

Remembrances I: The Policeman

December 23, 2011



And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.

I was pastor at St. John's Anglican Church in London from 1910 to 1950. When I started there as assistant pastor I was thirty-one years of age. For the first five years I was assistant pastor and for the last thirty-five I was senior pastor. Many people have passed through the doors of St. John's while I was pastor there, but I only came to know a small minority of the people who came to St. John's. Let me clarify that. I came to know a large number of people by name, and I knew their occupations and their family histories, but I know the souls of only a few of my parishioners. I think that must be the way with all pastors. When you leave the seminary you have notions of taking a world of troubles onto your shoulders and solving the deep and perplexing spiritual problems of your many and myriad parishioners. But reality quickly sets in. The spiritual problem of most of my parishioners was that they didn't believe they had any spiritual problems. They needed Christ's pastors to baptize them, marry them, and bury them. In return for those services they were willing to put up with a Sunday sermon and a few pastoral visits. That is the reality, but there are a few, the men and women who seek you out because you have publicly avowed your allegiance to Him. Those men and women need something more from a pastor than the average parishioner. It's not for me to judge whether their need makes them better or worse than the average birth-marriage-and-death parishioners. I can only say that those men and women who came to me in the throes of spiritual dilemmas are the men and women I came to know. My remembrances are not of things past; they are of people past. Every human personality is a universe. What follows are my memories of those universes.

"The Policeman"

John Talbot looked, at first glance, to be a man in his early forties, broad-shouldered, deep-chested with eyes that looked quite through you. In point of fact he was in his early sixties; except for the few grey hairs he showed no outward signs of age. Before I knew his profession I had marked him as a military type. John approached me one day after a Sunday sermon in April of 1921.

"Reverend, sir, could I speak to you for a moment?"

"Yes, certainly."

"I'd like to come see you sometime about a matter of some importance, at least to me."

There were many people around me at the time, most of them waiting to ask me something, and I could see John did not want to make his private problem a public one, so I quickly made an appointment with him for Tuesday night of that week and we parted.

The front of my house, which was next to the church, faced the main street, but the door to my study faced a side street. That is usually where I received the nocturnal Nicodemuses such as John Talbot.

"It's kind of you to see me."

"Not at all, it's one of the most pleasant aspects of my calling. I get to meet so many different people."

"I'm not a particularly religious man, Reverend, but I heard you were not a typical religious man."

"I won't inquire who it was that said that about me."

"She meant it as a compliment."

"Then I'll take it as a compliment. But what is it you want from me?"

"I want you to listen to me for about an hour, and then I want you to pass judgment on me."

"I'm not really in the business of passing judgment on people."

"I put that rather crudely, Reverend. What I meant was... well, if you listen to what I have to say, you'll be able to understand what I mean when I say I want you to pass judgment on me."

"Certainly, I'll listen to you. Do you want what you say to be under the seal of confession?"

Talbot looked at me a long time and then took his time answering my question. "No, I don't think that will be necessary. I was raised in the Church of England, though I haven't been to church in years, and I know about the seal of confession. But if you're the type of man who would break his word, then you'd be the type of priest who would violate the seal of confession. So I'll take my chances with your word. If you tell me that what I say here stays right here with you, then that is good enough for me. You see I've already decided that you're a man of your word."

"So soon?"

"Not that soon, Reverend. I've made my living as a police inspector at Scotland Yard for over thirty years, and I've learned to read people pretty well."

"And you've read me already?"

"I guess I've put my foot in it again. I don't mean to sound presumptuous. I certainly don't know you inside out from just one meeting, but I know enough to take a chance with you. And I'm not taking a chance based on just one meeting. I listened to your sermons the last four Sundays. Actually I didn't do much listening, I observed you. That's when I made up my mind that you were my man, the man I needed to judge me. Then when I came here and saw you and your study, I was even more convinced that you were the man I needed."

"I hope I can be of some help to you, but I'm also afraid you might be making something of me I'm not, because I most definitely am not a seer or a man with the ability to read souls. You seem to be a man with a great weight on his heart – that I can see – but that is all I can discern."

Talbot had a way, no doubt developed from years as a detective for Scotland Yard, of seeming to ask irrelevant questions that were in reality very relevant. Such was the case in this instance. "I see a Bible on your bookshelf and the Book of Common Prayer, and I see Shakespeare, Dickens, and Scott as well. But I don't see any books of theology or church history, which are the books one usually sees on a clergyman's shelf. Why is that?"

"I have the books that give me spiritual sustenance. I never had much use for theology or ecclesiastical history. I love the poets and the novelists, though. Do you read literature yourself?"

"No, I don't; well, I do read one author."

"Who?"

"Shakespeare."

"If I could only read just one author, he would be the one."

"I find he helps in my work, Reverend."

"He helps me in mine, too."

"How so?"

"For the same reason he helps you, I imagine. He helps me to understand people, for good or for ill. Surely a minister needs to understand people just as much, if not more so, than a police inspector?"

"I suppose you do. But most ministers wouldn't go to Shakespeare to find out about people."

"Not just people, Mr. Talbot. I go to Shakespeare to find out about God. It never ceases to amaze me, and trouble me, that Christians who profess to believe that God has a human heart think that they can't learn anything about God from the human heart. Speaking for myself, I can honestly say that I only know God through the hearts of his creatures. But you didn't come here to listen to me; you want me to listen to you."

"You just made my point, Reverend. You are not the run-of-the-mill cleric, and I need a man who is not run-of-the-mill."

"I think then, Inspector, you should proceed with your story."

I won't present what the Inspector told me verbatim, but I will, to the best of my recollection, relate what John Talbot told me.

In 1895, there was a murder in the town of Langsford, England. Langsford was a small fishing village on the west coast of England between Liverpool and Blackpool. The people there were not strangers to violent death. The sea is cruel. But murder was something else. There had never been a murder in Langsford. The town had a constable, but he was an elderly man and more a night watchman than a constable. He felt, and the Mayor of Langsford agreed with him, that the town needed someone from Scotland Yard to "come up."

John Talbot was in his mid-thirties at the time and considered to be one of the best detectives on the force.

"The locals expect Scotland Yard men to get results. Make sure you get results." With those words from his superior, Talbot was sent to Langsford to "wrap things up in two weeks."

"Some things have changed considerably in law enforcement since 1895," John related, "but the basics still remain the same. In murder you look for motive, opportunity, and means. Find those three components, and you've found your murderer."

The victim in this case was a twenty-year-old woman, who was found on the Langsford docks at 1:00 AM by the town constable. She had been raped and stabbed in the heart.

John had seen many dead bodies before in his capacity as a police detective and before that in his capacity as a soldier in India's sunny climes. But this murder hit John personally.

"It's hard to describe, Reverend. I know all human life is precious, but that young woman seemed more precious. Even in death, she had... I can't really describe it... she was beautiful but also something more than beautiful. She seemed like an angel. I felt such a rage inside me. If her murderer had been beside me when I viewed the body, I have no doubt I would have killed that man on the spot with my bare hands."

As it turned out, it didn't take the Inspector long to find the murderer. The one suspect was a young man who had been engaged to the victim two years before she was murdered. About a year before her death she broke off the engagement and became engaged to another young man from Langsford. The first thought of many of the townspeople when Jennie was found murdered was that her former fiancé had committed the crime. But he had an unassailable alibi; he had been out with the fishing boats during the time of the murder. That left the constable without any other suspects and necessitated calling Scotland Yard.

As John related to me, he followed the usual procedures. He talked to everyone connected to the young woman: her parents, her friends, and her fiancé. It was during his interview with the fiancé that John knew he had found the murderer.

"It wasn't because he didn't show any emotion when he talked about the woman he had been about to wed. I'd learned by that time that people respond to grief in different ways. Some go cold outside, kind of numb, while others get hysterical. There isn't one set pattern. So it wasn't his lack of emotion that made me certain he had murdered Jennifer Cowley. It was the cold hate I saw in his eyes every time he talked about her and every time I mentioned her name. It's not evidence you can present to a jury -- I knew I still had to prove my case -- but I knew as sure as the turning of the earth that Arthur Windom had raped and murdered Jennifer Cowley."

John needed evidence of a motive if he was going to get a conviction. He could easily establish means and opportunity, but why would a man kill his fiancé? John came up with nothing useful in his countless interviews with people of Langsford. By all accounts Arthur Windom was a beloved native son. He grew up in Langsford, got into some trouble as a school boy, but not anything unusual. He was handsome and a great athlete. The only period of his life in which he didn't live in Langsford was the four years he spent in India, "a servin' of her Majesty, the Queen." When he returned to Langsford at age twenty-six, he was viewed as a conquering hero. And as a conquering hero he became engaged to the prettiest girl in town, Jennifer Cowley. Windom was twenty-eight at the time of Jenny's death.

After two weeks, the time limit which his superiors had given him, John had no evidence to support his belief in Windom's guilt. Nor had he told a living soul of his conviction. He was hoping he could turn up something or that a witness would come forward. He asked Scotland Yard for one more week, telling them he was about to crack the case. He was given one more week.

It was more than just the detective in John Talbot that made him unwilling to let go of the case. He had fallen in love with Jennifer Cowley. I can remember the exact words he used to describe his love. "It's not just a romantic love, Reverend, in fact it isn't that type of love at all. It's... well, it's a spiritual love, and I know a man like me has no right to talk about spiritual things."

"It's not a question of rights, John. The spirit goes where it lists. There is no law that says God's love is confined to church-goers."

"Thank you for not laughing at me. It was, and still is, of absolute importance to me that Jenny Cowley should know that I loved her. I needed to love her; she deserved to be loved. I spent some time with her family and there was something that her brother told me about her that confirmed for me what I already knew about her.

"He was twelve when she was eighteen. And he was passionately fond, as most English boys are, of football. His favorite team was playing in Liverpool on an upcoming Saturday. Neither the boy's father or mother could get away from Langsford on the day of the game, so Jennifer agreed to take her brother to the game. At some point during the game, Jennifer spotted a boy, around eight years old, who had somehow gotten separated from his parents. Jenny took that crying boy in her arms and assured him he could stay with her until his parents found him. 'She took care of everyone like that,' her brother said through his tears. 'Why wasn't there someone there to take care of her when she needed someone?' Could you have answered her brother, Reverend?"

"No, I could not."

"Neither could I, but I vowed then and there that if I didn't collect the evidence to have Windom hanged, I would kill him myself. Oh, I knew what the Christian pastors would tell me. 'Vengeance is wrong; leave him to God's justice. She would have forgiven him.' All that they would say and more. But there was something inside of me then, and it's still in me, that said, 'Someone has to stand up for Jenny in the here and now. If anything is to make any sense, someone has to stand up for her.' I couldn't get past that. I suppose you'd call it an obsession."

"An obsession isn't necessarily bad."

"But was my obsession wrong?"

“Suppose you finish your story before I say anything more about your obsession.”

After John failed to “crack the case” during his one week extension, he was called back to London. The Langsford murder case was still his case, but only if the local authorities found some evidence, and in that event he would be sent for again. So John went back to his work in London, but he spent all his spare time working on another aspect of the Cowley murder. He checked on Arthur Windom’s war record. That took time, but John was a bulldog on every case he took on, even when he wasn’t emotionally involved with the victim. With the added incentive of love, John was indefatigable.

Windom’s war record was quite good. He had been decorated for bravery on two separate occasions. Talbot found three former officers, now back in England, who had served with Windom. They all spoke highly of his character and his courage under fire. Gathering incriminating evidence via Windom’s war record seemed to be a dead end. But six months after his return to London from Langsford, Talbot received a visitor in his office.

“I’m looking for Inspector Talbot. I’ve come in reference to that advertisement in the paper. It said you was looking to interview them that was in the 2nd Irregular Calvary Regiment from ’89 to ’93. There was also mention of some kind of reward.”

“Come in and sit down, Mr. uh...”

“My name is Thomas Hughes.”

“Sit down, Mr. Hughes. The reward is not large, just five pounds, but I would be most grateful if you could tell me if you knew Arthur Windom. He was said to be in your regiment.”

“Five pounds ain’t much, but it’s better than nothing. Yes, I knew Arthur Windom. What do you want to know about him?”

“First, I would like to know what was your relationship with Arthur Windom while you were in the service.”

“I was his orderly, and he was my superior officer. I was a private, and he was a captain. I got assigned to him after his promotion.”

“And for how long were you his orderly?”

“Two years.”

“During that time did you notice what his relationships were with women?”

“Privates don’t get to go around with captains.”

“Certainly they don’t, but surely during the two years you were Windom’s orderly you must have been told to get out his uniform and clean it and polish his boots for those special affairs officers are always invited to.”

“Yes, Captain Windom went to a lot of those affairs. And he made a lot of married officers pretty nervous.”

“And why was that?”

“Cause he was handsome and had a way with the ladies.”

“Was there ever one special lady?”

“Well, there was the Colonel’s daughter. She must have been about seventeen or eighteen. And she hated India; most of the women do. Her mother was always after the Colonel to invite the young officers for dinner and cards and so on. So the girl wouldn’t be bored. The Colonel was a tartar with us, but he was a weak sister when it came to his wife. Whatever she wanted, she got. So he always tried to get the young officers over to his place to please his wife who wanted their daughter to meet young men her own age.”

“And that’s how she met Arthur Windom?”

“Yes, but it wasn’t long before they were meeting each other places that neither the Colonel nor his wife knew about. They were very private meetings, if you know what I mean.”

At this point in the interview John Talbot felt he had to make a decision about Thomas Hughes. If he was to get the type of cooperation he needed, he had to appeal to Hughes’ humanity. That was the rub. Did Hughes have any humanity? Talbot decided that he did. He sized Hughes up as a man who would fight with his friend over a shilling, but would never think of taking a single shilling from the same friend if that friend had entrusted his life savings to him.

“Mr. Hughes, I need to appeal to you man to man. I can give you another twenty pounds on top of the five I gave you, but that’s about all I can give you for something that is worth more than a million pounds to me. I need to know if you ever heard or saw anything in those private meetings between Windom and the Colonel’s daughter that would suggest that Windom was capable of raping and murdering a young woman.”

“This sounds serious, Inspector. I don’t know that I want to be involved in ...”

“I think Arthur Windom raped and killed a young woman in Langsford because she refused to give him what he wanted before they were married. I can’t save that woman’s life, but I can, with your help, make sure that Windom is called to account for the murder he committed. And if he murdered once, he will do it again, so you would also be helping me to prevent other murders.”

“I’ll help you, Inspector. I never liked Windom, but I didn’t want to be the type of man who does a man dirt just because he doesn’t like him. But if it’s murder, and worse yet, rape you’re talking about, I’m for you and that woman that’s been murdered, and I’m against that Windom.”

“Thank you, Mr. Hughes. Is there something then that you saw or heard that would indicate that Windom was capable of rape and murder?”

“Yes, sir, there was. He had been seeing the Colonel’s daughter privately for about six months, and one night she came out to the Captain’s tent. I was just about to come in and ask if there was nothing else he wanted me to do before turning in. I stopped short of going in though because I could hear him screaming at someone. It didn’t take long for me to make out that it was the Colonel’s daughter he was screaming at.

“He was boiling mad at her for coming out to where we was camped and showing herself where somebody might see her. Oh, she cried something awful and said nobody had seen her and she just had to see him and when was they going to get married like he said they were.

“Well, he made it clear they were not going to get married ever. That he wouldn’t marry damaged goods and such talk like that. It was pretty clear, Inspector, that it was him that made her damaged goods and that he had promised to marry her. But after she settled down from all her crying she got real calm and she told him that she didn’t care what happened to her; she was going to tell everybody what he had done.”

“What was his response?”

“That’s what sent chills down my spine, Inspector. He said he’d kill her; not in the way you say ‘I’ll kill you’ to somebody that cheated you at cards or because you’re angry but you don’t really have any intention of killing ‘em. I mean he meant it. And she must have believed him because she never said a word about what he done. Not even in the hospital.”

“Why did she go to the hospital?”

“‘Cause she almost drowned. Her parents said she fell into the river, but I think – no, I don’t just think it, I know it – she jumped in after what he said to her that night. Some young lieutenant that was just going back to the barracks after having a few saw her go off the bridge, and he jumped in and saved her. She spent some time in the hospital, but she came out alright. And you know at the time I left India I heard she was engaged to that young lieutenant, only he wasn’t a lieutenant anymore, he was a captain. Imagine that, he went out for a few beers and ended up saving the Colonel’s daughter!”

“I’m glad it worked out for that young girl. But let’s not forget the girl that it didn’t work out for. I can’t prove it, but I’m convinced more than ever, after what you’ve said, that Jennifer Cowley was going to break off her engagement to Windom, or else she refused to have relations with him before they were married. He most likely had no more intention of marrying Jennifer than he had of marrying the Colonel’s daughter.”

“No, I don’t think Windom was made for marriage, Inspector, leastways not to a fisherman’s daughter. He always said he’d only marry a woman as wealthy as a duchess and then he’d be as faithful to her money as he was unfaithful to her.”

“I need your help, Thomas, and I want to make it clear what type of help I’m asking you to give me. I don’t have enough evidence to arrest Windom, let alone to have him convicted of the murder. I intend to confront him, give him a chance to confess, and then kill him. You needn’t know all the details. All you need to know is that I plan to go outside the law to bring Windom to justice.”

“What do you need from me, Inspector?”

“I need you to write him a letter, which I’ll dictate, asking him to meet you on a certain date on the moors near Cheviot Hills.”

“Don’t you think he’ll be a bit suspicious, me asking him to meet me on the moors?”

“Possibly. But why should he be suspicious of you? And when you tell him you found a way to make 10,000 pounds, but you need the help of a bold Officer of the Dragoons, he’ll meet you. And we’ll make sure to tell him to destroy the letter after he reads it. That way there will be no way anybody will link you to his death.”

“It all sounds kind of crazy, Inspector. Two hours ago, I was reading an advertisement in the paper that said there was 5 pounds reward for anyone that had served in the 2nd Irregular Calvary Regiment. Now I’m to invite Arthur Windom to be murdered on the moors.”

“Not murdered, Thomas; he is going to be executed.”

“Begging your pardon, Inspector. I didn’t mean to call you a murderer. I think you’re a man.”

“Then you’ll help me?”

“That I will. You dictate the letter and I’ll sign it and send it, though I’m a bit slow on the writing.”

“Does Windom know that?”

“Yes, sir, he does. He once asked me to write a letter for him, and he was mad at me when he saw what a bad job I made of it.”

“Then we’ll send him a letter that is a bad job of it so he’ll know it came from you. But I should warn you, Thomas; once he sees me there, he’ll know who set him up. And if he kills me, he’ll come after you.”

“I’ll take that chance. There’s just one thing, Inspector.”

“What?”

“I’ll take the five pounds ‘cause I need it, but I don’t want no more money from you than that. I just want you to let me know when it’s done. Just send me a line that says, ‘It’s done.’”

“Thomas, you’re a man. God bless you.”

A certain chill came over me when John came to the end of his description of his meeting with Thomas Hughes. I knew that I was now going to be told about Inspector John Talbot’s meeting with Arthur Windom on the bare lonely moors of Cheviot Hills, after which I would be expected to render some kind of judgment. I told John one more time that I was not fit to judge anyone, and he was not obligated to go any further. Though I must admit I was not immune to the all too human failing of morbid curiosity. I was afraid he was going to tell me what happened on the moor between him and Arthur Windom, and I was afraid he wouldn’t tell me. But John was not a man for half measures. He had chosen me as the man to whom his tale had to be told, and there was no going back. He accepted a glass of water, finished it in one gulp, and proceeded with his narrative.

“The letter did the trick. Two weeks after we sent it I met Arthur Windom at midnight on the moors. It sounds like some kind of detective story, but that’s how it turned out. There he was. If he was surprised to see me instead of Thomas Hughes, he didn’t show it. He was completely self-possessed and calm. Probably because he thought I was there to trick him into a confession or something like that. The surprise came when I pulled my revolver and leveled it at his heart.”

“What’s that for, Inspector? Surely you don’t intend to shoot me?”

“I do.”

At those words his self-possession left him, and he assumed the defensive posture of a hunted animal at bay.

“Why?”

“You raped and murdered Jenny Cowley.”

“That’s absurd, she was my fiancé. I loved her.”

“So you told me.”

“Then why are you accusing me of murdering her?”

“And raping her.”

“All right, why are you accusing me of raping and murdering her?”

“I’m not accusing you. I’m telling you I know you did it. And I’m going to give you one chance to save your miserable life. You confess and I’ll put this gun down.”

“You’d let me go?”

“No, I’ll put this gun down and we’ll settle it between us with knives. I’m sure you carry some kind of blade; maybe it’s the same one you killed Jenny with. You’re supposed to be quite an athlete as well; maybe you’ll get lucky. If you do you can drop me in the moor and live happily ever after.”

“And if I refuse?”

“I’ll put a bullet between your eyes.”

“How do I know that you’ll keep your promise?”

“You’ve been in the service. You can read a man, even if you’re not a man yourself.”

Windom’s eyes flashed hate at John’s remark, which was what John wanted.

“You’re an English gentleman, and an English gentleman never breaks his word, is that it?”

“Let’s just say I prefer to take you on man to man, and to the knife.”

“All right, you’ll have your knife fight. And I’ll dump you in the moors after I slice you up. Oh, wait, you wanted a confession first. It’s all quite simple. The young lady wanted to call off the marriage. It seems that she had detected certain deficiencies in my character. I wasn’t really put out by her breaking off the marriage, because I had no intention of going through with it. But I wasn’t leaving without my... well, to put it in military terms, without my commission. She owed that to me. It was her own fault that I killed her. She made such a fuss that I had to shut her up. Now, I ask you, man to man, does it really matter that one silly twit of a girl died before her time? I saw young men and plenty of children die in India, and no one cared. Why make such a fuss over one dead girl? Well, say something, you stupid copper.”

John never said a word. He set his gun aside and drew his knife as Windom drew his. The fight was long, and John received a wound in the thigh, which troubled him the rest of his life, but in the end, Arthur Windom was buried in the moors of Cheviot Hills. Three days later Thomas Hughes received a letter of just two words: “It’s done.”

“I know it’s unfair to place my burden on you, Reverend, but I needed someone to hear my story.”

“Tell me, John, now with benefit of hindsight, do you regret what you did?”

“No.”

“Then I’m at a loss to understand why you want my judgment, as you put it, at all.”

“It’s like this, Reverend. There are things you know inside, things that just are. I fell in love with Jennie Cowley, and I couldn’t let her murderer live. Nothing will make me regret what I did. But it’s been lonely keeping the secret all those years. I needed someone to share it with, and not just anybody, but someone who could, if not agree with what I did, at least understand why I did it. Even if your judgment goes against me, I’m still glad I told you my secret.”

“There is a passage in the Bible, John, which you may be familiar with. Under attack from the Pharisees who accuse Him of undermining the law, Christ tells them: ‘Think not that I come to destroy the law and the prophets, I come to fulfill.’ Any law, it seems to me as a Christian, to be a binding law must be rooted in God’s law. If there is something in the letter of our law that prevents a man from carrying out the spirit of God’s law, then I must side with the man who carries out the spirit of God’s law in defiance of the letter of man’s law.”

“You surprise me, Reverend. I never expected your approval.”

“You have it.”

I don’t think John was the type of man who cried often, but he cried then, and we embraced.

“There’s one more thing, John. You said you read Shakespeare.”

“Yes, often.”

“Have you read the sonnets?”

“No, just the plays; I’m not too fond of sonnets.”

“Well, there is one sonnet I want to read to you. It’s the greatest Christian work of devotion ever written, yet it is seldom noted by the members of the Christian community. If you hand me that volume of Shakespeare on the table there, I shall read it to you.”

John handed me the volume of Shakespeare’s works, and I read him Sonnet 31:

*Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns Love, and all Love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.*

“What you loved and still love in Jennifer Cowley is still alive with Christ. If you have Him you have her. Our Lord said in the Kingdom of Heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but we shouldn’t take that to mean that there are no special bonds between a man and a woman in heaven. How could the Source of all love banish any genuine, pure bond of love between a man and a woman? Jenny waits for you, John, in the arms of the Lord.”

“Do you believe that, Reverend?”

“Yes, I do. And you’re not to be stranger here after tonight. I expect to see you often, if not in church, then here in my study. Now, will you kneel and let me give you my blessing?”

“Yes, please do.”

“Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord, and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night, for the love of thy only Son, our Savior Jesus Christ. Amen.”

John retired two years after our meeting with over thirty years of service to Scotland Yard. He lived well into his eighties, and we became very close friends. He only attended services on Christmas and Easter, but he visited my study almost every week. I must relate the circumstances of his death.

During World War II, England was under siege from German planes. We were in complete darkness every night. The lights of London could not be used for fear of the German war planes. Although he was in his mid-eighties, John Talbot was still strong and healthy. He served as an air raid warden, and he was always the last to seek shelter. “Women, children, and everybody else before me,” was John Talbot’s code of conduct. One night the German bombers exploded a building on top of John. He was still alive, but no one knew quite how. He asked for me. When I got to him he was almost completely covered with the remains of the building, but I could see his face and shoulders beneath the rubble.

“I didn’t want to die until you came, Chris.”

“Are you in much pain, John?”

“No, not much. I see her now, Chris. It’s as you told me that first night in your study. She’s alive and in His arms. I’m going to her and to Him. I must thank you for...”

“No, John, I must thank you.”

I made the sign of the cross over him, and gave him my final blessing.

“O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life, in whom whosoever believeth, shall live though he die, and whosoever liveth and believeth in him, shall not die eternally; who also taught us (by his holy Apostle Paul) not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in him: We meekly beseech thee (O Father) to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness, that when we shall depart this life, we may rest in him, as our hope is this our brother doth; and that at the general resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in thy sight, and receive that blessing which thy well-beloved son shall then pronounce to all that love and fear thee, saying, Come ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world. Grant this we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ our mediator and redeemer. Amen.”

The most remarkable thing about John Talbot was that he didn't see himself as a remarkable man. He saw himself as a sinner, and his constant prayer to our Lord was always, “Lord, have mercy on me a sinner.” I loved him then. I love him now, and I shall always love him. I think in many respects, John was the last of a breed. His Christianity was in the blood. He was of the same metal as Alfred and the Christian heroes of Walter Scott. When there are no Englishmen left like John Talbot, there will no longer be an England.

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Remembrances II

December 22, 2012

Categories: Older posts (pre-April 2019), Remembrances

To my readers: It is during the Christmas season that a European Christian feels the most estranged from modern, post-Christian Europe. He feels a deep longing for a bygone age when the ties of kinship and blood, which bind us to our Lord, were honored and revered. What follows then is a tale of European honor and kinship. Merry Christmas.



A kind Providence has placed in our breasts a hatred of the unjust and cruel, in order that we may preserve ourselves from cruelty and injustice. They who bear cruelty, are accomplices in it. The pretended gentleness which excludes that charitable rancor, produces an indifference which is half an approbation. They never will love where they ought to love, who do not hate where they ought to hate.

There is another piece of policy, not more laudable than this, in reading these moral lectures, which lessens our hatred to Criminals and our pity to sufferers, by insinuating that it has been owing to their fault or folly, that the latter have become the prey of the former. By flattering us, that we are not subject to the same vices and follies, it induces a confidence, that we shall not suffer the same evils by a contact with the infamous gang of robbers who have thus robbed and butchered our neighbours before our faces. We must not be flattered to our ruin. — *Letters on a Regicide Peace* by Edmund Burke

It was in April of 1934 that Peter Delaine first came to see me. There was nothing about his dress that suggested he was a Roman Catholic priest — he did not wear a Roman collar or any other kind of priestly garb — but I had a certain intuition about this tall, gaunt man who appeared as if he had just come from the stake where he had been tortured for days. He appeared to be in his mid-fifties, but it was difficult to gauge his age because intense suffering often makes a man appear older than he actually is.

“Are you a Roman Catholic priest?”

“Yes, I am, but I’ve been... How can I say it? I’ve been on a kind of leave of absence from my duties for the past five years.”

“I don’t mind talking to you, Father; in fact, I’d be happy to talk with you, but don’t you think you should seek out a priest of your own church and your own nationality?”

“What makes you think I haven’t tried to talk to priests of my own church, as you put it? As for my nationality, my father was French, and I was brought up in France, but my mother was English, so I am not such a goose out of water as you might suppose.”

“It’s ‘duck out of water.’”

“What did I say?”

“You said you were not such a goose out of water as I supposed.”

He laughed. “I shall have to be careful with you.”

“No, you won’t. I just couldn’t resist that one. You can you put any animal you want out of the water, and I won’t bother you about it. But may I ask you why you want to talk to me?”

“It is quite simple, Reverend. To the extent that I trust anyone, I trust you. You’re probably not aware of it — men like you never are — but that little book of your sermons was translated into French and made its way across the Channel. I didn’t need a translator of course, but my first copy of your sermons was in French. I found them so moving that I subsequently acquired the original English edition. Does it surprise you that you are known to some of us in France?”

“Yes, it does. I was aware that a volume of my sermons had been published here in England, but I had no idea that they had been published in France as well. Nor do I understand why a Roman Catholic priest was so interested in them that he has come across the Channel to speak to me.”

“It was the title of your book that first intrigued me. Was that your idea?”

“When the publisher asked for a better title than Sermons, I suggested the title, The Sword of Charity.”

“Well that is what caught my attention, because that is exactly the way I look on the divine charity of our Lord; it is a sword that pierces the heart but doesn’t kill; it heals. But of course, I’m quoting almost your very words. You must think of me as a terrible babbler.”

“On the contrary, Father...”

"I'd prefer you call me Peter."

"As you wish. If we are going to dispense with titles, my given name is Christopher. And I don't regard you as a babler. Quite the contrary, how could I not be moved by a man whose heart is moved by the heartfelt expression of my faith? But I don't think you came all the way over from France to tell me you liked my published sermons. Is there something I can do for you? Perhaps I should have prefaced that question with the same warning I give every person who seeks me out for guidance. I am not a modern day prophet, a saint, or seer. I'll try..."

"I'm not seeking a prophet, a saint, or a seer. I'm looking for a Christian European, a man who will look me in the face and tell the truth. I've decided that you are the one man in a million who won't lie to me. Am I wrong?"

There was only one way to answer Peter's question. I asked him to kneel with me in the study while I said a prayer: "Lord, guide my heart and my mind to answer this, your servant Peter, in the way you would have me answer him, in Christ's name, Amen."

"I won't bore you with the minutiae of my life, Christopher, but I must of necessity, sketch out some of the details of my life so that you can understand my spiritual state and the reason I've come to see you.

"Five years ago I obtained a leave of absence from my duties as a parish priest. The leave of absence was to have been for one year, but one year elapsed quickly, and then a second, and then a third, and so on. During the last three years, I've made no attempt to contact my superiors. So for all practical purposes I am no longer a Catholic priest, but of course I am still a priest. I haven't been 'defrocked.'"

"May I ask why you left the priesthood?"

"Certainly you may ask, Christopher. That's why I've come to you, to talk about this thing called faith.

"It's not that I don't believe in Christ anymore. In fact, it's because I've come to believe more fully in the singularness of Christ as God and Redeemer that I felt compelled to leave my church, or at least to leave the organization that has come to be called the Roman Catholic Church.

