterior terms of manifestations and sheer numbers.

*It is to revolutionize our inner selves*, to convert us again to the Gospel, to Christ, that Our Lady came. Outward manifestations are both helpful and necessary since man is both flesh and spirit, and Fátima is to us a real and tangible guarantee, in case our faith should fail, that God is with His Church and that the gates of hell shall not prevail. But evil will attack what is good, unless we are watchful and prayerful, and will draw us if possible from the essential to the inessential, from the spirit to the flesh. The message of Fátima is profound; it speaks of the eternal verities, of God, the human soul and its eternal salvation or eternal loss. These things are for our peace and the message of Fátima is of peace both for the world and for the individual soul of good will.

We realize this perhaps but what are we, in fact, to do? Are we only to take part in processions, sing hymns and acclaim the Statue of Our Lady of Fátima?

Fátima is not a magic cure-all for the world's ills but holds the secret of the remedy which lies in our power to apply. In a mystical interpretation of the Old Testa-

ment story of Jacob and Esau. St. Grignon de Montfort explains that these two are the figures of the natural and unregenerate man and of the predestinate. Esau, the natural man, is strong and robust and self-reliant. Jacob, the predestinate, is the weaker, the stay-at-home. When Esau was out hunting, Rebecca (their mother) warned Jacob and told him to take two kids from the flock which she prepared in a dish relished by Isaac (their father). Moreover she clothed Jacob in skins, so that Isaac was deceived into thinking that it was the hairy skin of his elder son Esau. Thus Jacob received the greater blessing from his father, Esau receiving the blessing of earth and being placed in subjection to his brother.

The mystical interpretation is that Rebecca, figure of the mother, transforms the weaker son and adorns him in such a way that it is he who receives the coveted blessing. In the same way we may present Our Lady with our love, our good works, our very selves, as Jacob gave her the two kids, and she will transform them and us into fit objects for our Father's blessing. Countless souls at the present time have learned this not as an abstract idea but as a proved fact of the spiritual life.



Benediction at Fatima

## Chapter Thirteen

### THE MIRACLES OF THE DOVES

**I**t just happens (and I mention this with no claim that it is more than sheer coincidence) that the decisive year, 1946, was the year of Portugal's third centennial of national consecration to the Immaculate Conception and it was the first centennial of an identical national consecration in the United States. Just one hundred years before . . . in 1846 . . . the Bishops of America in a conclave in Baltimore dedicated our nation to Mary Immaculate.

Some of us saw a wonderful opportunity in the coincidence of the two centennials to try to arrange an international broadcast simultaneously linking the Vatican, Lisbon, and Washington. However the difficulties were insurmountable.

On that very day . . . the first centennial of America's dedication to the Immaculate Conception . . . the day on which we had no fitting celebration of our Marian heritage in this nation discovered by a ship which bore her name and solemnly dedicated to her by the first Episcopal conclave . . . something else was happening in another part of the world.

*It was the miracle of the doves.*

That day I had gone to Washington for a meeting of the Marian Federation at our yet unfinished National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. And when I arrived back in New York I found an air-mail letter from Lisbon. Father Oliveira had been up late the night of

December 8th writing the details of the most fantastic story of a public phenomenon since the miracle of the sun . . . a story which climaxed, strangely enough, in the Cathedral in Lisbon while the Cardinal Patriarch was making the broadcast (not relayed, however, to the United States as I had hoped) which . . . to quote Father Oliveira's excited letter . . . "You had asked him to make!" (It was to have been part of the international broadcast which failed.)

Below: Cardinal Cerejeira at the actual moment described above.





Father Oliveira wrote:

"The coming of the statue of Our Lady of Fatima from the Cova da Iria (where Our Lady appeared in 1917) to Lisbon, for the celebration of the third centenary of the consecration of Portugal to the Immaculate Conception, was too extraordinary to be adequately described.

"The statue was carried to Lisbon and back to Fatima on men's shoulders, the entire way, and in each village or town where it was kept during the night, great crowds spent the entire night in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, culminating in early Mass and general Holy Communion.

"Before I narrate the story of the doves in detail," Father went on, "I would like to describe the general events that centered around the statue upon its arrival in our capital city, Lisbon.

"It is to be remembered that not many years ago the Catholic Church in Portugal was persecuted. That is why this centenary . . . this commemoration of the third time that Portugal celebrates a hundred year mark in her state of national consecration to Mary Immaculate . . . was to be so important. During this past century, not only had Our Lady saved Portugal . . . but it was in Portugal that She made Her predictions of World War II with Her ultimate promise of World Peace!

"After its long journey (which for the people along the way seemed too short) the statue arrived in Lisbon on the evening of December fifth. Straightway it was carried to the beautiful new Church of Our Lady of Fatima of Lisbon, where it was kept until the vigil of December eighth. Crowds filled the beautiful church to the doors, constantly, day and night. All night long, adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was conducted by several priests. Celebration of Masses began at midnight and in the

morning there was High Mass and general Holy Communion. On December 7th, at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon, thousands of children were consecrated to Our Lady by Cardinal Cerejeira, Primate of Portugal. Finally, at 9:30 in the evening, in a brilliant candle-light procession consisting solely of men that reached almost from one end of central Lisbon to the other, the statue was carried to the Cathedral. The passage took three and a half hours, so vast were the crowds.



A close scrutiny of the base of the statue, in the above picture, will reveal the strange phenomenon which is about

to be described in this chapter. Carmelite Tertiaries carry statue. Priest nearest camera is Father Oliveira.

"After the *Te Deum*, all the bishops with their mitres and crosiers, regular and secular clergy and great crowds of many thousands of persons, conducted the statue processionaly to the square, *Terreiro do Paco*, where the flag of Blessed Nuno Alvarez Pereira\* is annually saluted; there it was placed on a beautifully decorated frigate waiting at anchor in the River Tagus. Atop the main mast on the frigate flamed an illuminated cross, visible for miles.



"On the opposite shore, another crowd was waiting. Soon the statue was again being carried processionaly, on men's shoulders, back to Fatima.

"The scene of the departure from Lisbon was touching. I am sorry that I cannot adequately describe it. The great square, which is capable of holding many thousands of people, was actually illuminated by the number of candles.

\*For the full story of Blessed Nuno and his relation to Fatima, see *The Peacemaker*, by John Mathias Haffert, AMI Press, 1942.

But in addition, flaming rockets constantly broke overhead and great searchlights wove back and forth across the sky. The crowd, many with tears in their eyes, waved their handkerchiefs and sang the adieu hymn which pilgrims always sing when leaving Fátima. Deep, throaty roars and whistle blasts from hundreds of boats echoed their cries.

"Truly the reception of the statue in the city, and all the ceremonies held in honor of the Lady, Queen-Mother, which the statue represents, are beyond description.

"Now, into this background of the greatness of the occasion, let me tell the incident of the doves," Father Oliveira continues, "about which the newspapers here in Portugal have spoken so much and which is on the lips of every person in the nation.

"It began in a town called Bombazral, a short time after the statue had left Fátima.

"As part of the ceremony in that particular town, while the streets filled with people were singing hymns to Our Lady and pressing to be near the statue someone freed four white doves. The greater part of the crowd hardly noticed it.

"After flying off into the air, three of the doves . . . instead of flying from the great crowd to some roof-top . . . made several evolutions over the statue and then suddenly, to the amazement of all who saw them, plummeted downwards, and alighted at Our Lady's feet!

"This was the beginning.

"During the days that followed, midst ever-changing crowds, moving from one town to another night and day for almost two whole weeks, *the doves did not leave the statue*. They remained there at the very base of the statue, as though vying one with the other actually to stand on Our Lady's feet. Yet bands played, people

shouted, the bier on which the statue was mounted moved and swayed, rockets exploded at night and cascaded fire, while giant searchlights burned at them. They were constantly buffeted by flowers tossed to the statue from the surging crowds.

"But they did not fly. They blinked, shook off flowers that hit them, occasionally stretched their wings to keep balance. But they remained there at her feet during the entire two-week journey. They refused food or drink.

"When the statue was carried into Lisbon," Father Oliveira continues, "I had the honor of walking at its side as Carmelite Tertiaries bore it triumphantly into the city. I was so close to it, and to the doves, that I could reach out and touch either. Cordons of militia and police were holding back the crowds of many thousands of people who had gone far out of the city to meet this most famous representation of the Virgin, coming for their greatest Marian centennial.

"All during the night of December 5th, in the Church of Our Lady of Fátima of Lisbon, the doves remained standing at the feet of the statue. By now they were more the object of comment than the beautiful statue or the glory in which it was enthroned. The newspapers had been filled with the story of their perseverance, their utter fearlessness, the strangeness of their position. Many must have wondered what would happen . . . now that they had actually accompanied the statue into the church that had been prepared for its reception, refusing to be brushed off or frightened away.

"The next morning, at Mass, they had their answer.

"The next morning, the doves flew.

"From midnight, Masses were constantly recited at the altar near the statue. As I mentioned in the beginning,

the church was crowded to the doors with Lisbonites keeping vigil.

"In the morning, after the many Masses of the night, came the solemn High Mass, which was to be followed by a general Communion.

"During the Solemn Mass, most of the people in the great church had undoubtedly stopped watching the doves, to which they were now accustomed, to concentrate on the Mass. This was especially true in the solemn moment when the bell sounded, and a great hush fell over the crowd just before the elevation.

"In that moment of hush, *there was a sudden fluttering of wings.*

"To the utter amazement of all, two of the doves suddenly flew . . . after two weeks of refusing food or drink and of remaining at the feet of the statue . . . *one sped straight to the gospel side of the altar, and the other to the epistle side!* There, as the bishop straightened to raise the Consecrated Host, *they alighted and folded their wings . . . one on each side . . . as though in adoration!*

"As the Mass progressed, the two doves remained there to the bewilderment of the celebrants and servers and the stupefied congregation.

"But this was still not the climax.

"The third dove had not left the statue.

"Suddenly, at the moment of Communion, the third dove flew up and perched on top of the statue's golden crown . . . placed there by the Cardinal Legate who personally represented the Holy Father the previous May 13 at Fátima . . . and as the celebrant turned and held up Our Lord, saying "*Ecce Agnus Dei*" ("Behold the Lamb of God"), *it spread its white wings and held them open!*

"By the time this letter reaches America, the statue of Our Lady . . . which I saw leave Lisbon with genuine sor-



Above, the statue is carried into the Church of Our Lady of Fatima, in Lisbon, where men kept night vigil. Doves plainly visible at base of statue. This picture made front page news.

row, because all of us here felt almost that it was Our Lady Herself who had visited us rather than just a poor image of Her . . . will be back in the Chapel of the Apparitions in Fatima." Father Oliveira concludes:

"On arriving in Fatima, first it will have been carried directly into the great Basilica (which, I am told, is much grander than the people of America generally know) and there the Office of the Nativity will be sung by the seminarians of the Diocese of Leiria (in which Fatima is located), and their Bishop . . . Don José Alves Correia da Silva, who last August 13th greatly honored Americans by having you kneel alone beside him during the official pilgrimage of the Leiria diocese . . . will close these cen-

ennial celebrations of Portugal by giving the Papal Benediction to a crowd which probably will number at least half a million.

"Here in Portugal, where we have witnessed this extraordinary event and where we have so come to appreciate the blessings of peace which we attribute solely to our newly awakened national devotion to Mary, this miracle of the doves has not only strengthened our confidence, but has renewed our purpose.

"I hope that it may strengthen the confidence of the people of America, to whom so much of battered Europe now looks for leadership, and renew the desire and purpose of all American Catholics to strive for the worldwide fulfillment of Our Lady of Fatima's simple conditions of peace.

"May these doves, which have flown in Lisbon, fly into American hearts, and from there be sent forth as carriers to bear the peace-message of Our Lady of Fatima to the world under the protection of the American Eagle."

When I received this report from Father Oliveira, my magazine was just about to go to press so I featured the story at once. In a short time many other periodicals repeated it and soon, *all over America*, where Our Lady's centennial passed as though American Catholics had forgotten their Mother and had forgotten that one hundred years before the Bishops of the land had dedicated us to Her Immaculate Conception, *this story of the "Miracle of the Doves" was received with such wonder and enthusiasm that it seemed as though . . . in lieu of the broadcast . . . the doves had flown the sea and were beating their wings above our unfinished shrine.*

It is at least certain that this 'miracle,' in the decisive year of 1946, coincided with a turning point in American enthusiasm for Fatima and for the "Revolution of Faith."



## Chapter Fourteen

### THE PILGRIM VIRGIN

**T**he "Miracle of the Doves," the rose petals of Lipa City, the flower-crown in England that would not wither . . . and other extraordinary and apparently constantly increasing events . . . show that God did not finish His effort to draw our attention to Faith by sending the Blessed Mother at Fátima. Rather, He began there . . .