"I'm not being terribly clear, am I?"

"Not yet, but go on."

"Well, I know what the Roman churchmen are saying about me. They say I've lost my faith. They call me a heretic, a homosexual, or both. But I am neither of those two abominations. I believe in our Lord Jesus Christ. And I believe he is really and truly present in the Holy Communion, but I don't believe in an infallible Pope, nor do I believe in an infallible fat friar. Forgive my crudeness; I am very bitter, but I admit that I have no right to be bitter. No one made me become a Roman Catholic priest. "

"Why did you become a Roman Catholic priest?"

"Why? I've asked myself that question many times in the last five years. I suppose if you asked me that question at the time I entered the seminary, I would have told you that I wanted to serve Christ and my brethren in Christ."

"Those are certainly commendable motives."

"But as I got older in years and older in my years of service to the Church, I realized I had become estranged from God because of my profession. I know that might sound strange to most people, because most people equate the church and God as one, but I think you of all people must understand what I am saying, because in your sermons you never refer to the church; you only refer to Christ and to His people. And I must ask you: Do you believe that your church is the true church? Please answer me truthfully, without fear of offending me or shocking me."

"I could give you the party line, which I believed when I became an Anglican minister, which says that our church is truly Catholic and Apostolic, because our faith is based on the Bible, tradition, the early creeds, and the Church fathers, in contrast to the Roman Catholic Church, which is based on tradition and the Bible as interpreted by an infallible Pope, who has only recently been found to be infallible. But I can't give you the party line because I don't believe it. I have a great love for the Book of Common Prayer and the Biblical Catholicism of Anglicanism. We have avoided the excessive formalism of Rome and steered clear of the enthusiasm of the protestant groups, but still, I don't see how my church with our four squared system of infallibility is any more infallible than your church."

"Then to whom or what was Christ referring when He said that He would build His church on 'this rock'?"

"If you've read The Sword of Charity you know my answer to that question."

"Faith in Christ is the rock?"

"Yes."

"And the true Church consists of those who believe in Him?"

"Yes, but there is a hierarchy in the Church. Without the Christ-bearing people, the Church does not have a local habitation and a name."

"But what if the European people forsake Christ?"

"They are in the process of doing just that, but that doesn't change their history. They were and still are the Christ-bearers just as the Hebrew people were. I am not propounding a theory; I am merely stating what I see before me. In the Book of Common Prayer, we say 'in Him and through Him,' but how do we come to Him except through His people?"

"Aren't you open to a charge of extreme subjectivity and personal bias when you claim that we, the Europeans, are the Christ bearers?"

"Yes, I am, but God's ways are not our ways, and it seems to me that God reveals Himself through His people. And who are the Christ-bearing people if they are not the European people? Every Christian church that professes to know with mathematical certainty it is the rock upon which Christ has built His church has turned out to be a very common, ordinary-type rock, incapable of sustaining faith in Christ. The various churchmen in their zeal to present God to the people in a concise, precise package of facts have made little mini-deities of their church organizations."

"I don't disagree with anything you say. It's... words fail me... to hear one's own heartfelt faith shared by another is... it's a miracle of God's grace."

"Where do you go from here, Peter? Will you return to your priestly duties?"

“No, you see my church has gone further down that slippery Greek slope, which ends in the classroom of Voltaire and Rousseau. I can only be a Catholic priest so long as I don’t bend my knee to the Christian dilettantes and philosophers who have made Christ into an intellectual construct. I want to fight for my people, and my people, the Christ-bearing people, are in danger of extinction. Oh, I know it all sounds farfetched, as we sit here in the comfort of your study in the middle of this very European city of London. But Satan has vowed to kill Christ by destroying His image in man. The incomparable Burke knew this. Did you know that my great grandfather knew Burke? Of course, you couldn’t know. Now I must really appear to be raving. But the people are on the brink. We all must gird up our loins and...”

“Gird up our loins for what, Peter?”

“For the battle with the Jacobin-inspired black rebellion. What happened in Haiti when the Jacobins turned the country over to the blacks is happening all over Europe and in the nations such as the United States, which were settled by Europeans.”

“I can’t speak for Europe as whole, but it does seem that the idea of the noble savage, which men like Samuel Johnson and Charles Dickens ridiculed, is gaining more and more credence with the British people. And there seems to be a connection between the increase of Jacobin thinking and a belief in the noble savage.”

“Of course there is, Christopher. They are coordinate heresies. If there is no God and no original sin, then sin must only exist in the people who are furthest away from nature, which is white people. And the most natural people are...”

“Black people?”

“Yes, that is precisely the way the Jacobins, whether they be French or non-French, think.”

“We are certainly a great many years away from a brave new world of negro-worshipping whites, but I do agree with you, Peter, that eventually, as the whites fall away from the Christian faith, they will revert to heathen gods or even make gods of the heathens themselves.”

“I want to stand athwart the current of white apostasy and stop it. I know that sounds grandiose, but with God are not all things possible? You see, Christopher, I feel it is my destiny. My family history reaches out to me. I dare not disgrace my ancestors. I must strike a blow for my people and against the coalition of Jacobins and blacks. If you could indulge me for another hour or so, I could explain myself, through this manuscript, in a way that I’m sure you would understand.”

“Who wrote the manuscript, Peter?”

“My great-grandfather on my father’s side. He was born in Saint-Domingue, which they now call Haiti. But you’ll find that explained in the manuscript. I’ll take a walk through your London and watch the lamplighters. If you can take the time, I’d like you to read the manuscript.”

“I’ll read it, Peter. How did you find out about the London lamplighters?”

“On a visit with my mother many years ago.”

“Robert Louis Stevenson is the only poet that I know of who captured the romance (at least to a small boy) of the lamplighters. I have a copy of his A Child’s Garden of Verses right here:

‘For we are very lucky with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight.’”

“You love London, don’t you, Christopher?”

“With all my heart.”

“You’ll understand my great-grandfather’s manuscript then. And when you’ve read it and understood, you’ll stand with me against the world. That is how it will be.”
“Go watch the lamplighters, Peter, and let me read your great-grandfather’s manuscript.”

I opened Peter Delaine’s great-grandfather’s manuscript with much more than idle curiosity. What was so compelling about the manuscript? Why had it had — and why did it continue to have — such an impact on a man like Peter Delaine?

I’ll present the manuscript, translated of course, in the form that I received it, making a note whenever I make an editorial interruption. There are times when the author of the manuscript shifts from straight prose to the dramatic mode of expression. It seemed to me that he does this when the scenes depicted are so indelibly impressed on his memory that he remembers every single word that was said.

The Manuscript of Peter Delaine

What follows are my memories of the events of October 5th, 1791, when a Roman Catholic priest and his black henchmen killed my father and destroyed my home in Saint-Domingue. Of necessity I must also tell of some of the events that occurred before that night of sorrow and of some of the events that came after that terrible night. I write this document in the year of our Lord 1870.

I was born of French parents in the French colony of Saint-Domingue. My father met and married my mother in France, but being a second son he felt his destiny was not in France proper although he always considered himself a Frenchman. He was loyal to the monarchy and to everything it stood for: our Holy religion and our sacred traditions. “We belong to France,” my father used to say, “Here in Saint-Domingue we are an extension of France.”

My father prospered in Saint-Domingue. Within the first ten years after his arrival he owned one of the largest and finest plantations in Saint-Domingue. My education on our plantation was that of a French nobleman. With parents such as mine I would have been happy anywhere, but the plantation in Saint-Domingue was the home of my childhood, and I have nothing but pleasant memories of my childhood. It was only when I started my 16th year of life that my pleasant existence turned into hell on earth.

I was 14 years old in 1789 when the barbarous French Revolution broke out. My father was horrified; being removed from France he was more intensely devoted to France than Frenchmen living in France. His loyalty to the monarchy was absolute. Right up to the time of Louis XVI’s murder my father always entertained the hope that somehow the French people would come to their senses and restore the king to the throne. It was not to be.

and much discussion at our dinner table and throughout Saint-Domingue, as to the effect the Revolution in France would have on the French living in Saint-Domingue. Some thought there would be no effect: "After all, they can't expect liberty, fraternity, and equality to apply to Negroes!"

And some, like my uncle, saw the truth: "The niggers will try to kill every last white man in Saint-Domingue, and they will do so with the blessing of the damn Jacobins."

Here I must introduce some other of the principle characters in my family tragedy. Before introducing the hero, my uncle, let me speak of the villains.

There was Father Genevesse, a Jesuit priest. He was a short, plump, kindly-looking man in his mid-fifties, a frequent house guest and a friend of the family. I know it is unfair of me to hate all Jesuits because of Father Genevesse, but I am a man, not a block of wood. The very word 'Jesuit' sickens me and fills me with a desire to kill.

Another principle character was our house servant, a Negro of about forty-five years of age, who had been with my parents ever since their arrival in Saint-Domingue in 1770. He was tall, slender, and quite the gentleman, educated and treated almost as one of the family. He was in charge of all the house servants, and he enjoyed great prestige on the island because he was the head servant in the house of Michael Delaine, my father. The fiend's name was Jacques Bauché. My father trusted him implicitly, and I must say I had no suspicions of him whatsoever. He always addressed me as the "young master." Toward my mother and sister he was always the perfect gentleman. None of us suspected that the outward manners of our trusted servant concealed – there are no other words to describe it – a satanic heart.

That is not quite true; there was one among us who did not trust Jacques Bauché. That man was my uncle, Brian Delaine. I deeply loved my father and shall always love him above all other men, but he was the victim in our terrible family tragedy. The hero's part was to be played by my uncle. He alone saw the evil in Jacques Bauché and Father Genevesse.

My uncle was three years younger than my father and came to Saint-Domingue one year after my father did. Like my father he was completely loyal to France and did not see himself as any less of a Frenchman because he chose to seek his fortune in French Saint-Domingue instead of in France. But in every other way, my uncle was different from my father. Father was a man of slender build, very handsome and calm in temperament. I never once heard my father raise his voice in anger. In contrast, my uncle had a much more volatile nature. He often raised his voice in anger and quite often, when angry, seemed on the verge of physical violence, especially during some of his heated arguments with Father Genevesse.

My uncle was several inches shorter than my father, but he actually appeared taller because of his large, almost herculean physique. It was amazing that two brothers with the same bloodlines could look so different. My father looked every inch the French Aristocrat, while my uncle looked more like a French peasant than a French aristocrat.

Despite their differences in personality, or maybe because of those differences, my father and my uncle were very close. It was a great disappointment to my father when my uncle decided not to settle down on an estate next to him. Instead my uncle invested his part of the family fortune in a merchant ship and became a seafaring man. Because of the life he chose, he was frequently away from Saint-Domingue on long voyages of a mercantile nature. I don't think my father quite approved of the seafaring life, but he never reproached my uncle for it, although he would occasionally make a joke about finding a good wife for Uncle Brian who would make him stay on land for more than just one week every other month.

I, of course, was very interested in my uncle's voyages. I always looked forward to his visits to our estate, when he would tell me stories of his travels and the seafaring men who accompanied him on his voyages.

My uncle knew that my father didn't approve of the life he had chosen, so he always prefaced his stories with, "If your father permits, I'll tell you of..." My father always permitted it, because he loved his brother and he loved me. And despite my love for my uncle's sea stories, I never considered any life for myself other than the one my father wanted me to have, that of a French aristocrat tending to his plantation in Saint-Domingue.

It was a good life. Much has been written, since that way of life has disappeared, about lazy, good-for-nothing French aristocrats who lived off the sweat of black slaves. That is a lie, just as the Jacobin story of fat, indolent aristocrats who deserved to be guillotined in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity is a lie. The truth is that the black man lived off the sweat, ingenuity and vision of the white ruling class. Now that Saint-Domingue is Haiti, what is the lot of the black man? Rape, murder, poverty, and mayhem are normal in the Haiti of the black man. They were vile aberrations in the Saint-Domingue of the French aristocrats.

The climactic events of my life happened when I was 16, two years after the French Revolution. That is how long it took before liberty, equality, and fraternity brought rivers of blood to Saint-Domingue.

I am 95 years old, but I have carried the memory of the events of 79 years ago with me through all these years. Nothing will ever erase the memory of that terrible night and its aftermath. Why, after so many years, have I decided to write about what happened on June 7th, 1791? The reason is because I have a great grandson, Peter Delaine, who needs a chance to be a Delaine. I have outlived my son, and my grandson has no interest in his family history, so it falls to Peter, when he comes of age, to do what he will with this family history. I trust him to do what is right.

I am no Racine, no Shakespeare, but I intend to describe certain events in the dramatic mode for reasons that I think will become clear. I see the events as a tragic drama. For truly my family history is a tragic drama. But it is also, I believe, the tragic drama, not just of France alone, but of all of Europe and her people:

Place – The dining room of the Delaine house. Seated at dinner are Father Genevesse, my sister, my mother, my father, and myself. Jacques and two other house servants are also present at dinner.

Characters –

Peter Delaine – (myself) sixteen years old
Evelyn Delaine – my sister, 18 years old
Catherine Delaine – my mother, 40 years old
Brian Delaine – my uncle, 39 years old
Michael Delaine – my father, 42 years old
Jacques Bauché – house servant and overseer of all the other house servants of the Delaine family
Father Genevesse – 55 years old, Jesuit priest

Genevesse: I'm truly sorry your brother couldn't come, Michael. I was looking forward to talking with him.

Mother: A man in your profession shouldn't lie, Father; you know you don't like Brian.

Genevesse: Why do you say that? It's true that we often disagree, but I like a good argument and I like Brian.

Evelyn: I'm afraid Uncle Brian doesn't like you, Father.

Father: That's enough, Evelyn. I don't think Father Genevesse appreciates your jesting on that subject.

Peter: She's not jesting, father, Uncle Brian does hate him.

Father: That's enough from both of you. Father, please accept my apologies, and be assured that no member of my family has anything but the highest regard for you.

Genevesse: For me or what I represent?

Father: Both.

Genevesse: I'm not offended. Your brother is a passionate man, and I'm afraid I've annoyed him with my defense of our black brothers here in Saint-Domingue.

Mother: I can't really speak for Brian, Father, but I think I understand how he feels. You often give the impression, which I'm sure you don't mean to, that you think we should turn Saint-Domingue over to the negroes.

Genevesse: And what would be so wrong about that?

Father: Really, Father, you might as well ask what is wrong with making a three year old child the head of your household. Negro equality is insane.

Genevesse: Equality is coming to Saint-Domingue just as it came to France.

Mother: But they don't have equality in France, they have anarchy and chaos. Nor has the French Revolution been good for the clergy.

Genevesse: It's been good for some of them.

Father: Yes, for the traitor priests, the priests who are willing to betray their king and their God.

Genevesse: I hardly call spreading Christ's Gospel to other people besides Europeans treacherous.

Father: It is not a question of spreading the Gospel, it is a question of the French Saint-Domingueans and their survival as a people. How do we spread the Gospel in Saint-Domingue by liquidating the French? The negroes are not embracing Christ, they are killing white people. And the Jacobins are all atheists. How is that good for France?

Genevesse: I don't think you understand politics, Michael, but I must say that you do understand wine. This Bordeaux is excellent.

Mother: Jacques, I think we will have our dessert in the drawing room. Will you set out Evelyn's music so she can play for us?

Jacques: Yes, Madame.

Mother: Will you play, Evelyn?

Evelyn: Yes, but don't expect a virtuoso performance.

Genevesse: Oh, but I do expect a virtuoso performance. Your father simply raves about your musical gifts.

Evelyn: Father is prejudiced.

Father: No, I'm not. You be the judge, Father.

In the Drawing Room of the Delaine Mansion –

Peter, Father Genevesse, my father, my mother, and my sister are present. Jacques and two other servants are going back and forth with the dessert. Evelyn has just finished on the piano.

Genevesse: Your father didn't exaggerate, Evelyn. That was beautiful.

Evelyn: Thank you, Father.

Genevesse : Do you play, Peter?

Peter: No, Father, the piano is for women.

Genevesse: That's a horribly narrow viewpoint, my boy. Most of the best concert pianists are men. There is nothing effeminate about the mastery of a musical instrument.

Peter: Well, I don't play.

Genevesse: You should play a musical instrument. It can be quite ...

This was the moment. Seventy-nine years ago, and I see it all before me as if it were yesterday. Black fiends, dozens of them, carrying machetes, burst into the drawing room. My father, who was completely unarmed, rose to grapple with the foremost negro, while ordering the rest of us to run to the kitchen where Jacques was. But Jacques was not in the kitchen. He was right behind my father. As father wrestled with the foremost negro, Jacques stabbed my father in the back. It was a sickening, heart-rending sight. One thrust of the dagger through the middle of his back and into his heart, and my beloved father was dead.

When I first saw Jacques advancing toward my father, dagger in hand, I thought he was coming to help my father. Oh, that I had known! I could have stopped him. But I didn't know. I screamed when my father fell, and I lunged at Jacques, planning to wrest the dagger from him and cut his throat. But I was knocked to the ground by two large negroes and pinned there. My sister and my mother were also restrained and imprisoned in the arms of the filthy negro savages. Father Genevesse was nowhere to be seen. I wondered where he had gone, but I didn't suspect that he had anything to do with the attack. It was still beyond my comprehension that a priest, a man of God, would participate in anything so vile.

Of course, I was frightened, but that was not my primary emotion. I had seen my beloved father murdered before my eyes. I wanted the blood of the man who killed him. And there he was standing in the drawing room, a mocking, satanic sneer on his face.

"Well," he addressed me first. I was now on my feet, restrained by three of the black savages. "My fine young master, how does it feel to be slapped by your devoted servant?"

The slap was nothing to me — I was too enraged to feel it. I spit in his face. His face went livid with anger, and he pulled back his arm with the dagger in his hand and prepared to run me through. But an imperial command stopped him. It was Father Genevesse.

"Jacques! Remember, we agreed, only Michael, not the children or Catherine."

white dog's heart out and then let my friends have the women.”

My mother and my sister had both screamed in terror, as was only natural, when the attack first came. But there was no screaming or pleading after my father was murdered. The blood of their ancestors took hold.

Mother: I don't care what they do with me, Father, but if you have any influence with these fiends, ask them to spare my children.

Genevesse: I'm afraid I don't have any influence with them. I'm sorry.

Mother: You're sorry! What kind of man are you? We trusted you. You're supposed to be a priest.

Genevesse: It's because I am a priest that I had to help the Revolution. Do you think I enjoy this?

Evelyn: You helped them kill my father!

Genevesse: Yes, I did. Someday you'll understand. Now, in the heat of the moment I don't expect you to understand.

Jacques: Enough of this. He dies now and the white bitches die when my men are through with them.

Genevesse: I really must protest...

Jacques motioned to one of his savage cohorts and he cut off Father Genevesse's head with one blow of the machete. It was a horrific sight, but I felt no pity for Genevesse.

Then Jacques turned back to me and raised his dagger again. I waited for the fatal thrust, but it never came. Jacques Bauché fell to the floor with a bullet in his head. My uncle Brian was upon them! Never, in all my long years have I seen such magnificence as I saw that night when my uncle attacked the black devils who murdered my father.

My uncle had gotten wind of an attack on the whites' plantations while he was in port getting ready to sail. He headed for our house right away. Too late to save father, he did save us. Four pistol shots and four dead savages. The rest of the work he did with his sword, our family sword that my uncle usually kept in his cabin. It was unsheathed that night. He killed them all, and he killed because he loved us and his brother with a passion that no negro could ever fathom.

There is a poem about the great Montrose of Scotland in which he bids his executioners scatter his body throughout Scotland and the God who made him will, he believed, put his body and soul together again whole and entire. Such is the belief of Christians. And I am a Christian. But why do we pray at the graves of loved ones? And why do we shrink from the idea of cremation? I don't know. Perhaps it is because the body of our beloved dead held, while alive, the light of the soul within it. We can't bear to part with that light. It often takes months and sometimes years for the bereaved to feel, with certainty, that the body and the soul of their dear departed are united in Christ. But there was no time for a proper burial that night. My uncle wept to part with his brother without a proper burial, but he knew what had to be done. He did what his brother would have wanted; he took care of his family. He knelt and kissed his brother on the forehead, and then he rose up and spoke to us.

Brian: We must leave him now or we'll all be dead. There are black savages everywhere killing every white they see. I'm going to try to take you to my ship as 'prisoners.' Come while I tie you together.

My uncle smeared black mud over his face so that he might look like a negro from a distance. Up close there was no way my uncle's features could be mistaken for a negro's.

Brian: We might get by. Remember you're my prisoners – try to act the part.

Evelyn: What if they challenge us? You really don't look much like a negro even covered with mud.

Brian: If anyone challenges us, I'll kill them. Don't worry, Evelyn, we'll make it.

Uncle Brian set the house ablaze, and with only the clothes on our backs — for prisoners couldn't be seen carrying their belongings — we left our home and my father. After all these years, the tears still come when I recount that terrible departure.

From a distance I'm sure it did appear that my uncle was a negro with two white female captives and a young male captive. But anyone who came close would be a danger, because they would see that a white man was trying to save three whites from death and torture. And that was the only law left in Haiti. All whites must be tortured and killed.

We made it to within fifty yards of my uncle's ship when two drunken negroes saw what my uncle was up to. They shouted an alarm to other negroes and charged straight at my uncle with their machetes.

My uncle still had his sword and a brace of pistols. He ran one of them through and shot the other in the head. A group of negroes, about nine in number, having been alerted by the two other negroes, were now running toward us. My uncle bid us drop the ropes from our limbs, for we had only been loosely tied, and run for the ship. As we ran for the ship my uncle turned to face the black barbarians. No army regiment ever had a better rearguard than Brian Delaine. The blacks wanted to kill my uncle quickly in order to get at us. It was not to be. Brian Delaine killed all but one, who ran back into the darkness of Haiti. My uncle arrived on board unscathed a few minutes after us.

At Sea that Night

Brian Delaine I gave the women my cabin. Can the lad bunk with you?

First Mate: Yes, Captain, but where will you sleep?

Brian: I'll sleep sitting up outside the ladies' cabin.

First Mate: I understand.

Brian: And, Malcolm...

FM: Yes, captain?

Brian: Thanks.

FM: For what?

Brian: For keeping the ship in the harbor until I got the boy and women on board. The men must have wanted to pull out, what with all the niggers swarming the docks looking for white blood.

FM: There were a few that talked about it, but I put them straight. And there's no need to thank me. You took me on as your first mate five years ago when I had only the clothes on my back and a proud Highland name. I wasn't about to leave you to the tender mercies of those black savages. I'm only sorry your brother didn't make it.

Brian: So am I.

FM : Enough said, captain.

Brian: You're still up?

Peter: I still can't believe he's dead.

Brian: I'm not a church-going man. You know that, Peter. But on the important things I believe what your father and every white man that is a white man believes. A ship's captain should never be without this book. I've read this passage so many times for burials at sea, but never with the heart and the faith that I'm going to read it tonight:

"Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

I'm not suggesting you should ever forget what happened this night, Peter, but when you think of your father, think of him at the same time as ... dare I say His name? I must. Think of him at the same time as you think of Christ. Then you'll see your father and Christ as you should see them, as all loving hearts do see them.

You needn't be ashamed of those tears. Go back to your cabin. And remember your sister and your mother need you to be strong.

So much more I could say to you, Peter, my namesake, but let that end the tale of the terrible night. A few more pages about the years after that terrible night, and I'll be finished with the manuscript.

France was no place for us at that time, with every aristocrat in constant danger from the Jacobins who kept feeding Madame Guillotine. And even if we had wanted to return to France, France had no place for us. My grandparents on both my mother's and my father's side of the family had gone to their deaths on the guillotine. Even the Jacobins admitted that they died bravely.

My uncle took the three of us to England. Mother recovered all the family fortune that was not tied up in the estate, portable property as Mr. Dickens' great character Wemick called it, after we arrived, from the Swiss banks where my father had transferred their funds during the time of the Jacobin revolution. So we had enough money to take up residence in a modest English cottage in the town of Rockridge, off the southern coast of England. Life there was not unpleasant, but my mother never really recovered from my father's death. She died after four years in England. I was twenty years of age, and my sister was twenty-two years. The empiricists tell us that there is no such thing as a broken heart; therefore, it is impossible to die from a broken heart. But the empiricists don't know anything. My mother died of a broken heart. And I would have died with her, except for the fact that I had some business to attend to. But more about that later.

The main reason my mother took the house on the coast of England was because of my uncle. He always anchored his ship in port and came to see us often. It was on one such visit, six months after the death of my mother, when my uncle told me of some unfinished business of his own.

Brian: How has Evelyn been since your mother's death?

Peter: At first I didn't think she would live through it, but she seems to be returning to some kind of normal life now. It helps that we have made some friends here in Rockridge and have also been in contact with some other French exiles.

Brian: And how are you, Peter?

Peter: I won't die from sorrow. I won't die from anything until I've had their hearts' blood.

Brian: What do you mean, Peter? The men directly responsible for your father's death and for your mother's death from grief are all dead. You saw Father Genevesse and Jacques Bauché die the same night your father was murdered.

Peter: There were others. Since I've been in England I've been reading about this thing they call the French Revolution. Have you ever heard of a man named Edmund Burke?

Brian: Yes, of course, I've met him and consider him my friend.

Peter: You know Burke! What is he like? I must tell you that I love him; he seems so noble. And he hates the French Jacobins. He calls them regicides.

Brian: And so they are. As for Burke the man, he is everything he seems to be in his writings. He is the soul of honour.

Peter: He talks of war with the regicide French. I want to join him, Uncle.

Brian: Now wait, Peter. Mr. Burke writes like Shakespeare – his words cut right to a man's heart because he writes from the heart. But I fear not even Burke's eloquence can inspire a nation to restore another nation's monarchy and to punish another nation's criminals. I've read Mr. Burke's letters against the regicide French – he is right in everything he says – but I'm afraid the English will not fight the regicides.

Peter: Then I will fight them, Uncle. There is something burning inside of me that I must give way to. My passion for their blood is not something that can be denied.

Brian: But whose blood, Peter? You can't kill all the Jacobins.

Peter: Before I answer that, Uncle, I want you to tell me what your business in France is. You know if you're identified as an aristocrat you'll be killed, and yet you tell me you have business in France. So I ask you — what is your business there?

Brian: I go on family business. I'm going to France to kill the men responsible for sending my brother Robert, my parents, and your mother's parents, to the guillotine.

Peter: Then, with all due respect, Uncle, how can you deny me the right to go to France and fight the Jacobins?

Brian: First, because you are my brother's son. And since his death you have become my son. Second, you haven't any idea of who you are going to kill. You just want to kill Jacobins. My trip to France is an affair of honour. I don't expect to wipe out Jacobinism in France by what I do. But if each Frenchman would take care of his family honour, Jacobinism would soon be destroyed. I can't make other Frenchmen be Frenchmen instead of weasels. I can only do what I must do. And what I must do does not include risking the life of my brother's only son.

Peter: But as my father's only son, don't I have the same right as you to avenge the murder of my grandparents and my uncle?

Brian: We won't discuss this anymore. You are not coming to France, it's that simple. I want no more talk of such nonsense.

There was more talk, not that day, but in the weeks that followed. I was respectful but persistent with my uncle, and in the end I won out. Not because my uncle was weak-willed, but because blood spoke to blood. In his heart, he knew that I had a blood right to go with him.

Certain conditions were imposed upon me though. I was to obey my uncle's orders implicitly, and the scope of our killings was not to extend beyond those who were involved in the executions of the Delaines. This wasn't because my uncle was indifferent to the fate of the rest of his countrymen — far from it — it was because my uncle knew that he could not single-handedly wipe out Jacobinism in France.

A few days before our departure for France, my uncle obtained for me an interview with Edmund Burke. The interview remains, to this day, the greatest honour of my life. I remember every word the incomparable Burke spoke to me as if it were yesterday. He was in retirement at the time of our meeting yet still not retired. A man like Burke never retires. His letters against the regicide French were still a source of hope for all of Christian Europe and a thorn in the side of the enemies of Christian Europe.

Burke's estate was rather humble, like the man himself. He welcomed me to his home as if I was doing him the honour.

Edmund Burke: You've had more than your share of sorrow for a man so young.

Peter: No more than many others who had the misfortune to live in the age of the Jacobins.

Burke: Yes, these are terrible times. It seems that we are spending the unbought grace of life like profligate sailors on a drunken shore leave.

Peter: "The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that charity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness."

Burke: You've quoted Burke better than Burke could. And with such feeling. Truly we are kindred spirits, young man.

Peter: Yes, that is the way I feel. We are kindred spirits.

Burke: Kindred spirits despite our difference in age and nationality. But there are two things the aged Burke must tell the young Peter Delaine. First, this enterprise you plan to share with your uncle is noble, but I think it might have a better chance of success if your uncle would make a few changes in his plans. We'll talk about that later when your uncle joins us. There remains one thing more I want to say to you alone, Peter. No man ever formed a loving attachment to a system of religion or to a system of government. All of our affections begin with our families and extend to our local neighborhoods and then to our country. Man is a provincial creature. So long as he stays provincial in his affections a man will not go too far astray from what is right. Do you understand what I am saying?

Peter: Yes, I think I do. You bid me stay faithful to my family and my people.

Burke: Yes, and by that fidelity to your people you'll stay faithful to the God of your people, not to a system of theology but to a living God, Jesus Christ.

Peter: I won't forget what you have told me.

Burke: It strikes me that you and your uncle have seen the ultimate future of Jacobinism. Such ignoble, inhuman ideologies as Jacobinism always come to a country violently, preceded by high-sounding words like liberty, equality, and fraternity, and always end in a bloodbath. A perfect equality is never possible. Some are always more equal. A select group of people become "the people," and everyone else must either serve the people or be exterminated by the people. In the end, if Jacobinism is not stopped, the only truly authentic people will be the negroes. The Jacobins will bid us fall down and worship the negro.

Brian: When that day comes, the world will still see the Delaines standing upright and in defiance.

Burke: I'm sorry, I didn't hear you come in.

Brian: No, I'm sorry for barging in. But we must be off. We have some final preparations to make.

Peter: Uncle, Mr. Burke had a suggestion before we embark.

Burke: Yes, I do. I was thinking it might be better if you traveled through France as Englishmen rather than as Frenchmen. As Frenchmen you would fall under suspicion almost immediately. Try as you might to conceal it, your aristocratic breeding would come out, and you would then face the guillotine. But traveling as Englishmen — and I could send two English friends with you to make your Englishness all the more authentic — you will be more likely to accomplish your mission and come safely back to England.

Brian: What you say makes sense. But could you find such men. We need to leave almost immediately.

Burke: Two such men can be ready within the hour; I've already broached the subject to them.

Brian: Let me meet them. If they are willing, we'll follow your advice.

Burke: Good. Now, my two kindred spirits, let us embrace, hopefully not for the last time.

How can I describe those four months in France? It was part idyll, part nightmare, and finally a triumph of honour.

There is nothing, except possibly that first love, which can compare with a young man's first foray onto the battlefield of honour. My two English friends were closer to my age than to my uncle's age. They were twenty-two-year-old Edmund Drake, a direct descendant of Sir Francis, and the twenty-four-year-old Jonathan Stone. Both men came from noble families and were accompanying us because they believed in that charity of honour that Mr. Burke wrote about. Just as my uncle and I felt a stain upon our honour because of the unavenged murders of our kinsmen, so did our two English brothers feel compelled to aid us so that no stain could be attached to their honour for a failure to aid their fellow aristocrats in their time of need.

The first two months of our time in France was spent largely in the provinces, planning and gathering information. I never completely forgot the bloody, serious venture I had committed myself to, but there were many moments, whole weeks in fact, when I really felt like an Englishman traveling with my boon companions through picturesque France. Away from Paris and the other major cities, life seemed the same in France as it must have been before the Revolution. But of course this was all an illusion. As you got closer to the towns, you could see, feel, and smell the presence of a malignant power, the power of the Jacobins. At such moments we were so grateful to Mr. Burke. We never could have survived, disguised as French peasants. As it was, Edmund and Jonathan did all the talking to the French, because their French was with an English accent. They gave out that we, my uncle and I, spoke only English, thus sparing us the necessity of speaking perfect French and revealing ourselves as Frenchmen. Upon prior arrangement, before we even entered France we had all agreed to speak English even when we were alone together, in case some busybody might overhear my uncle and me speaking French.

Very soon, my uncle discovered who it was that had to be held to account, but it would not be so easy to confront the murderer because he was very high up in the Jacobin hierarchy. His name was Andre Pavolin, and before the Revolution he had been a wine merchant. As such he frequently came in contact with many of the aristocratic families. He was quite the hail fellow, well met, in those days. But after the Revolution he got a position in the Jacobin government and delighted in sending whole families of aristocrats, whom he had fawned over when a wine merchant, to the guillotine. Among those he sent to the guillotine were my grandparents and my uncle Robert, the oldest son who had stayed in France.

My grandparents on my father's side were not unknown to me. They had visited us many times in our plantation in Saint-Domingue. My uncle Robert and I had never met. His wife went to the guillotine with him, and his children were murdered the night the Jacobins came for their parents. As I saw up close the evil wrought by the Jacobins, I thought of Burke's words:

"The revolution harpies of France, sprung from night and hell, or from that chaotic anarchy, which generates equivocally 'all monstrous all prodigious things,' cuckoo-like, adulterously lay their eggs, and brood over, and hatch them in the nest of every neighbouring state."

Truly the Jacobins sprang from hell. And the worst of it is that the female Jacobins, the harpies, were the worst of all. Pavolin's wife, for instance, always dipped a handkerchief in the blood of the aristocrats denounced by her husband, and when she "entertained" she would put the bloody handkerchiefs on display. "This is the blood of Mademoiselle _____ and this is the blood of Monsieur _____." Surely Tennyson was right when he said, "the difference between a man and a man is the difference between heaven and earth, but the difference between a woman and a woman is the difference between heaven and hell."

And where did Citizeness Pavolin display her handkerchiefs? In her landed estate, the same estate that once belonged to my grandparents. What's that you say? You thought all was equal in the new regime of the Jacobins? Far from it! Some, the upper echelon of Jacobins, were decidedly more equal than others. Those who attempt to level all mankind to a state of perfect equality are in reality tyrants who want to rule mankind in the name of an abstract, mythical equality. This I learned from Burke and my own observations of the French Jacobins in action.

The rather pleasant idyll in the French countryside came to an end as we neared Paris. As the day of reckoning approached, we all became more serious and tight-lipped. Even Edmund, who was always ready with a jest, said very little. And then came the confrontation for which we had so carefully planned.

My uncle knew the house; he had grown up in it, and he knew where Monsieur and Madame Pavolin slept. What concerned my uncle were the servants. He didn't want to kill any servants that were not Jacobins, but as it turned out, when my uncle investigated the backgrounds of Pavolin's people he discovered that they all were Jacobins. The servants that had stayed loyal to my grandparents had been either killed or cast out into the streets to fend for themselves. So it was understood by all of us that whomever tried to come between us and the Pavolins would die. As it turned out, the paid lackeys had very little stomach for a fight. Edmund killed one servant who tried to run him through with a sword, and I killed another who tried to defend his master, but after those two met their deaths, the rest of the household staff allowed themselves to be herded into the dining room under the guard of Edmund and Jonathan.

How did it feel to kill a man? You must remember that sudden violent death was something that I had seen before on that fateful night in Saint-Domingue. Did it make a difference to me that now I was the one who had issued the death sentence? Not morally. I knew that I had come to France to kill Jacobins so I had no pangs of conscience about the man I killed. It did sicken me though. Just because I knew the killing was a necessity did not mean I received any pleasure from it.

With the potential resistance captured and confined, my uncle and I proceeded to the bedroom of the Pavolins. What were their dreams that night? Did they have a foreboding that something was afoot? Or did they sleep content and happy in their new found wealth and their positions within the Jacobin government? I do not know. How can anyone know such things? We tied Madame Pavolin to the bedpost, and Brian told her husband to get his sword.

Brian: You will have much more of a chance to live than my parents had. If you kill me your wife and you will remain alive.

Pavolin: How do I know your nephew will honour your promise?

Brian: My nephew is a Delaine; he is an aristocrat and his honour is without stain.

Pavolin: Then die, Brian Delaine.

The fight did not last long. My uncle ran him through within three minutes. I think Pavolin thought he would win, because he began the fight with a supremely confident look on his face that soon gave way to panic and despair. He never spoke again after his final sneering boast.

As for Madame Pavolin? We did not abuse or molest her as so many of the aristocratic women had been molested and abused before their executions, but we did execute her. We used the wine cellar as an execution chamber, and hung her from the rafters. The servants and staff were bound and locked in the wine cellar with the corpse of Madame Pavolin. My uncle thought that one and all, after they extricated themselves from their bonds, would get good and drunk and give us at least 24 hours to escape from France. He was right. We arrived in England twenty-four hours later, undetected by the Jacobin forces.

One week after our return, my uncle and I went to see Mr. Burke. I waited in the outer room while my uncle talked with him. After an hour or so my uncle came out from his conference with Burke.

Brian: He's quite ill, Peter, and I'm afraid death is not far away, but he wants so much to speak to you. Don't be embarrassed to speak to him. Sick or well, he is still the unconquerable Burke. His concern is for his countrymen and his kind, the Europeans. Go speak with him; I'll wait here for you. And remember, quite probably you'll be speaking for the last time to one of the greatest men Europe has ever known.

Edmund Burke: Take a seat, my young friend, and forgive me if I do not get up to greet you. My illness dictates that I sit rather than stand.

Peter: I'm sorry to find you so ill, Mr. Burke.

Burke: It's nothing, Peter. Simply the normal ills of old age. I'd prefer to die standing up, in actual battle with the Jacobins, but I'll have to content myself with the metaphysical battle. You are one of my greatest consolations, Peter. My death will be easier knowing that at least one faithful heart – and your uncle is another – truly understands what the Jacobins are and vows to spend his life fighting them.

Peter: I hope that my life will prove worthy of your confidence.

Burke: I know it will, Peter. Once a man, a real man, has seen the true beauty – and all true beauty is moral beauty – of a Europe consecrated to Christ, he will never accept the new Jacobin Europe.

Peter: It seems that the Jacobin influence is spreading throughout Europe. Everything you warned us about is coming true. We, the white Europeans, have spent the unbought grace of life and have replaced that grace with liberalism.

Burke: Yes, that's all too true, Peter. Even Britain has succumbed. I believe that Britain, since our glorious revolution, has been the foremost Christian nation of Europe. If not for Britain, the exiles of your own nation would have had no place to go. But ideological Jacobinism, which I call liberalism, has engulfed Britain as well as France. We're moving slower than the French; the innate conservatism of the British people will not be easily defeated, but we are definitely moving toward a liberal state that is opposed to Christianity. When that finally happens with the appearance of a liberal theocracy in France, Britain, and the rest of Europe, only a remnant of Europeans will remain faithful to my Britain and my Europe, both of which were consecrated to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Every European is bound by ties of blood and faith to oppose the liberals' Europe and support His Europe.

You will face many temptations in your life, Peter. There will be the usual pagan temptations, which I need not delineate; we are all quite aware of them. But your greatest temptation will be the temptation to minimize the evil of liberalism because you want to go peacefully through the world. 'It's not that bad and a man must live,' you will say to yourself at some point in your life. That is the time when you must go deep into your heart and feel what your ancestors felt. The devil is a liberal, and you can have nothing to do with the devil or his minions. Lest you be tempted to soften toward your own nation, for instance, always remember that those who are governing now, even though they finally deposed Robespierre, are still the same men who voted to kill your king.

Peter: With God as my witness and as I hope for my salvation, I shall never make peace in my heart with the liberals.

Burke: God bless you, Peter. It will not be easy, but I know you shall prevail. You have a great capacity for love and a great capacity for hate, a hate for those who hurt or threaten those you love. Never believe pious hypocrites, whose faith is paper thin, when they tell you not to hate. A man who does not hate where he should hate will be unable to love where he should love.

Peter: I understand.

Burke: I believe you do understand, Peter. Now let me tell you one last thing. Never trust institutions; trust the spirit behind the institutions. All churches, all governments, at least the European governments and the European churches, were created to serve our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who can be known by every man who has a heart to listen to His words of salvation. Never abandon that Christ, the simple Christ of the Gospels, and you will never be ultimately overcome even if the whole world caves in to liberalism. Now, before you go, let me part with you.

Burke: Holy Father, in all things bless this young man and help him to withstand the devilish forces arrayed against him. As he grows in years, help him to come to know, in his heart, the love of Him whose love passeth the understanding of the intellect. And may that love sustain him in this world and the world to come. In Christ's name, Amen.

That was the last time I saw and spoke to Edmund Burke in this world, but he has always been with me throughout what has turned out to be a very long life. How well have I kept my pledge to Burke? Well, there have been stains on my honour, but a man must be truthful even if the truth tends to show him in a good light. Though I stumbled often I never ultimately succumbed to the liberal demons of the new Europe. And it is my hope that at some time the Delaine blood will renew itself in the person of my namesake, my great grandson, Peter Delaine, to whom I have willed this document. My son died faithful and true to Christ and Christ's Europe. My grandson went over to the liberals. One can only bear witness with one's life. If no one, not even those of the same blood, care to listen to my witness or follow in my footsteps, well, — there is free will. I hope Peter Delaine becomes a Delaine, but I at least will follow my Father, Mother, Sister, Son, Uncle, and Edmund Burke to the grave, having fought the good fight, despite my many imperfections, until the end.

-END OF THE MANUSCRIPT-

Footnote: My great-grandfather died six years after writing that family memoir. He was 101 years of age, and I was seven, when he died. I didn't read the manuscript until I was eighteen.

After I finished reading Peter's great-grandfather's account of his family's suffering at the hands of the Jesuit priest and the black Jacobins, I got a call to a sick bed, so I left a note for Peter saying that I would meet him in my study on the following night, providing something unexpected did not come up.

Peter was waiting for me the next evening; I had given instructions to admit him to the study whether I was there or not. After a few polite niceties, Peter came to the point.

"Did you read the manuscript?"

"Yes, I did. It was profoundly moving and very interesting. If I may be so bold, what was the rest of your great-grandfather's life like? Was it as eventful as his early life, or did he manage to settle down somewhere?"

"He married a French émigrée when he was twenty-six. He never returned to Haiti, but he did fight the Jacobins, spiritually and actually the rest of his life."

"In what way?"

"Well, he never was able to raise an army of French émigrés and restore the monarchy, but he did fight many duels, always with the Jacobins who fashioned themselves the new royalty. He did what he could, but he never thought it was enough."

"And his children?"

"He had four daughters and one son. His son and his daughters remained true to eternal France and absolutely opposed to Jacobin France. They never flew the tricolour flag."

“What about his grandson, your father?”

“Ah, that was another matter. My father, despite his heritage, grew up neutral. He took the line of, ‘I don’t approve of the excesses of the French revolution, but after all it was necessary.’ Naturally that did not set well with my grandfather or my great-grandfather, and because of his views, my father was estranged from them. They seldom had contact. I, having had virtually no contact with the anti-Jacobin faction of my family, grew up a thorough-going French liberal. Which is why I entered the priesthood; I wanted to serve Christ by spreading liberalism, which I thought was the gospel for modern man. It was when I saw liberalism close up from within the church that I started to listen to my great-grandfather, through his manuscript. At his death my great-grandfather willed me the manuscript you have just read, because his son was dead and he knew that his grandson was against him. I don’t hate my father, but I now know he was wrong. Liberalism is from the devil, and we can never compromise with it.”

“You’ll get no argument from me on that point; Burke has always been a writer dear to my heart. Your ancestors certainly seem to have been at the forefront of the battle against the Jacobins. What happened to your great-great-uncle, the man your great-grandfather called the hero of the family tragedy?”

“He married an Englishwoman and settled in Sussex. I don’t think Baroness Orczy knew of my uncle, but her book *The Scarlet Pimpernel* certainly captured the spirit and adventurous life of Brain Delaine. While the terror was still going on, he made many forays back into France to rescue aristocrats. Like the Scarlet Pimpernel he kept his identity secret. Unlike the Scarlet Pimpernel he had no songs written about him, but amongst the French émigré population in England he was called the scourge of Jacobinism. He never reconciled with the French government, not under Napoleon nor the Republic. My uncle, a descendant of Brain Delaine, told me that whenever the topic of reconciliation came up Brain Delaine simply stated, ‘They are all regicides; I will never make peace with them.’ And he never did.

“He lived the rest of his life in England?”

“Yes, except for his rescue missions to France and two or three trips to Haiti.”

“Why Haiti? What was there left for him to do?”

“My uncle never gave me any details about those trips. All he said was that his great-grandfather’s excursions to Haiti were for rescue and punitive purposes. So I can only assume that the family sword was unsheathed again on those missions.”

“Children, did he have children?”

“Yes, he did, and he was blessed with many years. There seems to be a longevity gene in the Delaine family.”

“Where does this family history figure in your life, Peter?”

“It’s hard to put into words... I suppose it all comes down to what Edmund Burke called that ‘charity of honour.’ I feel I violated the charity of honour by being loyal to a universalist idea rather than to my family and my blood. I’d like, in some small way, to atone, if not completely then at least partially for my sin against that charity of honour.”

“Atonement is primarily something that takes place within a man’s heart, Peter. You seem to have made a heartfelt atonement for your Jacobin sympathies. What else do you think it necessary to do? We must be prepared to forgive ourselves when forgiveness is warranted.”

“What you say is all quite true. But in my case, there is a point of family honour that must be taken care of. My great-grandfather and Burke have made me see that if family honour is not placed first, then honour has to be abandoned. A man who betrays his family will betray his clan and his nation.”

“Then you have something in mind that you must do? Something involving your family honour?”

“Yes.”

So Peter finally came to his main purpose for seeking me out. He needed my help to remove what he felt was a stain on his honour. What I am about to relate will seem quite incredible to 20th century readers, but the march of progress is a mirage; we are still the same morally, struggling for salvation against the wickedness and snares of the devil. The pity of the modern man is that he no longer believes in the wickedness and snares of the devil or in the devil’s Divine Antagonist, Jesus Christ. Peter Delaine believed in both, and he wanted my help against the devil and his minions, fighting them in the name of Christ.

Everything went back to that fateful night of almost two-hundred years ago when Peter’s great, great grandfather was murdered by Jacques Bauché. If you recall, Bauché was killed on that same night by Brain Delaine. And you’ll also recall that Brian Delaine made several trips back to Saint-Domingue after that fateful night for punitive and charitable purposes. It seems incredible, but it is quite true, that Brain Delaine did whatever he could to rescue the few remaining whites in Saint-Domingue and to punish as many leaders of the negro rebellions as he could lay his hands on. Several prominent, newly crowned negro tyrants of blood were found strangled in their beds or lying dead in their mansions with a bullet between their eyes. And many a white captive found themselves released from the sacrificial altars at the last minute by Brain Delaine. He was feared as the great avenger of his people. And long after his death the name of Brian Delaine survived in the voodoo cults of Haiti as the great white devil who could still reach out his arm and destroy black men. Voodoo priests invoked his name to put curses on other blacks. If a man suddenly took sick who was an enemy of one of the witch doctors it was supposed to be because the witch doctor removed his protective shield of black magic from the victim and allowed the spirit of Brain Delaine to claim another victim. It was steadfastly believed throughout the black community in Haiti that the witch doctors were the only men standing between the blacks and the vengeance of Brian Delaine.

A black Roman Catholic priest, a Haitian who blended voodoo and Catholicism, decided to put an end to what he felt was a morbid fear among his people of the ghost of Brain Delaine. He was opposed by many of the witch doctors because they needed Brian Delaine. They wanted to be looked on as the only ones powerful enough to keep the ghost of Brian Delaine from harming the blacks of Haiti. And the witch doctors were the most powerful group of men in Haiti. But the black Catholic voodoo priest had two things in his favor. First, he could get help from other European priests, and second, he was a direct descendant of Jacques Bauché, whose martyred name was also a power in Haiti.

So Father Jacques Bauché – he was named for his famous ancestor – went to France to obtain support for his scheme. And he got it from two French Jesuits. In the name of whatever pig god they worshipped — it was most certainly not Christ – they agreed to help Jacques Bauché accomplish his bloody mission.

Peter learned of Bauché’s trip to France and his visit with two Roman Catholic priests from a friend of his who was familiar with Peter’s family history. When Peter investigated, he discovered a truly hideous plot aimed at a direct descendant of Brian Delaine.

I’ve never felt the slightest inclination to go over to Rome. The inhumanity of Roman universalism has always filled me with horror. Nevertheless I still regarded the Protestant minister and the Roman Catholic priest as serving in the same corps as myself. So it was particularly sad for me to see two of my co-religionists go over, so blatantly, to Satan. When all is laid bare on that final day of judgment, I suspect we will see that the fateful separation was the heart from the head. Once a man makes an intellectual system of the Christian faith and makes his own mind the final arbiter of all things Christian, he is fit for the foulest and blackest treasons and stratagems imaginable. Father Ormand and Father Lejune were willing to betray their race because they had already abstracted the living God into a mind-forged system of their own invention. In their minds everything that had the stink of humanity, from Christ, to their own people, was hateful and deserving of death.

The two apostate priests had helped Father Bauché identify an English girl who was a direct descendant of Brian Delaine. You'll remember that Brian Delaine married an Englishwoman. Well, Father Ormand and Father Lejune traced the line of Brian Delaine all the way to Susan Bradley. Susan was 18 years old, living with her parents in London. All three were members of my parish. Why didn't Jacques Bauché and the two Jesuits want the mother? After all, she too was a direct descendant of Brian Delaine. The answer turned out to be quite simple. The twisted priests and their cohorts wanted a virgin for the blood ritual of vengeance.

I don't think any of the three priests, not even Jacques Bauché, believed in the efficacy of virgin sacrifice, but Jacques Bauché's Haitian followers believed in it. And that is why he brought six followers along with him. He needed them to witness the sacrifice and tell other Haitians what they had witnessed. Without their witness, Bauché could not prove that he had removed the curse of Brian Delaine.

Jacques Bauché would become the most feared witch doctor in Haiti after he murdered Susan Bradley, but what did Father Lejune and Father Ormand stand to gain by their participation in such a heinous crime? It's hard to say why a man turns to Satan, but there is something that I've observed in the modern Europeans, particularly in apostate clergymen, that might go a long way toward explaining the actions of Father Lejune and Father Ormand.

When a man has only an intellectual knowledge of the Christian faith and no affection for the person of Christ, he tends to resent God. He looks on God as the law giver only, and a rather harsh law giver at that. He then creates another God, an abstract God, who will do his will. Neither Ormand nor Lejune ever really knew Christ; hence, they were open, I believe, to any deviation from Christianity that promised them some relief from the spiritual ennui that always engulfs the post-Christian European. And what is the antidote for the spiritual ennui of the post-Christian European? Some things never change; it is sex and blood. Ormand and Lejune fantasized about killing Susan Bradley and then having sex with Bauché's henchmen.

Bauché's beliefs were somewhat different than the two European priests. He didn't believe that the slaughter of Susan Bradley would remove the curse of Brian Delaine, because he didn't believe in the curse of Brian Delaine. But he did believe in the major tenets of the Christian faith, and he hated those tenets. His hero was Satan in whom he believed with absolute certainty.

So these three priests and the six negro devotees of the voodoo gods of Haiti landed on English shores to slaughter Susan Bradley. Peter had done his homework well. He knew everything about the plans of the three priests. They were to arrive on June 3rd, a Wednesday, and two days after that they planned to kidnap Susan Bradley on the way home from the dress shop where she worked. The kidnapping had to be done by Fathers Lejune and Ormand because the section of London where Susan lived had no negroes in its precincts. Their presence would arouse suspicion, whereas Fathers Lejune and Ormand, dressed as working class Englishmen, would not arouse any suspicion. After they made Susan a prisoner, the two priests planned to drive her to the outskirts of a small town, Taven, on the southern coast of England. There, on the desolate cliffs overlooking the sea, they planned to kill Susan in a ritual that combined the elements of a black mass and the voodoo rites of the Haitian witch doctors.

Peter wanted me to help him contact Susan and her parents in order to warn them of the danger Susan was in. He thought they would only believe such an incredible story if their own pastor could attest to its truth. And frankly I wasn't sure I could convince the Bradleys of the truth of Peter Delaine's story. From the perspective of a lower middle class English family of the 1930's, the whole affair seemed much too fantastical. But the parents and Susan did believe in the fantastical tale of Christ's death on the cross and resurrection from the dead, so why, believing that, would they doubt that the battle against principalities and powers, that Christ's servant Paul warned us of, could come upon us in any form and at any time?

Since Peter's great-grandfather and namesake set the stage for this story with his narrative that went from narrative to theater, why should I not avail myself of the same means to an end? Let me set the stage. Picture a lower middle class English living room, at 10:30 pm. Susan's father, a tall lean man with kind eyes and an athletic bearing no doubt maintained by keeping his appointed rounds as a postman, sat in his chair near the family hearth. Susan's ten-year-old brother Donald was already in bed asleep. Susan's mother, Mrs. Bradley, attractive for her age, but slightly overweight, sat next to her husband. She knew of her famous ancestor, Brian Delaine, but she did not have the intimate knowledge of that branch of her family that Peter had. Once Peter informed the Bradleys of the complete details of the Delaine family history, and I vouched for Peter, the Bradleys readily believed the truth. And of course Susan Bradley was present, sitting with her parents, in the full bloom of womanhood, more than attractive, quite beautiful. The curtain rises on the stage at 11 pm after all three learned the truth from us and believed it.

Mr. Bradley: I'm certainly not going to stand by and see my daughter killed by those Satanists, and that's what they are. I'll kill them all myself if I have to.

Mrs. Bradley: But will that be necessary, Edward? Can't we turn them all over to Scotland Yard? What do you think, Reverend Grey?

Reverend Grey: We could tell Scotland Yard about this, but I would be very worried about relying on Scotland Yard. The police are essentially reactive. They prevent crime by catching murderers after they have murdered. Their speedy apprehension of murderers is a deterrent to other murders, but I want Susan to live to a ripe old age, and I don't want her to be a case for Scotland Yard to solve.

Mr. Bradley: Nor do I, but what do you suggest, Reverend? And may I be quite blunt? You are not a man of action. I mean no disrespect, but if these men intend what you say they intend, I don't know that either an Anglican minister or a Roman Catholic priest is the man to stop them.

Peter: I have no intention of allowing the Reverend Grey to become involved. It is my honour that has been stained, and it is my kinswoman who is in jeopardy. As God is my witness, these men shall not touch Susan.

Mrs. Bradley: I'm sure you have honourable intentions, Father, but the fact remains that we only trust you because Reverend Grey trusts you. How can we entrust the life of our daughter to you?

Mr. Bradley: Or to you, Reverend Grey?

Susan: May I say something? After all I'm not a disinterested party in this affair.

Mr. Bradley: Of course you may.

Susan: Well then, I have this to say: Reverend Grey baptized me, he confirmed me, and I received my first communion from him. He has come to our house as a guest more times than I can count, and he has also visited this house when little Donald, myself, or you, Papa, and you, Mother, were sick. I'll never forget when I had the fever four years ago. He sat with me all through the day and into the night. I went to sleep with the words of the Gospel resonating through my room. The way the Reverend Grey read the Gospel to me that night was... Well, it was as if I had heard the words of our Lord for the first time. I can't describe the comfort I got from those words read by a...

Rev. Grey: No, Susan...

Susan: Yes, Reverend, I mean it – a saint. Whatever he advises, I will do. Don't you see, Mother? Don't you see, Father? We can trust this man in everything.

Mrs. Bradley: But Susan, you're young! Just because a man is good does not mean he is competent in every aspect of life. Your father and I are not questioning Reverend Grey's goodness, we are questioning his competence...

Mr. Bradley: Your mother is right, Susan. This matter is not something that should be left to the Reverend.

Susan: But I'm content to leave it to him.

Rev. Grey: Perhaps I didn't express myself clearly. If you leave this matter to me and Father Delaine, you are not putting Susan into our hands alone. I have many friends, in all walks of life. What I am asking you to do, for Susan's sake, is to trust me to get the help necessary to free Susan from those fiends, not just for one night, but forever.

There was much more said that night, but ultimately Susan's trust in me prevailed.

Everything was left to Father Delaine and me. Peter contacted Bauché, Lejune, and Ormand and convinced them that no kidnapping was necessary; he would deliver Susan into their hands. It wasn't difficult for him to convince the three priests that he would betray his kinswoman, since they were the type of men that would betray their own. The fateful meeting took place on the cliffs of Taven. It seemed as if we were all upon the heath where Macbeth met with the weird sisters. Father Ormand and Father Lejune were present in their priestly garb. Bauché was in the garb of a voodoo priest, and his six followers were also dressed in the ceremonial attire of voodoo devotees. Father Delaine appeared to be alone, leading Susan Bradley, who was clothed in a white bridal gown. I, for reasons which will become clear later, was not visibly present.

Jacques Bauché: Have you brought the victim?

Peter Delaine: Yes, she is drugged and barely conscious.

Father Ormand: Why have you brought her? Why didn't you have us take her?

Peter Delaine: Because I don't believe the guilt of the white man, particularly the guilt of my ancestors, can ever be remitted except by blood. I offer up my kinswoman in atonement for the sins of white men against the black.

Father Lejune: Yes, this sacrifice is only the beginning. What we do here tonight is holy, but the work must not stop here, it must go on until the world is purged of the white race. Peter

Delaine: What you speak is God's truth. The work must continue after tonight.

Jacques Bauché: Bind her to the altar, and we shall begin the ceremony.

I'll not describe the blasphemy that Lejune, Ormand, and Bauché called a ceremony. Suffice it to say that the ceremony came to a halt moments before the sacrifice.

Ghost : Stop, this shall not go on!

Father Ormand: Who are you? Kill him!

Ghost: I am Brian Delaine. You shall not defile my Faith or touch one hair of my kinswoman!

Father Lejune: What have you done?

Father Ormand : If you won't kill him, I will!

Ghost : Go, that boat will take you to the ship Jacques Bauché hired. Return to Haiti and never seek the blood of my people, or I'll have your blood! Take their bodies with you and bury them at sea. This is my command.

Jonathan Talbot : They're gone, Chris. That was a pretty impressive display of strength.

Rev. Christopher Grey : My childhood heroes were strongmen. Lifting heavy weights has always been a hobby of mine. Brian Delaine was supposed to have been quite strong, so I thought I could lend authenticity to my performance by lifting that stone altar. And I must thank you for shooting straight.

Jonathan Talbot: My task was easy. How do you feel, Miss Bradley?

Susan: I just want to go home. This is not something you forget.

Peter Delaine: Don't forget it, Susan. Remember it your entire life, but remember it as the night your God delivered you from evil.

Susan: I will, Father.

Peter Delaine: No, Susan, I'm your kinsman. To you, I'm Peter.

Rev. Grey: It's a pity we're not in France.

Peter Delaine: Why, Christopher?

Rev. Grey: Because then I could say the lines.

Peter Delaine: I still don't follow you.

Jonathan: I do. Say them anyway. We're close enough to France, and the lines fit.

Rev. Grey: "And then to Calais; and to England then, Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men."

Susan: May one happy woman say, 'amen'?"

Rev. Grey: Yes.

Susan: Amen.

At the time I'm writing this remembrance, Peter is still alive. He stayed in England after his encounter with the descendant of the hated Jacques Bauché. For 12 years he taught in a small college in Sussex by the sea, claiming the sea was in his blood.

Peter taught history and taught it as no one else could. History in Peter's hand was a living, breathing entity. Through his passion for the truth behind historical events, Peter made his students see that the abstract principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity, abstracted from the minds of evil men bent on destroying what Burke called the unbought grace of life, were evil. Nor did Peter shrink from pointing out the logical consequences, as his great-grandfather saw in Haiti, of the implementation of the godless principles of the Jacobins. Negro savagery unleashed was the logical consequence, the higher culture subjected to the lowest of all cultures and everything good in Old Europe torn down and spit upon.

Peter did not spare Britain when he warned of the spreading influence of Jacobinism. "The old French aristocrats had a country to flee to. Where will Europeans go when Britain becomes a refuge for colored heathens?" Because of his honesty and his ability to influence his students for the good, Peter was dismissed after 12 years of teaching. He still lives in Sussex by the sea and teaches almost as many students on an informal basis at his home as he once did on a formal basis at the college.

Peter always visits me at the Christmas season, which seems particularly appropriate because it is during the Christmas season that we all feel, the most acutely, those ties of blood and kinship that bind us to each other and to our Lord. Peter returned to his God through those ties of blood and kinship, and I love and honour him for his spiritual journey. His is a great heart. In a few days, I'll be seeing him again, and together we will celebrate the birthday of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who shall always be the King of provincial, kith-and-kin Europe. As my kinsman wrote, "Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in."



Remembrances III: The Woman Who Loved Much

December 21, 2013

Categories: Older posts (pre-April 2019), Remembrances

To my readers: Our European ancestors knew, not by dint of reason, but by instinct, that faith and race are spiritually inseparable. A man who forsook his people would forsake his God. But the new European of the 20th century, the rational man, determined to divest himself of the “prejudices” of the past, divorced himself from his own people and sought to find divinity in and kinship with the sacred negro. What follows is a tale about the clash between the old Europe of faith and race and the new Europe of egotism, science, and negro worship. God bless all the old Europeans, and may you have a very Merry Christmas!



“The Last Lamp, Thames Embankment” – Rose Barton

The Woman Who Loved Much

The rebels to God perfectly abhor the Author of their being. They hate him “with all their heart, with all their mind, with all their soul, and with all their strength.” He never presents himself to their thoughts but to menace and alarm them. They cannot strike the Sun out of Heaven, but they are able to raise a smouldering smoke that obscures him from their own eyes. Not being able to revenge themselves on God, they have a delight in vicariously defacing, degrading, torturing, and tearing in pieces His image in man. – [Edmund Burke](#)

I probably should be following some kind of chronological order with these remembrances, but I find that my memory will not conform to any chronological order. Maybe that’s for the best.

It was 1920, two years after the end of that War in which so many young European men lost their lives. I don’t think Europe ever recovered from that war, which started, I think, from a deep spiritual malaise. But I’ll leave that topic alone for the time being.