On May 13, 1947, (just two years after World War II), an international 'Catholic Action' Congress was held in Fátima. Thirty five thousand delegates came from all parts of the world (from each of the five continents) to pledge their faith in Faith.

Following a resolution of the congress, *a statue of Our Lady of Fátima was carried processionally out of the Cova da Iria . . . to be borne through the nations of Europe towards the border of Russia.*

The whole thing happened on a few days' notice. A statue at Fátima, which belonged to the Bishop, was used after a ceremonial crowning at the spot of the vision. Descendants of nobility of three countries of Europe held the crown. A Russian delegate held soil which she had brought from her country, and in her own language she read an act of consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary in the name of Russia.

The Bishop of Fátima told me six months later: "None of us anticipated the wonderful things that began to happen as soon as the statue left the Cova."

A few days out of Fátima, women in a small Portuguese

town . . . having heard that the statue was on its way . . . were decorating the streets.

In the town there lived an atheist . . . a man hating religion and not converted after the bloodless revolution.

As the women began to hang out flags and prepare flowers, and people began to gather along the streets as they always did when a statue of Our Lady of Fátima was carried through their town, the atheist went up and down the street reviling them. In a loud voice he ridiculed their faith; he seemed to use all the petty vileness used intuitively by self-styled atheists all over the world.

Ignoring his curses against God and Our Lady and his insults against themselves, the few people decorating the town continued to hang out their banners, hoping as always that the passage of the image of Her who promised world peace would be a triumph . . . at least in their little corner of the world.

Not long afterwards, shouts went up. The statue was entering the town. Now the streets were crowded with people.

Slowly the statue entered the street. Children threw flowers to Our Lady's feet. The atheist was standing in front of his house, continuing his epithets against the "stupidity of the people" and against God. And the procession came on.

*Then suddenly, as the statue was opposite his house, he emitted a loud cry and fell dead.*

The statue of this mild Lady, who had threatened the world with the spread of Atheism but who had also at the same time promised ultimately to establish world peace, went on down the street . . . bound for the Russian border.

Hearing that Our Lady of Fátima was performing wonders along the way . . . wonders almost as numerous



Crowds follow the Pilgrim Virgin through the streets

and as extraordinary as those wrought in the Cova da Iria . . . people now packed themselves even along the highways.

In Vallalodid, in Spain, some 200,000 people filled the streets and jammed the square where the statue stopped for a few moments.

A woman who had a seventeen-year-old deaf-mute daughter began to work her way through the crowd, leading her daughter towards the statue. The seventeen-year-old girl had been deaf and mute since she had been sixteen months old, following that fearful infant-crippler . . . meningitis.

Slowly the woman pressed her way through the crowd. Some who knew her, and others who read the years of

mingled pain and hope in her motherly face, parted to let her pass towards the image which had come from Fátima.

When they had finally come near the statue, suddenly this girl . . . *who from infancy had never heard and had never spoken a word*, threw up her arms before the statue and cried out: "*Holy Virgin, Mother of God!*"

Similar cures took place along the way, one after the other, until some reporters said: "It seems almost as though Our Lord were again walking the earth."

It almost seemed as though the Vision of Fátima, having attained 30 years of age, had suddenly embarked on a public life . . . somewhat as Her Son had done . . . to bring the world back to Him.

Perhaps the most symbolic event of this strange "Pilgrim Virgin's" journey took place at the Franco-Spanish border . . . which had been closed because Communists of France were agitating for the overthrow of Franco and restoration of Communism in Spain.

Our Lady's statue was borne down to the closed frontier. Tens of thousands of French were gathered on one

Below: At Franco-Spanish border statue passes under up-raised barrier.



side, and tens of thousands of Spaniards on the other. No one seems to know just what happened . . . but the statue never stopped. A French Bishop and a Spanish Bishop moved forward and embraced one another, and as some two hundred thousand people sang "*Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!*" each in his own tongue, the statue of the Lady who had promised world peace continued on.

*A few months later the entire border was officially opened.* It is open now.

The effect on Spain, as a nation, has been tremendous.

Drenched with the blood of hundreds of thousands of its citizens, the little country has found it difficult to wipe the carnage from its eyes and heart . . . but following the visit of the Pilgrim Virgin in one diocese where the Communists ten years before succeeded in killing *every* single priest, a young Bishop . . . Dr. Don Angel Herrera Oria . . . has recently become the idol of the poor and in some ways the most revolutionary figure in Spain. He has established a Sociology School for priests, is out to clear away the traditional Christian abuses. His goal is a Christian . . . not a dictatorial or falangist state. And to attain the Christian type of government, in which he has been attacked by some of his fellow Bishops but supported by Pope Pius XII, he advocates a thorough study of Communism and believes that this Anti-God force can be wiped from the world "Not with arms and force which are means of ephemeral victory, but by showing the masses, to whom we promised happiness in Heaven while Marx promises happiness in mortal life, that long before Marx, Saint Paul taught social justice and that we can and must now put our theories into practice." (LIFE, April 4, 1949). Franco has done nothing in any way to hinder this new democratic movement . . . at least, up to the time of this present writing.

What will happen after the statue reaches Russia?

This new movement in Spain . . . which has been inevitable . . . is directly traceable to the events of Fátima, and perhaps *in a special way to the many extraordinary cures along the path of the statue* in Spain, in the summer of 1947. In their wake there arose a tremendous religious fervor and consecration of diocese, parish, and individual . . . to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Millions of Spaniards turned out to see for themselves, and the Revolution of Faith had come . . . and is certain to succeed . . . where a revolution of arms and death could bring nothing but promise of further discord.

The story of this "Pilgrim Virgin" is even at the time of this writing one of the most amazing facets of the "Revolution of Faith."

Perhaps it is only fair that we explain the use of an image like "Pilgrim Virgin."

As we have already mentioned, devotion to the Blessed Virgin is practiced *primarily to honor Christ*. She bore Him nine months in her womb, and gave Him to the world; and to recognize her excellence is to recognize the Supreme Excellence Which is its Cause. Secondly, we honor her and seek her protection and intercession in order that, like her, we may appear delightful to Him . . . Who is the goal of our hearts and lives.

Statues might be compared to a flag, before which we solemnly stand and to which we pledge allegiance . . . even though it is but a worthless piece of cloth. Religious statues and pictures in Christianity, unlike the idols of paganism, are mere *symbols*. No honor is due to them; no honor is given to them. Through them, and by their devout use, honor is given to the *person* they represent . . . just as a salute to the flag is a salute to the country.

And as we honor Christ and His mother through statues (as one of the lesser means of honoring them) so they sometimes return our love by the same sign. Thus many pictures and statues are called 'miraculous' because in the presence of certain statues which have been used to honor Him, God has granted some miraculous favors in return. The miracles do not come from the block of wood or plaster, any more than our prayers go to the same. They come from God.

Recently at the time of a municipal lecture in London, Canada, a certain author was entertained at Brescia Hall. He had been there only once before but, as he sat in the parlor waiting for his host, he noticed a picture of himself on a mantel. So far from home, not even in his own country, he felt more honored at seeing his picture framed in that room than by all the newspaper clippings and vocal accolades. It made him feel that his host . . . in a manner of speaking . . . loved him. Not only has he never forgotten, but he always thinks of that place with affection. Before he left he took a precious relic which he carried and gave it to his friend.

This is not a fictitious example. It really happened.

Certainly when the Blessed Mother, or any dear ones who have died, look from Heaven and see their pictures or images placed in our homes or churches, they are honored. They know that not only are they not forgotten, but they are loved. And they quite naturally return that love. In some instances . . . as in the case of the Pilgrim Virgin . . . their favors are so lavishly returned that millions of people turn out in astonishment to see.

The greatest fruit of the Pilgrim Virgin has been conversions . . . numbered in the many, many thousands. I met a Belgian priest in Fátima, on October 12th, 1947,



Above: The Pilgrim Virgin passes through Belgian street.

who had come from Belgium in a pilgrimage of thanksgiving because of the number of conversions in his parish . . . where the statue had been for twenty-four hours. He told me that in Charleroi, one of the most Communist-infested cities of Belgium, 62 priests were hearing confessions . . . even on the sidewalks . . . and that there were 55,000 Communion. One of the priests, with tears in his eyes, said: "*I never expected to live to see so much grace at one time touch men's hearts.*"

Following an ardent request from people in America, which the present writer was privileged to convey to Portugal, the Bishop of Leiria-Fátima consented to bless a statue for the Americas.

On October 13th, the thirtieth anniversary of the *final*



apparition of Fátima, in the presence of over 200,000 people, six Bishops, and dignitaries of Church and state, the Bishop of Fátima blessed a second Pilgrim Virgin . . . for America.



ABOVE: Princesses of royal crowns of Portugal, Italy and France hold crown of European Pilgrim Virgin. Bishop with folded hands is His Excellency, Don Jose Correia da Silva, the Bishop of Leiria-Fatima who is so often mentioned in these pages.

Princesses of European royal families held the crown of the first Pilgrim Virgin on May 13th, just six months before. Now, nieces of the United States Ambassador to Portugal carried the American statue on October 13th, and Mrs. John Wiley, wife of the Ambassador, and first American Lady of Portugal, held the crown.

"You will notice," His Excellency, the Bishop of Leiria-



Pictured above, left to right: The Bishop of Fatima, Canon Jose Galamba de Oliveira, Madame John Wiley (holding crown), and Father Luis Gonzaga de Oliveira (collaborator of author). The two statues

are both the American Pilgrim, which was made in duplicate for a reason which cannot yet be made known. At the moment this picture was taken, the Bishop of Fatima is speaking the very words in the text on this page.

Fatima, said as he blessed the statue, "that this statue of Our Lady of Fátima will not be crowned here." (The first statue, blessed at Fátima, was crowned as part of the blessing.) "This is because," His Excellency continued, "it will be crowned for the first time on American soil, for it will be flown to New York, taken in a special car to Ottawa . . . scene of the recent international Marian

Congress . . . and there it will be crowned before an expected crowd of 100,000 people by the Most Reverend Archbishop of Ottawa."

The statue was carried from the Cova da Iria to the airport, in Portugal, by cars sent by the American Embassy. Laity and clergy not only from Lisbon but also from other parts of Portugal crowded in the airport to say "goodbye" to their Lady. I shall never forget, as one of the most poignant experiences of my life, the moments in which I helped to carry the statue into the car in the Cova da Iria, and then into the plane at Lisbon. Hundreds of people pressed in from all sides, trying to kiss the statue. Many had tears streaming down their cheeks. When we took the statue out of the chapel of Portugal's national hero (Blessed Nuno, Precursor of Fátima) in Lisbon, where it remained overnight before the flight, the people overflowed from the church into the street breaking into the hymn of Fátima: "*Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria.*" Police were necessary to get the car door closed and to clear a passage in the street so that we could depart for the airport. The crowd followed, some on foot, some in cabs. More people were at the airport. Government and company officials held back all passengers while the statue was carried out to the waiting plane and installed in the front . . . erect, facing down the entire cabin. She seemed very much a Queen there in graceful splendor, standing with folded hands holding the rosary.

The statue had hardly been placed, *when suddenly the plane was filled with people* . . . people who had come to say goodbye and had either broken through the police lines or had persuaded the police to forget the regulations. The latter is most likely because the most touching thing I saw was a middle-aged police officer, with his cap in

his hand and his eyes glistening, pushing his own way through the crowded cabin and bending over to plant a big kiss at Our Lady's feet.

Accompanying the statue was the Very Reverend Canon Galamba de Oliveira, author of the book *Jacinta* (and of other books on Fátima). He was perhaps the most important priest of Fátima, after the Bishop himself. It was he whom the Bishop appointed to take down Sister Lucia's memoirs; it was he who accompanied Sister Lucia on her visit to Fátima and the places of the visions in 1947; it is he who directs the great crowds at Fátima every 13th of the month, keeping sometimes hundreds of thousands of people in perfect order in the long ceremonies there. It was a great honor to America that His Excellency, the Bishop of Leiria, was sending perhaps his most important priest to accompany America's Pilgrim Virgin.

It all happened just as quickly this time as it did in May . . . when the first Pilgrim Virgin left for the Russian border through Europe. This second Pilgrim, traveling through North and South America, will soon cross toward the border of Russia from the opposite side of the world . . . as though Our Lady were standing at Fátima and reaching out, with both arms, to embrace the world and touch the borders of Russia with each hand, from the east and from the west.

Monsignor Oliveira and I sat before the statue, and as the plane soared over Lisbon, with hundreds of people waving "goodbye," we began the fifteen decades of the Rosary.