As I started to say, it was 1920, early April, when Ann Harris came to see me. She was an attractive woman in her mid-fifties whom I recognized as a semi-regular attendee at St. Johns. I had never spoken personally to Mrs. Harris, as all my requests for pastoral visits remained unanswered. So I was quite surprised when my secretary told me that a Mrs. Harris wanted to see me.

“Thank you for taking the time to see me,” Mrs. Harris said as she entered the room.

“That’s quite all right,” I said as I rose to shake her hand and show her to a seat. “How can I help you?”

“I don’t know that you can help me, Reverend, but I most certainly need help. I’m not a very demonstrative person, so I might look quite calm and collected, but I’m not. I’m at the end of all patience, all endurance, and all hope.”

“Do you know the Rev. Lyte’s hymn, ‘Abide with Me’?” I asked her.

“Yes, of course, I was raised in the Church of England.”

“Let’s kneel then and let the first verse of Lyte’s hymn be our prayer.”

We both knelt while I said the first verse of that beautiful hymn and prayer:

*Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens. Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!*

“You’re the only man with whom I could pray like that without feeling like a complete ninny and a complete hypocrite.”

“How so? Do you usually find it difficult to pray?”

“Yes, for the simple reason that I don’t believe in God. Does that shock you?”

“No; European atheism is becoming more and more prevalent.”

“Why do you call it European atheism? Why not just call it atheism?”

“Because, I believe that Christ is the one true God. And the only people that have believed that, as a people, were the Europeans. One could say that the colored people of the world are atheists, in that they don’t believe in the true God, Jesus Christ, but the word ‘atheist’ is a European concept, and it refers to the Europeans’ rejection of Christ. I don’t know if I stated that very clearly.”

“I understand what you’re saying. Aren’t you worried about being called prejudiced and provincial for your views?”

“No.”

She laughed. “You know, I don’t think I’ve laughed once in the last four years.”

“Then I’m glad I made you laugh.”

“Why are the Europeans all becoming atheists, Reverend?”

"I didn't say they were all becoming atheists, at least professed atheism, is becoming more widespread in Europe."

"Then I'll ask you again. Why is atheism becoming more widespread among Europeans?"

"I'm just one person, with one opinion, but it seems to me that the European intellectuals, particularly in France, which is always at the forefront of radicalism, think that they are too smart to believe in a provincial God who took flesh and dwelt among us."

"That's nothing new. There have always been a number of Voltaires and Rousseaus among the European intellectuals."

"Yes, but now the infection is more widespread, and for the first time the masses, what I call the peasants, whether they work with the soil or not, are becoming intellectualized and atheistic. And it all stems from a fear of being called stupid."

"You're not London-born and bred, are you, Reverend?"

"No, I'm a country boy. But I've grown to love this city and its people. How about yourself – were you born here?"

"Yes, I'm a Londoner, born and bred. My parents vacationed in the country, but that is all I ever saw of the countryside. Maybe I would have turned out better if I had been country-bred. You know – Constable and all that sort of stuff – looking out over God's creation and attending a small country church."

"There are atheists in the country as well as the city."

"I suppose there are, but still I can't help but wonder if I might have turned out better had I been country-bred. What do you think?"

"It's not for me to say that you haven't turned out well."

"But if I don't believe in God, how can you, as an Anglican clergyman, tell me that I've turned out all right?"

"There is someone in that book on the table who says judge not lest ye be judged."

"Yes, but that applies to the disposition of souls. It doesn't mean you can't judge an individual's actions or beliefs."

"You are a better debater than I am, Mrs. Harris."

"Now you're being condescending."

"Perhaps I am. You're quite right. We can and should judge the beliefs and actions of individuals and let God judge the disposition of souls. I do think atheism is an abomination, but I can't really be sure, on first acquaintance, that I can take your atheism at face value. I know it's often a mistake not to take an enemy at face value, and an atheist is my enemy, but there is a difference between a militant atheist who hates the light of the world, which is a contradiction – How do you hate a God who doesn't exist? – and a person who says, "Lord, I believe, help my unbelief." I take you to be the latter type. Am I wrong?"

"I pray that you are right. Now you've made me cry; I thought I was beyond tears and laughter, and you've brought them both on in the space of fifteen minutes."

"Here, it hasn't been used," I said, handing her a handkerchief.

"Thank you."

"It would be helpful if I could get a better idea of your particular problem, then I could..."

"You could help me or tell me I'm crazy and to stop wasting your time. I apologize. Of course you need something to respond to and I've spoken nothing but drivel."

"I don't agree — you most certainly have not been speaking drivel. I just need a starting point."

"I suppose I'm delaying, because it's a bit embarrassing, actually more than a bit, it's extremely embarrassing to air one's dirty family linen before a stranger."

"Am I a complete stranger to you, Mrs. Harris? I know we've never met socially, but you've heard and seen me in the pulpit."

"Yes, I have. And that is why I have sought you out and no other. In fact, I know much more about you than what I've gleaned from your sermons, although it was your sermons that first gave me the idea that maybe there was one man who could help me."

"Then give me a chance."

"I will, Reverend." And she began.

I was brought up a Victorian, in the best sense of the word. God, England, and the right were stuffed into me along with the tea and crumpets. And I was happy with that Victorian world, with its certainties, with its people, and with its God. And then I married. I'm going to sound terribly petty now, because I'm going to say horrible things about the man I married, Matthew Edmond Harris. But he is inextricably involved in my story and my son's story, so I must speak of him.

I married Matthew when I was twenty years old. He was thirty, of a good family, and very wealthy. In addition to wealth, he had charm, humor, intelligence, and good looks. My family had money, and I've never put much store in good looks in a man, so those two attributes were not what attracted me to Matthew. It was partly his charm, humor, and intelligence, but it was something else as well, something inside of me. You see I'm a romantic, or at least I was a romantic. And Matthew had served in the British Army. Even a girl with less of a romantic strain than me might have been attracted to Matthew for that reason. And with my love of all things Victorian, Matthew would have had to have been an Ethiopian or a Hottentot in order to undermine my determination to marry a bred-in-the-bone Englishman. But I quickly discovered that having served in the British Army, and quite bravely, does not automatically make a man into the perfect Englishman. Matthew was evil. If there is a devil, then Matthew is in league with him. You described my husband when you quoted from Walter Scott in your sermon last month."

"I believe that was four weeks ago last Sunday. I was talking about the swine in the Gospel who went over the cliff when they were possessed by the devils."

"Yes, that was the sermon. At some point you read Scott's description of the diabolical personality of Louis XI."

"The passage was from the preface to Scott's novel *Quentin Durward*. I think I have it on the shelf. Yes, here it is." I turned to the page and read:

Among those who were the first to ridicule and abandon the self-denying principles in which the young knight was instructed, and to which he was so carefully trained up, Louis the XIth of France was the chief. That Sovereign was of a character so purely selfish – so guiltless of entertaining any purpose unconnected with his ambition, covetousness, and desire of selfish enjoyment, that he almost seems an incarnation of the devil himself, permitted to do his utmost to corrupt our ideas of honour in its very source. Nor is it to be forgotten, that Louis possessed to a great extent that caustic wit which can turn into ridicule all that a man does for any other person's advantage but his own, and was, therefore, peculiarly qualified to play the part of a cold-hearted and sneering fiend.

"Yes, that's it. When you read that passage in church I thought that Scott must have been writing about my husband. He is the embodiment of the devil, in his caustic wit and in his detached, cold-hearted contempt for all sentiment and all honor codes."

"I must ask you, if you felt that way about your husband then why didn't you leave him? I'm not a divorcee, but there are some cases where a separation is necessary."

"It's difficult to explain. I've been married 35 years. For the first two or three, I can't give an exact timetable, I was still enthralled with the man who fought for Britain. I put everything my husband said or did that seemed cruel or inhumane in a good light. This is easy to do if you've built up a false illusion that you are bound and determined to maintain against all the world."

"What did your parents think of Matthew?"

"They were delighted with him. He seemed the perfect English gentleman. I can't blame them for my marriage however; I thought the same thing about Matthew and I had spent a great deal more time with him than they did."

"Was there any one incident that made you start believing that your husband was not the man you had thought he was when you married him?"

"No, it was mainly just a gradual awareness of his true nature, but there was one particular incident that, looking back on it now, rather highlighted Matthew's nature."

"The papers were full of a tragic drowning of a young child and of an old retired soldier who had dived into the Thames to try and save the child. I asked Matthew if the soldier had been in his regiment. Matthew told me point blank he hadn't the slightest interest in the death of a little street urchin or the pathetic rescue attempt and death of a doddering old fool who had once served in the same regiment as he did."

"I served in the military because it amused me to do so, not because of some stupid-God-save -the-Queen nonsense,' Matthew said, without the slightest concern for how I might take such a callous statement."

"Your disillusionment was in the early years of your marriage?"

"Yes, but I didn't leave him upon my disillusionment because I thought – or rather, hoped – that he'd change. Then the years went by and Matthew didn't change, but I changed. I lost my faith in everything. I hated Matthew's beliefs, but I had been beaten down by Matthew's constant intellectual contempt for everything I once held dear. Had I become like him? And if I was like him, by what right did I judge him? I don't expect any answer to those questions, Reverend, I'm just letting you know my state of mind. Maybe it is as you said. I want to believe, so in that I am not like Matthew, who has no desire to believe in anything outside of himself."

"Here, take this glass of sherry, it will help calm your nerves."

"Am I drinking alone?"

"Yes, you'll have to permit me a rather puritanical abstinence. It was a promise I made to my mother."

"Like David Balfour's promise to his mother about gambling?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll have to drink alone. I didn't know about your mother, Reverend, but I do know that you were married and lost your wife early in your marriage. I believe you were the curate at a country parish at the time."

"Yes, I was."

"A few years later you came to St. John's."

"That is also correct, but why have you taken the trouble to learn so much about me?"

"I told you, because you are my last hope. I also know about your war record, but then that is fairly common knowledge."

"I didn't fight in the war; I merely served as a chaplain to British troops from 1915 to 1916."

"Merely served as a chaplain?"

"Yes."

"If you merely served as a chaplain then why did you receive a medal for valor? Don't bother to answer that, Reverend. I'll tell you why. At the beginning of the day on May 1st, 1915, you were performing a service behind the lines, which by midday had become the front lines, and you were pinned down with the rest of the troops. The British infantry charged, trying to regain the ground they had lost, but they failed and left – what was it? I've heard there were as many as twenty wounded British soldiers pinned down in no man's land."

"There were nineteen."

"Ah, so you do remember."

"Of course, I do. I've never forgotten anything from that hideous war."

"Well, there was no reaching those wounded men. The fire from the German batteries was too intense. So everybody said. But there was one man who thought differently. Back and forth he went in the face of certain death, and he brought back all of the nineteen wounded men. Five died of their wounds, but fourteen others recovered. All because one man had enough faith in his God to walk through the valley of the shadow of death for his fellow men. That man was you, Reverend Grey. And I need such a man now."

"You spoke of your son. Is he your reason for coming here?"

"Yes. He has just turned 19, so thankfully he missed that abominable war, but he is becoming his father's son. He holds nothing sacred but his own intellect, which he thinks quite highly of. He holds me in contempt and only respects the opinions of my husband and the caustic wits my husband has gathered around him."

"What type of men are your husband's friends?"

"He doesn't have any friends – he is incapable of friendship. What he has are intellectual acquaintances. And they run a gamut of Orientals, psychiatrists, Darwinists, French *avant garde* artists, and Roman Catholic theologians. Yes, even Roman Catholic theologians. You see, my husband converted to Roman Catholicism about two years into our marriage. It wouldn't have been such a horrendous thing if he had converted because he believed that Christ was the Son of God, but that didn't enter into his mind at all. He converted because he thought that Roman Catholicism is the most syncretistic of all religions. 'It combines the quietism of Buddhism with the natural theology and nature worshipping aspects of the mystery religions, such as Isis and Cybele.' It all sounds like complete bosh when I repeat it, but when they're all gathered around my husband, spouting similar bosh, one feels drawn into their orbit."

"I understand. And your son, does he attend these gatherings?"

"Yes, unfortunately he does. I tried my best, in his younger years, to minimize his contact with his father. Not that his father desired contact with him when he was young; he didn't. But now that he is older, Matthew delights in spiritually debauching his son. And even if I've lost faith in everything, I don't want my son to lose faith in everything."

"You haven't lost faith in everything, Mrs. Harris. If you had, you wouldn't be so concerned about your son's loss of faith."

"I hope you're right about that."

“Is there some way I could meet with your son without it being an official meeting?”

“Yes, there is. My husband has what he calls ‘intellectual gatherings’ at least twice a month. My son doesn’t attend all of them because he is in his first year at Oxford, but when he’s home from school he attends. This coming Saturday night he’ll be home and in attendance. Can you come to dinner?”

“Yes, if nothing comes up, I think I can make it, but will your husband want me to be invited? I gather these dinners are rather exclusive affairs.”

“I’m allowed to invite whomever I want. I haven’t invited anyone for years because I don’t want to see my friends dragged through the filth of one of my husband’s ‘intellectual gatherings.’”

“But you don’t mind if I get dragged through filth?” I asked, smiling.

She laughed again. “I didn’t say that very well. Of course I mind...”

“There is no need to explain. I was just teasing you. What it amounts to is this: You’ve selected me as your champion, and I accept.”

“Why, yes, I guess that is what I’ve done. But let me warn you, Reverend, you’ll be all alone. Whatever clergymen that will be there will be against you, whether they are Anglican or Roman Catholic. Did you know the Reverend Hunter, formerly of this parish?”

“Of course, I served as his assistant here for five years.”

“Well, he used to attend my husband’s little gatherings, and he got along quite well with Matthew.”

“I’m sorry to hear that. The Reverend Hunter was a very mild mannered man; maybe he just didn’t want to offend your husband.”

“No, it wasn’t that. Reverend Hunter was a syncretistic Christian, and he didn’t have any problems with Matthew’s religion.”

“That is a tragedy.”

“Yes, it is. I don’t suppose I’m being fair to you; I’m really throwing you to the wolves.”

“Don’t look on it that way. You’ve asked me for help, and I intend to give it my best, but human beings are complicated: your son might remain under your husband’s influence despite my best efforts.”

“He probably will, but I have that small glimmer of hope.”

“This particular meeting – will there be a large number of guests?”

“Yes, there will be. There are always about 20 of the regulars, an assortment of academics, journalists, and scientists. There is one particular gentleman whom I find particularly loathsome; he is some kind of Oriental who dabbles in the occult sciences. I believe he runs an opium den which I’m sure Matthew frequents, and which I’m afraid my son has been to with his father on several occasions.”

“You suspect this or do you know this?”

“I know it. Not because I’ve seen Matthew or George at the opium den, but I still know it.”

“I understand.”

“Besides the regulars, there will be twelve to twenty semi-regular guests. This particular meeting will feature the psychoanalyst Sigmund Freud.”

“*The Sigmund Freud?*”

“Yes, he is a disgusting-looking man in his mid-sixties, horribly pretentious and always babbling on about his psychoanalytic work. Matthew simply loves him; this is his fourth visit to the house.”

“What do the other guests think of Freud?”

“They all kowtow to him. They’re all afraid of being psychoanalyzed, particularly Father Braxton.”

“Who is Father Braxton?”

“A Roman Catholic priest, one of the regulars. You’d think he’d be against Freud, but he isn’t. ‘There is no ultimate conflict between psychoanalytic theory and religion. They both come from the same source.’ That’s his stock reply to Freud every time Freud attends one of Matthew’s gatherings.”

“I’m not sure exactly what Father Braxton means when he says there is no ultimate conflict between psychoanalytic theory and religion. There certainly is a conflict, at least there is a conflict between Christianity and psychoanalytic theory.”

“I haven’t the foggiest idea what he means about anything, Reverend. Maybe you’ll get some idea when you meet him.”

“Are there ever any guests who are not debunkers and scoffers?”

“Yes, sometimes one of the special guests is an Englishman of the old stock, a retired military man or a conservative member of Parliament. But those guests are few and far between, and they are invited so the other guests and Matthew – Matthew, in particular – can ridicule them. They do it quite well. But you’ll be the first – how shall I put it – believing country curate that has ever attended one of these gatherings.”

“But I’m not a country curate.”

“Yes, you are, Reverend; in my eyes you shall always be a country curate. A country curate who came to the city, but still a country curate whose faith is invincible.”

“That’s a tall order.”

“Yes, it is, but you’re my last hope.”

I was able to keep the dinner date on Saturday night. There were no emergency sick calls or anything of that nature. Perhaps God intended that there should be none.

I regarded my upcoming meeting with Matthew Harris as a battle between good and evil. Fully aware of my own sinful nature, I still was, in my view, a Christian soldier about to do battle with Satan’s minions. I didn’t regard this meeting as a friendly discussion – I knew it was to be a war, a much more subtle war than an outright military war, and hence a much more difficult war.

I've talked to parents, many years after their children were grown, who told me many situations regarding their children's upbringing that even with many years of hindsight they were not sure whether they had said or done the right thing. Such is the case with me. So many years later I still don't know if what I said or did was the very best thing that could have been said or done, but like the parents, I was the one God had chosen to be there in that particular situation. I did my best.

I should let the reader in on one more thing before I describe that rather eventful Saturday evening. I have what is called a photographic memory. This doesn't mean I can recall all the minutiae of my life in accurate detail. It does mean that books, articles, and conversations which I consciously commit to my memory stay there and I can recall them verbatim many years afterwards. So my recollections of what was said at this particular meeting are accurate.

I won't bore you with the particulars of the Harris mansion. To some these particulars might be more interesting than the conversations that took place, but I'm not particularly interested in conveying those particulars. Suffice it to say that the Harris home was a magnificent Victorian-styled mansion, in which everything was in perfect taste, all kept in order by the usual array of servants. After a few niceties and introductions, I was seated at the dinner table on the left side of Matthew Harris. Sigmund Freud was seated on Mr. Harris' right. Mrs. Harris, who hadn't been attending the gatherings for the last three months, was seated next to me, and her son, George, was seated next to her. I need not go into the rest of the seating arrangements; the assortment of intellectual jacksals that Mrs. Harris had told me of were scattered around the dining table. I'll recount only the conversation that I participated in.

Matthew Harris: I hope you don't mind, Reverend Grey, that I didn't have anyone say grace. Too many different religions present, you understand.

Rev. Grey: Yes, I understand.

Matthew Harris: My wife said you were a teetotaler, so we didn't serve you any wine.

Father Braxton: I'm surprised at you, Reverend Grey; I've heard you're High Church.

Mrs. Harris: It was a promise to his mother, leave it at that, won't you, Father?

Braxton: I'm sorry, I meant no offense.

Rev. Grey: None taken, Father.

Harris: My dear, it's not necessary for you to take offense at every comment we make that is directed at the Reverend Grey. After all, if Reverend Grey is to be your champion you must let him fight his own battles.

Mrs. Harris: Who said he was here to be my champion?

Matthew Harris: No one said it, my dear, but it is quite obvious. You haven't attended one of these dinners for several months, and you haven't invited a guest of your own for over a year, so I must assume that you have invited the Reverend Grey here to be your champion, to fight your evil, devil-worshipping husband. Isn't that about the gist of it, my dear, loving wife?

Mrs. Harris: I'll have my dinner in my room. Please don't get up, gentlemen.

Matthew Harris: It's a pity she didn't want to stay. I'm sure this will be quite an interesting evening. Dr. Freud, what do you make of a woman who believes in knights errant when she is in her mid-fifties?

Freud: I'd rather not say.

Matthew Harris: Go ahead, you're among friends.

Freud: Since you ask, I'd say such a woman was suffering from a neurosis. She obviously connects knights errant with a masculine representation of the deity. She must have been severely repressed in childhood and she hopes that a knight errant can release her from her repressed state. It's a common neurosis of women who have been raised in Victorian England.

Matthew Harris: What do you say to that, Rev. Grey?

Rev. Grey: It's nonsense.

Freud: I beg your pardon, I don't speak nonsense. I have dedicated my life to the scientific study of human beings. Never before has there been such work done. In Vienna we have begun the work that will unlock the mysteries of the unconscious, and by doing so we will solve all the problems that plague mankind.

Rev. Grey: Will you solve man's greatest problem?

Freud: And what is that?

Rev. Grey: That he must die.

Freud: Yes, we can solve that problem. We can teach men not to fear death.

Rev. Grey: Only one man is capable of that, Dr. Freud, and that man isn't you or me.

Matthew Harris: It didn't take you long to bring Jesus of Nazareth into the argument. But really, Reverend, isn't that a bit of – how shall I say it – a cowardly retreat? You will cloak yourself in righteousness and expect us to run and hide because you have invoked Jesus Christ. But that won't wash here. We're all Thomists. You must base your arguments on reason and science, not on fairy tales.

Rev. Grey: But suppose I don't accept your initial premise that reason — and in particular your reason — is capable of understanding existence. Suppose my heart, filled with fairy tales and intuitions, is greater than your reason.

George Harris: You can't say such things, Rev. Grey, because you can't enter into any rational conversation by denying the primacy of reason.

Rev. Grey: Why can't I?

George Harris: Because it's irrational.

Matthew Harris: My son is right. There really is no point in discussing anything with a man who denies the primacy of reason.

Rev. Grey: You both are behaving like petulant children. You make up your own rules for an absurd game, and then you cry when one of the neighborhood children refuses to play the game by your rules.

Freud: I think it is you, Rev. Grey, who is behaving like a petulant child. You insist on playing with your baby toys even after you've become an adult, and you want the rest of us to get down on the floor and play with your baby toys as well. This we won't do.

Rev. Grey: What are the baby toys you refer to, Dr. Freud?

Freud: The Christian religion is a baby toy, a comforter, for childish adults. In my work *Moses and Monotheism* I show that...

Rev. Grey: I've read that book.

Freud: You surprise me – I would have thought, in your repressed, neurotic state of mind, that you would have avoided the book.

Rev. Grey: I didn't. I need to know what the enemy is up to.

Matthew Harris: Please, Reverend, let's not use terms like 'the enemy.' We're all rational, thinking type men here.

Rev. Grey: I'm not. I'm a bundle of prejudices, and so are you. So are we all.

Freud: I challenge that statement.

George Harris: So do I.

Rev. Grey: All right, let's take Dr. Freud's book, *Moses and Monotheism*, as an example. Correct me if I misinterpret. Your basic premise is that somewhere back in the mists of time a clan of primitives killed their father and then slept with their mother, thus causing some underlying guilt in what you call the psyche or the unconscious. The Hebrew people later repeated this primal crime when they killed Moses in the desert.

Enter the Christian faith. The father demands a blood sacrifice from the Son, and the Son complies. This helps the adherents of such a sacrificial religion to assuage their primal guilt. Hence the enormous appeal, for a time, of the Christian religion. Have I stated your case correctly, Dr. Freud?

Freud: You've put it a bit crudely, but you've stated my contention accurately.

Rev. Grey: All right then. I have this question for you: Let's pretend what you say about the primitives' crime is correct. Why the guilt? If men are no different from beasts, then why should they feel guilty about patricide and incest?

Freud: Because it is in men to feel guilt about such things.

Rev. Grey: That answer won't do. It's too mystical, Dr. Freud. If you tell me such guilt is just in man, I'll demand that you tell me who put the guilt in man. And please take note that I've conceded your farfetched theory of primitive patricide and incest and still found holes in that theory. But your whole theory is very likely founded, not on any rational basis, but on your *a priori* prejudice against the Christian Faith.

Freud: I don't base my theories on prejudices, I base them on careful scientific research.

Rev. Grey: That is utter nonsense. Were you in that primitive cave in a lab coat when the patricide and the incest took place?

Braxton: I think your colleague Dr. Jung might reconcile you two. Rev. Grey has a point, albeit a minor one; there is a kind of cosmic oversoul that informs our unconscious. Don't you think so, Dr. Freud?

Freud: No, I don't think so. And Dr. Jung is my former colleague precisely because he did think so.

Braxton: I still think we are merely quibbling over terms. Why can't the oversoul be the rational element in man? And why can't our reason have a conscience?

Matthew Harris: There is no ethical element in reason.

Braxton: But then where is the ethical element in man?

Matthew Harris: He has none.

Braxton: I don't follow you. Surely our reason makes ethical choices?

Matthew Harris: Ethics are mere intellectual constructs. They have no basis in fact. Just as all religions are mere intellectual constructs. They have no basis in fact.

Braxton: I still think there is some kind of oversoul...

Freud: I concur with Mr. Harris. And I suppose, Reverend Grey, that you agree with Father Braxton.

Rev. Grey: I have no idea what Father Braxton is talking about, so I can't agree or disagree with him. My beliefs are not that complicated.

Matthew Harris: Meaning?

Rev. Grey: I believe that Jesus of Nazareth was who He said He was.

Matthew Harris: Then you weren't joking earlier. You are full of fairy tales and prejudices!

Rev. Grey: Yes, I am.

George Harris: Doesn't the advent of science make you question your prejudices? I don't see how an intelligent man, a man who knows science, can hold to any religion except in broad symbolic terms.

Rev. Grey: Do you love your mother, George?

George Harris: What kind of question is that?

Rev. Grey: It's a rather straight-forward question, but you don't have to answer it. But if you had answered yes to the question, I would have asked you if you loved a symbol of your mother or your actual flesh-and-blood mother.

Matthew Harris: Human beings are not capable of love; they have affinities, that is all.

Rev. Grey: What are affinities?

Matthew Harris: Animal instincts. Even animals nurse their young and teach them how to survive in the world. It doesn't connote love, it's just an instinct.

Rev. Grey: From whence comes that instinct?

Matthew Harris: It just comes — there is no source.

Rev. Grey: You're too mystical for me, Mr. Harris.

Freud: Studying man as part of nature is not mysticism, it is science, Rev. Grey. And I'm surprised that even a clergyman, in this day and age, could be so obtuse.

Rev. Grey: You're in for even more surprises, Freud, before this evening is over.

Matthew Harris: Let's keep this gathering civil.

Rev. Grey: Why should we keep this gathering civil?

Matthew Harris: Because we are all rational... but I forgot you don't consider yourself a rational man. We shall all have to keep that in mind as the evening progresses and deal with you in kind, Grey.

Rev. Grey: That's fine. I'd prefer that we all become open, uncivil enemies rather than hypocritical, civil friends.

Braxton: I really must protest. Surely we can all be civil, using nature as our starting point and reason as our guide – we can...

Matthew Harris: No, Grey has bared his fangs and whatever happens is on his head. Dinner is over gentlemen. Let's adjourn to the drawing room.

The gentlemen – and I use the term loosely – all adjourned to the drawing room and broke up into little groups. Father Braxton left my group and joined another more congenial group of men. An opium-soaked Oriental in his mid-sixties who taught Oriental studies at the university and was supposed to be some sort of mystical genius joined our group, consisting of Freud, Matthew Harris, and his son George. The only other newcomer to our group was a professor of chemistry who claimed to be some sort of Bentonite who believed that “everything comes down to chemistry.”

Oriental: I couldn't help overhearing some of what you said at the dinner table, Rev. Grey...

Matthew Harris: We are dispensing with titles. Just call him Grey.

Oriental: I couldn't possibly do that. I never dispense with titles.

Matthew Harris: Suit yourself.

Oriental: As I was saying, Rev. Grey, I think you are confusing essences when you champion Christianity over all other religions. The belief that God can take flesh is in conflict with the higher wisdom of all true religions. The spiritual life is in the mind which cannot become one with a material body. Pure contemplation allows for no intercommunion between gross matter and spiritual essences.

Rev. Grey: I don't understand what you are saying. You say the material cannot be spiritualized. But doesn't our own experience in material bodies give the lie to your assertion? Didn't He show us that the body is ultimately a personal, spiritual entity?

Oriental: I don't see that at all.

Matthew Harris: I don't see how you can be so blind, Grey. Surely it is the mind and the mind only that can know anything about existence.

Freud: Quite right, it is the mind that informs the body. The body is simply a biological entity.

Rev. Grey: Why is the mind any less of a biological entity than the body? The mind will rot in the grave just as quickly as the body. If you're going to be an atheist, Dr. Freud, be consistent. We all are dependent on a spiritual power that animates the mind and the body. I say that power is a personal God who has made Himself known to us.

Freud: Hogwash.

Bentonite: That's terribly unscientific. We are just chemicals, that is all. I'm surprised to find a Reverend that believes in that sort of thing in these times.

Rev. Grey: Why do “these times” and “in this day and age” preclude the belief that Jesus Christ is true God and true man?

Bentonite: Because such a belief is unscientific.

Rev. Grey: Modern science is a relatively new discipline, and I don't see it as an infallible source of knowledge.

Bentonite: I do.

Freud: So do I, so long as psychiatry is recognized as a science.

George Harris: But there is that point about the guilt, Dr. Freud. Why should those first men have felt guilty about sleeping with their mother and murdering their father? Why the guilt?

Freud: As I've already stated, it's in man's nature to feel guilty about such things.

George Harris: But why is it in his nature to do so?

Freud: Are you taking Grey's side?

George Harris: No, I just thought that he brought up an interesting point.

Matthew Harris: It's not the least bit interesting or pertinent. Grey is a sleight-of-hand carney man.

Bentonite: No, I think he's sincere, but misguided.

Matthew Harris: Have it your way, but I think I know the type.

Freud: This whole discussion does show the limitations of rational discourse with those who are irrational.

Rev. Grey: Yes, there are limits to rationality.

Freud: That's not what I said.

Oriental: The Reverend is playing with all of us. But I think I could cure his Christ complex better than you, Dr. Freud.

Freud: How?

Oriental: With opium. One can see so clearly under its influence. It truly is the drug of the gods, and I mean that metaphorically.

Matthew Harris: I don't think our teetotaler would take opium. He'd be afraid of what he'd see under its influence.

Oriental: Would you be afraid, Rev. Grey?

Rev. Grey: I don't believe in the god of opium. So would not serve a purpose, except a satanic one, if I were to indulge in opium.

Matthew Harris: See, he's afraid. All of these Christers are. They use Christ to cover up their cowardice.

Rev. Grey: You are an older man than I, and a physically weaker man than I, Mr. Harris, but I warn you I am not a pacifist when faced with blasphemy. Curb your tongue when you speak of Him or you'll... well, you won't like what happens.

Matthew Harris responded to my warning with an obscene, blasphemous remark. That was the end of the after dinner conversation. I picked up Mr. Harris and deposited him, kicking and cursing, in the fountain in front of the house. He called to his servants to stop me, but they were not able to break my hold on Harris. In fact, they ended up in the fountain with him.

The incident was noted in the newspapers. I saved the accounts that appeared in the two major papers. It's interesting: both papers got the facts right, but they presented completely different views of the incident. The *Guardian*, which was a conservative paper, viewed me as a "battling parson," fighting against the forces of atheism, while the *Chronicle* depicted me as a big bully, ruthlessly beating an older man and his negro servants.

From *The Guardian*

Last night at approximately 10 pm an incident occurred at the home of Matthew Harris, a prominent figure in London social circles and a former Captain during the African wars. In recent years, Mr. Harris has been primarily known for the intellectual gatherings at his home, where he entertains a rogues' gallery of anti-English, anti-Christian intellectuals and troublemakers.

It's not apparent at this time why Reverend Grey was invited to the gathering, but it is apparent that Reverend Grey attended, felt that his God was insulted, and acted accordingly. Matthew Harris was not struck by the Reverend, who used to be a pretty fair country wrestler, but merely deposited in a fountain on the front lawn of the Harris mansion. As for the Negro servants who tried to aid their employer, quite large, healthy, young men, they too were deposited in the fountain when they tried to lay hands on Reverend Grey. The incident should not be the cause of Reverend Grey's removal from St. John's. He has an excellent record in the community as a man of charity and good works. The battling parson was simply defending the church of Christ.

From *The Chronicle*

A rather shocking incident occurred last night in the Green Street section of London, near Hyde Park. It seems that the pastor of St. John's in London, one Reverend Christopher Grey, assaulted Matthew Harris while a house guest of Mr. Harris. The incident started, apparently, over some kind of religious dispute. The distinguished psychiatrist, Dr. Sigmund Freud, who has given many lectures in London, was also present, and he has told reporters that the Reverend Grey was very aggressive from the first moment he set foot in the house, being most uncivil to Mr. Harris and all of his guests. "For no reason whatsoever that I could see, the Reverend Grey assaulted Mr. Harris and the negro servants," Dr. Freud related.

Why was such a man ordained a pastor in the English church? And why is such a man allowed to remain a pastor in the English church? These are questions that demand answers.

So, was I dismissed from my position? No, I was not. There was some talk of a suspension, but that was squelched by a tremendous outpouring of support from my parishioners. After the sermon on the Sunday following the dinner party, I briefly addressed my parishioners:

"Most of you must have heard by now that I was involved in an altercation with a London man, at that man's house, where I was a guest. I will simply say that I am not ashamed of my actions. A man does not cease to be a man, with all the obligations of a man, when he puts on a clerical collar. I did what I hope all Christian Englishmen would have done in the same situation. So, there will be no apologies from me, but I will abide by my superiors' decision regarding any disciplinary measures. Thank you all for your concern about my welfare. Now, let us resume the service."

The moral climate in 1920 in England was still a Victorian moral climate. An Englishman was still expected to be chivalrous. Some 40 years later the moral climate has changed drastically. I have no doubt that if a similar incident had occurred today I would have been summarily dismissed from my duties and most probably would have done jail time. But in 1920 I was not dismissed nor was I arrested.

Two weeks after the dinner party Mrs. Harris came to see me again. I was glad to see her because I was afraid I had disappointed her. I was supposed to have been her "last hope," and I hadn't made a very good start, or so I thought.

"Thank you, again, for seeing me," she said.

"No need to thank me."

"Have you had any trouble from your superiors over the incident? I'm afraid I haven't been in touch with the parish news in the last two weeks."

"No, they were surprisingly lenient about the incident."

"I'll bet it was because of the support you got from your people."

"How did you know?"

"I've seen how they love you."

"It's extraordinary, because I've done so little for them."

"They don't see it that way."

"No, it doesn't appear that they do, but what about you – did I make a terrible mess of everything?"

"No, as it turns out, you didn't. Matthew was livid after the incident. He called you every foul name under the sun, threatened to challenge you to a duel, then to have you arrested, then to have you severely beaten. But when he had calmed down the next morning he came into the breakfast room and just stared at me in a very odd manner, and then he said, 'I congratulate you, Ann Harris. You found the one man in England who actually believes all that rot. He is going to be quite an antagonist. Oh, don't worry, I'll crush him in the end, and I'll enjoy doing it, but I still congratulate you. You're never dead so long as you hate. And your hate for me has led you to that anachronism.'

"I told him it was not my hate for him so much as my love for our son that had led me to you, but he was having none of that. 'You don't love George any more than I do. He is just part of your ego that you don't want to part with.' What could I say to that? It isn't true – it couldn't be true. I do love my son."

"I know you do."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes, I know you love your son."

"Thank you, Reverend."

"Here, it hasn't been used."

"You always seem to make me cry, but I'm not complaining. It feels good to cry when you thought you were beyond tears."

"What did your son think of the evening, or was it too difficult to tell?"

"There was no instant conversion, but neither you nor I expected that type of result from one dinner party, did we?"

"No, of course not. But was there anything that we can build on?"

"Possibly. He kept coming back to the 'why the guilt' question until he got his father quite angry, and they had words. Later both Matthew and my son minimized their argument, but there was definitely a slight rift in their relationship. I don't really understand the context of your discussion, but I was glad something was said that got my son thinking along some other lines than those of Freud, that Chinaman, and my husband.

"I'll admit that when I first heard about the dunking I was afraid my last hope was gone. But neither my son nor the guests seemed particularly upset about the dunking. They said it was uncalled for and uncivilized, but at the same time I think they were rather impressed that a man 'in this day and age' – that's always the catch phrase: 'in this day and age' – should be concerned about blasphemy. Now tell me, Reverend, just between you and me, did you plan that little demonstration?"

"No, I did not."

"Then you really were outraged."

"Yes."

"I envy you."

"Why?"

"Because you can believe in Christ enough to be outraged when He is insulted."

"You are outraged too, Mrs. Harris, or else you never would have come to me."

"Back to that again: 'Lord, I believe, help my unbelief.'"

"Precisely."

"Possibly, we'll see about that. Now back to this business of my son, who is, for me, the subject of and the reason for this war with my husband."

"What would you suggest? I don't think I'd be welcome at another dinner party."

"No, you wouldn't be welcome. But my son is going back to Oxford this week. I'd like you to come up and see him with me."

"Would he accept that?"

"I think he would. His father never comes up to see him, and I think that bothers him. Oh, he tries to feign that he is just like his father – no sentimentality and other such 'rot' – but I think he is offended that his father has never done fatherly things with him when he was growing up and still has no interest in his life at Oxford."

"Whom does he associate with at the college?"

"I'm not sure about his student friends, but I do know about his friendship with Professor Min Chang."

"Didn't I meet him at the dinner party?"

"Yes."

"He wanted to solve our quarrel with opium. That seems to be his god."

"Yes, it does. Supposedly he is a professor of Oriental languages, but I think he is simply an opium pusher and addict."

"Do you think your son is taking opium?"

"Yes, I think he is. I don't know how far it has gone, but I'm afraid for him, so afraid."

"I can get away next Friday. Will that be soon enough?"

"I hope so. And really, I can't thank you enough."

When Friday came around I was somewhat delayed, so I called Mrs. Harris and told her to go on up to Oxford ahead of me. I told her I'd be there a few hours later and then we could have dinner with her son instead of lunch.

I never really adjusted to the automobile; the horse-drawn hansom cab was good enough for me. But they never asked for my opinion before they started making automobiles. So after the train ride to Oxford I took a cab to the college. When I arrived at the place on campus where I was to meet George and Mrs. Harris, I was surprised to find no one in sight. My first thought was that they were still chatting in George's room and had forgotten the time. My second thought was that George had refused to see me. This posed a dilemma. I have always avoided trying to be too overt in my efforts to help people who don't want my help. I've found that such 'help' is usually quite harmful, because human beings are fiercely independent creatures who do not like someone else's idea of what is good imposed on them. I first look for some internal assent to my help before venturing into someone's life. But in this case, Mrs. Harris had asked for my help and had also told me she thought she saw a glimmer of a cry for help within her son. Based on her word, which I knew could be wishful thinking, I decided to try to find Mrs. Harris and her son and risk being told to leave by George Harris.

One inquiry brought me to George's rooms. I knocked, and a rather annoyed voice bid me enter. "Hunter, what the devil are you bothering me for, you know I have to study for this God awful... Oh, sorry, Reverend, I thought you were someone else."

"Yes, I gathered that; you thought I was Hunter, and you are trying to study for an exam."

"Yes, I'm afraid I've done too little studying this term, and if I don't buckle down I'll be sent down. Hunter gets by without studying, and he just assumes the rest of us can get by just like him. But I can't."

"Nor could I. Most of us are plodders, not race horses."

“Exactly! And it’s a damn nuisance – pardon my language – to be rooming with a race horse.”

“I see your problem, but I’m adding to it. I was looking for George Harris and his mother. I was supposed to be meeting with them.”

“Oh, well... I’m sorry to be the one to tell you this, Reverend, but George is down at the police station. It seems they wanted to question him. Something to do with that terrible Chinaman he is so fond of. I don’t know any of the details — the police didn’t take me into their confidence – all I can tell you is that George is down at the police station.”

“Do you know if his mother is there?”

“I suppose she is, because I told her the same thing I’m telling you.”

“I thank you, and I hope you aren’t sent down.”

“Oh, I’ll be all right, so long as I stay away from Hunter. Good luck, Reverend, if that doesn’t sound too impertinent.”

“No, it doesn’t, and thank you.”

I wish I had known Johnathan Talbot back then, because it would’ve helped to have had a friend at Scotland Yard. Not that anyone at the Yard was less than courteous; they were courteous. But that is all they were. I couldn’t find out anything about George Harris or Mrs. Harris. ‘I’m sorry, no comment,’ was all I got. So finally, having gone from London to Oxford, to Scotland Yard in London, I stumbled back to the rectory at approximately 1 a.m. I had a service in the morning and other duties, so I had to, whether I liked it or not, put George Harris and his mother on the back burner for awhile.

They didn’t stay on the back burner very long however. After the 8 o’clock service, Mrs. Harris was waiting for me in my office. She looked as if she had been up all night, which in fact was the case. She had walked the streets near St. John’s all night and then waited for the service to end. There was no preliminary hellos or anything when she saw me.

“George has been arrested for the murder of Min Chang, that hideous Chinaman.” At first Mrs. Harris was unable to give a coherent account of what had transpired during the evening prior to our scheduled visit with George, but after several false starts she finally gave me an account of George’s arrest. “I’m telling you what George told me, Reverend. And you can write me off as a mother who refuses to accept the fact that her son is a murderer – I’m certain everyone else will – but I believe what George told me.

“He said that Min Chang had become friends with him almost as soon as he got to the university, telling him he knew his father, and George was flattered that a professor, especially a professor of Oriental studies (because as you know everything English is now supposed to be inferior) was interested in becoming friends with him.

“The opium didn’t come into play at first, just long discussions about philosophy and ethics. And in all these discussions everything traditionally English, such as honor, chivalry, and faith in Christ was seen as juvenile and intellectually inferior to the great wisdom of the Orient. The ridicule of everything English was not new to George — he had got that from his father – but his father never gave him a substitute. George needed something to believe in besides the ridicule of everything English. Of course this is my interpretation of George’s spiritual state at the time he became friends with Min Chang, based on the information he gave me about his friendship with the man. It’s quite likely George would not agree with me about his motivations for becoming friends with Min Chang.

“For the first year of the friendship George steered clear of the opium. He accompanied Min Chang to the opium dens, which were right out of *Edwin Drood* he told me, but he didn’t at first take the opium. It was in the second year of the friendship, after Min Chang introduced him to his daughter, from all accounts a beautiful young Oriental girl about 17 years old, that George started taking the opium with Chang. From that moment he was hooked on the opium, the girl, and the philosophy of Min Chang. And it stayed that way for the next two years. Chang was milking him for money, which his father furnished him with, and besides that I think Chang got a perverse pleasure in corrupting a young Englishman.

“But something happened that Chang didn’t bargain for. George went to him that evening, the evening in which Chang was killed, and asked for his daughter’s hand in marriage. That’s when Min Chang told him the girl was not his daughter but his mistress. He called her in and asked her if she wanted to marry a young, handsome Englishman. She laughed, and so did Min Chang. They both thought it was a big joke.

“George didn’t see the humor of the situation, so he lunged at Chang in order to strangle him, but two of Chang’s servants got between them and managed to keep my son from ever touching Min Chang. He was thrown out into the street cursing, screaming, and hurling death threats at Min Chang.

“George wandered the streets for a couple hours, stopping in at some of the pubs for drinks, and then wandering the streets again. He told me that everything he ever felt for the Chinese girl died as soon as they laughed.

“Mother, it was a laugh from hell. The hell I’m not supposed to believe in. But I do believe in hell and the devil. I’ve seen both in the devilish laughs of Min Chang and his concubine. It was indescribable. I felt the presence of the evil one in the room. And I knew in an instant that I never loved a real woman; I loved a horrid dream of some Oriental paradise, devoid of all the pain and suffering of my English world. I’m the world’s biggest fool. But you know, mother, I swear to you, though I wanted to kill that fiend, I never got the chance. I climbed back into his house to... I don’t know what I intended, but when I entered his room and told him not to speak, until I had finished what I wanted to say, he seemed so still that I thought maybe he was in an opium stupor. But when I got closer to his bed, I saw what I thought was death on his face. I pulled back the bedclothes... there was a dagger in his heart. Foolishly – I told you I’m the world’s biggest fool – I grabbed the hilt of the dagger and started to pull it out. I don’t know why I did that, I just did it. Just as I pulled the dagger out, May Lin, his mistress, the former “love” of my life, came in. She saw me standing there with the dagger and quite naturally screamed. I dropped the dagger, brushed by her, and made it out of the house before the servants could lay hands on me. But I had no thought of getting away. I knew she had recognized me. I went back to my room at the University. Why? Again, I couldn’t say why. The police came and arrested me in the early morning hours.”

“When I came to his room his roommate told me he was at the police station, not the local police station either, but Scotland Yard. Of course I went and spoke with him and he told me what I’ve just told you.”

“Have you had any sleep?”

“No.”

“There is a couch in my study. Please lie down there for a few hours while I go and see your son. I think they’ll let me see him now. And then we’ll talk, and we’ll decide what is to be done.”

“I must ask you one question, Reverend.”

“Yes?”

“Do you think he murdered that man?”

“No, I do not.”

“Thank you.”

I didn’t know how or if I’d be received by George Harris. Our first meeting had been rather acrimonious. But I had seen something in George on the night of the dinner party that made me hope he would not, if exposed to an opposed vision, go the way of his father. The first night at the jail did nothing to diminish my hope.

“It’s kind of you to come and see me, Reverend. My own father has not seen fit to come.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

"But you're not surprised to hear it, are you?"

"No, unfortunately I'm not. I saw something in your father that is very rare."

"What?"

"He is a much more consistent liberal than his modern contemporaries. Most liberals spout their liberal blasphemies, but they only manage to adhere to a few of them. Your father really tries to hate all things English and all things Christian."

"You don't believe in a set of universal values then? A code of conduct that comes from the reason of men and not from God?"

"No, I do not. Everything we are that is good comes to us through the heart of God acting in the hearts of His people, not an abstract, universal people, but our people, our kith and our kin."

"I wish I had known you sooner."

"It's certainly not too late, George."

"I know it's not too late for that. And I'm not disparaging that. Now that I've seen the devil, I more than partially believe it all. I mean it's too late in terms of my life here on earth. I think it's either prison for life or death by hanging. They are going to convict me. A rather ghoulish ill wisher in prison here showed me the latest edition of the liberal paper *The Chronicle*. They are urging an example be set, that Chinamen should have the same rights as Englishmen, and spoiled sons of the spoiled rich should not be allowed to kill them with impunity. That's funny, isn't it? My father was a good guy when he was 'assaulted' by you. Now he is a spoiled rich man with a spoiled son."

"I'm afraid, George, that it's a question of who is the least white. The liberals believe that there is nothing worse than a white man, particularly an English white man, so they want you to be guilty."

"And they will find me guilty, won't they?"

"Not if there is incontestable evidence that points to someone else."

"But there isn't any evidence pointing to anyone else. And the police are not looking for anyone else. They think they've found their murderer."

"When is your trial?"

"Four weeks from today."

"What does your solicitor say?"

"He says I should plead guilty and ask for mercy – life imprisonment instead of death."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him to go to hell, that I was not guilty, and I was going to plead not guilty. I'll get another solicitor. I've got money – well, it's not my money, but I assume my loving father will at least give me the money for my lawyers. If I'm going to be tried for being a spoiled rich son, then I should at least have the benefits that accrue to a spoiled rich son."

"You've hardly been spoiled, George; you've been deprived. I'm sure there is money to be had for lawyers. But I don't have a great deal of respect for the current state of English law. Let me try to work on this from my own perspective. Maybe I can uncover something that the law is blind to. In the meantime, will you allow me to give you my blessing?"

"Yes, please do."

He knelt and I prayed:

Almighty God, king of all kings, and governor of all things, whose power no creature is able to resist, to whom it belongeth justly to punish sinners, and to be merciful to them that truly repent: Save and deliver us (we humbly beseech thee) from the hands of our enemies, abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices, that we, being armed with thy defense, may be preserved evermore from all perils to glorify thee, which art the only giver of all victory; through the merits of thy only son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

I spoke to George almost daily during the weeks preceding his trial. There was never one dramatic moment when George said, "Yes, I believe," but by the time of his trial George believed in the Man of Sorrows.

The trial did not go well though, largely, I think, because George's father failed to speak up for George. When Christian morality starts to fade, as it had in the British upper crust, those who hold the law in their hands come to regard the courtroom as a game room. The object is not to see justice done but to win the game.

Matthew Harris was popular in liberal circles because of his famous dinner parties where the rich and liberal were wined and dined, but Matthew Harris had nothing good or bad to say about his son. He simply said he hoped his son was innocent, but he couldn't say anything for or against his son's character because he didn't know his son's character: "How can anyone really know such things?"

With that kind of tepid support from his father, George was left naked to his enemies, the liberal press and the liberal academics from the University where Min Chang had taught. They wanted justice: "English justice, if it is to be true justice, must be justice for the Chinaman, the Negro..." I spoke for George, but the prosecution pointed out that I really didn't acquaint myself with him until after the murder. Nor did his mother's testimony in his favor count for much: "After all, she is his mother. What is she going to say?"

Besides the fact that George had very few character references, there were also the cold hard facts of the case. George had been in love with Min Chang's mistress, he had threatened Min Chang, and he was found standing over him with the murder weapon in his hand. But still I was surprised when the jury came back with a verdict of guilty. And I was even more surprised when the judge sentenced George to hang by the neck until he was dead. Many years later, I found out that there had been considerable political pressure placed on the judge to sentence George to death.

George took his death sentence with great courage. He wept after the sentence, in my presence and my presence alone, but even then he wept more for his mother's sake than for his own.

Mrs. Harris, who had remained strong for George's sake during the trial, broke down after the verdict and sentence was pronounced. She had to be hospitalized. It was in the hospital that I met with her and assured her that her son still had a chance.

"You mean there can be an appeal?"

"No, there is very little chance that an appeal will be granted. But there is a very good chance that in the next three months before the execution that some new evidence will turn up which will prove that George is innocent."

"How will that happen, Reverend?"

"With God's help, I hope to uncover some new evidence."

"But if you couldn't bring in any new evidence during the trial what makes you think you can find some new evidence now?"

“Because an intuition has been crystallizing into something concrete. I have hope. And I want to have hope as well. Keep George and me in your prayers. And please, get well.”

Almighty God, which has given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee, and dost promise that when two or three be gathered in thy name, thou wilt grant their requests: fulfill now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them, granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come, life everlasting. Amen.”

My intuition that had been growing started at the dinner party. It didn't seem to matter then, but when I started to think about it in the light of Min Chang's murder it became more and more significant in my eyes. What I saw at that dinner party was fear, fear in Matthew Harris's eyes every time he looked at Min Chang. I certainly didn't know why Matthew Harris should have feared Min Chang, but I was certain he had feared him. I felt that if I could discover why Matthew Harris was afraid of Min Chang, I should be very close to finding the real murderer. And I might as well tell you outright, since this is a memoir and not a mystery novel, that I thought Matthew Harris had killed Min Chang. His cold indifference to his son's plight coupled with the fear in his eyes during the dinner party every time he looked at Min Chang had convinced me that Matthew Harris had murdered him. But of course no one would take my intuitions as truth. I needed concrete proof of my intuitions.

I started with another Oriental who had been a colleague of Chang at the University. This man, Yong Liu, had testified at George's trial, describing the last time he had seen Chang and representing him as a model teacher and colleague who had nothing to do with opium as some 'incendiary bigots' had implied. Two days after my 'there is still hope' talk with Mrs. Harris I obtained an interview with Yong Liu in his quarters.

“Thank you for seeing me.”

“No thanks are necessary, Reverend, I know why you are here, and I have no intention of helping you to get that wretched murderer off.”

“Are you convinced that he is a murderer?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Then why did you consent to see me?”

“To mock you.”

“To mock me?”

“Yes, I want to destroy any hope you might have in obtaining that pig's release. And I want to tell you to your face what I think of you, your wretched country, and your wretched religion.”

“I don't think you need to tell me what you think of me, my country, or my religion. Your face makes it obvious. Did it take much practice to twist your face into the shape of a reptile?”

“So, the Reverend has a temper. I warn you, I won't be thrown in a fountain. I've taken precautions,” he said, revealing a revolver, “and you'll have to behave yourself in my house.”

“I didn't come here to throw you in a fountain. I wanted to know about your relationship with Min Chang. How long did you know him? Who started teaching here first? Things like that.”

“Find them out from somebody else.”

“I'll find more than those things out. I'll find out why Min Chang was blackmailing Matthew Harris. Then I shall be able to prove that Matthew Harris, not George Harris, murdered Min Chang.”

“Get out or I'll have you thrown out.”

“Good day, Yong Liu.”

What had I accomplished by my visit to Yong Liu? It appeared that I had accomplished nothing. But I was wrong. My questions had brought on the wrath of Yong Liu. And why should he be mad because I thought George Harris innocent? I had no clue, but the following incident convinced me that Yong Liu wanted me to stop my inquiries.

What happened occurred one evening after my visit to Yong Liu's. I often visited an herb shop, not far from Ludgate Circus (Potter and Clarke), which sold excellent herbs dating back to ancient times. The proprietors never diagnosed an ailment; they simply dispensed the herbs for whatever ailment the customer said he had. I knew many people who were aided by the herbalists after doctors had failed. In my case it was not a serious ailment. I often, after a three-sermon Sunday, had trouble with my voice box. St. John's Bread is a pod that can be used to make a broth which soothes the vocal cords. A professional singer, a member of my parish, had recommended St. John's Bread to me. I had never had any voice problems since I started using St. John's Bread.

One night a week Potter and Clarke were open until 10 pm. I picked up my St. John's Bread at 9:30 pm and proceeded to take a long walk by indirect routes back to the church. I needed to put in at least three miles before getting back to the rectory. For me long walks through London were a special tonic as necessary as St. John's Bread.

I wasn't far from the shop when I turned down one of my favorite side streets that looked much as it must have some 300 years ago. The street was poorly lit, but that never bothered me because I knew the street and liked being almost enveloped in the evening mists.

This time, however, I ran into two unexpected companions. Two large men accosted me, one tried to grab my arms and hold them behind my back while the other man attempted to plunge a dagger into my heart. Once I freed myself from the rather poor wrestler's hold the larger man had on me and had disarmed the man with the knife, I rather enjoyed myself. It is seldom in life that we get to actually physically fight with evil. Most of the time the war with principalities and powers is an internal spiritual battle. But here were two men intent on killing me, which in those days entitled a man to fight. In an excellent book by C. S. Lewis, written in 1943, he relates how the hero in *Perelandra* actually gets to punch and pummel the devil himself. What a splendid depiction of the spiritual battle we all long for!

Then an experience that perhaps no good man can ever have in our world came over him—a torrent of perfectly unmixed and lawful hatred. The energy of hating, never before felt without some guilt, without some dim knowledge that he was failing fully to distinguish the sinner from the sin, rose into his arms and legs till he felt that they were pillars of burning blood. What was before him appeared no longer a creature of corrupted will. It was corruption itself to which will was attached only as an instrument... It is perhaps difficult to understand why this filled Ransom not with horror but with a kind of joy.

So to put it bluntly, I pounded the hell out of the two thugs. When both men were unconscious on the pavement, I lit a match and looked at their faces. They were both Chinamen. And I had seen both men on the day of my visit to Yong Liu. If this was a mystery I would say, “Ah, the plot thickens.” I felt that I was on the right track. Something had been going on between Min Chang and Matthew Harris. And possibly Yong Liu had been and was still involved in some dirty dealings with Matthew Harris.

But the time wore on, George's execution date was getting closer, and I had no definite proof of George's innocence. Mrs. Harris was home now, but she was still bedridden. George was bearing up as well as might be expected, but his faith was new: he couldn't help but wonder why he had to die for another man's murder. I visited George every day and his mother two or three times a week, while trying to keep up with the rest of my pastoral duties. Fortunately I was now the head pastor of St. John's and could allocate some of my time as I saw fit. One of my quirks, as the senior pastor had called it when I first came to St. John's, was to take long rambles through London just to see if there was someone who needed the comfort of the gospel of Christ. For me that was the supreme benefit of wearing the clerical collar. People would accept help from such a man more readily than they would from another man without the collar.

Ever since I encountered a young man about to commit suicide off Waterloo Bridge, I made it a point to do a lot of walking over the various bridges of London. On four separate occasions I was able to head off suicides. There was the aforementioned young man, who, as young men are apt to feel, felt that his life was over because he had lost his true love to another man. There was also a young woman involved with a married man, a London financier who went belly-up in the market, and a bereaved widower who had just lost his wife.

The widower has since died of natural causes, but the other three are all doing well. The young man married another, the young lady married an eligible bachelor, and I was able to procure the financier a respectable job well below his former income but without the risks involved in financial speculation. God was good to me; He allowed me, in those situations, to be a channel of his grace.

It was on December 23rd, seven days prior to George Harris's scheduled execution, that I took a long ramble through London with a particular emphasis on the bridges. As is often the case in London, there was a heavy fog that night. While walking over Waterloo Bridge I could barely see an arm's length in front of me. At the highest point of the bridge I came upon a man leaning over the bridge and peering into the water below.

"Good evening, sir, I don't mean to bother you, but could I be of any assistance to you?"

"Shove off, you... — Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't notice you were a vicar, what with this fog and all. I suppose you thought I was going to jump or something."

"Yes, the thought had occurred to me."

"Well, I wasn't going to jump, your honor, I just likes to stand on this here bridge and look down into the water, or, on a night like this, down into the fog. Besides if I was to jump, with my luck I'd just break my leg or something and then have to hobble around on crutches for the rest of my days."

"I can understand your fascination with the fog and the darkness. I was born and reared in the country, but I've come to love this city."

"I don't know if I love anything anymore, Reverend, but I do like this foggy city. It suits me."

"Samuel Johnson said, 'He who is tired of London is tired of existence.'"

"I dare say he was right, Vicar. I'm almost tired of existence, that's why I stay in London. It keeps me going, just barely, but just barely is enough."

"It's still early enough — would you allow me to buy you a beer?"

"Now why would you want to do that?"

"Because I like you. We are fellow fog addicts."

"Ha, ha, that's a new one – fellow fog addicts. All right, I'll take you up on your offer, and many thanks."

The reader might be wondering why I picked this man out of so many wanderers of the night to ask into a pub for a drink and a chat. All I can answer is that it seemed like the thing to do. I believed him when he said he had no plans to jump off the bridge, but he still seemed like a man who desperately needed a human channel of grace. God is good; He sends us divine intuitions.

My fellow fog addict was a man somewhere between sixty and seventy years of age. He was small in stature but strongly built. In bearing and aspect he seemed like a man who had lived hard but wasn't about to complain. I could tell he wasn't a talker, but I managed to get him to talk to me. I think it was because he was drawn to what I represented.

"Won't you have something besides buttermilk, your reverence?"

"You needn't call me 'your reverence.' Christopher or Chris will do. And the buttermilk stems from a promise I made to my mother."

"Say no more about it. So long as a man doesn't think I shouldn't drink, I don't care what he drinks. But 'Christopher' just doesn't sit easy with me. How about I call you 'Vicar'?"

"That's fine if it makes you feel more comfortable."

"It does indeed. And so does this here beer make me feel comfortable. It's been too long since I've had a couple."

"I take it you've been kind of down on your luck."

"I'm not complaining."

"I know you're not, but I'd like to know more about you."

"Why is that, Vicar?"

"Because I like the cut of your jib and all that sort of thing."

"I'm not a navy man."

"Army?"

"Yes, I served in them there Zulu wars in Africa."

It was as if a great light had descended upon me after months and months of darkness. I could barely contain myself even though I knew that having been in the Zulu wars at the same time as Matthew Harris did not guarantee that the man before me knew Matthew Harris. And even if it turned out that he did know Matthew Harris, why should that help me prove that Matthew Harris's son was innocent of murder? It was completely illogical, but still I felt that this man across the barroom table from me could unlock the mystery of Min Chang's murder.

"Did you fight in the Zulu wars?"

"Yes, I did. I was one of the few survivors of the massacre at Islandlwana. I didn't receive no medals for that one. And I'm not saying that I deserved one. But there were just as many brave men doing brave deeds at Islandlwana as there was a Rorke's Drift, Hlobane, and Khambula. But them other battles were victories. Rorke's Drift made the Zulus waste their men and then they were cut to pieces at Hlobane and Khambula. I don't blame the army though. You can't go around giving medals for losing battles. But I am saying that there was just as many that deserved medals for what they done at Islandlwana as at them winning battles. Not me, mind you, but plenty of others. Take Lt. Wilson for instance. He could have got clean away, but he went back for Private Johns who was shot in the leg. He cut his way back through the Zulus, even though he was clear of the battle, and stood by Private Johns. He must have killed at least 20 of them before they got him.

"And then there was Sergeant Macintosh — he killed the Zulus who were fixing to finish me. I was bleeding inside from a spear thrust, and he set me on a horse. 'Hold on to him and he'll swim you cross the river,' he said. I didn't have the strength to do anything but hold on to the horse's pommel, or I'd never have let him stand alone like that. But he did stand alone. The last I saw of him he was fighting hand to hand with at least fifteen Zulus. They finished him, the filthy swine. They never would stand up to a British soldier man to man. They always swarmed them in hordes. But I saw courage that day, real courage."

"It must have been terrible to have seen so many of your comrades fighting nobly only to be cut down."

"That it was, that it was, Vicar. Here's to 'em all," he said as he drained his third beer, "all but one."

I don't know why, but I sensed something momentous was coming.

"Why do you say all but one?"

"Because there was one man there that day that was a disgrace to the British Army. No, I'll go further: he was a disgrace to Britain and the white race."

"Do you know his name?"

“Sure I do, but I don’t know what you’re bringing to my name. I’m talking about.”

“I have very good reasons for wanting to know his name. Could you please tell me?”

“Sure, Vicar, if it means that much to you. His name was Lieutenant Matthew Harris, and he was a white man with a treacherous black heart.”

“Do you know anything about the recent murder trial of a young man named George Harris?”

“No, I don’t, Vicar. I don’t read the papers much. I ain’t heard about it.”

“The boy, George Harris, is the son of Matthew Harris, the man you’ve just told me about. I believe that Matthew Harris, not his son, is guilty of the murder.”

“I wouldn’t put it past him, providing it was murder on the sneak. He’d be afraid to take a man head-on.”

“The murdered man was killed in his sleep.”

“That would be just like Lt. Harris, a sneak attack.”

“Could you please tell me everything, without leaving anything out, of what you know of Matthew Harris? A young man’s life, a good man, depends on it.”