Some hours later, at 3:30 in the morning, the plane landed at Santa Maria, in the Azores. We were tired. A



**American Pilgrim Virgin being carried from plane in New York by the author and the V. Rev. Canon J. G. de Oliveira representing the Bishop of Fatima.**

cabinful of sleepy passengers disembarked. Monsignor and I were the last to leave the plane . . . leaving the Queen standing in Her place of honor.

As we walked down the steps we noticed a group of people standing along the white line at the edge of the field, and I remember seeing a priest there. He approached Monsignor. Then, to my surprise, I saw this priest and all the people silently file up the steps and into the plane. It is strictly forbidden for non-passengers to board an international aircraft between flights. I looked to Monsignor for an explanation.

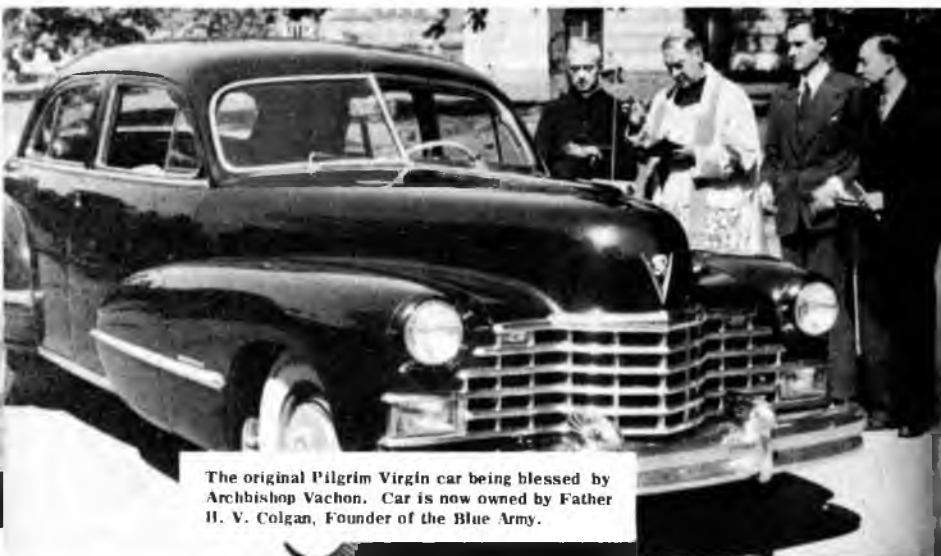
"They have permission," he said, "both from the government and the company. One of them is the Secretary of State of the Azores. They have waited up all night to go into the cabin and pray at Our Lady's feet during the 45 minutes that we shall stay here."

When we boarded the plane three-quarters of an hour later, I shall never forget the wonderful expression on the face of the priest who had been kneeling in the aisle in front of the statue, leading the people in the Rosary. He had looked tired when he boarded the plane; now his eyes were shining. He embraced Monsignor Oliveira and said "Thank you! Thank you!" as the two priests met in the aisle.

Inside the cabin, at the foot of the statue, was a little card. I have it and shall treasure it always. It read: "We, in the name of the people of the Azores, leave this little act of homage at the feet of Our Lady of Fátima who has deigned to pause in our land on Her flight to America." It was signed by the pastor, in the name of all.

The greatest personal moment of this flight I am reluctant to mention, but too full of pride and joy not to mention.

When the statue disembarked at New York it was later than scheduled; there had been bad weather and the plane had been delayed. Instead of leaving at once for Ottawa, it was decided to wait overnight. The Pilgrim Virgin car wended its way from the airport . . . driven by Reverend George O'Mara (an American friend of mine), with Father Patrick Moore and myself and Monsignor Oliveira beside the statue. That night, the Pilgrim Virgin was placed in my private chapel in Sea Cliff, N. Y., and the next morning Monsignor Oliveira said his first Mass of thanksgiving in America, including my intentions, there in my own home. Over the altar was a statue of the Sacred Heart, which the Bishop of Fátima blessed for me on the thirtieth anniversary of the apparition of the Sacred Heart (final vision of Fátima) shortly after he had blessed the Pilgrim Virgin. That statue of the Sacred



Heart had flown across the ocean, standing beside the Pilgrim. And beside the altar . . . as She stands beside the altar in the Masses of Fátima . . . was the Pilgrim Queen of Peace. I felt that day as though anything I had ever done in Our Lady's honor was rewarded even in this life . . . and I felt especially that She really wanted me as one of Her little apostles and that I was not just forcing myself on Her. I was resolved to do more than I had ever dreamed of doing in the past.

On the way to Canada, we stopped at Saint Rose College in Albany, heart of the Family Rosary Crusade. It was not an official visit, but it was as though Our Lady wished to honor Father Peyton and Father Francis Woods (Secretary of the Marian Federation of the United States) as She passed to Her official reception and crowning in Ottawa.

Father Woods drove the car to Prescott, Canada, and some 10,000 people were waiting at the border despite a miserable rain. Archbishop Vachon, waiting in gold cope and mitre, walked majestically through the rain with his entourage to meet the car, then preceded it into customs. The line of cars escorting the statue to Ottawa from the border was 30 miles long.

That night, in the stadium of the University, tens of thousands of people watched His Excellency crown the statue. An immense platform, nearly two stories high and bearing the words "Our Lady of Fátima," held the Archbishop and some 200 members of the clergy for the solemn coronation. Then the Archbishop knelt at the feet of Our Lady and the entire throng (some estimated it at 100,000 people) repeated an act of consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

At midnight, Mass was celebrated simultaneously in 124 churches in the Archdiocese of Ottawa, and the Cathedral was filled to the doors during the solemn Pontifical High Mass, in the presence of the statue, at midnight.

During the following days it seems that one part of Canada tried to outdo the other in homage to Our Lady of Fátima, who was hailed as "Queen of the World! Queen of Peace!" Pilgrimages were organized from all over eastern Canada to attend ceremonies of welcome at the famous shrine of Cap de Madeleine.

At the time of this writing, the statue is still in the United States where it was received the first time on December 8th, 1947, patronal Catholic Feast of the Nation. It entered from Canada at Niagara Falls, where it was received by the Most Reverend John F. O'Hara, Bishop of Buffalo, and conducted to his Cathedral.



"It is fitting," Bishop O'Hara said, "that the statue of Our Lady of Fatima, Queen of Peace, should enter our country at Niagara Falls, for the cataract itself is dedicated to Our Lady . . . Queen of Peace."



ABOVE: Pilgrim Virgin of the Americas is carried into the Cathedral in Ottawa. Archbishop and acolytes follow statue. Carrying the statue, left to right, are the author (hand on image), Father Woods, Msgr. Beaudoin, and Canon Oliveira.

As a matter of fact, in his ever-to-be-remembered address at the Marian Congress in Ottawa, Bishop O'Hara pointed out that in 1861, during the Civil War here in the United States, Bishop Lynch, of Toronto, consecrated the Falls to Our Lady, Queen of Peace, and erected the Seminary of



Archbishop Vachon in the historic act of crowning America's Pilgrim Virgin in Ottawa, October 16, 1947. Since then, Bishops in most of the dioceses of North America have re-enacted this ceremony and more than five million Americans and Canadians have venerated the statue up to the time of the publication of this book (June 15, 1950).

Our Lady of the Angels on one side of the cataract and on the other side he dedicated the chapel of Loretto Convent to the Queen of Peace. His Holiness, Pope Pius IX, on March 7, 1861, granted indulgences of a place of pilgrimage to those who would accompany the Bishop to the place of dedication, which was made on the Octave of the Assumption. "We are told," Bishop O'Hara remarked in

that Ottawa address, "that the pilgrims, as their ship set forth that evening for the return to Toronto, chanted the Vespers of Our Lady to the accompaniment of Niagara's diapason."

In Buffalo I spoke to thousands of people in a series of lectures at the end of October, and entire audiences pledged to say five decades of the Rosary a day to prepare for the triumphal entry of our Lady of Fátima into the country. Many schools and parishes of the diocese organized 30 days of prayer, and the Bishop ordered a perpetual Rosary throughout the diocese that the entry of Our Lady into America might be triumphant.

We were all, therefore, prepared to see our Lady's image received with honor, but the entire nation was surprised at what followed.

*More than one third of the entire population of Buffalo* turned out to venerate the statue! Counters estimated the crowd at over two hundred thousand. In the December cold, people stood four and five abreast, up and down the streets, waiting (some of them) until two o'clock in the morning to inch towards the Cathedral and finally up the Cathedral aisle just to place a kiss at the base of the statue . . . showing reverence and faith for the promise made at Fátima in 1917. It was the biggest Cathedral crowd in the memory of an old resident who had seen three Bishops buried from there, and the Buffalo police said it was the greatest traffic jam in the history of the city.

I had gone to Niagara Falls to be present at the entry of the statue into the States. Its last stop in Canada was in the chapel of an old religious Order dedicated centuries ago to the Blessed Virgin. That stop was made at my request because it was there that Father Hennepin had said Mass centuries ago when he was the first white man to see

Niagara Falls. The chapel is dedicated to the Queen of Peace. And one could not help but think that Our Lady still loves and returns to those who should be closest to Her.

At one place in *rural* America (Saint Meinrad's Abbey in Indiana) *one hundred and forty thousand* people participated in honoring Her during a week of ceremonies.

Within one year it had become apparent that the Pilgrim Virgin had evoked the greatest Marian, public demonstration this nation has ever seen. Four million people had touched the image . . . making *four million individual acts* of faith in the conversion of Russia.

Thus, in little more than one year after the statue left Fátima to visit our American cities, those who honored it here numbered . . . in just twelve months . . . more than half the entire population of Portugal.

When the statue first came to America, one of the Cardinals was at first opposed to it on the basis that the pilgrimage of a statue might offend some Protestants who wrongly conflict Catholic use of images with idolatry. Yet, as the pilgrimage developed, one of the most noteworthy effects was the enthusiasm of non-Catholics! Dozens upon dozens of instances could be given. For instance, in Plainfield, N. J., a minister told his entire congregation not to miss a visit to the famous statue. On December 18, 1949, the *Denver Register* published the following account of an incident in Flora, Illinois:

"Flora, Ill. . . . (Special) . . . Conviction that the visit of the 'Pilgrim Virgin' statue to this predominantly Protestant town has brought a 'more gentle spirit of understanding' has been expressed by Charles A. Crowder, non-Catholic editor of the *Flora Sentinel*. At his request the

pilgrimage party made an unscheduled stop in the town. The statue was displayed on a pedestal before the SENTINEL office during an oil convention and the message of Fatima was explained to the several thousands of people who passed by. Flora has only 200 Catholics out of a population of 6,000.

Below, the statue of Our Lady, Pilgrim Virgin, is seen enshrined in the streets of Flora, Illinois. Hundreds of people came to view it. The itinerary of the statue was so crowded that the pastor of the local church...Very Rev. Joseph Immethun... had been unable to get

the statue to visit the parish church. However, when the Pilgrim Virgin entourage passed through the main street, Mr. Crowder...Protestant editor of the *Flora Sentinel*...told the Monsignor accompanying the statue that he could not pass through without stopping.



Mr. Crowder wrote a message which summarizes perhaps the most notable effect of the pilgrimage:

"In this age of bitterness, hatred, and intolerance we are too often the victims of our own woeful lack of understanding. We have become prey of forces of evil which strike the small city as well as the large, the rich as well as the poor. They are forces which, daily, are mutilating human hearts throughout the world.

"This condition can and must be remedied quickly, and as I watched the faces of the predominantly Protestant group standing before the statue here, I could not escape the conviction that the pilgrimage had not been in vain.

"Some day, if God is willing, I would like to visit the shrine in Portugal. In the meantime, it will be my constant hope and prayer that the difficulties throughout the world may be resolved by the establishment of tolerance and human understanding in faith which, alone, can lead to peace."

Mr. Crowder concluded his message by expressing the 'Thanks of an American country editor for a very great honor and beautiful memory.'

However, even more noteworthy than the reaction of non-Catholic Christians has been the reaction of non-Christians when the statue was taken to Africa.

Father Fournier, of the White Fathers, in Uganda (Africa), knowing that I had had something to do with the origin of the Pilgrim Virgin, wrote me a detailed letter of what he saw when the statue passed through the Dark Continent. *The Register* (one of America's principal Catholic newspapers) reported Father Fournier's story under a three-column headline on July 17, 1949:

"Mbarara, Uganda. . . . (Exclusive) . . . The 'Pilgrim Virgin' statue of Our Lady of Fatima is accomplishing wonders in darkest Africa, too.