“That I will do.”

I asked the waiter to refill his beer glass, and he began his story.

“I lived on the streets of London for the past 40 years, Vicar. And I like it. Which might strike some as odd, but after what I seen in 8 years of service in that there British Army, I like just roaming around London, steering clear of people but at the same time being around people.

“I was born in Wales, christened Thomas Edward Jenkins. And I might have stayed there my whole life if the South-End Mine hadn’t caved in. I was fourteen when I started mining, and eighteen when the mine caved in. Over one hundred of my mates died in the cave-in. ‘This isn’t for me,’ I said, ‘if I’m going to be killed I’d prefer to die in the open.’ So I joined the British Army. And the Army didn’t disappoint me. They gave me plenty of opportunities to die in the open air. I was eight years in Africa. I don’t know why I didn’t die there, but I didn’t. And I’ve seen things that a white man shouldn’t see. I’ve seen bloody colored heathens killing and torturing in ways that made me believe the coloreds ain’t human. I’m sorry if that offends you, Vicar – I know I’m supposed to love all God’s creatures, but I don’t love those bloody heathens. That’s why I came to London when I left the service. I just wanted to be around white people, lots of them. After 8 years of being around lots of colored black heathens, I needed to be around lots of white people. It’s tonic to me. I don’t care if I have to sleep on park benches and under bridges, so long as I’m around white people. But I’m getting off the point, ain’t I? You wanted to know more about Matthew Harris.”

“Yes, but you tell it in a way that makes you comfortable.”

“Thank you. I ain’t forgot about that Harris fellow. I served under him in the Zulu wars. I was in my last year in Africa, and he was four years out of Sandhurst. The first thing I noticed about him was that he liked to ramrod his men for almost nothing. If a button was undone on a private’s uniform, he would stop the private and set him through his drills. He had me running in place for one hour, holding my rifle straight out in front of me till my arm and back muscles were like to burst, just because I had been chopping wood with my top button unbuttoned. And I wasn’t the only one he got on. He was always after us. The men hated him. Some might say we was just jealous because he was a handsome officer and popular with the ladies while no lady would look twice at any enlisted man. But that ain’t the case at all. If we liked an officer, we was proud of him and happy for him if the ladies liked him. No, it wasn’t jealousy that made me and the other men dislike Lt. Harris. He was a ramrod for no reason, not tough but mean, and then I later found out he was a coward too.

“I found out at Islandwana. You know the story, Vicar, everybody does, how the officers didn’t post no lookouts, and we got ourselves surrounded by the Zulus. Well, they were in a killing mood – they always are – and they swarmed all over us. I fought my way through a wall of Zulus, using my bayonet and thinking that every thrust I made with it would be my last. But the fact that there was so many of the black devils made it hard for them. They kept getting in each other’s way. And I kept stabbing. It probably wasn’t that long, but it seemed like a long time to me, before I had fought my way through to the river. I was hoping to get a horse or maybe just a horse’s saddle and try to float down the river away from the Zulus. That’s when I saw Lt. Harris and Corporal Jones. Jonesy was standing over Lt. Harris, who was lying on the ground with a wound in his right thigh. Corporal Jones was keeping the Zulus off him with the Lieutenant’s sword. I fought my way over to Jonesy, and we fought back to back. I knew I was going to die, but I felt better knowing I was going to go down with one of my own, a British soldier. I think Jonesy felt the same because when he saw me, he simply said, ‘Glad for the company.’

“I didn’t have time to look at the Lieutenant except once, but that once was enough. He was paralyzed with fear, just staring up at the Zulus, but not using his pistol, which was still holstered, or anything else.

“When Lt. Holmes rode up, slashing and stabbing at the Zulus, I thought maybe I wasn’t going to die because they gave way before him at first.

“But when Lt. Holmes leant down to help Lt. Harris up onto his horse, Harris grabbed Lt. Holmes, pulled him off the horse, and climbed on himself. Lt. Holmes hadn’t been expecting that, so he fell to the ground and the Zulus stabbed him to death. With Jonesy and me still fighting and the Zulus busy stabbing Lt. Holmes, Lt. Harris bolted and urged his horse into the river. That’s the last I saw of him on that day. Jonesy went down next, and I kept fighting till one of the Zulus stabbed me clean through my right side and out the other end. I would have bought it for sure if Sergeant Macintosh hadn’t rode up then. He must have left hell behind him, because he was the strongest and bravest man in the regiment. He tore into those Zulus like a man possessed. It was while he was putting me on the horse that they stabbed him in the back. But still he turned on them and fought as I went down the river on the back of his horse. I owe him my life, such as it is. He was the bravest of the brave.”

“Was that the last you ever saw of Matthew Harris?”

“Oh no, Vicar, I saw him again. You see it was only me, Lt. Holmes, and David Jones who knew what Lt. Harris had done. Jonesy and the Lieutenant were dead. I had to live in order to tell the Army what kind of man Matthew Harris was.

“I didn’t think I was going to live, though. I was bleeding bad and holding onto that horse for dear life. I drifted far enough down river to lose sight of any Zulus. Not that I had any control over where I ended up. I just went where the river took my horse. We finally came ashore in some brush about five miles, maybe more, down river from the battle. The horse kept going once we hit the shore, but I rolled off him and put the biggest pile of mud I could pick up on my wound. Then I laid down in the brush and either passed out or went to sleep – it amounts to the same thing.

“I must have slept there for over fourteen hours, waking up for a little and then falling back to sleep. I was burning up with fever and the hole in my side hurt like – if you forgive the expression – hell. But I got back. I kept walking, hoping I wouldn’t come across any more Zulus, still half out of mind with fever. Right before my final collapse, I kept seeing the town in Wales where I was born and raised. It was a dirty coal town, but it’s where my folks were. I kept seeing it. And then I just laid down and said goodbye to everything.

“No, it ain’t no ghost you see before you, Vicar. I collapsed – it was pitch dark – about 40 paces – from a Boer farmhouse. I know we fought with them later, and we was wrong to do it, but let me tell you the Boers were the best of the human race. That farmer and his wife found me, nursed me, and fed me until I was a whole man again.

“Then, when I was fit to ride, they gave me a horse and sent me back to the regiment.”

“I don’t imagine Lt. Harris was too glad to see you.”

“No, he wasn’t. He acted all glad to see me – he even ran up and hugged me. It was all I could do to keep from strangling him on the spot. But he whispers in my ear, ‘See me in my tent before you report.’ I shouldn’t have listened to him, but I did. I didn’t see any high ranking officers around when I rode into camp, so I thought, ‘I’ll see what this slime of a man has to say to me.’ I thought he was going to make up some excuse or else deny that he had done anything wrong. I thought I’d listen to what he said and then spit in his face and go and report him to the Colonel. But he was too sharp for me. He came strutting into the tent, calm and cool as can be.

“You think you saw something out there, don’t you?”

“I know I saw something out there.”

“What do you think you saw?”

“I saw Lt. Holmes stop to save you from the Zulus and then I saw you drag Lt. Holmes off his horse, leaving him to be killed by the Zulus while you rode to safety.”

“Lt. Holmes would have done the same thing I did had our positions been reversed. So would you have, or anyone else in the British Army.”

“That’s a lie.”

“What did you say?”

“I said that’s a lie. Lt. Holmes did have a chance to get clean away, but instead he stopped to save you. And there isn’t any other soldier in the British Army that would have done what you done.”

“I see: ‘Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules, of Hector and Lysander...’ All that British Grenadier type of nonsense.”

“It ain’t nonsense, I’ve seen the British soldier in action. They’re my mates, the dead ones and them that are still alive.”

“My family has money.”

“Good for you.”

“Some of that money, a lot of that money, can be yours.”

“Keep your money, I’m going to see the Colonel.”

“I never got out of the tent. As I turned to go, he hit me from behind with something much harder than a fist. I think it was a sword hilt. But whatever he hit me with, it did the trick. I was out long enough for him to get rid of me. Oh, I can see what you’re thinking. If he got rid of me, how come I’m here?”

“Yes, I was thinking along those lines.”

“He got rid of me without killing me. How was he going to explain my body in his tent if he killed me? At least twenty men had seen me ride in. He couldn’t just shoot me and say I never came back to camp. What he did was quite simple, and I was too stupid to see it coming. After hitting me he had me locked up. He told the Colonel that I had tried to attack him because I thought that he was responsible for turning the whole company over to the Zulus. Everything, according to me, was Lt. Harris’s fault. He said I had accused him of being in secret communication with the Zulus. ‘It’s pure delusion of course,’ he said, ‘no doubt brought on by his terrible ordeal, so I don’t want him brought up on charges or anything. Let’s just quietly ship him home and get him some mental treatment and a rest.’

“Well, Vicar, it worked. He was a smooth one and I wasn’t. He had me shipped home under a kind of house arrest the whole way. When I got home, I was put in some kind of mental ward for soldiers. And they kept an eye on me there, too.”

“Did you ever try to tell anyone about Lt. Harris?”

“Yes, I did. They wouldn’t let me see anybody high up in the military, but I told the doctors in the ward that I was in the ward because of that there Lt. Harris and not because I was suffering from a nervous breakdown. But they just smiled at me and said that I’d see things differently when I was well.”

“You never did get ‘well’, did you?”

“No, I didn’t. I knew what Lt. Harris was. But I learned to stop talking about Harris. It wasn’t doing me any good, in fact it was keeping me in the mental ward. Once I stopped talking about him, they gave me an honourable discharge from the service and let me out of the mental ward. You see, from their side of the fence I was cured.”

“How long did you serve in the Army?”

“Ten years — eight in Africa and two in that there mental ward. I went home to Wales when I got out of the mental ward. I got a chance to see my mother, but my father was dead. Mother died eight months after I came home. I’ve spent the last forty or so years roaming the streets of London.”

“That’s a long time to roam the streets.”

“Well, it ain’t all been roaming. I’ve worked the docks some, and I’ve peddled some and I even lived under a roof for a few years, but mainly I’ve been roaming, because I like the company...”

“Of white people?”

“Yes, that’s it. I don’t think that anyone who has not been in Africa and seen what those blacks are really like can know what it means to live white. There is something from hell in those black men that makes you sick to your soul. I can’t stand it when your missionary type Christians try to make out that a black man is simply a white man with black skin. That just ain’t so. A black man is different inside from a white man. And white men should stay clear of black men, if they want to hang on to their souls. You’ve been buying me beer, Reverend, so I don’t like talking against missionaries, but that’s the way I feel. I don’t think it’s Christian to go around preaching that a black man can ever be a white man.”

“You needn’t apologize. I don’t agree with everything done by my fellow pastors and ministers. In fact, I’m more often than not at odds with them. As regards the colored missions, I think it’s best for Europeans to stay in Europe and keep Europe Christian so that the light can shine on other nations. I don’t think we should bring the colored to Europe nor do I think we should ever confuse evangelization with mongrelization. But I think I’ve interrupted you. Please go on.”

“There isn’t much more to tell. Except for the one thing that you might find helpful. Like I said, the horror of negroes burned deep into my soul. So it hurt me, and I know it hurt plenty of the others that fought in those African wars, that when the whole thing was over and we were supposed to have won the Zulu wars, that they not only let Cetewayo, Chief of the Zulus, live, they invited him to England. He took a house in Kensington and had lunch with the Queen. And every time he went out, big crowds greeted him, patted on the back, and called him a jolly good fellow.”

“Didn’t certain of the bloodthirsty Indian chiefs in America get similar treatment when their fighting days were over?”

“I don’t know, Vicar. But it was wrong. Let me tell you about the Zulus and Cetewayo. They weren’t soldiers, they were Satanists. They never just killed a man, they mutilated his corpse. And when they caught some soldier alive, they tortured him. You’ve heard tell of the Jack the Ripper fellow that they never caught?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Well, everyone said what he done was terrible, you know, cutting them women up. And it was terrible. But those black fiends from hell is all Jack the Rippers. They look on that type of killing and mutilating as normal. Cetewayo liked to watch his prisoners be cut up while he was eating, just like some white folk might like to hear music while they ate. I couldn’t stand to see him strutting around London, so I decided to kill him. I saw an advertisement for one of his gibberish talks. He talked Zulu and some missionary translated for him. I planned on blending in with the crowd and then, when I got close enough to him, sticking a knife into him. But it never happened like I wanted it to. As soon as I got into that there hall, I was taken away.”

“By Scotland Yard?”

"They said they were Scotland Yard, but they weren't. They just were working for Scotland Yard so I wouldn't put up a fuss."

"Who were they then?"

"They were working for Captain Harris – he was promoted to captain after Islandlwana – because as it turned out he was sponsoring the talk. He recognized me coming in and set his goons on me. He didn't want some public row where I might tell what I knew about him. Nobody believed me before, but he still didn't want it bandied about. Once the goons got me away from the hall, they coshed me. When I came to, I was tied up and looking into the face of a Chinaman."

"I don't mean to be constantly interrupting you, but this is vital. Do you remember the name of that Chinaman?"

"No, I don't, Vicar, because he never said his name. And if you ask me to describe him all I could say was that he was a Chinaman."

"What happened to you after you came to?"

"The Chinaman told me I was going on a long trip, but before I left he wanted some information from me. And he made it clear that if I didn't give it willingly he would still get it from me. It would be his great pleasure, he assured me, to cause me great pain. But he needn't have threatened me. I was quite willing to tell him what he wanted to know. It wasn't no military secrets he was after. He wanted to know why Captain Harris wanted me killed. So I told him."

Here then was the link between Matthew Harris and Min Chang that I had been seeking. Though Jenkins couldn't give me his name, I was certain that Min Chang was the man who Matthew Harris had hired to kill Jenkins. But Chang didn't kill him, because if he had he couldn't blackmail Harris over his cowardice at Islandlwana. But I was beginning to see a different murder scenario. Tired of paying blackmail for so many years to Min Chang, Harris had not killed Min Chang himself as I had originally thought, but had hired Yong Liu to kill him. That was the reason Yong Liu didn't want me to find Min Chang's murderer. Yong Liu was the murderer!

All this was conjecture, and I knew it was too flimsy to hold up in court. I needed more.

"Obviously, Min Chang didn't kill you."

"No, he didn't, and I couldn't figure out why."

"I think I know. He wanted to use the information you gave him to blackmail Captain Harris. If he murdered you, then Harris would have had something on him as well."

"That makes sense, but I never put it together. I guess I've been the fool ten ways from Sunday."

"No, you've been the one man among ravenous wolves. What did Min Chang do with you?"

"That's assuming the Chinaman was Min Chang."

"Yes, I am assuming that."

"He had me put on a steamer bound for China. But he must not have paid the ship's captain much money, because it was pretty easy for me to jump ship and make my way back to England."

"How long did it take you to get back?"

"Two months."

"What did you do when you got back?"

"Well, I didn't make no more tries on Cetewayo, because he was gone, on his way back to Zululand. And I lost track of Captain Harris. I've just been roaming ever since. I had a wife for a few years, those are the years that I lived under a roof. But the wife died and I went back to roaming through London."

"Did Harris ever make any more tries on your life?"

"No, he didn't. I always thought that he figured I was dead. But if that there Min Chang was blackmailing him over his cowardice he must have told him I was still alive and he could produce me if he wanted."

"And all those years he's had that hanging over his head."

"I guess so, Vicar. It's funny that a man who says he doesn't believe in the British honour code would spend his life afraid that someone might prove that he didn't live up to the code."

"Thomas, 'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophies.' There was an American author, Mark Twain, who served briefly on the Southern side in the South's War for Independence. He deserted and then spent the rest of his life casting aspersions on the code of chivalry. He couldn't abide Walter Scott, who was kind of the poet laureate of chivalry."

"Meaning, he couldn't be honourable and brave, so that meant there was no such thing as bravery and honour?"

"Yes. And I think that sums up Matthew Harris as well. A man that is pure ego cannot ever say he is a lesser man than other men. So Harris took refuge in his intellect, which he thought was better than anyone else's intellect. The endless intellectual gatherings and dinner parties were all his attempt to convince himself and the world that he was Matthew Harris, the demi-god."

"But why did he sponsor the Cetewayo talks and make such a big deal about the magnificent Zulus?"

"Because the true intellectual worships the noble savage, and that's what the black man has become to white liberals: the Noble Black Savage."

"But he ain't noble; he's just a savage."

"I agree, but that's the pathology of men like Matthew Harris. They love the devil through his conduit, the negro."

"Are there a lot of men like Matthew Harris?"

"Unfortunately men like Harris are becoming more numerous. Our universities breed such men."

"Then I'm glad I won't be around much longer."

"Never say that, Thomas. You're the type of Britisher we need."

"That's kind of you to say, Vicar."

"I mean it, Thomas. Now, I need you for something of great importance. Are you game for another try at Captain Harris?"

"That I am, Vicar."

SCENE: The Harris Mansion in London, Christmas Eve,
approximately 7 p.m.

Mrs. Harris: Matthew, I don't know if you've noticed but that man has been standing under that streetlight, staring up at the house for the last hour.

Matthew Harris: No, I hadn't noticed.

Mrs. Harris: Well, it bothers me.

Matthew Harris: God forbid that anything should bother my dearest. I'll ask one of the servants to call the police, though I doubt that they can do much. There is no law against standing under a streetlight. Wait, I'll go out and speak to him myself.

Mrs. Harris: Do you think that's wise?

Matthew Harris: It won't take long and the man seems harmless.

SCENE: On the Street

Matthew Harris: I warn you, I'm armed.

Jenkins: Now why would you think you needed a gun against the likes of me?

Matthew Harris: What do you want?

Jenkins: I want money, the money you offered me many years ago to keep my mouth shut. Now I want it. And I want it to keep my mouth shut about more than your being a coward. I want money to keep me from telling that you hired that there Yong Liu to kill that other Chinaman that the papers have been talking about.

Matthew Harris: I had nothing to do with that murder. My son did it.

Jenkins: In the old days, I wouldn't do business with a man that would sell out his comrades and then sell out his own son. But I've changed, Captain Harris. I'm so down and out that lying in the gutter would be a step up for me. You give me the money to live like a white man, and I'll keep quiet about everything.

Matthew Harris: If I've done what you say, then what makes you think I won't have you killed instead of paying you?

Jenkins: Because I've told a certain vicar everything I know, and he'll go to the police if I'm killed. They might not believe him, but then again they might.

Matthew Harris: How much?

Jenkins: I'm not greedy. Let's say 5,000 pounds right now.

Matthew Harris: 3,000 pounds is the most I can get you tonight.

Jenkins: That'll do, you can get me the rest later.

Matthew Harris: Meet me in three hours at Dingman's Wharf, and I'll have the money for you. Providing you do one more thing for me.

Jenkins: What's that?

Matthew Harris: Bring that parson with you.

Jenkins: Why do you want to see him?

Matthew Harris: Bring him. If you don't, you won't get the money.

Jenkins: All right, I'll bring him.

SCENE: Dingman's Wharf

Rev. Grey: You wouldn't think there could be such a deserted and desolate looking place in a major city.

Jenkins: This here wharf is never used anymore, and certain it isn't about to be used on Christmas Eve.

Matthew Harris (stepping out of the mists): But it is going to be used this Christmas Eve, for I have need of a desolate place.

Jenkins: Did you bring the money?

Matthew Harris: No, I didn't, but I did bring this.

Rev. Grey: I thought you preferred to kill by proxy.

Matthew Harris: I do. But in both of your cases, I'll enjoy making the exceptions.

Rev. Grey: But why deprive Yong Liu of the pleasure? He killed Min Chang for you, and I'm sure he wouldn't mind killing two more.

Matthew Harris: So you want a confession. Aren't you being rather heavy-handed about it?

Rev. Grey: Yes, I'd like a confession from you, because I don't think you have the nerve to kill me, and once you've dropped the gun, I'll go to the police with your confession.

Matthew Harris: You're wrong, you disgusting clerical pig. I'll kill you and Jenkins there because it will be a pleasure. That Min Chang killing was business, and that's why I hired Yong Liu to do it for me.

Rev. Grey: Why did you wait so many years?

Matthew Harris: He didn't ask for that much at first. But then he started getting exorbitant in his demands. It was simply a business decision.

Rev. Grey: But this is pleasure?

Matthew Harris: Yes, pleasure and business.

Rev. Grey: Because I threw you in the fountain?

Matthew Harris: No, for that I could have paid someone to have you beaten.

Jenkins: I don't think so, Captain, he'd be too much for a regiment.

Matthew Harris: Shut up, Jenkins. No, Mr. Grey, I'm not killing you for throwing me in a fountain. I'm killing you for the simple business reason that you know too much. But even more than that, I'm killing you because I hate you. You're a Christ, a dying breed of a man that I will be quite happy to send out of this world. So you and that pathetic wretch, Private Thomas Edward Jenkins, can go to that great nothingness together... Who are you?

Inspector Palmer, Scotland Yard (stepping out of the mist with a revolver in hand): Unfortunately for you, Mr. Harris, I am justice, and I'm here to arrest you for the murder of Min Chang.

It was not a foolproof plan we had hatched to get a confession from Matthew Harris. In fact, it seemed highly unlikely that Matthew Harris would be fooled by such a simple plan. But there were a number of factors that worked in our favor. The first was Matthew Harris's deep-rooted hatred for me. I sensed that we were bitter enemies from the very first time I had met him at the dinner party. That hatred, which went quite beyond mere dislike, no doubt stemmed from our opposed masters. I hoped that his hatred for me might make him so anxious to kill me that he might possibly overstep the bounds of caution and reveal his guilt.

The second factor was Harris's contempt for Thomas Jenkins. I don't think he believed that such a simpleton (his own view, not mine) as Thomas Jenkins could trick a giant intellect such as Matthew Harris. Once I got Mrs. Harris to point out Jenkins on the street in front of their home, the trap was sprung. It only needed a word to Inspector Palmer of Scotland Yard to seal Matthew Harris's fate and prove George Harris's innocence.

George was released from prison at 11:30 p.m. Christmas Eve, and he stepped across the threshold of his home and into his mother's arms at 12 midnight, just as the Christmas chimes rang throughout London.

Yong Liu was arrested while trying to leave the country. There was a great deal of international haggling over where he was to be tried, because he was a Chinese citizen. He actually wanted to be tried in England, because he thought he had a better chance of escaping the death penalty in England than in China. Eventually he was sent back to China where he was executed. Min Chang's family was more influential than Yong Liu's family.

Matthew Harris? He pleaded not guilty, claiming Yong Liu had acted alone. His case dragged on for six months and eventually he was acquitted. His friends in high places, which he hadn't chosen to use in defense of his son, came through for him.

I wasn't surprised at the verdict. Nor was I particularly upset by it. It was George Harris's release I had wanted, and through the grace of God it was given to me. You don't believe it was the grace of God that released George Harris? That is your prerogative, but how do you explain my meeting with Thomas Jenkins? Mere chance? That would be too coincidental for me to believe.

George Harris is still alive today, with a wife, four children, and six grandchildren. He never left the Christian fold after his unexpected entry into it while in prison. His mother lived well into her nineties before passing away. And Thomas Jenkins lived another twenty-five years after the Matthew Harris trial. He never was comfortable living permanently under one roof, but like Edie Ochiltree in Walter Scott's novel, *The Antiquary*, he stayed as a guest under many roofs, particularly mine. At his death he thanked God for allowing him "to die among white folk and not in that horrible Zululand." He had become a legendary figure after Matthew Harris's exposure. So when he died, he was buried with full military honors. That would have amused him, because he never thought he deserved any military honors. His one request, which I honored, was to be buried with his worn and tattered copy of the New Testament. God bless him.

After George's acquittal, Matthew Harris's wife and son moved to a country house outside of London, leaving Matthew Harris to the London house and his friends from academia. The dinner parties, however, were never quite as prestigious as before. It's odd — even though the liberal academics were self-professed scoffers at such things as honour and chivalry, the fact that Matthew Harris was not a brave British soldier but was in fact an unchivalrous cad — and possibly a murderer — made the more 'respectable' academics such as Freud shun him. But still, because he had money, Matthew Harris managed to maintain a stable of dinner party academic sycophants and spongers. He preceded his wife in death, dying quietly in his sleep in the eighty-ninth year of his life.

Was there any sign of repentance toward the end of his wretched life? His wife said there was not. He seemed obdurate right till the end. Deathbed conversions are rare, but they do occur. It's always very sad for the surviving family members when their own flesh and blood dies without showing even a glimmer of repentance.

There was incredible hatred for Christ in Matthew Harris. And because of that hatred he spent a lifetime attacking Christ's people. Every person who had anything to do with the building or maintaining of Christian Europe was an anathema to him. And unfortunately Matthew Harris, in his later years particularly, saw that the European people were starting to come around to his way of thinking. But ironically his son George, once he converted, was the last of a breed. George became a true-bred Englishman whose Christianity was the unshakeable, bred-in-the-bone Christianity of his noble grandsires. The European restoration will come from such Christians as George Harris.

I would be remiss if I left out the missing piece of the Ann Harris story. When I told Ann that I thought I could prove her son was innocent of the murder if she would simply point out Thomas Jenkins to her husband, she readily agreed.

"Is that all you want me to do?"

"There is one more thing."

"What?"

"I want you to pray."

"I don't think I can. I'm afraid to."

"When your husband leaves the house to confront Thomas Jenkins, go to a quiet place, your own upper room, and pray to Christ."

"I'll try, Reverend, but it's been so long."

"Think of your son and how much you love him. And think of God's Son. Trust me, you'll be able to pray."

After the Christmas services I had Christmas dinner with Ann Harris and her son. Ann took me aside after dinner. "Reverend, what time was it when my husband confessed to the murder?"

"About 11 p.m."

"That's the same time that I finished my prayer. It started out as an incoherent mumble to the great unknown God. But I thought of my son and how much I loved him. I'd do anything to free him. And then I felt, for the first time, a pang in my heart for Christ. How He must have loved us to do what He did. And surely He wouldn't stop loving us. Then I was able to pray: 'Please, Christ, please help my son, because I love him. And if you can't help him, please give me the grace to bear it.'

"It wasn't a prayer from my brain; it was from my heart, Reverend. And God surely knew it was from my heart, because he gave me back my son."

George Harris' life was saved that night, but an even greater miracle happened that Christmas Eve. A sinner returned to her God. Ann Harris was the prodigal who returned to her Father's house. Our Christmas feast reminded me of another feast:

And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found. And they began to be merry.

One of my most joyous Christmas memories shall always be of Ann Harris, the woman who, at the supreme crisis of her life, called on Him by name and asked Him to teach her faithful, loving, English heart to overrule her doubting brain. She loved much and was forgiven. So should we all. And that is my equivalent of Tiny Tim's Christmas blessing.

—THE END—

Remembrances IV: God, the Devil, and Mau Mau

December 18, 2014

Categories: Older posts (pre-April 2019), Remembrances



“We must prepare to meet with Caliban.” – Prospero

Writing in the latter half of the 19th century, Dostoevsky asked, “whether a man, as a civilised being, as a European, can believe at all, believe that is, in the divinity of the Son of God, Jesus Christ, for therein rests, strictly speaking, the whole faith.”

When I went to divinity school at the turn of the century, the vast majority of my professors and fellow students believed that the answer to Dostoevsky’s question was, “Yes, a civilised European can believe in the divinity of Christ.” But by the time I was dismissed from my duties in 1950 I was virtually alone among my fellow clerics in my belief that a civilised European could still believe in the divinity of Christ. My fellow clerics had suddenly developed “problems” with every aspect of the Christian faith. We were supposed to redefine the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, which was based on the Bible, in order to “meet the needs of a changing world.” I fail to see in what way the world has changed that would render my belief and my ancestors’ belief in the Son of God an erroneous belief. But my fellow Anglicans did believe that airplanes, automobiles, and Charles Darwin made Christ an irrelevancy.

I was not dismissed from my parish at St. John’s because of my orthodox heterodoxy, because my parishioners were somewhat behind the clerics in their wisdom of the world. Having just survived a second world war in which they spent a good deal of time in bomb shelters and rebuilding bombed-out buildings, they still tended toward fairy tale beliefs in God, country, and beauty, so my “quaint” sermons, devoid of quotations from the modern Biblical exegetes and the demythologizers, struck a responsive chord in my war-torn countrymen.

And because I had forged such a close bond with my parishioners, I did not want them to think that I was leaving St. John’s at my own insistence. I was offered full retirement pay if I resigned voluntarily, but when I refused to retire I was dismissed, without pension, and I was forbidden to perform any service in the Anglican Church.

I have complied with that edict in a fashion. I have not performed an Anglican service in an Anglican church, but I do have a home in London, purchased with my own personal savings and the donations of my former parishioners. And what I do in the privacy of my own home, for the benefit of my friends, is my own business.

Though I had many quarrels over changes in the prayer book and the new Christianity, I was not ultimately dismissed because of what my superiors called my “hopeless provincialism.” That might have been a factor in weakening my reputation with my immediate superiors, but the final straw that broke the camel’s back was my criticism of the Anglican missionary outreach in Africa and my public support of my fellow Britons in Kenya and South Africa. Certainly my friendship with Peter Delaine, whose great-grandfather had had first-hand knowledge of the events in Haiti that came in the wake of the French Revolution, had helped solidify my opinion about the horrific, satanic nature of black-dominated nations. And before that there was Thomas Jenkins, who also gave me some insight into the growing menace of a liberal-induced, black plague which involved actual black natives rather than germs.

But ultimately I think I would have retained my English “prejudice” against the colored stranger, because of a basic Christian instinct to be true to my own and to resist the encroachment of the colored stranger who would, if I let him, destroy my hearth and my neighbors’ hearths. The conflicts of the Europeans in Africa are going to be the conflicts we have right here in Europe. In America it already has happened, under the guise of a false, universalist Christianity: the black barbarians and the liberal clergy men are making war on the confused remnant of white people who are at least trying to hold on to a Christian ethos even though they have lost their vision of the living God. No doubt that loss of vision is partly because their clergymen are marching around demanding, in the case of America, civil rights, and in the case of Britain, the wholesale extermination of the whites in Africa. Oh, they call it democracy and equality of the races, but in every African nation in which the blacks come into power, under the guise of democracy, the whites are slaughtered. As it was in Haiti, so it was in Kenya, and so it will be in South Africa if the South African people ever abandon apartheid and democratize their nation.

But it is of Kenya I want to speak, because it was to Kenya I was summoned, and it is in Kenya that Satanism in its purest form, certainly not pure in the good sense of the word, reared its satanic head. Mr. Anthony Jacob, my good friend, has pointed out in his book *White Man Think Again* that Kenya is very much the world:

“Kenya, we must understand, is a microcosm of the entire West. Therefore let us ask ourselves, What would have been our general White position today if the world had consisted only of Kenya, with no other place for us to go to and no other form of government for us to live under? What then? We, the White race, would already have been obliterated or reduced to everlasting serfdom, would we not? Yet however fanciful it might still seem to the white peoples of the northern American states and occupied Kenya, for we cannot keep on being racially overruled and uprooted and moved on. Wherever we are now we are in effect in Kenya...”