Moslems have joined Christians in paying homage to her whose image is girdling the globe. Whites and Blacks in the thousands knelt side by side at a midnight Mass in Durban, South Africa, where recently the headlines told of violent race riots.

"Stranger yet, an Anglican community in Rhodesia that had been refused permission to venerate the statue opened wide the gates of their Cathedral as the 'Pilgrim Virgin' was carried by. In Rubaga, Uganda, the Protestant King and Queen knelt together before Mary's statue.



Above: The Pilgrim Virgin on the special float which carried her through Basutoland, South Africa.

"As everywhere that the two statues of Our Lady of Fatima have gone in the Eastern and Western hemispheres, unprecedented demonstrations have marked the visits. The visitation of the 'Pilgrim Virgin' through East Africa was no exception. After

traveling through Portugal, Spain, France, Belgium, Holland, the Azores, and Morocco, Angola, and Mozambique in Africa, the statue was welcomed by crowds of 10 to 15 thousand at each reception. Many natives walked for three days or more to be on hand for the coming of the Fátima image. Petitions in the thousands were received, including one in a page of flawless Latin.

'The interest of the Moslems has been exceptional. In many places in Morocco, Zanzibar, and Mozambique, Moslem chiefs welcome the 'Pilgrim Virgin' officially. A chief of the Ismaeli tribe in Mozambique placed a golden necklace about the statue's neck saying: 'Thanks, Our Lady of Fátima, for the work of love you are accomplishing in Africa. We praise thee together with the Almighty Allah.'

"At Zanzibar a Moslem sultan placed flowers at the feet of Mary's statue. In Angola, Moslems sang the traditional hymns of a pilgrim to Mecca while following the statue in procession to a Catholic church.

#### Arch of Miners' Spades

"The miners of Angola placed a crown, valued at \$800, on the statue's head, and crossed their spades in a triumphal arch as the statue passed. The first public Catholic demonstration in the history of South Africa was held in Durban on the arrival of the statue.

"To the great astonishment of representatives of the press, 20,000 people, Blacks, Indians, and Whites, knelt side by side at an outdoor midnight Mass in Johannesburg. Such a demonstration was deemed impossible.



"The Rev. Gordon H. Fournier of the White Fathers reports that in Uganda, where his mission is located near the Mountains of the Moon, the natives brought all sorts of gifts, including four cows, to the 'Pilgrim Virgin.' The piety of the throng brought tears to the eyes of the missionaries who had labored among them."



Above: Stamps issued in India to commemorate triumphal reception of Pilgrim Virgin by the people of that nation.

Below: Scene at the station on arrival of the Pilgrim Virgin in Mombasa. From here, statue went down west coast of Africa through South Africa, and on to Rhodesias, Zanzibar, Tanganyika, Uganda, Ethiopia.



## Chapter Fifteen

### HOW WILL IT HAPPEN?

**T**he Marx-Leninist doctrine, as everyone knows, is premised on the belief that man is only a high-type animal. Thus Communist leaders have sought systematically to destroy religion throughout Russia. Their failure became apparent in 1936, when Stalin felt it necessary to grant certain concessions to the Orthodox Church and in the Constitution adopted that year he proclaimed freedom of religion. An apostate, Sergius, was named Patriarch. But a year later those who had been taking advantage of the new "freedom" found themselves purged. (*Melish's Religious Developments in the Soviet Union*, pp. 282-3.)

When Hitler attacked Russia in 1941, Stalin knew that he needed all possible sympathies of his people to defeat the Nazi invaders and he then gave unprecedented freedom to religion. Sergius emerged again to make religious faith a soviet tool. This time, although many people took advantage of going to church . . . they remembered what had happened in 1937 and 1938 and many of the priests who had been working in the Russian underground continued in that manner. As the war progressed, it became increasingly evident that faith in Russia was far from dead.

Today, estimates on the strength and character of religion in Russia vary greatly, but in 1932 Yaroslavsky estimated the number of believers in the Soviet Union at one hundred million, or more than half the population.

Julian Towster, who is a rather objective authority on Russia, thought that this percentage was somewhat smaller at the outbreak of the war, but, as he put it, "still very high." (*Political Power in the USSR*, page 368.)

One might best describe the present religious spirit in Russia as a yearning for God on the one hand, and a vacuum on the other. The millions who have never lost faith but have been deprived of teaching and frightened from open worship are burning for the consolation of religion and for the realization of religious traditions latent deep in their souls. The few millions who have convinced themselves that Marx was right, that God is a myth, believe nothing . . . because a human soul without Divine light is empty. Lost in a sea of doubt, they shout denial of Divinity all the louder as the doubts pinch.

Thus Russia is ripe for Christianity at its best.

It is not to be expected that applied Christianity will come to Russia in the confused way that it is returning to Spain. When it does come, it is reasonably sure that Russia will be democratic nation . . . too long steeped in the horrors of secret-police-rule ever again to open her heart to dictatorship.

But how *can* Russia be converted? If Communism and atheism are inseparable, as the Soviet authorities have declared them to be, and as they in fact are, then the conversion of Russia means that Communism must go. Today, is this possible short of invasion of Russia by an outside power, or else by some tremendous miracle? Certainly the people of Russia, as every observer from Soloveyitchik to Sir Bernard Pares would probably admit with unanimity, cannot throw off the Communist dictatorship of themselves.

Therefore, one of the mysteries of our age is how the

conversion of Russia . . . solemnly promised by the Vision at Fátima and now believed implicitly by millions of people both inside and outside the Iron Curtain . . . can possibly take place.

Let us suppose it is the year 1953, and incidents between the East and West have grown to such explosive proportions that war between the Communist nations and the Atlantic Pact nations seems imminent. Suddenly, not just in Russia, but in many parts of the world there are manifestations such as were witnessed in 1917 in Fátima . . . and all the manifestations, in the different parts of the world, predict that on a certain day, at a certain time, there will be a public miracle. People should prepare themselves, the manifestations might relate, for heavenly wonders which will prove conclusively that not only does God exist, but that only those who love Him and serve Him will escape terrible chastisement and be permitted to enjoy the peace which is to follow.

Naturally the world would be instantly divided into believers and non-believers.

Finally, on the predicted day . . . let's say, October 13, 1955 . . . half the world has taken precautions suggested by the manifestations, and the other half has not. Then suddenly, as in the days of Pharaoh, a blackness descends upon the earth and death sweeps like a vengeful wave over those who have hardened their hearts against God.

If this happened, those who survived would certainly be solicitous for applied Christianity throughout the world!

Now, let's take a less dramatic, less universal hypothesis. Let's suppose that in 1953 some children in Russia see a vision and people watching see phenomena which confirm the children's story . . . exactly as at Fátima, in 1917. Again, suppose the children predict a public miracle on

a certain day which will be witnessed throughout Russia, and particularly over Moscow. Again there would be a division . . . but the word would spread through all of Russia, either because of attacks in the controlled press or because of the underground . . . which already has spread the story of Fátima from the Ukraine to Siberia. On that day . . . that day when a miracle is predicted "That all Russia may believe . . .", suddenly millions of people stand transfixed with awe and fear and stare into the sky where the sun has begun to gyrate from its usual orbit and, after twelve awful minutes of indecisive movement, the great planet begins to plunge towards Russian soil. People grovel in the fields and in the streets, panic stricken, and former "atheists" instinctively cry to God for mercy. Among those terrified and fearful is Comrade Stalin and the entire Politburo. And when it is over, there is a new purge in Russia conducted by a converted Stalin . . . a purge without blood of all those who were not converted, and a militant Christianity to sublimate and transform the Communist state.

Impossible?

*That is almost the way it happened in Portugal!*

However, as we have said elsewhere, and will probably say again, need we be so concerned about *how* the conversion of Russia will take place? Isn't it most important that we have a heavenly assurance that Russia *will be* converted? And when she is converted, she will draw her satellite nations with her. The conversion of Russia will result perhaps in the Christianization of the entire Orient and a fuller Christianity for the entire world.

If we in the West are surprised at the ability with which the Russian atheists have infiltrated and conquered half the world, it is probable that we will be even more sur-

prised at the effect they will have as militant Christians.

Russians are idealists as well as pragmatists. They have the temperament which lends itself to supreme sanctity. No one who has read Pushkin, or Tolstoy, or Dostoevsky, Chekhov or Gorky, can doubt the deep passion which fires the Russian spirit. And passion, let us remember, is good or evil . . . as we make it. Saint Paul was a man of passion. Every Saint, from the gentle John to the impetuous Peter, is moved to heroism by a passionate love which flamed in his heart with a fire stronger than death.

In May of 1946, a Russian girl (Natacha Derfelden) in exile at Paris, went to the International Marian Congress at Fátima and took Russian soil to place at the Shrine. Thirty-five thousand youth delegates from all the five continents joined with her in an act of consecrating Russia to the Immaculate Heart. It is rumored that Natacha was told by Sister Lucia (the visionary of Fátima) that the conversion of Russia would be completed through the Orthodox Church and the Oriental Rite. I received this news from Fátima, at the time, through a reliable reporter who said that he had corroborated it with Miss Derfelden. Later one of the greatest "underground" apostles of Our Lady of Fátima in the world, who visited the Russian Orthodox in Paris, passed the report to me verbally in New York.

Many Catholics, and certainly a great many non-Catholics, do not understand the nature of the Orthodox Church (which is, from the Roman viewpoint, schismatical), nor do they understand the various rites within the Catholic Church.

Catholics all over the world believe the same fundamental truths. These truths, like two and two equalling



**Pilgrim Virgin at entrance of Russian Church in Paris.**

four, are called dogmas. Any group which renounces one of the truths is called heretical . . . from a Greek word meaning "To take for oneself." A "schismatic" is one who cuts away from the physical unity of the Church and refuses to recognize the authority of Rome. He does not set up a new religion . . . or a different set of beliefs . . . but simply rejects union with the religion from which he separates himself.

The Russian Orthodox Church is in the latter category, having broken away from Rome a thousand years ago. But through the centuries the Russians have retained a valid priesthood. They have valid Sacraments. I, as a Roman Catholic, could not freely worship in an Orthodox Church; but if I were dying and could not get a priest of my own faith, I would receive valid Sacraments from an

Orthodox priest.

Anyone who has attended an Orthodox service might think there was a radical difference between Orthodox Catholics and Roman Catholics because the rites . . . or outward manner of service . . . are altogether different. However, within the Roman Church there are rites almost identical to those of the Orthodox Church! The Oriental rites are more ancient than the Latin rites, and in many respects more beautiful. And in the Oriental church, a married man may become a priest . . . thus creating still another great difference between the Oriental and the Roman. Yet, as a Roman Catholic, I can freely worship at any time in uniate Oriental churches . . . such as the Ruthenian churches . . . although the rites are different.

The essential unity of the Catholic Church is a unity of doctrine, of apostolic succession, and a fealty to the successor of Saint Peter. It is called the Roman Catholic Church, even though it contains several different rites, because Saint Peter went to Rome. The Church spread out from Rome more rapidly than from the Orient and then retained the primal see in that ancient city. But before the church was established in Rome it was established in Jerusalem . . . with a different language and different devotions than those which came to be used in Rome. All believed the same thing, all united to elect a successor to Saint Peter, but the rites differed. Through the centuries the Roman rite spread through the world in the wake of the Roman empire, and the Oriental rites gradually spread through Asia, all recognizing and united to the See of Peter.

The union of Russian Orthodox Catholics to the rest of the Catholic world would be far simpler, therefore, than the "conversion" perhaps of any other group. In





Above: Pope Pius XII receiving a high group of dignitaries of the Oriental Church in Castel-Gandolfo. The group is headed by His Excellency, Msgr. Saigh Patriarch of Antioch.

America the Orthodox have come very close to union, and many inside Russia today have expressed a desire to be a part of only one, universal (which is the meaning of the Greek word "Catholic") church. The religious-doctrinal wall between the west and the east is a very flimsy and thin wall indeed.

The Communist world aggression was fomented in hatred and bred in the very depths of Hell. Satan's plan has certainly been, as we describe in *Lightning on the*

*Road*, a plan to reduce man from the image of God to the state of the animal . . . and, in that state, to destroy himself. But, as in the days of the Romans and the persecution of the first Christians, the plan will boomerang. God has permitted the plan to materialize because men have fallen into evil and have abandoned Him; but out of it He will bring the greatest good our era has known. That very domination of the world by atheism, as the first Christian world was dominated by Roman paganism, will result in a world-wide apostolate of applied Christianity . . . and a consequent peace such as we have never seen.

However, this will be the subject of our final chapter, so let us repeat for a moment just what we can DO, according to the trend of Fatima, to bring about this conversion of Russia and this world peace.

From the start it must be obvious, as we have stressed as much as we could while trying not to be too repetitious, that the cold war is basically a spiritual struggle: Grace alone can convert Russia, and the price of Grace is our faith.

But what in particular can we do during a typical day to bring about this flow of Grace which will work the desired miracle?



## Chapter Sixteen

### WOULD YOU LIKE TO HELP?

**F**or the people of any faith, Fátima shows us a simple, three point program for the conversion of Russia and peace.

First, we should *start the day with an offering* something like this:

"O My God, I offer Thee every thought, word, action, pain and suffering of this day, in reparation for my sins and for the sins of the world. I desire to gain any favor from Thee that is possible by obeying Thy law . . . and I offer myself and everything I am or have to Thee that Thy Kingdom may be established in the world as it is in Heaven."

Those who know and love the Blessed Virgin should make the offering in a slightly different way, giving themselves to Christ through Her Immaculate Heart and also asking the aid of her prayers through the day. (Copies of a recommended Morning Offering may be obtained free from *Ave Maria Institute, Washington, N. J.*)

Second, *we should wear some profession* of our offering . . . a cross, or a scapular bearing medals of the Immaculate Conception and the Sacred Heart of Jesus, or something like the ribbon of the Blue Army. As we say our offering, we may kiss this sign of our pledge. Then, during the day . . . but at least when we go to bed . . . the sign will remind us of our consecration.

Third, we should *say the Lord's Prayer a certain number*

of times . . . perhaps in a family group before or after meals; and Catholics should say *the Family Rosary*. This is our prayer to God that we may have the inspiration and strength necessary to live up to our daily offering.

Finally, and most important, *when temptations strike . . . we should remember our offering* and, at least by a flash of thought, *renew it*.

These four things are a formula. If we leave out one practice or another, the good resolution we are making now will probably be soon forgotten.

We are human beings . . . composed of body as well as soul. Unless we make *a formal offering* with our lips, and manifest it in some *concrete outward practice*, and unless we *pray to God* for strength, daily spiritual duty will soon be nothing but three words.

This formula is not *all* we can do. It is perhaps the simplest. It is a daily routine . . . a minimum which we will explain in a little more detail in the next chapter.

In addition to this, and as a consequence, we must and we will go to church. If we are Catholics we must and we will frequent the Sacraments. And once a month, on the first Saturday of the month, we can take out fifteen minutes to think of the Life of Our Lord . . . and to be sorry for our failures and to renew our purpose.

It is always a help, too, to belong to spiritual organizations.

There are probably enough organizations at hand without necessity of adding to them. The important thing is that we belong, and perfect the religious organizations available to us.

We are not in a position to speak for non-Catholic organizations. Each of us, without much difficulty, can apply the Christian tests: "Humility, prayerfulness,

charity.”

For the past few years, there has been a growing interest in the idea of integrating the various devotions . . . striking to their fundamental meanings, showing how one aids the other all to the one purpose of living with Christ through Sacramental life. *Marian Federation*, which has been constitutionally founded at the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington, is one of the most important modern developments in the field of Marian organization.

This federation (which unites approximately two million Marian apostles) was founded in response to the primary resolutions of the important Marian Congress which Pope Pius X convened in Rome, in 1903, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the definition of the Immaculate Conception. In that Papal Congress, after many discussions of the growing materialism and problems being born with the new century, the Cardinals resolved that all over the world we should particularly promote the Family Rosary, the Scapular, and devotion to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and they then advocated: “That directors of different Marian organizations . . . should meet several times a year to confer together on the needs and progress of the propagation of these devotions.”

Fourteen years after this congress and these resolutions, Our Lady appeared at Fátima. In addition to other messages and devotions, she asked for the daily Rosary and she appeared in the final vision as Our Lady of the Scapular. In the visions it had been made clear that devotion to her Immaculate Heart should be established as a way of bringing the reign of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to mankind.

Therefore, on December 8th, 1945 . . . twenty-fifth an-

niversary of America's yet unfinished National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception . . . the Marian leaders of the United States met in the shrine, and in the incompleting building they discussed the incompleting of the entire Marian effort. Recalling the Congress of Pope Pius X and the subsequent verification of the recommendations at Fátima, the most important address at that first meeting was made by Father Terence Seery, Servite from Chicago, who said: "It is remarkable that in the apparitions at Fátima Our Blessed Mother . . . for the first time in history . . . brought together all Her major devotions in one mighty series of apparitions. After this series she wrought a public miracle to confirm her promise to save the world and to bring it to Christ. Certainly this same Blessed Mother has brought us together here. She is right here with us. Since it is She who is to save the world, and since we (speaking to all the other leaders) are the bearers of the devotions through which she comes to the world, we must find a way to unity. She said, herself, at Fátima: 'Only the Blessed Virgin can save the world.' Therefore I make a motion that we form a permanent committee of the leaders here assembled for a united furtherance of the Reign of Jesus through Mary."

The motion was immediately and unanimously adopted. And in subsequent meetings a constitution was drawn and approved . . . and for the first time in America steps were taken to meet a request made in Rome almost half a century before!

If only these things were done sooner, and if only they would now be pursued with greater selflessness and fervor! "It is almost staggering to think," Father Daniel Lord, S. J., said at that first Congress, "of the great apostolic power that we could wield in the United States, and sub-



Pictured above are the Marian leaders as photographed in the first closed sessions of the Congress December 7, 1946. Left to right they are:

Fathers Terence M. Seery, O.S.M.; William Ferree, S.M.; Vincent Gorman (replacing Miss Mary Duffy, Legion of Mary); Edmund Baumeister, S.M. (head barely visible); Francis X. Woods, D.D.; Gerald Dougherty, O.S.M.; William McClimont, C.M.; Miss Dorothy Willman (standing); Father Joseph A. Skelly, C.M.; Mr. John Hafert (standing); V.Rev. E. Kilian Lynch, O.Carm.; Miss F. Gavin (stenographer); Fathers Daniel A. Lord, S.J.; Dominic Dolan, O.P.

The Marian leaders in this first assembly received the following cablegram from Pope Pius XII:

HOLY FATHER DEEPLY GRATEFUL FOR MESSAGE OF FILIAL HOMAGE AND DEVOTION OF MARIAN SOCIETIES IN CONGRESS ON 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF SHRINE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION WASHINGTON. AS TOKEN OF PATERNAL ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THEIR EARNEST EFFORTS AND IN PLEDGE OF ABUNDANT DIVINE GRACE, IMPARTS TO OFFICERS, MEMBERS, FAITHFUL ASSEMBLED HIS APOSTOLIC BENEDECTION.

sequently in the world, by uniting our strength in common objectives promoting . . . together . . . all the devotion which Mary through the centuries has given us. We have here, in this meeting, an opportunity such as we may not have again for a generation."

One might almost say, with a worried look back over the shoulder upon the mustering land and air groups of East and West, simply: "This is an opportunity we may not have again."

For these reasons, out of all the various American Societies founded specifically to promote the message of

Fátima, I have a penchant for a movement founded on the principles of the Marian Federation and known simply as THE BLUE ARMY.

The Blue Army was founded in Saint Mary's Parish, in Plainfield, N. J., by a very apostolic diocesan pastor, Father Harold Colgan.

At the beginning of the decade, Father Colgan had been teaching his parishioners that they should practice all the major devotions to Mary that they might thus acquire a fuller intimacy and fellowship with Our Lord. Father Colgan held up devotion to the Sacred Heart as the goal. His sermons were often inspired by such books as Saint Alphonsus' immortal *Glories of Mary*, showing how devotion to Mary was a beginning of fuller spiritual life . . . softening and disposing the soul to Christ.

When he came to the problem of devotions, Father Colgan instinctively unified them by showing that one aided the other . . . just as any parts aid the whole. And as he saw the spiritual effect of this work right in his own parish, seeing that it was those who practiced the Marian devotions who were beginning to come to the Sacraments and to lead lives of true intimacy with Christ, he was deeply struck with the importance of the message of Fátima and he began to take time from his busy parish life (Pastor, with three curates) to lecture in the metropolitan area of New Jersey. He began to urge people to wear *something blue* as an outward sign that they were saying the Morning Offering, wearing the Scapular, saying the Rosary, making the Five Saturdays, and above all finding Our Lord in the sanctity of daily duty. "By the blue ribbon, which is easy for anyone to get and wear, we can know each other . . . and we can have a constant reminder of our pledge," he said. "We will be Mary's blue army of



Christ, against the world's red armies of Satan."

Outside of the Federation . . . which has a different and perhaps more profound purpose, one is particularly impressed by the fact that . . . like the Christopher movement . . . The Blue Army is not an organization but merely a crusade, and by the fact that it aims directly . . . through Mary . . . at devotion to the Sacred Heart in daily life. This is true devotion. This is the fullness of the Fátima message.

Anyone desiring full information about *The Blue Army* may obtain it free of charge from Ave Maria Institute in Washington, N. J.

Aside from organizations, with their magazines and meetings and services, there is also the opportunity of individual apostleship.

In Omaha there is a young layman, Eugene Sullivan, who began to give away an occasional leaflet, or to get an occasional careless person back to the Sacraments through some simple devotion like a daily 'Hail Mary.' Then, after hearing a lecture about the urgency of meeting the Fátima ultimatum, Gene took more and more of his time to give away more and more leaflets, to get more and more parishes interested in Marian devotion. The number of persons whom this one lay apostle has by now brought back to a fuller Christianity is overwhelming. Gradually, constantly using whatever meagre finances he had, he built up a private mailing list and sent around apostolic literature of *various* organizations . . . emphasizing Marian devotion and reparation. It made no difference to Gene whether this one or that received financial aid through his efforts while he was using his own resources; he was interested solely in the message to be given and taken and lived.

We might have cited any one of many similar apostles known to us. Almost every city has one or more of them.

To every apostle there is always the financial problem. There would be many Christian apostles . . . if there were more Christians who could bring themselves to spend their lives freely. That's why movements like the Blue Army and the Christophers are so important. "Full time" apostles are usually bachelors, or women who squeeze time out of family life or breadwinning. But there are exceptions like the famous Doctor Donovan of Springfield, Ill., (founder of Te Deum International) whose groups have extended to half the country and for which . . . despite his large family and busy medical practice . . . he seems always to have time.

It is our personal experience in working in different apostolates that money, while being the drawback and often a major consideration in apostleship on any sizeable scale, is altogether secondary. The Bishop of Fátima told me that he never even *permitted* a single campaign in Portugal to raise money for the work or for the Shrine (which has already cost millions of escudos); it was left solely to Providence.

When the Communists held their 1949 "Peace Congress" in the ultra-expensive Waldorf Astoria grand ballroom, in New York, the non-Communists held their counter-rally in a hall which cost \$45.00 to rent; that was all they had. But their congress pointed out the Moscow-control of the Communist congress and helped tremendously to defeat the Communist plan of belittling America and publicizing Russia as the Peacemaker. *The "Forty-five dollar" Congress got as much publicity as the Fifty-thousand dollar Communist effort to get its propaganda into American papers.*

The strength of the Christian apostle rests specifically in *sacrifice*. He may need money . . . and should accept what he receives to get the radio time, the newspaper space, leaflets to distribute, travels and works he must undertake. But in telling His apostles how to conduct themselves in this matter, Our Lord said:

"Therefore I say to you, be not solicitous for your life wondering what you shall eat, or for your body wondering what clothes you shall have. The life is more than the meat and the body more than the raiment. Consider the ravens. They do not sow, nor do they reap, nor do they have storehouse or barn. Yet God feeds them. And are you not much more valuable than they? . . . Consider the lilies, growing. They do not labor or spin. Yet not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of them. So if God clothes the grass in this manner, which is in the field today and cast into the oven tomorrow, how much more will He not care for you, O ye of little faith!?"

Then Our Lord repeated again that we should not be solicitous for what we must have to eat and drink, and at the same time He said that we must not be haughty or made proud by what He will give us: "For all these things do the nations of the world seek, but your Father knows that you have need of these things. Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His Justice and all these things shall be added unto you. Fear not, little flock, for it hath pleased your Father to give you a kingdom."

In concluding this matter, which we have treated so briefly and inadequately, it seems to us that *all* organizations which are dedicated to the furtherance of the Reign of Christ through Mary should receive as much support as we can give them, and we should be conscious of the

*unity* among devotions as manifested in the Marian Federation and its constitution.

We are getting ready for the new age of Mary in which . . . with the conversion of Russia . . . a new world will be born.

Below: The statue of Our Lady of Fatima is borne through the streets of Lisbon on the vigil of December 8th, 1946. The doves described in a previous chapter can be seen nestling at her feet.