I concur with Mr. Jacob’s opinion; I saw the Mau Mau close up when I went to Kenya in 1953 and stayed there through 1955. I saw hell close up during those years, and I saw that white Europe must not perish or satanic Kenya will become the world. I’m writing this part of my memoir in the year of our Lord 1966. I was a man in my early seventies when I went to Kenya, and now, in my eighties, I have been asked why I bother to write so many unpopular things about the African menace to European civilization. Such questions puzzle me. I write because I love my people, because I love my God, and because I hate Satan. Are those not motives enough to keep striving in this world and the next?

My summons to Kenya came from a young man of 22 years of age. His parents had been fourth-generation farmers in the Kenyan Highlands, a very poor area for farming initially which the British farmers had somehow transformed into a prosperous, striving, agricultural community. They constituted five percent of the farming population of Kenya yet they produced 90% of the agricultural yield of Kenya. Of course, now that “independence” has come to Kenya and the white farmers have either fled or been exterminated there is virtually no agricultural production. The black Kenyans simply demand money from Britain and the United States, which they always receive. Considering what was done to white people in Kenya, you would think that the correct moral response from the colonial powers would be men with guns and bayonets. But it isn’t. The British equivalent of carpet-baggers have flooded Kenya as the great dispensers of “charitable relief.” Charitable relief for whom? Why, for the Mau Maus, of course, not for the white victims of Mau Mau terrorism. And let’s be clear about the Mau Mau uprising. It was a united effort; those black Kenyans who didn’t actually run with the Mau Mau – the house servants and the black workers on white farms – were all Mau Mau supporters. As it was in Haiti so it was in Kenya: there were no “good darkies.”

In previous pages of my memoir, which is not a traditional memoir, I’ve mixed the dramatic mode of expression with the novelistic mode of expression. In this case I’ve chosen to use only the dramatic mode, because that is how the story of the death of British Kenya strikes me, as a tragic drama.

London, 1966

Act I. Scene 1. 7 May 1953. The Montgomery farmhouse, Kenya Highlands.

William Montgomery: I’m glad you all could come. We know what we’re here for, gentlemen, but let’s leave the serious business for after dinner. Reverend, will you do us the honor?

Christopher Grey: Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armor of light, now in the time of this mortal life (in the which thy son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility); that in the last day, when He shall come again in glorious majesty to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through Him who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, now and forever. Amen.

William Montgomery: Thank you, Reverend. And I must apologize for not having you over to dinner sooner, but I hear you've been well taken care of by Edward.

Grey: Yes, he's been taking good care of me.

Edward Owen: It's more the other way around.

Margaret Montgomery: I understand you grew up on a farm yourself, Rev. Grey.

Grey: Yes, in Yorkshire, it's a good countryside, right out of Constable.

Margaret: How do our Kenyan Highlands compare to Yorkshire?

Grey: That's not a fair question, Mrs. Montgomery; nothing compares to the haunts of our childhood.

Susan: Even if you grew up in a city?

Grey: I think so. I'm not a born-and-bred Londoner for instance, but I've grown to love it like a native. A city, if it is a European city, can capture a man's soul just as a European farm can capture his soul.

John Williams: I could never be happy in a city. My people have been farmers for more generations than I can count.

Grey: Many farmers feel that way. I know my parents did.

Susan: Why did you become a minister, then?

Margaret: Susan, I must remind you that we invited Rev. Grey for a dinner and not an inquisition.

Grey: I don't mind. But it's difficult to say, Susan. I suppose it was because I loved the parents who raised me on that farm so much that I became a preacher instead of a farmer.

Susan: I don't understand what you mean.

Williams: Nor do I. For a man who has a reputation for straight-forwardness and clarity, you're being very obscure.

Grey: I don't mean to be.

Ethan: He probably just doesn't want to hurl pearls before swine. He doesn't want to waste his...

William Montgomery: Ethan!

Grey: I don't see any swine here, Ethan, except for what's on the table. I'll answer Susan's question:

*Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts
Which I, by lacking, have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie.
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone.
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.*

Jennifer: Are you answered?

Susan: Yes.

Thomas Bennet: On a much more mundane level, let me say that the mutton is excellent and the pork roast even better. Mrs. Montgomery, there is no finer cook in the Kenyan Highlands or in Britain itself than you.

Margaret: I doubt that you've sampled all the cooking in the Highlands let alone all of Britain, but I thank you, Sir Thomas, for your gallantry. Ethan, fill Sir Thomas's glass again.

Sir Charles Belcher: I'm an Australian by birth and breeding, but no matter where I settle I'll always be a Britain. I don't think anyone here feels any different.

William Montgomery: I know what you mean. I feel British to the bone, even though I've never been to Britain.

Sir Charles Belcher: We're both of the same blood. Nothing can change that.

Ethan: Do you think we'll be allowed to keep the Kenyan Highlands British?

Michael Green: I don't see why not. My family fought in both wars, and we've lived and died on our land here for four generations.

Edward Owen: That doesn't make any difference to MacLeod and company. They're here for one reason: to turn the Kenyan Highlands over to the Mau Maus.

William Montgomery: We all sympathize with what you've been through, Edward, but the Mau Maus are an aberration. They do not represent the average black Kenyan. I grant you that the Mau Maus are inhuman beasts, but I hardly think that the rest of the black Kenyans have any sympathy with them.

Edward: You knew our kind and faithful black butler, didn't you, Mr. Montgomery?

William Montgomery: Yes, but...

Edward: Well, he was one of those "good darkies," wasn't he? And he held my 12-year-old sister down while they...

Grey: Perhaps we can leave that for after dinner, Edward?

Edward: I'm sorry, I guess I'm not capable of polite dinner conversation any more.

Susan: Why shouldn't we discuss the Mau Maus right here and now? Is it because you don't want to offend the ladies? Why should we be spared the gory details?

William Montgomery: Because that's the way I want it, and you'll abide by my wishes.

Susan: Yes, Father, I only meant to say that since the Mau Maus seem to have a particular hatred for white women that we should be included in the discussion.

Grey: I'm sure your father will include you in many discussions of the Mau Maus, but he does not want you involved in a detailed discussion of their atrocities. And I agree with him.

Margaret: So do I Susan.

Edward: I didn't mean...

Green: It's not your fault, son, it's these filthy times we live in.

Peter: Is it true, Reverend Grey, that you're the strongest man in the world?

Grey: Who told you that?

Peter: Edward did.

Edward: I told him about your one-hand clean and jerk of 300 lbs. the other day.

Grey: I'd prefer that story didn't become too well known. It indicates a neglect of my pastoral duties. People will think I've spent my entire life lifting weights.

Margaret: I doubt that anyone would accuse you of neglecting your pastoral duties or any other duty, Rev. Grey. We are not as ignorant of English affairs as the English are of Kenyan affairs.

Grey: That's certainly true, and I hope that changes. What you're doing here, what happens here, is vital. I hope Britons will come to realize that before it is too late.

William Montgomery: We'll get through this crisis somehow; we always have in the past.

Ethan: This time it's different.

Green: How is it different, Ethan?

Ethan: This time the colonial government is against us and so is the government back in London.

William Montgomery: Now you're beginning to sound like Edward.

Ethan: I agree with him. Our government is going to sell us down the river, a river of white blood.

Margaret: Now we're getting back to the Mau Maus again, which is really why you gentlemen are here. Why don't you adjourn to William's study and I'll bring the dessert in there?

Grey: Nothing for me, thank you, Mrs. Montgomery, I couldn't eat another bite after that excellent meal.

William Montgomery: We'll skip dessert, Martha. Somehow I don't think cake and pie mixes well with a discussion of the Mau Maus.

William Montgomery: You both are welcome to sit in, but please keep in mind that I know your opinions on the Mau Maus already. I want to hear those other men's opinions so I can properly represent the farmers' coalition. All right? No offense taken?

Edward: No offense taken.

Ethan: I understand.

Act I. Scene 2. The study.

Bennet: I don't really see that there is anything to discuss. None of us are military men any longer; we're farmers. I say we work closely with the colonial government to help them stamp out the Mau Maus, but I don't see the need for our own private army.

Belcher: It worked in South Africa for years.

Green: This isn't South Africa. We have our own set of circumstances.

Belcher: The issues are the same. Are we going to accept black rule?

Williams: Nobody said anything about black rule. I understand that there is going to be a coalition-type government with blacks and whites and that we will still be allowed to own our farms.

Belcher: Do you believe that?

Williams: Of course, I do. What could be gained by confiscating the white farms and the white businesses? The whites are needed here, particularly the white farmers: we own 5% of the land and yet we produce 90% of the food. No, I can't believe a coalition, government, or even an all black government would take our farms and businesses.

Belcher: I wish I could feel as confident as you do, but it seems, from the conversations I've had with Macleod's people, that we are heading to a coalition government, and then to a black government. And I do not have any hopes in a black government. Should that happen, well, I have friends in South Africa. I'll probably go there.

Green: I don't think the powers that be in London or Nairobi would permit black rule in Kenya. They might let a few blacks into the government as a token gesture, but they wouldn't turn the government over to them; that would be insane. What do you think, Reverend?

Grey: I don't think you'll like my opinion. And after all, I'm not a land owner in Kenya.

William Montgomery: I invited you here because I wanted your opinion, Reverend.

Grey: All right, you shall have it. What I'm going to say might sound a little fantastical, but just consider how fantastical our lives here on earth are and then consider what I have to say. I do not believe the Mau Mau rebellion is an aberration. I think Mau Mau is black Africa. The blacks will refrain from murder, rape, and bestiality while the white man is strong, but when the white man falters, when he doubts that he is the Christ-bearer, then what you call Mau Mau and what I call the normal, everyday activities of blacks who no longer feel the need to refrain from their devilish activities, will come to the forefront and make Kenya a living hell.

William Montgomery: Then you're telling me that the blood red tide of the Mau Mau will be loosed if we cooperate with the government and form a multi-racial government?

Grey: Yes, Mr. Montgomery, that is precisely what I am telling you. There can be no amicable union between the sons of Ham and the Europeans. There can be the benevolent rule of the white man, which is best for black and white – look at Kenya before and after the white man came here – or there can be black rule, which means extermination of the whites and a return to barbaric bestiality for the blacks.

Williams: I don't agree. A multi-racial government can work so long as we get the right blacks in place.

Bennet: With all due respect for your office, Rev. Grey, I must agree with Mr. Williams.

Belcher: Do you agree with Williams?

Green: Absolutely, I don't think the powers that be would permit an all-African government to squeeze out the white farmers.

Belcher: Then you're a fool; you're all fools if you think there can be a coalition government of blacks and whites. The Reverend is right: whites must either control blacks or be exterminated by them. I plan to present my own petition to Macleod and company. Quite probably they'll spit in my face, but at least I'll feel like I've done all that I could.

William Montgomery: I respect you for that, Charles, but I still think we can work out some compromise.

Owen: No, there can't be a compromise. What you're proposing is a capitulation.

Grey: I'm sorry this couldn't have been settled more amicably, gentlemen. I still wish you'd reconsider.

Montgomery: We still have more to discuss, but I think we've settled on our main course of action.

Grey: Well, Owen is waiting for me.

Williams: You can't take any of them seriously. They're biased, and that so-called 'Reverend' is the worst of the lot.

Green: What do you mean by "so-called Reverend"?

Williams: I mean that he was defrocked. He really isn't a Reverend.

Montgomery: That's not fair, John, he was not defrocked; he was suspended from his parish duties, but he remains an Anglican clergy man.

Williams: But why was he suspended?

Green: I believe it was for expressing opinions about blacks and whites like those he expressed right here tonight.

Montgomery: He's a good man; I have nothing against him. I just don't think he fully understands our situation here in Kenya. If we don't show ourselves willing to compromise, I think we'll lose everything.

Bennet: And if we do compromise?

Montgomery: Then I think we'll be allowed to continue living and working in the Highlands.

Green: Amen to that.

Bennet: What's wrong with you; isn't a multi-racial government what you want as well?

Williams: Yes, certainly, but I think there is something more behind this Reverend Grey character.

Montgomery: How so?

Williams: He's supposed to be a man in his seventies, isn't he?

Montgomery: Yes.

Williams: Yet, he looks to be a man in his mid-forties. And by all accounts he still possesses incredible physical strength.

Bennet: What are you driving at, John? There have been some remarkably strong men who retained their strength into their seventies and beyond. It's unusual, but not unheard of.

Williams: Are you sure of that?

Green: Say what you mean outright.

Williams: I am talking about demonic possession: these High Churchers are all Rosicrucians and Templars.

Montgomery: You are ridiculous, Williams. I'm not a church-going man myself, but I can recognize a good man when I see one. And Reverend Grey is a good man. Just because we disagree on a political stance of his does not mean we have to demonize the man.

Bennet: Williams is a crazy Methodist; what can you do with him?

Montgomery: He was joking.

Williams: Well, I don't like that type of humor.

Bennet: I'm sorry if I offended you.

Green: Grey's all right, John, he's just a little too mystical to be consulted on practical matters.

Montgomery: I'll present our views on the compromise to Macleod.

Act I. Scene 3. Same night.

Grey: They're not bad men, Edward, in fact they're good men and true. That is the problem: "Their natures are so far from doing harm that they suspect none."

Owen: They could deal with the Mau Maus in a fair fight, but they can't deal with a British colonial government and a government in London that hates their own people. Belcher is the only one who knows what is going to happen. They're all going to lose their farms, and some will lose their lives.

Grey:Where will you go from here, Edward? Do you plan on keeping the farm?

Owen: No, I kept it this long to see if we were going to be allowed to stay here in the Highlands. And by 'stay here' I mean stay here as white men who took land that was supposed to be impossible to farm and made that land the most prosperous land in the country. You heard what Green said at the meeting: Five percent of the land and 90% of the food supply. What will happen when the government breaks up the white farms and forces us to "co-manage" them with the blacks?

Grey:The blacks will turn on the whites and murder them. Then the farms will become non-productive again, as they were before the whites came.

Owen: Precisely. I'm selling before the government orders me to work with the Mau Maus.

Grey: What will you do?

Owen: I'll stay here in the Highlands.

Grey: You're still a young man, Edward. What are you – 22 years old?

Owen: I'm 23; I'll be 24 in a few months.

Grey: I'm not going to preach to you, Edward. In fact I think what you're planning to do is noble. But I'd hate to see you simply rush into martyrdom. Sometimes the duller, plodding, everyday martyrdom is what is needed.

Owen:I'm not going to rush into martyrdom, but I'm not a farmer any longer. Before the Mau Maus wiped out my family, I never thought of myself as anything but a farmer. Now I see myself as something else. I'm not going to let my family go unavenged.

You've never preached non-violence to me, Reverend, and I appreciate that. And I'll never be able to thank you enough for coming here in response to my letter. I never dreamed you'd actually come to Kenya. I thought, considering your views on the subject, that you'd send me a letter to help me persuade the compromising dunderheads like Williams that they can't trust their government, but you came here in person and did all you could to turn them away from their suicidal surrender.

Grey: I'm afraid I wasn't very persuasive.

Owen:It wasn't for lack of trying or a lack of eloquence. They just don't want to believe you or me. But something else has been bothering me. I should have told you that I was not a Christian when I wrote. And then when you came here, I still couldn't bring myself to tell you. I guess it's because I was afraid you'd leave, and I wanted you to stay. But there it is: I'm telling you now. I have no stomach for any of the 'God is love' rot. I loved my family; now they're all gone, tortured and murdered by the Mau Maus. All I care about is killing Mau Maus.

Grey: Then kill Mau Maus, Edward, kill as many as you can.

Owen: I didn't anticipate that from you.

Grey:Why?

Owens: Because you're a Christian pastor.

Grey:Maybe I'm a rather poor one then, because I don't see anything intrinsically wrong with killing members of a tribe of men dedicated to torture, murder, rape, and bestiality. What I hate to see is a waste of life. You're the last of your line; are you sure you couldn't resettle somewhere else and continue what your father and mother started here in Kenya?

Owen:You mean cut and run?

Grey:No, I mean what I said. Continue the work your parents started.

Owen:If you were in my place, would you go and start a farm somewhere else and let your parents, your brothers, and your sisters lie in their graves unavenged?

Grey : No, I would not. I'd do what you are planning to do.

Owen:Thank you.

Grey:For what?

Owen: For not lying to me.

Grey:What's that?

Owen: You see that?

Grey:The scarf?

Owen:Yes, that is the type of scarf Jenny Williams wore. As God is my witness, I don't take any satisfaction in this. He was the loudest against us, but I didn't want this.

Grey: I know you didn't, son.

Owen:And I don't take any pleasure in this either . I never shot anyone before. What should we do now?

Grey: I think we should pull the bodies off the road and burn them. It was self-defense, but we're liable to be charged with murder if we report this.

Owen:That seems like the best thing to do. I'm sorry to get you involved in this, Reverend.

Grey: You didn't force me to come here, Edward. I knew what I was coming to.

Owen:How could you know?

Grey: This devil's work is not new. The blacks belong to Satan. Whenever the white man tries to impose white culture and white ethics on the black man, Satan rears up in defense of his own.

Owen: Is it possible to believe in the devil without believing in the Christian God?

Grey:Some men claim it's possible, but I don't think it is.

Owen:I do think it's possible.

Grey: Stay true to your house and your people, Edward. That will do more for your faith than any sermon I can preach.

Owen:The fire has done its work.

Act II. Scene 1. 2 months later. Offices of the Kenyan colonial government, Nairobi.

Macleod: Ruth! Ruth! Where is that damned woman. Ruth!

Ruth: Yes, sir?

Macleod: Where have you been? I need those papers on the Kimaru release. Have you typed them up yet?

Ruth: They're ready, sir, all you need to do is sign them.

Macleod: Good. Leave them on my desk.

Bureaucratic Sycophant #1: Won't the whites give you some trouble when you release Kimaru from prison? After all, Governor Ranison once called him "the African leader to darkness and death."

Macleod: I'm well aware of Ranison's comments; they were ill-timed. This is what London wants, MacMillan wants it, and the British press want it very badly.

Ruth: The whites are afraid that the Mau Maus will become worse if Kimaru becomes the head of Kenya.

Macleod: Possibly, but then maybe Kimaru will help put down the Mau Maus. But what the whites want is unimportant. They have no choice; they must work with the blacks if they want to stay in Kenya. And Kimaru is going to be in charge of Kenya.

Bureaucratic Sycophant #2: He's already released Bunda and Kuanda, why shouldn't he release Kimaru?

B.S. #1: I'm not saying anything one way or the other. I just think the Kimaru release is going to ruffle some white feathers.

Macleod: I don't care about white feathers. I care about Macmillan and the British press. The whites are supposed to share power with the blacks, and anyone who doesn't like that can sell his farm or his business and leave Kenya.

Ruth: I think a lot of whites will leave rather than become bond slaves to the blacks.

Macleod: We're not talking about bond slaves, we're talking about sharing – is that too hard for you to understand?

Ruth: Sharing with blacks means slavery for the whites.

Macleod: What was that?

Ruth: Nothing.

Macleod: Look, this thing will work if the whites cooperate.

Ruth: Sir Charles Belcher is here again. It's the 14th day in a row. What should I tell him?

Macleod: Tell him that I'm still too busy to see him.

BS #1: Maybe now that the Kimaru deal is set, you should see him. It might help relations with the farmers in the Highlands. You can appear sympathetic to their plight.

Macleod: All right, send him in.

Act II. Scene 2.

Macleod: Sir Charles, I had no idea you were waiting so many days to see me. There must have been some secretarial mix-up.

Sir Charles Belcher: Undoubtedly.

Macleod: But now that you're here, please let me know what I can do for you.

Belcher: I've come here to try and stop a process, which might already be nearing completion, that I believe will be ruinous for the whites in Kenya. It will also be ruinous for the blacks in Kenya, but they are not my main concern.

Macleod: What is this dangerous process?

Belcher: The process by which the whites are forced to turn over their farms to the blacks.

Macleod: Sir Charles, no one said anything about confiscating white farms and handing them over to the blacks. It would be unrealistic to expect the blacks to run the farms. What we want to see is whites helping blacks to become self-sufficient.

Belcher: First off, blacks are incapable of being self-sufficient. And secondly, you have no right to make white farmers slave away for blacks while the blacks, through their Mau Mau brethren, try to slaughter the whites.

Macleod: Sir Charles, I really must...

Belcher: Let me finish and then you can be done with me. The Kenyan Highlands are a miracle of British heart and British ingenuity. The liberals claim the whites have exploited the black Kenyans, but the facts tell us something different.

If you look at the soil, temperature, and rainfall of the Highlands you would say that the entire area was unfit for farming. But starting from scratch, over approximately the last seventy years, British farmers, who own only five percent of the land – and not the best land either – have produced nine times as much per square mile as the African farmers have produced on their land. And what little success the African farmers have had has been due to white support. Yet you want to turn the Highlands over to the blacks. For what purpose? To please the college professors in London and New York? Don't do this thing. For the love of God, for the love of Britain, don't do it.

Macleod: Sir Charles, I always am glad to hear from you, and I respect your opinion, although I disagree with you, but you must realize that the process, as you call it, is already completed. Cooperation is a fact of existence in Kenya.

Belcher: Next you'll be telling me that Kimaru is going to be governor of Kenya.

Macleod: Well – and this won't be announced officially for a couple of days – he is going to become a kind of co-governor of Kenya in preparation for making him the first black governor somewhere down the line. All the white officials at every level are going to be eased out that way.

Act II. Scene 3. Next Day.

Macleod: Are you sure the house is ready?

Ruth: I've been there myself. It's fit for a king.

Macleod: Good. How about the reporters? Have they been informed?

Ruth: Yes. And Cardinal Lejeune will be there, along with the Anglican Bishop and several of the ministers from the reformed churches.

Macleod: Any word of protestors?

Ruth: No, but there is a Reverend Grey here to see you.

Macleod: That man! He's killing me with those "Kenyan reports" he's sending to the London papers. Fortunately they're all against him except for *The Guardian*.

Ruth: He's not here to protest the Kimaru release, he's here to talk about the John Williams' case.

Macleod: Williams is the nut who went around shooting people.

Ruth: He claims they were Mau Maus he shot.

Macleod: Why must you always defend my enemies?

Ruth: I didn't know you considered every white in Kenya your enemy.

Macleod: They threw 30 silver coins at me when I passed through the Highlands. I'll teach them to respect me.

Ruth: I'll tell the Reverend you won't see him.

Macleod: On the contrary, send him in. I have something to say to him.

Rev. Grey: Thank you for seeing me.

Macleod: I know why you're here, Rev. You want me to pardon John Williams. But before you do something you'll regret, let me read you parts of a letter sent to the *Nairobi Times*. I'll read you the part pertaining to the Reverend Grey: "What is this man doing in Kenya? I'm told he's as old as Methuselah and as strong as Hercules. Can such things be? There is something terribly wrong here. Sent from God, to help us? I think he was sent by some other power, to destroy us not help us. We must cooperate with the plans for a new multi-racial..." The letter goes on for another page – it must have been a slow news day – but there's no more about you. The man who wrote that letter was John Williams. Do you still want him pardoned?

Grey: Yes. The man came back from a meeting, a meeting in which he spoke out for the inter-racial cooperation that you recommend. When he returned home, he found his wife, his two daughters, and his three sons had been tortured, raped, and murdered by the Mau Maus. From that moment on, he set his heart on one thing: killing Mau Maus. He didn't just go out and shoot the first negroes he saw. He found out where the Mau Maus were, and he killed as many as he could. And he'd still be out there, doing what your troops should be doing, if the British army had not arrested him.

Macleod: We can't have people taking the law into their own hands.

Grey: If the law won't help white Christians defend themselves against black heathens, then it is not the law. It is a satanic monstrosity that must be fought with all our heart, mind, and soul.

Macleod: If you keep on in that vein, Reverend, I'll have you locked up.

Grey: Do it.

Macleod: No, I won't give you the satisfaction of martyrdom.

Grey: But you still plan on executing Williams?

Macleod: Yes, I do. He'll be executed on the same day that Kimaru gets out of prison. Both actions will show we're serious about white and black collaboration.

Grey: Some whites don't see it that way. The ones who threw you the thirty pieces of silver, for instance.

Macleod: I can't be concerned about a few lunatics. I'm doing what Macmillan wants, I'm doing what the UN wants, and I'm doing what the Christian church men want. You should be on my side.

Grey: You're doing what the church men want, but not what the Christian Europeans want.

Macleod: I don't think we have anything else to talk about, Rev. Grey.

Grey: May I see John Williams?

Macleod: Yes, I'll get you a pass.

Act II. Scene 4. John Williams' jail cell.

Williams: It's kind of you to see me, Reverend, considering what I've said about you.

Grey: That's past, John, no need to dwell on it. Let me read from the Gospel.

Williams: I'd like that, but not yet. I do need to dwell on what I said about you. You see, I convinced myself that you were some kind of demon priest because I wanted you to be wrong about the compromise. I was a farmer, not a soldier, and I just wanted to continue farming in the British Highlands and taking care of my family through that farming. You and Owen upset me with your talk about the Mau Maus not listening to reason. That has always frightened me, the idea that there are people so intent on evil that they cannot be deterred by reason. What I'm stumbling all over myself to say is this: I was wrong, wrong to accuse you of demonism and wrong not to support you at the meeting. When I saw my wife and children after the Mau Maus got through with them, I saw just how wrong, how sinful my cowardly evasion of the truth was.

Grey: John, you didn't cause your family's death. Whether you were for or against a compromise with the Mau Maus you would have been at the meeting.

Williams: No, it won't work, Reverend. I thank you for trying. But I could see my sons and my farm hands on the alert before I came to the meeting. I can honestly say I'm not afraid to die, except for the fact that I'll have to face my family after what I did to them.

Grey: No, John, they'll be no reproaches on their faces. There will be joy, the joy of seeing their father and husband, and the joy of knowing you'll be with them and Him for all eternity.

Williams: Do you know that to be true, Reverend?

Grey: Yes, I do. I'll stay right here with you tonight, and in the morning I'll walk with you to the gallows. Through it all look at me and say those blessed words from the Gospel with me right to the end: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Act III. Scene 1. 1960. Vatican City, the Papal Chambers.

Messenger: Monsignor Bontini is outside.

Pope John: Send him in. Monsignor Bontini, I'm so glad to see you. You've done such excellent work to put all in readiness for the ecumenical mass with Kimaru. I'm looking forward to it. The Church has been much too negligent in the past. We did not reach out to our black brothers.

Bontini: It's the Kimaru mass that I want to talk about.

Pope John: Something hasn't gone wrong? I want so much to concelebrate with Kimaru.

Bontini: Nothing has gone wrong with the details, everything is ready, Holy Father.

Pope John: That is a relief. Why do you try to upset me?

Bontini: There is not a problem with the details of the mass or with Kimaru's people, but there is a problem: it's my problem, it's something in my soul.

Pope John: Tell me about it, my son.

Bontini: It's a dream I had, Holy Father. Now, I know we are supposed to disregard such things—dreams are so disjointed and illogical—but I cannot shake off the effects of this dream. It haunts me.

Pope John: What was the dream?

Bontini: It was about Kimaru and the upcoming ecumenical mass.

Pope John: Now I see, the dream has caused you some uneasiness about the Kimaru mass.

Bontini: Yes, Holy Father. If I could talk with you about it maybe I could come to terms with my conscience.

Pope John: By all means, tell me about the dream, my son, and don't worry. I'm sure we'll be able to ease your conscience.

Bontini: It's going to seem silly—most dreams do when you tell them in the light of day—but I never had a dream of such vividness before.

Pope John: Go ahead, my son.

Bontini: It was day, I think the late afternoon, and I was preparing the cathedral for the upcoming Kimaru mass. I was alone, and I was on the altar facing the Eucharist. Suddenly, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned, quite startled, and saw a hooded figure with no face. He might have had a face—the hood covered something that was shaped like a human head, but there were no discernible features of a face inside the hood—no eyes, nose, or mouth.

The figure raised his hand: for some reason, I thought of the figure as a 'he' even though I could not see his face. He pointed to a side door leading out of the cathedral and made it clear I was supposed to follow him out the door. I did as he wished.

Once we exited by the side door, we were faced with an unbelievable horror. There was a vast field covered with what seemed an infinitude of mutilated bodies of men, women, and children of both sexes. All the bodies were white. Some just lay there, seemingly dead. Others were walking or crawling around, screaming in agony, often carrying their severed heads or a limb, as they moved about, screaming. And in the midst of the multitudinous sea of agonized white people was a giant negro with normal size black servants. The giant negro was Kimaru, and he was in the process of hacking white people to pieces. I could see that those white people were new arrivals, because they formed a long line behind Kimaru. They were just waiting to be slaughtered. And I heard a voice near me saying, "In so much as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto me." I turned to look at the hooded figure and for a split second I thought I saw the face of Jesus Christ within the hood, but then the face vanished and the hood once again had just the face of darkness.

Then I saw Kimaru grow to even greater proportions. He stopped hacking the white people in pieces and started gobbling them up whole. After each gulp, he smacked his lips and smiled at me. Finally he spoke. "I am your child, Bontini, are you proud of me?" And then he laughed again. "Look there," he pointed to a large hill overlooking the slaughter, a hill which had not been there before. On the hill was Satan in a golden chariot. He had on all the papal vestments and held the mitre. Riding down the hill into the carnage of the open field, he blessed Kimaru and called him "My son." And then suddenly I was no longer in that terrible field of carnage, I was back in the Cathedral, and Kimaru was there, a normal-sized Kimaru, and he was receiving your blessing, but when I looked at your face, it was no longer your face: it was Satan's. And Kimaru started laughing and pointing at me as if he and I shared in some great devilish work. And lightning struck the Cathedral, and I saw the earth open up under my feet as I, the assembled clergy, Kimaru and his followers, and you, Holy Father, went tumbling down into hell.

In the last part of the dream, I was in a desert so hot that my skin was burning up and falling off in layers onto the dry desert sand. I thought, "A man only has so much skin, so I will be a skeleton soon, and my bones will rot here." But then a little child came to me and started cooling and healing my body with some kind of miraculous salve. When he had finished restoring my body, He became a man, and I knew the man: He was Christ. "Take care of my people, Francesco Bontini, take care of my people. Do not suffer that man to kill my people while invoking my name. Do you understand me, Francesco Bontini?"

I answered him, "Yes, Lord, I understand."

Then I was back in the Cathedral moving chairs and setting up the microphone, and when I awoke, my bed was soaked with sweat and blood, and I had open, bleeding sores in my hands and on the side of my body where the centurion's spear had pierced our Lord's body. Naturally, I went to the doctor, who said my wounds were not deep, so he put some disinfectant on them and some bandages and sent me on my way. But the wounds are deep, Holy Father, they have penetrated into my soul. Please help me to know what I should do.

Pope John: That certainly was a vivid dream, and I can understand how it could upset a man like you, a sensitive man, so much that he could self-induce the wounds of Christ upon his own body.

Bontini: But...

Pope John: Let me finish, my son.

Bontini: I'm sorry.

Pope John: You must remember that this was a dream. I repeat: it was a dream. No matter how vivid, it was a dream. And dreams of that kind seldom come from God, they come from our own psyche. That is what the psychiatrists tell us, and I think they know whereof they speak. You obviously have been speaking to someone who was defaming Kimaru and exaggerating the evils of the Mau Maus. You absorbed that information into your subconscious, and it came out in that vivid dream. Now, think back; did you come into contact with a racist, an individual who simply wanted to defame Kimaru and exaggerate the Mau Mau excesses simply because he hated blacks?