## Chapter Seventeen

### IT IS NOT TOO LATE

**T**oday, Russia is of the opinion that the United States in particular . . . and religion and democracy in general . . . are her enemy. And the people of the United States are coming more and more to the opinion that Russia is their enemy, too. Thus World War III seems to come closer by the hour.

Only about *one per cent* of the more than *five hundred thousand* in the United States questioned at lectures before 1946 were of the definite opinion that war with Russia was inevitable. But by the latter part of 1949, about *eighty percent* were convinced that there *must* be another war! Of this eighty percent, almost all were of the opinion that the atom bomb would be used in the coming war.

How many of us carry this opinion to its full meaning? More specifically, let us say that the very persons reading these lines believe that one day in the not too distant future there will be war between the United States and Russia. In that war, it is presumed that Russia will use whatever weapons she has . . . as quickly, as effectively, with as much surprise as possible.

Most scientists, and most military men, are of the opinion that *the world as we know it will not survive such a war*. The bacteriological weapons may prove to be more devastating than the atomic weapons. Rockets and super-machines, just developed by the end of the last war, will wipe out entire areas. As the vision of Fátima predicted,

it is likely that *entire nations may be annihilated in the struggle* which will conceivably drive retreating armies and people to remote and heretofore almost uninhabitable parts of the earth.

In other words, if you believe there is to be another war, you believe that most of those now reading this very book (including, of course, you!) *will not die a natural death.*

I asked audiences aggregating fifty thousand or more in the New York area: "Of those who believe the atom bomb will be used in the next war, how many believe it will fall in this area?"

Although over eighty percent of these New Yorkers were of the definite opinion that there would be another war, only about ten percent felt that the atom bomb would fall near them! Yet in Detroit, Chicago and other cities, the majority believe that New York would be atomized.

So it is likely that we people of the United States . . . who are so accustomed to having our wars fought in distant places . . . will be taken almost as much by surprise as were the people of Nagasaki and Hiroshima . . . and perhaps even more so. We do *not* carry our opinions about this new war through to logical conclusions. When it comes to the matter of our individual survival, we are prejudiced. Like the soldier in battle, we somehow expect to see the bullets strike the men around us . . . but when the pain tears through our own bodies and we fall, it seems that the impossible has happened.

Thus, we do not also carry through to a logical conclusion our more important opinion about the necessity of uniting moral forces.

When President Truman said that he was trying to unite the moral forces of the world against the atheist

forces, we all cheered . . . all of us, of course, except the atheists. When he said that the fundamental struggle in the world today was a moral struggle . . . a struggle of ideas rather than territories . . . we all agreed, including the atheists.

But what does the individual man do to join his personal moral forces with those of his neighbor? For instance, what kind of support have I, personally, given to a movement like the National Conference of Christians and Jews?

The moral . . . or non-atheist forces . . . of America are divided into three groups: Protestant, Jew, Catholic. Of the three, even though a minority, the latter is probably the strongest because of dogmatic unity. The Protestant is by far the largest group. And the Jewish group, because of generally high intelligence, ambition, and fraternity, is probably more influential than either of the other two.

Many people may not agree with such a brief disposition of our national religious differences, but the point to be made is that we each have something to get from the other . . . and together we can stop this nascent war in its tracks!

None of us . . . unless he is superhuman . . . can speak of religion without bias. We all have definite convictions when it comes to our view of God. And that is probably why materialism seems to be advancing so inexorably, so unchecked. Each of us is afraid to speak of his fundamental beliefs for fear of offending the other.

Why, for example, has something like this amazing story of Fátima been buried so long?

Now, faced with a war which will certainly destroy most of us, is it not time that we began to think not of ourselves but of God? We will never believe all the same things . . . unless there is some great miracle to convince us all to



Cardinal Spellman leads first American pilgrimage at Fatima in Holy Year, 1950



the same thing. But we can, and we must, subscribe to the fundamental doctrine common to all of us . . . and which has become the turning point of human affairs at this hour:

There is a Creator Who governs the Universe. He has a law . . . a universal law . . . which all men must obey. It is wrong to lie. It is wrong to enter into a contract which we do not intend to fulfill. It is wrong to take what belongs to another. It is wrong to crush nations weaker than ourselves. It is right to live up to our word, regardless of personal cost. It is right to love our neighbors and to respect our neighbors' rights and property. It is right to worship God and to respect the right of each man to worship God in his own way.

**THIS FUNDAMENTAL CREED IS THE ISSUE . . .**  
this is the axis of the threatening war.

If we do not unite on these fundamental issues . . . in which we all believe . . . then how can we stand? Those who believe in God, divided among themselves, can hardly conquer when their own division is a token of defeat! If we love God, then we must love our neighbor . . . and tolerate even his prejudices.

We have for the most part put religion out of our schools, out of radio, out of theatre, out of literature.

Atheist forces, on the other hand, are succeeding more and more in getting atheism into schools, into theatre, and into literature.

At this writing, there are only *two national radio* programs dedicated to Faith with talent and art similar to that bought by soap and cars and cigarettes . . . reaching the national public. Yet there are many small programs, with a multiplicity of dull speakers and an occasional good one, to compete with lavish entertainment offered on

other stations at the same hour.

After you see how your spiritual cause has been neglected on radio, look at the news-stands. Do you see many magazines there which you would want to take home to inspire your family to fulfillment of daily duty, reparation for sin?

So the cause goes.

We have dollars for pleasure, but none for the greatest cause of the hour. This is for the very obvious reason that we have not and do not recognize that cause. We keep even our fundamental, basic truths of religion to ourselves. For fear of offense, we do not mention God. We have a polite habit of keeping religion for Sunday (if at all) and living amicably with the atheists through the week . . . not knowing that we have thus been nursing our own Frankenstein monster which is now lifting up to destroy us.

In January of 1950, some of us began to publish a religious magazine called SOUL\*. . . offering \$100 for each published true story showing an answer to prayer, and with news of every important religious event of the hour. We consulted an experienced New York publisher, who prefers to remain anonymous, and as we laid out the plan, he said in a bemused, serious manner:

"You know, I've been kicking around this big city for a good many years, I've seen dozens of magazines come and go. I've seen many start, and stay, that were backed by Communists and Communist fronts. Somehow, the Communists seem always to have enough money. Yet here you are, with a fundamentally *opposite* kind of periodical . . . and you have to start out with nothing but your faith."

\* This magazine was blessed with phenomenal success. From January 15, 1950 to August 15, 1950, it increased from less than 3,000 readers to over 70,000. If this ratio of increase were to continue from issue to issue, the circulation would reach the million mark by 1953.

On April 12th, 1950, at the Publisher's Convention in Mattoon, Ill., one of the most remembered speakers was Mr. Charles Crowder, shown above. This man, who so proudly displays a statue, rosary and medal of Our Lady of Fatima, is the Protestant editor of the *Flora Sentinel*.

As a result of the nation-wide publicity he received because of the Pilgrim Virgin, he has received a flood of letters from all over the nation. The statue was a gift from Texas, the Rosary from someone in Newark, and the medal... which was blessed by Holy Father and touched spot of apparitions in Fatima, came from De-

troit. After the speech the various editors, who had been held spellbound, eagerly came forward to see and touch these objects of veneration which mean so much to Mr. Crowder. It is not an uncommon sight today to see him walking down the street in Flora with the statue in his arm to take it to someone who might want to see it. His actions have been acclaimed by people of all faiths, but it is only fair to say that many people of different faiths accepted the pilgrimage with equal tolerance, although perhaps not equal fervor. Mr. Crowder said that he appreciated that the message of daily spiritual duty was the only hope of world peace.



*Some of us seem to feel that materialism has already overwhelmed us.* We take it for granted that the great increase in pornographic magazines, the increase in objectionable motion pictures, the increase in the utterly non-religious temperament of television and radio programs, is all indicative that the American people are *demanding* more and more pornography, and unprincipled example. We would not imagine that these things are rather being foisted upon the people by non-religious or even anti-religious sponsors! We take it for granted that things have come to such a pass that people want to forget about God.

But, we are wrong. It is not too late.

Materialism has not won. Rather the contrary is true! There is new spirit moving in the world . . . the spirit which touched Louis Budenz, Douglas Hyde, and probably many behind the Iron Curtain who have "vanished" because of their faith, leaving their blood to water this new revolution. Grace is being opened upon the world and many hearts which were blind are blinking in awe and wonder at the light which they had not known since early childhood . . . the light of simple faith and fundamental human goodness which makes the troubles of the world suddenly seem soluble.

This is the revolution we must join, regardless of our individual little differences. We must become, spiritually, like children . . . laughing together and embracing one another without fear, without prejudice, and with simple Faith that the Great Father Who made us and loves us is waiting only for our personal smiles of understanding and affection to make all the world smile in peace.



# Chapter Eighteen

## THE GREAT PEACE

"*An era of peace will be conceded to humanity,*" said the "Lady in Light."

Shining forth are three words: Era, peace and humanity.

First, the Vision indicates that She does not promise merely a "lull" between wars. In Portuguese the words are "*Algum tempo de Paz*" . . . which is literally "*Some time of peace.*"

Second, the Vision uses the word "Peace" in conjunction with the statement: "My Immaculate Heart will triumph." By "Peace" She therefore probably means not merely absence of conflict, but the *Reign of Christ*. The angel who appeared to the children to prepare them for the visions of Our Lady called himself "The Angel of Peace" and exhorted the children to prayer.

Third, the Vision promises peace . . . not to Russia, not to the United States, not to Europe, but . . . *to humanity*. It will be a *universal* peace, a universal triumph of the principles of Christianity. It will be, most probably, the greatest of all Christian eras.

*This Peace will therefore be a peace such as the world has never known.*

As Chesterton said, Christianity has not been tried and found wanting. It has never been tried. Now, according to our understanding of this promise, through the conversion of Russia and Christian sublimation of Communism throughout the world, Christianity will be tried

. . . and it will be found to be the one and only answer to human discord.

The first time the word "Peace" was sung by angels over the earth was the night the Virgin Mary brought forth to the world "A Saviour." The shepherds heard, and perhaps without full understanding, they hastened to adore.

Now once again we hear the word "Peace" . . . spoken by an angel appearing to three shepherds. . . . Once again Christ is being born of Mary . . . not in a stable, but in men's hearts. Now, through simple alliance of human hearts to the Immaculate Heart of Mary . . . the Sacred Heart of Jesus will become the Flame of the World purging out impurities of race, hatred and pride. From pole to pole we shall see realized the answer to centuries of prayer as men of all nations joyously and universally cry: "Praise to the Divine Heart of Jesus!"

To the pagan who has never known the joy of trust in the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, such peace is incomprehensible. To the person who does know this joy, there is no other joy which bears comparison. Intimacy with the Sacred Heart is a sublime freedom, an exquisite triumph. The soul realizes that in Him nothing can be taken from it because it possesses ALL. When earthly possessions fail, its joy is sometimes all the greater . . . because it feels even closer to Him Whom all creatures must obey. It is a freedom and peace difficult to describe, but it can be seen on the faces of those who enjoy it. It is the peace which possessed Job, the peace of Saint Therese of Lisieux and Francis of Assisi, it is a peace which the world cannot give, and which those who know it treasure above all else. A Sister of Charity, narrating some of the experiences which contributed to her joy as a nun, said that one day

she and a companion were riding the subway between rush hours and a subway attendant came up to them and said: "Sisters, I have been working in the subway for fifteen years . . . and the faces of you sisters are the only truly happy faces I can say I have seen."

This is the peace for which Our Lord came into the world. He came, making Himself a man, that seeing and hearing and being close to Him we might more easily possess the freedom of placing all our trust in Him. He made it clear that His peace made burdens a joy, that His Love transformed men so that they truly loved one another, that His poverty brought all the richness of the universe.

Those immediately around Our Lord came to understand, especially after His death and Resurrection, what He meant by "Peace which the world cannot give." It filled them with joy, and they communicated it with such fervor to others that it eventually effected tremendous changes in the entire world.

However, in the gradual process of transformation from paganism the world compromised with Peace more and more. As the Personality of Christ became a memory, and as more and more pagans assimilated His Doctrine from long-removed descendants of the first Christians of the world, the *fineness* of His Doctrine was lost. People forgot the Sermon on the Mount in their preoccupation with such necessities as insoluble marriage. Law was substituted for surrender. Union with Christ as Branches to Vine became an ideal rather than a way of life. Thus His Peace became lost to much of the world. Revolts began against the Church . . . and the followers of His Peace became persecuted. Reformation gave way to revolution, law itself fell away with ideals, and thus the world

divided more and more into two extremes: Those who still seek Peace through Christ, and atheists.

Now the Reign of Christ, according to the message of Fátima, is to be in some measure restored.

The world-force of atheism is going to be converted. *How* this will come about is something of which, as we have said, most of us have little idea.

*In any event, every Christian should be fortified and prepared for something sudden.* We should be on the alert and zealous in the things of God at all times, especially now. The practices advocated by Our Lady at Fátima must be understood most seriously. For Catholics the daily Rosary is a "must," and one should never . . . at any moment . . . be unmindful of his consecration or forget his offering in moments of temptation. If we do these things, *we shall be fortified to receive the Sacraments frequently and we shall thus be steadfast.*

An example was set for us at the dawn of the Christian era.


In a manner of speaking, Saul of Tarsus could be called the first "Red."

He was a short, stocky man with tremendous vitality, physical courage, sense of principle and leadership. He was present when a disciple of Jesus Christ (named Stephen) was hustled outside the gates of Jerusalem to be killed. Saul joined, and helped murder the first Christian martyr.

As Saint Stephen fell under a rain of stones, bleeding and dying, he cried out the words used by His Master a short time before: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Saul mounted his horse. Leaving Stephen's battered corpse he started to ride towards the city of Damascus





This was the first photograph of the Kremlin permitted out of Russia after 1939...and released, oddly enough, in the year of "decision", 1946. We say "oddly", because do you notice something strange about the two cathedrals next to the main Kremlin building, both of which are now government buildings? The supreme world-authority of militant-atheistic Communism has not removed the more than one dozen crosses which top the religious buildings converted to their purpose.

with letters entitling him to supervise and carry out the death of every Christian in the city.

Can any of us imagine how different history might be if that fiery agent . . . Saul of Tarsus . . . had continued that ride and he, as well as all the agents of anti-Christ, had succeeded in their immediate goal of exterminating Christianity?

As he galloped along the road, lightning suddenly flashed from the sky and struck Saul from his horse! Bruised and blind, he lay helpless in the dust of the road, and out of the sky came the majestic words: "*Saul, Saul . . . why persecuteth thou ME?*"

The world's first Red stumbled back upon his horse, made his way to Damascus, *changed even his name* to wipe out the past, and labored until he had turned the network of Roman roads into a highway to Christianity.

*Saint Paul had been converted.*

Today, Russia is a Saul of Tarsus. Many in Russia and in the Third International hate and persecute Christianity because they have been reared to an opposite ideology. They do not know what they are doing. The writer has talked with Communists in Europe and America, and he has yet to meet an atheist who understands Christianity. For most of them, Alexander VI is still in the Vatican and Church property is what keeps the people poor. Like Saul and his followers striking out at Stephen, they strike out because they confuse peace with materialism; they mistake socialism for love of society, the cross for defeat. They have *no idea whatever* of what the angels meant when they sang over Bethlehem: "Peace on earth to men of good will."

Once again, lightning is going to strike from the sky . . . and militant atheists will fall into the dust, blinded



Street fighting in Communist  
Revolution in Moscow, 1917.

momentarily to all their false ideas, and in that moment of blind light they will hear the words: "*Why persecuteth thou Me?*"

And they will rise. They will go to the ends of their International . . . turning the perfection of their world organization and following into a highway to Christianity.

And there will be peace . . . *for humanity.*

Regardless of our individual traditions and manners of serving and loving God, it lies in the power of each one of us . . . as Father Keller's thousands of Christophers so earnestly testify . . . to *change the world.* Because each one of us, in his own heart, holds the key to the Heart of God. "Ask, and you shall receive," Christ said. "The Father cannot refuse anything you ask of Him in My Name."

As soon as enough of us are *asking*, not only by words but even more by fidelity to His Law, His Power will sweep the earth. It has already begun to sweep the earth. But prayer and duty, and *only* prayer and duty, can bring it.

One day in a small Philadelphia gathering, Thomas Henry Fitzpatrick, brilliant conversationalist, seized upon the subject of why there were so many Communists like Hyde, Budenz, Kasenkina, Bentley, and others, turning over to the most difficult of all religions, Catholicism. "If they are going to get out of the Party," someone had remarked rather acidly, "why don't they do it without turning somersaults?"

Mr. Fitzpatrick replied that it was a matter of extremes. After being surfeited by the blackness and negativeness of atheism, like a swinging pendulum they were going as far as possible in the opposite direction. "The two most diametrically opposed forces in the world today," he said, "are Moscow and Rome."

Yet, as the conversation developed he admitted that the matter is not even that simple . . . because we are not dealing with mere pendulums but with human souls . . . and *reason and faith do not swing* like weights on a chain.

There are dozens upon dozens of instances . . . perhaps even in the experience of all of us . . . which testify that persons actually *desiring* to join some church have to pray and wait until faith dawns. Reason goes only so far. When it comes to mysteries . . . such as the Eucharist, the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ . . . it is stopped. It can understand that such things *must* be true, but it cannot understand how.

That faith is a free gift of God.

What will we say of Arturo Santos, who persecuted

the children of Fatima, who ordered that the tree on which the Vision stood be dragged through the streets, who saw the evidence of Heaven with his own eyes and yet continued violently to attack it or to bury it from others . . . until finally it buried him? What will we say of the hundreds of thousands of militant atheists who during recent years have become only more organized, more powerful, more militant? Why is that only since 1946 an obvious spiritual break has begun?

The answer is that *Grace has begun to move over humanity* . . . Grace that has been obtained from Heaven by millions of people, who, moved by their own Faith, have begun to pray for others. Think of the more than one and a half million people who through the present writer's own isolated efforts signed pledges to say a morning offering, to renew that offering in moments of temptation, to say five decades of the Rosary a day, and to wear a sign of devotion to the Blessed Virgin as a token of their pledge! Then, what about the other millions, in America alone, who have begun to say the daily Rosary through Father Peyton's work, or to participate in some other kind of Family Prayer? H. I. Phillips, famous columnist of the New York Sun, has said: "Family Prayer, developed in full spiritual beauty through the Rosary, can do more to restore the brotherhood of man, tolerance, a proper concept of duty, and a determination for world peace than all the United Nations bodies, diplomatic sessions and Big Four meetings on earth. It seems obvious to me that a shocking disintegration of our moral fibre, our love of righteousness in all things and our respect for man-made and God-made laws is what has put the world in its present dangerous position."

The Satanic Conspiracy . . . which, as Whittaker

Chambers said in an article in LIFE, is a planned strategy begun with the so-called Age of Reason . . . succeeded in turning a *predominant number* of men away from God, away from morality. And thus the gates of Heaven seemed once again closed to the world and men . . . like beasts . . . launched a program destined to end in mutual extinction.

Below is a scene in Moscow after the 1917 Revolution. The atheist creed does not consider anything "right" unless it serves the "State"...not even freedom of trial. With the doctrine of Lenin and Marx, world peace through freedom and international trust, becomes impossible.



Now, through organizations and courageous spiritual leadership in various faiths, enough prayers are being said to open those gates again and to permit the Power of God . . . the Kingdom of Christ with Its Light, Its Peace . . . to begin once again to flood in upon us, and to drive out the kingdom of Satan.

This book has been written in vain . . . and the extraordinary events of Fátima have all been in vain . . . if the individual person who has read the facts does not make up his mind to do something about them.

If the Vision of Fátima called for an armed crusade, the armies would have marched long before this. The world of today understands armies.

But she asked for something in the daily lives of individuals . . . and that, oddly enough, is too simple to be impressive.

The world's greatest Protestant Bible Scholar, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, expressed the call very clearly. It is the call to every individual man, woman, and child . . . to undertake a SECOND JOB in his or her daily life. "What the world lacks most today," Dr. Schweitzer said, in a statement in the summer of 1949 before his return to Africa, "is men who occupy themselves with the need of other men . . . Without such spiritual adventures the man or woman of today walks in darkness. In the pressures of modern society we tend to lose our individuality. Our craving for creating and self-expression is stifled; true civilization is to that extent retarded. And what is the remedy?

"No matter how busy one is, any human being can assert his personality by seizing every opportunity for spiritual activity. How? By his second job: by means of personal action, on however small a scale, for the good of

his fellow men. He will not have to look far for opportunities." (Reported by Fulton Oursler, Reader's Digest, October, 1949.)

Most writers today who urge this "spiritual activity" use the argument that to live for others, for love of God, is the greatest source of personal peace and happiness. The argument is essentially selfish: Help others because that's the best way to help yourself. And to help others is the summary of most of the ten commandments. Aside from our daily duty towards God and towards the integrity of our souls, there looms dozens of times in a single day the fact that we are our brother's keepers. We obey state laws primarily because they are for the good of all society. We control our temper, envy, jealousy, lust, primarily because of the rights and needs of others.

Now, at Fátima, we have been given a new reason . . . not as attention-compelling perhaps as the selfish reason of personal peace and happiness, but certainly the most powerful argument in the world: Reparation to God, the conversion of Russia, and *world* peace.

Dr. Schweitzer's designation of this activity as our *daily second job* makes it clear. It somehow emphasizes the necessity of daily *effort* in this day-to-day matter of tiny spiritual duties . . . duties which we now pass over in our preoccupation with the job of physical survival. The housewife, the stenographer, the banker, the carpenter, the steelworker, the machine-operator, the miner, the fisherman, the writer, the actor, the farmer, the accountant, the lawyer, the doctor, the countless millions in countless jobs are often so intent on a comfortable home and that elusive thing called "security" that they do not allow time for a "second job." When the day's main job is finished, their thoughts run to recreation . . . to build up reserves



and energy for the next day. And thus the second job . . . which is the *main* job for personal as well as world peace . . . is neglected.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven," said Our Lord, "and all the rest will be added unto you."

I repeat that this book has been written in vain . . . and Fátima has been in vain . . . and there is no hope for the world . . . there will be another deluge . . . if the very person reading these lines does not feel the importance of that second job . . . the job of sanctifying the actions of his day . . . of looking for opportunities to help his neighbor, of being kind and understanding and forgiving . . . not merely for love of himself and for his personal peace, but above all for the love of God . . . Who loves all men with the consuming love that drew Him to earth two thousand years ago and caused angels to chorus over the world: "Peace on earth, to men of good will!"

The great crusades today are the Christopher movement, the Family Prayer crusade of Father Peyton, the "Action Now!" crusade of Father Daniel Lord, the Example Crusade preached by men like Dr. Schweitzer and Dr. Sockman, the great Tolerance Crusade of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and the all-encompassing Blue Army. These movements to emphasize our *spiritual duties, our daily second job*, are the pattern of the crusade which marches swordless but conquering across the earth and leaves the lightning of God's Grace striking in its path.

Russia will be converted, and there will be peace, *just as soon as enough of us* make this crusade . . . this second job . . . a part of *our* personal lives!

That is the promise of Fátima.

Therefore, as to the personal question of plunging into this battle with all the force at our command, there can be only one answer. The Satanic Kingdom brings . . . oblivion. The temptations of power, the love of corruptible possessions, the preference of pleasures of the flesh to integrity of our persons, are vain and empty and destructive. Christ permitted the devil to tempt Him, and thus reminded us of what would happen to Christianity:

"And Jesus was led by the spirit into the desert to be tempted by the devil. He had fasted forty days and forty nights and he was hungry when the tempter coming to Him said: 'If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.'"

Our Lord could have given the command, creating food for Himself as He did later for the multitudes when He multiplied loaves and fishes. But to show us the example of conquering Satan even in legitimate pleasure, He replied:

*"It is written that not in bread alone does man live, but in every word that proceeds from the Mouth of God."*

"Then," Saint Matthew continues, "the devil took Him up into the holy city and set Him upon the pinnacle of the temple and said to Him: If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down . . . angels shall bear Thee up."

This was Satan's "intimidation." He showed (and Our Lord permitted it) that Satanic power was such that it could carry a man physically through the air and place him on a high place. Would it not be well to have part with a being so powerful?

Again to show us, Our Lord answered in eight mem-

orable words: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

Now, having failed by the normal and ordinary means of physical pleasure, and then having failed by intimidation, Satan went as far as possible:

"Again the devil took Him up into a very high mountain, and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. And he said to Him: 'All these will I give Thee, if falling down Thou wilt adore me.'" This is interpreted to mean that on top of a mountain the devil spoke with Our Lord . . . telling Him of every kingdom in the world and describing what was most glorious and admirable in each of them; and then Satan probably offered an ingenious political and armed plot to make Our Lord . . . through the popularity He already enjoyed with the people . . . the Master of every one of those kingdoms.

This is Satan's final, lying trump. He can make world dominion seem within the reach of a Hitler (who frequented mediums) or a Stalin; he can make victory seem certain. It is a lie. But he blandly and convincingly offers worldly dominion "If falling down Thou wilt adore me." He offers what people like Arturo Santos take: A petty authority, in return for God.

But after this final temptation, Our Divine Lord turned upon Satan and said to Him in the words which *we echo by fulfillment of our daily spiritual duty*: "BEGONE SATAN, for it is written: *The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve.*"

And the evangelist (Matthew, iv, 1 to 13) tells the outcome: The devil left, and angels came in his stead . . . serving Our Lord.

Thus the greatest service any of us can render for the conversion of Russia is steadfastness against illicit pleasure,

against wordliness, against temptation, thus bringing the Peace of Christ . . . angelic freedom . . . to all the world. That steadfastness, which we can assure to ourselves by enlisting the constant aid of God through prayer and spiritual devotions, is the acid test of Christianity. It is the one thing to which all of us must now renew our purpose . . . not only for our own spiritual salvation but for the salvation of millions: "To solve the problems of this world . . . and not of this world alone."

This must become the "Second Job" of every day!

In the Spring of 1948, when the drive for signatures to pledges of daily duty was launched, the present author wrote:

"The task of being apostles of Fátima to obtain the miracle of Russia's conversion is becoming grim business. The United States and the West are preparing for defense, considering conflict with Russia not only possible but probable.

"We know an answer . . . not of men and bombs, but of men and pledges."

It was our intention to conduct a drive for pledges by every conceivable method: Radio, screen, press, posters, organization. We had accumulated some funds for the purpose and ordered pledges translated into languages of all the countries outside the Iron Curtain, intending to carry the crusade even through impoverished Europe.

But one month after the crusade was launched, adversity came. With exception of the posters we had issued in English and the one article written in our own magazine, not another thing was done in that crusade . . . not even another single article in that same magazine . . . to urge people to its importance. Not a single news release was made to the national religious or secular press. We had

set a goal of one million signatures in climax to three years of lecturing and writing and hoping. We felt that one million persons, doing the four rather constraining things promised in that pledge, would be a great victory. . . . And yet it seemed nipped at the start. *All* that our circle could do was *pray*.

To our amazement, the people who read that original article . . . and who had already become apostles through the urgency of events . . . went out and got not one million signatures, but almost two million!

So if *all* we can do is *pray*, let us rejoice. The very first and most *important* service we can render is personal fidelity to duty, acceptance of suffering with resignation to God's Will (reliance on Him) and remembering that Our Lord said: "Ask, and you shall receive. . ." He reproved Martha for trying to get her sister Mary to stop talking with Him: "*Thou art busy about many things, Martha, but Mary hath chosen the better part.*"

There are some of us who can *pray*, and *also* act, as did the first apostles of Christianity two thousand years ago. And upon our shoulders falls the responsibility of getting behind things like the current BLUE ARMY crusade for signed promises to meet God's conditions for world peace, and any other good Christian movement.

This crusade for pledges is for non-Catholics and Catholics alike, according to the Christian beliefs of each. Instead of the Rosary, non-Catholics are asked to say the Lord's prayer several times a day while thinking of the mysteries of the life of Christ. And instead of the Scapular, which is a sign of consecration to Christ through the Blessed Virgin, non-Catholics are asked to carry a cross . . . or wear something as a reminder and token of the pledge. For both, the one essential thing is that the day

Left: Father Colgan, Founder of the Blue Army, gives blue ribbons to two Bronx children who distinguished themselves as apostles of the message of Fatima.

On May 13th, 1950, Father Colgan took to Fatima the names of more than half a million school children who had signed the Blue Army pledge.



begin with an offering to God of all that might happen that day, with renewal of that offering (at least in a flash of thought) in moments of temptation.

This crusade must increase . . . whether it be for pledges actually signed or verbally given. Communism has its joiners and signers, its quota of apostles! And Christinity must have its valiant pledgers, and apostles to enlist them . . . the Blue Army to conquer The Red Army without firing a shot! \*

Why not, at this very moment, kneel down in the Presence of God and say: "Dearest Lord, tell me what I can do!"?

Then, hear what comes into our minds. Consider, before God, the gifts we have . . . mental or physical . . . and

\* On May 15, 1950, Pope Pius XII gave a special blessing to the BLUE ARMY and readers of SOUL Magazine. The latter are called "Blue Army Crusaders" and on the first Saturday of each month they are remembered in special Masses both at Fatima and at Lipa.

muse in His Presence as to how they might best be employed in the Revolution of Faith. Can we write? Can we speak? Do we have a circle of friends whom we can influence to sign pledges of daily sacrifice and prayer? Is there a religious organization doing these things which we might join? What groups do we know that are crusading for prayer and fidelity to daily spiritual duty?

In this quiet, God will help us to know. And when we know, then we should get into it hands and feet and head . . . walking, giving, thinking . . . and kneeling, bending, and praying. Carry the sacrament of daily duty . . . daily walking with Christ . . . into as much of the rest of the world as we can! The apostle of these days, heedless of enemy intimidation, sees that he not only walks with Christ . . . but also uses his hands to write and to give and to work for Him, and his head to talk, to think, and to plan for Him. In other words, the apostle of Christ does as much in his generation as the apostle of atheism is doing in his.



Left: Sister Lucia visiting the scene of the apparitions for the last time on May 13th, 1946, one month before the author interviewed her. Today she is a cloistered sister at Coimbra.

As was mentioned in our very first chapter, the writer of this now-ending book asked Sister Lucia, the visionary of Fátima, if she thought there would be another war.

This nun, only living one of the three who actually spoke with the Vision, answered:

*"I think that the next thing that will happen will be that the Holy Father and all the Bishops will unite to consecrate Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary."*

That is a sign the Vision had given!

"And do you think the conversion of Russia and peace will follow?" I asked, catching my breath.

"Yes," she said deliberately. "Yes, that is what Our Lady promised."

"But *when*, Sister," I asked, "when will it happen?"

"It *will* happen," she replied. "There might be much more suffering (we had been talking of the awful civil war in Spain), more nations may be afflicted, but it will happen *when a sufficient number are fulfilling the requests.*"

We do not have unlimited time. Russia, through her atheist whip-drivers, is preparing to go through with the struggle between East and West which Stalin has proclaimed inevitable. Atom bombs and nation-destroying bacteria are held in the clenched and ready fists of these two giants . . . controlling hundreds of millions of people . . . thrusting face to face at each other at many grim points of contact along the fringe of a curtain of iron.

Not a Christian worthy of the name can fail to see the power of fidelity to duty and of prayer to God . . . and there must not be a Christian who does not know how necessary now are those things in which he believes that the world may be saved from a suffering which might include the annihilation of entire nations. The Scriptures alone are enough to warn us. Sodom and Gomorrha might be Paris and New York . . . and the whole world might once again leave only a Noah's ark out of atomic destruction with but one family left to propagate our proud civilization. Pope Pius XI said: "These are the



worst days in the history of humanity *since the deluge.*" And Pope Pius XII, from the vantage point available only to a man of his world-position, said: "The world is on the verge of a frightful abyss . . . men must prepare themselves *for suffering such as mankind has NEVER SEEN.*" (Christmas address to Cardinals, 1945.)

Now the Grace of God has begun to move over the earth . . . touching different ones . . . lifting up an apostle here, another there. Some may write and testify in court as Mr. Chambers has done; some may sweep upon the films and radio as Father Peyton has done; some may take up the sword of speech as Mr. Budenz has done; some may urge millions to hours of reparation as Monsignor Sheen has done; some may preach the doctrine of personal bearing of Christ in daily life as Father Keller and Doctor Sockman, and many other great Christian leaders have done . . . each taking up the challenge in his own way, each saying: "I want to get in on God's side." And as though remembering that Our Lord told Saint Peter that the saint could have no part with Him unless he permitted his feet to be washed, these new apostles of Christianity say: "Lord, I want to take part with You . . . not only with my feet, but also my hands and my head . . . *with my whole being.*"



In the light of all we have said in these pages, it is our opinion that the great war between the East and West can be miraculously stopped.

The facts which most influence this judgment are: 1) The promise made by Our Lady at Fátima and the historic effect of Fátima on Portugal; 2) The ever-increasing number of persons fulfilling the conditions specified in the

Fátima visions; 3) The opinion of Sister Lucia, visionary of Fátima; 4) The growing number of conversions and notable increase in Western political and spiritual unity against Communism since 1946; 5) The increasing number of Communists who have renounced the Marxist faith for religion since 1946; 6) Spiritual vitality now on the increase in Russia itself; 7) Increasing number of "unusual" events like Lipa, Pilgrim Virgin, "Miracle of the Doves," all indicating possible visible intervention of God; 8) The fact that, according to the Fátima message, an actual "sign" of the conversion of Russia has been predicted . . . and the nature of this sign has now been made known and lies in the power of the Sovereign Pontiff to accomplish at any time His Holiness might deem proper; 9) The unity of Communism under a clique-dictatorship, which would cause the conversion of a few at the top to disrupt the entire Communist program; 10) Last, but not least, the opinion of many religious men of deep political as well as spiritual acumen, such as Italy's famous Jesuit, Father Lombardi, and America's Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen.

In a series of articles in SOUL Magazine, from January to September, 1950, Monsignor Sheen examined the Fátima story and the promised conversion of Russia, and he expressed the opinion that not only are the conversion of Russia and the triumph of Christianity inevitable, but that they are unquestionably near. Without saying whether he felt that there would or would not be further war, the famous Monsignor wrote:

"What significance shall we attach to the apparent fall of the sun attested by the people at Fátima on that October day in 1917, . . . Could it augur the day when men would steal some of the atomic energy from the sun and use it

not to light a world, but as a bomb to thrust it down from the heavens on a helpless population?"

And Monsignor's conclusion, (felt in all the articles in the series) was that even as the world might be expecting the worse . . . when it would seem that atomic destruction was about to rain from the skies . . . like the "sun" at Fátima in 1917 it will suddenly be lifted back. The storm will be over. We will gaze about us in astonishment and suddenly realize that God has spared us . . . and that God alone has been our Saviour. There will follow a new, vaster profession of Christianity than the world has ever known.

In an address (to his usual incredibly large crowds) in Naples on July 16th, 1950, Father Lombardi, S. J., said:

"Perhaps in all its centuries Christendom has not been called to solve such vast and at the same time such profound fulfillment as that which is now open before it. The over-all impending great convulsion which Communism will expand and strain to its maximum strength will fail because God will have intervened. How splendid will be the dawn of that day when Jesus shall irradiate the earth! . . . Just as Jesus said to the contemporary spectators of His prodigies, so we say today: Solidly place yourselves on the ground of fulfillment of daily duties, conscientiously, silently, constantly. Have the awareness of a near tomorrow in which you will have to prove yourself ardent executors of His Plans, elaborated by God for the safety of the world. 'These forthcoming acts will not be by man.' The more we shall be aware of the Lord, the nearer we shall keep Him; thus be more validly instrumental in the great enterprise to come, the enterprise of Jesus. Our Lady from heaven, with her tender, maternal heart, will keep us. . . . Our society, the world, is running steadily with

the pace of a giant towards the age of Jesus, in which verily He will be proclaimed King of the Universe. His triumph will be so great and so universal, the signs that will accompany Him will be so evident and tangible that all the world will have to confess: Here is one God; here is Jesus Christ."

In closing these pages, the author regrets that he leaves almost as much unsaid as has been said. Indeed, from all the facts, personal experiences, opinions, and rapidly accruing events it is difficult to choose what to say. Were we living in an age of sufficient faith, the choice would not be difficult. But then, were we living in such an age, no such choice would be necessary.

This much alone is important:

*Every man, every woman, every child who has any faith at all has, by that fact, a tremendous obligation to mankind. Sinners are lost, Communism continues its expansive persecutions, because there are not enough persons praying and making sacrifices.*

That is the whole message of Fátima. That is the crux of our problem, as seen through the events we have described and through the eyes of faith.

When will there be peace? When will this triumphant age predicted at Fátima become a reality?

Only we ourselves can answer that question . . . we, the children of God, whose existence is challenged not only by our Communist enemies but by those in our very midst who ignore Him in daily life. It may be . . . *and please God it will be . . . that the very person now reading these lines may be, or may obtain, the very last one Our Lady needs to keep the promise She made in 1917:*

**"RUSSIA WILL BE CONVERTED . . . AND AN ERA OF PEACE WILL BE CONCEDED TO**

## HUMANITY."

What others are doing . . . is not as important here as what *the person reading these lines will do.*

We have seen the challenge. We know the alternatives.



*As one leaves Fatima, he can look back and see the majestic white Basilica lifting its spire heavenwards...in that little inhabited section of the Serra Aire mountains...where ...less than fifty years ago...three children were watching their sheep and saw a vision which promised the conversion of Russia.*