Bontini: Possibly. I did have lunch with that Anglican priest, Christopher Grey. He asked for a meeting with me, because he heard I was in charge of the Kimaru mass.

Pope John: I knew it. He is not even in good standing in the Anglican community. They are good men; they are our brothers in Christ, but he is an outcast man because of his racism.

Bontini: But I must say, Holy Father, that he impressed me as a very good man and very sincere. He made a case, citing many incidents that he had witnessed, against Kimaru and the Mau Maus. He has been to Kenya and seen such...

Pope John: He is a racist; you can't trust a word he says. I know that Kimaru is a Christian. Some of his followers have killed, that is true, but you must remember that they killed because they have never known compassion or mercy. The white man has only dealt with them by the use of whips and chains. They are not to be blamed for the few incidents when they shed blood, but are instead to be commended for their great restraint, because in most cases they did not shed blood. If we embrace them, take them to our hearts with loving charity and forgiveness, they will never kill again; in fact, they will show us the rare phenomenon of natural men who are infused with grace. That is a miracle, a miracle which should be celebrated; that is why we are celebrating Kimaru's journey to Rome. And you have done well in preparing for his visit.

Bontini: Have I done well?

Pope John: I have said it; that should be enough for you.

Act III. Scene 2. The Press Room of the Vatican.

English reporter: Does this move by the Vatican make you feel less hostile to Christianity?

Kimaru: I have never been hostile to Christianity. I am a Christian. I believe in the teachings of Christ. I follow the line Jesus taught. I think it helps me in many ways.

Italian reporter: How does it help you?

Kimaru: It helps me forgive those who imprisoned me unjustly and it helps me govern Kenya.

English reporter: What about the Mau Maus? It is said that they are still murdering whites.

Kimaru: They are not still murdering whites, because they never did murder whites. When blood was shed, it was shed in self-defense.

Italian reporter: Will you concelebrate with the Pope? Generally a non-Catholic does not concelebrate.

Kimaru: I am a special case: I will concelebrate the mass with Pope John. Black people have been kept away from the inner chambers of the church for much too long. Now the time has come for black people to regain their rightful place in the Kingdom of God.

English reporter: Could you mention something about the reforms you've instituted in Kenya?

Kimaru: We've returned Kenya to the blacks. Previously whites exploited the blacks; they used them as laborers and slaves. Now the blacks rule Kenya, and the whites are our helpers, not our slaves. No white business has been destroyed; no white farm has been confiscated. We have simply put black people in charge of Africa, for the benefit of blacks and whites.

Italian reporter: What made you accept the Holy Father's offer?

Kimaru: Excuse me, in my nation there is no Holy Father; we call a man by his name. The man called John wanted to recognize my mission before the world so he invited me here. I accepted.

Italian reporter: Is that what happened, your Reverence?

Pope John: Yes, that is what happened. I have followed Kimaru's career and have admired his work on behalf of his people and his efforts to bring peace and cooperation between whites and blacks in Kenya. I think Kenya can be a model for the rest of Africa and even for the rest of the world. The black race is the most Christ-like race of people; they have borne their suffering nobly and have much to show the rest of the world.

American reporter: Your Holiness, there are reports of terrible things, of torture, murder, and rape, atrocities directed against your people, against nuns and priests. What do you say about that?

Pope John: I say what I have said before. There have been atrocities on both sides of this terrible racial divide, but the great majority of atrocities have been committed by the white race against the black race. It behooves us, the Catholic people, and especially the Pontiff of Rome, to reach out to the blacks in loving charity and forgiveness and tell them how deeply sorry I am for what we, as Christians, have made them do. That is my answer to the so-called atrocities of the Mau Mau and other black tribes.

Papal Representative: Gentlemen, they'll be time for more questions after the mass when we all have dinner together. Right now, we must prepare for the mass.

Act III. Scene 3. A small restaurant in Rome on a side street near, but not too near, the Vatican City.

Bontini: I hope you don't think my joining you for dinner means I agree with your views on Kimaru.

Owen: I don't know what Rev. Grey told you, but my views on Kimaru are quite simple: I think he should be killed. And if it takes him a long time to die, that is all to the good.

Bontini: The Rev. Grey told me of your family, Mr. Owen, and I sympathize with you. But surely you cannot mean what you say. Vengeance is always wrong, but blind vengeance, where you merely strike out blindly against men whom you do not even know are guilty, is the worst type of vengeance.

Owen: Save your sermons for your parishioners, Monsignor. I'll do what I must do.

Rev. Grey: I don't think Edward is wrong, Monsignor. But I'm curious as to why you requested this meeting. You seemed to be adamantly opposed to my views on Kimaru when we talked last week.

Bontini: I'm still opposed to your opinions, but I can't help but have a certain affinity for your... well, for want of a better word, for your passion. You love your people; I can see and admire that. And I asked you to bring Mr. Owen along so I could hear more from the other side and maybe convince Mr. Owen and you that our side is in the right on this issue of Kimaru and the Mau Maus.

Bontini: Please stay; I'm sorry if I've offended you.

Owen: You haven't offended me. It's just that I've heard all the pro-Mau Mau propaganda I can stand. There's no point in listening to more.

Bontini: If you stay I promise you'll hear more propagandam from me. I'd like to listen to you and Rev. Grey.

Owen: All right.

Rev. Grey: It's as I told you last week, Monsignor. This issue of Kimaru and the Mau Maus cuts right to the heart of existence. Is Christ the living God and did He become incarnate in the culture of the European people? Despite all their sectarian differences, despite the wars, an infinitude of all the human fragilities, did Christ come and abide with the European people?

Bontini: Yes, he did.

Grey: Was He incarnate in any other people?

Bontini: No, He wasn't, but surely you're not suggesting that God only came to save white men?

Grey: No, I am not. I am saying that the Europeans are the Christ-bearers, that the way to Christ is through the hearth fires of the European people. If you destroy those hearth fires and the people who dwell there, you will have effectually cut off mankind from the living God. Can we know God by abiding with the Asians? With the Indians? And certainly not with the blacks. Kimaru attacks the whites because he is fueled by a satanic hatred that he doesn't even understand. But his life is like it so he follows his vision of hatred and destruction – hatred for the white race and the destruction of every last vestige of Christian European culture.

Bontini: While I sit here with you and listen to you speak of Kimaru, I feel one with you. I want to strike out against him and his Mau Mau followers; I certainly don't want to celebrate Mass with them. But that feeling is only here and now, and when I leave you, I hear other voices and I'm subject to other influences.

Owen: You said that you didn't approve of blind vengeance, Monsignor. My vengeance is not blind, it is directed at the Mau Maus and most particularly at Kimaru and my family's black servant who now serves Kimaru as a manservant and chef. He not only participated in the mass murder of my parents and my brothers, but also held down my baby sister while his fellow Mau Maus raped her. Then when they had finished with her, he plucked her eyes out of their sockets and ate them. He bragged about it later. What would you do to such a creature?

Bontini: I'd kill him, but would I be right in doing so?

Grey: Yes, it would be and it is right to kill such creatures. The "charity of honor" that Burke spoke about demands that we do so.

Bontini: Those policemen are coming toward our table. Believe me, Rev. Grey, I said nothing to anyone.

Grey: I believe you, Monsignor.

1st Officer: Rev. Christopher Grey?

Grey: Yes.

1st Officer: You are under arrest as an undesirable alien. You will be put on a plane and deported to England immediately.

2nd Officer: Edward Owen?

Owen: Yes.

2nd Officer: You will also be sent to England with Rev. Grey.

Owen: On what charge?

1st Officer: That's enough of that, Rev. Grey. Leave off; they'll come peacefully.

Bontini: By your leave, officers, I'd like to accompany these men to the plane.

1st Officer: I've no objection to that, but we must leave now.

Bontini: Please, no handcuffs.

1st Officer: All right.

Act III. Scene 4. Rome Airport waiting room.

1st Officer: You understand, Monsignor, that I just follow my orders; I have nothing personal against you or your friends.

Bontini: I understand that, officer, and I appreciate you're not treating them as criminals. You know how the political winds shift. At another time, they might be welcome guests in our country.

1st Officer: You're right, that's why I don't like these assignments. Somebody obviously does not want your friends around, somebody with political muscle, but I wish whoever it is would not use the police force to settle their quarrels with political opponents.

Bontini: You could do me one more favor, officer. If I could speak privately for just a few moments with my friends, I would greatly appreciate it. We could sit right over there where you can still see us.

1st Officer: All right, go ahead.

Bontini: I feel responsible for this.

Grey: We don't blame you, Monsignor.

Owen: Of course not.

Bontini: But you see I am somewhat responsible because I did tell Pope John that I had been speaking to you when he was trying to find out why I had misgivings about my part in the preparations for the Kimaru mass. I know he is the one behind your deportation. In his mind, he is protecting me from evil influences.

Grey: So you actually did have some misgivings about the Kimaru mass?

Bontini: I didn't think I did, but I had this dream – it was terrible but also moving. The Holy Father dismissed the dream, but still it has filled me with doubts. And meeting your friend here and talking to you again has only increased my doubts.

Grey: Neither Edward nor I think we have it in our power to stop the Mau Maus without other men joining us, but with or without help from anyone else we both are committed to do what we can to fight them, because we believe they are from Satan. There is nothing more I can say to you. We've given you our witness, and you've heard and seen Kimaru. You decide.

Bontini: I pray that I do what is right. Will you pray for me?

Act III. Scene 5. Rome, the Cathedral.

Kimaru: This is a great moment for Africa, and it is a great moment for the people of Italy and all of Europe. I am Mau Mau, and Mau Mau is Africa. It is not just a political movement, it is a religious revival. Once, the black man ruled Africa and Europe too. Then came the great deceivers, the white men, and they destroyed the great black kingdoms by treachery. Now I, Kimaru, and my fellow Mau Maus will restore the Kingdom of Africa. There shall be no more white deceivers on the earth. The great Jesus Christ once tried to eliminate all the black people from the face of the earth. But he failed, and now it falls to me, the black Messiah who is greater than Christ, to bring the Kingdom of Mau Mau to completion. Never shall we, the black nations, again submit to white rule. The reign of Mau Mau is here.

Bontini: Stop this blasphemy, this must not go on!

Pope John: Please be seated; Monsignor Bontini has been suffering from a troubling illness. Let us go on with the mass.

Pope John: The mass is over, go in peace to love and serve the Lord and make a vow to love and serve your black brethren, whom our brother in Christ, Kimaru, has represented so wonderfully here today.

Kimaru: Mau Mau now and forever, amen.

Act IV. Scene 1. London, Christopher Grey's home.

Grey: Edward Owen resides in Kenya now; I haven't seen him since he left Britain some six months ago.

Chambers: I know that. I didn't come here to question you about Edward Owen. There was some interest in Mr. Owen after Kimaru's manservant was found murdered in his apartment right here in London about eight months ago. The manservant had been a butler in the Owen household when the Mau Mau butchered his family. Owen accused the man of participating in the massacre, so it was only normal police procedure to check out Edward Owen.

Grey: How did he check out, as you call it?

Chambers: There was no compelling evidence against him. At least no compelling evidence that was brought forward.

Grey: I'm not certain I follow you.

Chambers: I'm not playing cat and mouse with you, Reverend, although it might appear that way. I know for a fact that Edward Owen killed that loathsome creature, but I'm the only man outside yourself and Edward Owen that does know it. I can see you suspect a trick, and I understand that. But I'm a man first, and a police inspector second. I would have done what your friend did if I was in his place. He did what was right, and I wasn't about to turn him in for it.

Grey: I'm afraid I can't comment one way or the other on your rather surprising information, Inspector Chambers.

Chambers: I don't want you to, but I'm going to lay all my cards on the table about this whole Mau Mau business, and you can believe me or not believe me after I'm finished. I'll think you'll believe me when I tell it all.

Grey: By all means, Inspector, tell your story.

Chambers: You'll remember it was about eight months ago when Kimaru was visiting England. He met with the Prime Minister, he met with the Queen, and he met with the Archbishop of Canterbury. You name them, and he met them. And we, Scotland Yard, were charged with providing him security, because we were told he was a Mau Mau and there were those in the country who didn't hold with the Mau Maus. I didn't know a thing about the Mau Maus at the time. I had heard some things, good and bad, but hearing something is not the same as knowing something. So I had no definite opinions about Kimaru and the Mau Maus before I was put in charge of their safety while they were in England.

Once I got to know Kimaru, I didn't like him, but I still couldn't believe some of the things his detractors said. How could they have let him out of jail if he did half the things they said he did? But I kept telling myself I was a police officer; my personal opinion of Kimaru didn't matter. But he was a handful. He took offence at just about everything. If you walked in front of him, that was an offense to his dignity. If you didn't address him as 'His Highness' that was an affront to him and his people. Yet he never stopped insulting everything white, English, and Christian. I needed all my self-control to keep from punching that fat, bloated monstrosity. And his wives – they all acted like Scotland Yard existed solely to cater to their whims.

Well, he made the rounds and was courted and petted by the English press and the English royalty until his main toady, Mugo, the man who used to work for your friend's family back in Kenya, was found murdered. It was a clean job; he was knifed through the heart in his hotel room. Whoever got to him had climbed up to the window from ten stories down. Of course I now know that it wasn't somebody, it was Edward Owen.

I had been briefed on Owen before the murder. He, along with you, was listed as a person we should keep away from Kimaru. In terms of physical violence we were more worried about Owen. You had that column you wrote for the *Guardian*; it didn't seem likely that you'd try to kill Kimaru after excoriating him in print. Of course, I was wrong, but I'll come to that later.

Owen wasn't seen anywhere near the hotel where Mugo was murdered, but he also couldn't provide me with an alibi. But still, the fact that he was known to have hated Mugo was not enough to arrest him. We had him in the station for over four hours of questioning before we released him with instructions not to leave London until we told him he could leave. I was certain we'd have enough evidence to arrest him within the week.

The next day I was called into the commissioner's office. He said, "I got a call from Kimaru. He says he has some evidence regarding Mugo's murder that he'd like you to see."

"All right, I'll go out there and see what he's got for me."

Kimaru, when he wasn't in London, was living in a big country estate about ten miles west of London. I had no idea what the evidence might be, but it was my case, so I headed for his estate as soon as I left the commissioner's office. I don't need to tell you what a fuss the papers were making about the poor innocent negro who came here on a peaceful diplomatic trip with Kimaru and was then brutally murdered. I wanted to clear the case up quickly, but I also didn't want to be railroaded into making an arrest before I had enough evidence.

Kimaru was scheduled to go back to Kenya in a few weeks, but he had certainly fixed up the place as if he planned on staying there forever. Inside it looked like a pleasure palace of one of those Arab potentates. He was surrounded by a large circle of scantily clad women and numerous black toadies, all of which I had come to expect when dealing with Kimaru. He cleared the room and bid me sit down.

Kimaru: I have incontrovertible evidence that Edward Owen murdered my servant Mugo.

Chambers: If you have such evidence, I'd like to see it.

Kimaru: Flip the switch on the lower right corner, and then watch the film, Inspector Chambers.

Owen: I've come to send you to hell, Mugo.

Mugo: You won't touch me, white filth. You haven't the courage. You're too afraid of Mau Mau to do anything against its power.

Kimaru: Justice will be served, Inspector?

Chambers: With that film as evidence, I think justice will be served.

Kimaru: I think Owen should be handed over to me for Mau Mau justice, but I don't suppose you will do that.

Chambers: No, we won't. He'll be tried in a British court.

Kimaru: Will he die for his crime?

Chambers: I don't know; that is not up to me.

Kimaru: I suppose his lawyer will bring up that old story about Mugo's massacre of the Owen family.

Chambers: Yes, I'm sure that will be brought up.

Kimaru: Do you believe his story?

Chambers: What I believe doesn't matter.

Kimaru: Oh, but it does matter what you believe, Inspector Chambers. You see, I attended one of your English universities, and I know about your jury system. If the jury feels that Owen was acting out of a justifiable rage over the massacre of his family, they might not exact the death penalty; they might be much too lenient. So I ask you, as a typical Englishman, do you believe what Edward Owen told you about Mugo and Owen's young sister and the rest of the family?

Chambers: Before I answer that question, let me ask you a question. Why did you film Mugo's room that night?

Kimaru: Because I was hoping that we could catch Owen in the act of killing Mugo.

Chambers: So you knew that Owen was going to kill Mugo that night?

Kimaru: I didn't know which night, but I was sure he would try.

Chambers: Did Mugo know that he was being filmed, did he know that he was being set up?

Kimaru: No, of course he didn't.

Chambers: So you just let him be killed?

Kimaru: Of course, what is one man compared to the cause of Mau Mau? I would sacrifice 10,000 Mugos in order to destroy an enemy of Mau Mau. Owen is an implacable enemy; he needed to be destroyed. Of course most of the damage has already been done. He brought that priest into the picture.

Chambers: You mean the Rev. Grey?

Kimaru: Yes, he has done harm to the Mau Mau cause, but not much. Only a few of your English commoners believe what he says. Your politicians, your clergy, and your professors all support Mau Mau.

Chambers: And what is Mau Mau?

Kimaru: It is everything Reverend Grey says it is. Mau Mau is dedicated to the complete destruction of the white race, by torture, murder, and rape.

Chambers: Why?

Kimaru: Because we worship Satan and hate Christ. You British should pay more attention to history. Before the white man came to Africa there was Mau Mau, and now that the white men are being driven out of Africa, the Mau Mau will resurface. And not just in Africa, we will occupy all of Europe, your professors and politicians will invite us in, and then...

Chambers: You'll torture, murder, and rape.

Kimaru: Yes, Englishman, I think you're beginning to understand. But I understand you as well, Englishman. I know you won't lie to me. Will you submit this film as evidence against Edward Owen, knowing that Mugo was indeed the key conspirator in the torture, murder, and rape of Owen's family?

Chambers: No, I will not submit that film as evidence. I'll take that film and destroy it.

Kimaru: I knew you wouldn't lie. You have the mark on you. You're what they call a true bred Englishman. But you know this means that you must die.

Chambers: Yes.

Kimaru: Unfortunately I can't have my people do the usual mutilations, because your body must be found, and it must appear you were killed by Edward Owen. But I still think we can find some other way to make your death as painful as possible without leaving any marks. You can see why I asked you to leave your revolver at the door.

Act IV. Scene 2. Still in Rev. Grey's home.

Chambers: You know what happened after that, Reverend. He had his henchmen take me downstairs to his homemade torture chamber. Every Mau Mau should have one. He told me grisly stories of what he had done to whites in Kenya and what he was going to do to them when he got back to Kenya. He also told me of the white slavery rings he had started right here in Britain. Then he gave orders to his henchmen to start in on me. But they never started. A masked figure, just like in the Zorro and Bulldog Drummond books, suddenly appeared. He put a bullet through each of the henchmen's heads and then he walked up to Kimaru and strangled that 400 pound monstrosity, after which he cut me loose and left.

You had no way of knowing about the film, Reverend, or that I had already decided to destroy it, so you didn't reveal yourself. But let me assure you that I destroyed the film; it perished in the fire, which according to my report and that of the fire commissioner, was started by faulty wiring. It was a shame that Kimaru and two of his colleagues were burned beyond recognition. The rest of his people got out safely. No doubt they'll return to Kenya and attach themselves to another Mau Mau dictator.

Grey: Yes, the death of Kimaru doesn't end the Mau Mau uprising. In point of fact, the Mau Mau element we shall always have with us. It can be contained and controlled if whites are strong, but it will always be there, lurking in the subterranean recesses of the black man's soul, ready to surface whenever white Christians lose faith in their people and their God.

Chambers: You might think I was negligent in not reporting what happened that night, but I knew they wouldn't believe me. Torture chambers and a mysterious masked man? They'd have locked me up as a murderer and a madman.

Grey: You did what was best. Now, you can still keep an eye out for the Mau Mau movements right here in Britain.

Chambers: We're in for it, aren't we?

Grey: I'm afraid so.

Chambers: Something to do with reaping what we've sown?

Grey: Yes.

Chambers: Well, I'll be heading back to my flat.

Grey: Inspector, before you go...

Chambers: Yes?

Grey: It's possible that you didn't destroy the film and still mean to use it against Edward Owen, or possibly there never was a film and you want to bluff me into implicating Edward. I don't believe any of that. I believe everything you told me, but I have no right to violate another man's confidence, so I'll not say anything about Edward Owen.

Chambers: I understand.

Grey: But I will say something about that masked figure. Of course it was me. I'm glad I got there in time, and I was proud to stand with a true bred Englishman. If you'll let me, I'd like to shake your hand.

Chambers: I'd like your blessing, too.

Grey: Everlasting God, which has ordained and constituted the services of all angels and men in a wonderful order: Mercifully grant, that they which always do thee service in heaven, may by thy appointment succor and defend us in earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Act V. Scene I. September 1963. The Papal chambers, Rome.

Paul VI: Welcome, Monsignor... I mean, welcome, Francesco. I hope you do not blame the pontiff of Rome for your troubles.

Bontini: I don't blame anyone but myself for my troubles. There are some lines from that great English playwright Shakespeare that describe me:

"Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

In my case, it was the Pope, but the result was the same, and the fault was mine, not for attacking Kimaru – I'm proud of that – but for putting the Pope's will above God's will.

Paul VI: You've strayed far from the true faith, if you can say such a thing.

Bontini: I've spent three years in prison dwelling on this thing we call faith, and I don't think slavish devotion to an organization that has completely abstracted itself from Christ and His people constitutes "The Faith."

Paul VI: You're just bitter against the Church, because of your time in prison.

Bontini: Why would you say that, your Reverence? It was not the church authorities that had me imprisoned, although you could have used your influence to get me out sooner.

Paul VI: I asked you to come here, to welcome you back, and to assure you that the Holy Father loves all of his children, even the wayward ones.

Bontini: But especially the black, wayward children, if "wayward" is what you call torture, rape, and murder. Your predecessor had nothing but "loving forgiveness" for the Mau Maus that tortured, raped, and murdered Catholic priests and nuns. One of those nuns came from my village; she was a second cousin. And I still went ahead with the Kimaru mass. There is blood on my hands and blood on Pope John's hands as well as on your own, Montini, because you continued your predecessor's policy of betrayal. To you, a white man is nothing; he is just grist for your satanic mill of negro worship. I don't know what your ultimate aim is, nor, I think, do you. You are just following the liberal winds of the times. You don't want to Christianize the blacks; you want to worship them. I saw this at the Kimaru mass, and I see it in your so-called evangelization efforts in Africa. Christ loves us all, but does He hate the white race enough to sanction what you are doing? Is He willing to play second fiddle to your black gods?

Paul VI: I asked you here in loving forgiveness, and this is how you respond. Now we will speak, and our voice is that of the Church. You will cease and desist with your newspaper articles against the Church's outreach to Africa and the other colored lands.

Bontini: Or else?

Paul VI: Or else we will be forced to excommunicate you.

Bontini: I've already been defrocked and I haven't been to mass in three years, so do your worst.

Paul VI: I can also have you fired from your job on the paper.

Bontini: I suppose you can, but I still say do your worst. I've had it with you people. You're very good haters when it comes to white people, and you have no real warmth for your abstract little black gods. Good day, Montini.

Act V. Scene II. A road in Kenya.

Ezekiel: Stop! The wrath of the Lord has come upon you.

Mau Mau Leader: It's that mad prophet. Kill him...

Mau Mau Warriors: Run or he'll shoot us all down like dogs!

William Montgomery: It's a sickening sight, isn't it, Ethan?

Ethan: Yes, it is, but I'd sooner see dead Mau Maus than you, or Peter, Mother, Susan, or Jennifer lying there.

Owen: He's right, Mr. Montgomery. It had to be done.

William Montgomery: I know that. It just sickens me that I have to be the one to do it.

Ethan: He's gone. I'd like to thank him; he warned us the raid was coming. How did he know, Edward?

Owen: I don't know, but he always seems to know when they'll strike.

Ethan:Even though there were no guns firing at them side of the ridge, they still ran away from him and toward us.

Owen: That's because they're afraid of him; they don't believe he's mortal. They think he's some sort of ghost, an avenging ghost.

William Montgomery:They're partly right.

Ethan:What do you mean by that, Father?

William Montgomery: Ezekiel is mortal, but unless I miss my guess, he's also a ghost of a man. It was about five years ago that he first started appearing at the most opportune moments for whites and the most inopportune moments for the Mau Maus. He seems to have a sixth sense about their movements. He anticipates where they're going to strike, and then he strikes first.

Owen:Who do you think he is?

William Montgomery:I think he is Thomas Cooper. His family was massacred by the Mau Maus in the same month that John Williams' family was massacred. He almost never set foot off his farm, but on that particular day he was at a neighbor's farm to look at a prize bull and some heifers his neighbor was selling. His whole family, his wife, his four daughters, and his three sons, were all murdered.

He wouldn't let anyone else touch their mutilated bodies. He piled them in a truck and drove off into the jungle. The truck was found a few weeks later, but there was no sign of him or the corpses of his wife and children.

Before John Williams died, he said something to me that I didn't understand at the time. He said, "Ezekiel still lives." I now think that Williams teamed up with Cooper after his family was massacred. They caught Williams, but Cooper has kept on fighting, learning more and more about the Mau Mau ways and putting that knowledge to good use.

Ethan:He saved our family.

William Montgomery: Yes, he did, for now. But I think it's time to get out of Kenya, son. I've been talking it over with your mother, and we can't see any other option. British Kenya is dead. We've thought of buying land in South Africa, but we'd soon be facing the same thing there that we faced here.

Ethan:But won't we be facing the same thing in Britain if somebody doesn't fight here?

William Montgomery:Yes, we will, but not right away, and I'd like some peace for a change. A farm in Scotland will give me more breathing space than one in South Africa . I suppose you think I'm cutting and running.

Owen: Not in the least; you can only do so much. I'd hate to see any member of your family the victim of the Mau Mau.

William Montgomery: What about you, Edward? Why have you stayed so long in Kenya? There's nothing left for you here.

Owen: What's left for Ezekiel?

Ethan: The war against the Mau Maus?

Owen: Precisely. I'd like to meet this Ezekiel and see if he really is Thomas Cooper. And whether he is Cooper or someone else, I'd like to join him.

William Montgomery: God bless you, Edward. But my war ends here. Let's burn their bodies.

Act V. Scene 3. Christmas Eve Day, 1964, London, Rev. Christopher Grey's house.

Bontini: Won't you come in? The Rev. Grey is not in at present, but I expect him back shortly. My name is Francesco Bontini, and I've been residing here for the last three months. The Reverend tells people that I'm here to help him with his pastoral duties, but I'm really here because I'm not welcome in Italy. My mother and father, who were so proud of me for becoming a priest, are now ashamed of me for getting myself defrocked. So I'm taking an English sojourn until I can decide where to go and what to do with the remainder of my life.

William Montgomery:I've heard about your story from a mutual friend, Edward Owen.

Bontini:Ah, Edward, the man of passion. How is he now? Is he still in Kenya?

Montgomery:Yes, he's still in Kenya. And I suppose you could say he's well, at least as well as a man who has chosen Edward's path can be. But I might as well wait before I say anything more.

Bontini:Why is that?

Montgomery:Because Edward is the reason I'm here. He sent me a letter that he wants me to give to Reverend Grey. He sent it through me in case the Rev. Grey's mail was being checked.

Bontini: That was a wise precaution. The Reverend has many, many friends, because his life has been a life of charity, but he also has many enemies in the government who would like to see him in prison.

Montgomery:It's all madness, the Labour Party's hatred for all things white and British.

Bontini: It is madness. But my own nation is suffering from the same madness. Only in my nation, whose history is so tied up with the Roman Church, the Pope has given religious sanction to the hatred of the white race.

Montgomery:There's no real difference between our two nations regarding the love of the negro and the hatred of the white race. In England the state church removed Rev. Grey for being a "racist," and the leaders of the Scottish kirks have recently abandoned the commandments in favor of the one great commandment, "Thou shall not be a racist." Which of course translates to "thou shalt love the negro with all thy heart, mind, and soul, and thou shalt hate the white man with all thy heart, mind, and soul."

Bontini: Are you living in Scotland now?

Montgomery:Yes, but I've brought the family down to stay a week in London. I've got a few hired workers that can take care of the farm until I get back.

Bontini:You and your family will be here for dinner tonight, won't you?

Montgomery: Yes, I wouldn't miss it for the world. It was kind of Rev. Grey to invite us.

Bontini:You know the Reverend is even busier now than when he was the official pastor at St. John's. Now he is the unofficial pastor of the entire city of London. So many lost souls are drawn to him, trying to find something, or perhaps I should say someone, to keep them afloat in this terrible modern world we live in. There he is now.

Grey: I know that's a very un-English welcome, but I'm so very glad to see you.

Montgomery:I wanted to come sooner, but the farm I bought needed a lot of my attention. I haven't felt confident that I could leave it until now, when there isn't a whole lot to be done.

Grey:No apologies necessary. You forget I grew up on a farm.

Bontini: Mr. Montgomery has...

Montgomery: Please, I'm not a 'Mr.' to my friends.

Bontini: All right then. William has a letter for you from Edward Owen. He sent it through William for reasons of security.

Grey: If you'll excuse me for a moment, gentlemen, I'll read the letter.

Act V. Scene 4. One-half hour later.

Grey: I'd like to share – I have Edward's permission – some parts of this letter with you. Let me start about one page in, right before he meets Ezekiel:

"Even though I was sleeping light (I've learned to sleep light since the Mau Mau business started), I still didn't hear him come into my camp. He left me a little map; without it I never would have found his cave, which was covered by underbrush too thick for anyone to see through.

"I was surprised how vast it was inside considering how small the opening and the initial passage to it was. When I got to the larger part of the cave, where I could stand upright, I couldn't see anything. Before my eyes could become accustomed to the semi-darkness, I heard a stern voice, 'Stay where you are. The footing is treacherous over there. I'll come and get you.' He turned on a large flashlight and came to my side. 'Come this way.'

"I did as I was told and we soon entered his main living quarters. There was a small stove, one chair, a box of books, a radio, a large supply of water and food stuffs, and a sleeping bag.

"'Now, Mr. Owen, what do you want from me?'

"'I'm not here to inform on you; my family was massacred by the Mau Maus too.'

"'I know that, otherwise I wouldn't have invited you here.'

"I smiled. 'How did you manage that?'

"'There are things I've learned to do.'

"'Listen, the long and the short of it is that I'd like to join you in your fight against the Mau Maus.'

"He spread his hands out and bid me look at his cave. 'Could you live here?'

"'No, not for more than a few weeks.'

"'I've lived here for over 10 years. Some nights when I go out on a raid I sleep out, but this has been my home.'

"'Surely there must be something I can do to help.'

"'You've done many things to help already.' He pointed to the radio. 'I hear things. You've gone to Britain to kill Mau Maus.'

"'Yes, I have.'

"'The Lord will bless you for it.'

"'I'd like to know more about you – are you Thomas Cooper?'

"'I was Thomas Cooper, a lukewarm, worldly Christian. Now my name is Ezekiel.'

"'Why take the name Ezekiel?'

"He took me to another section of the cave. What I saw took me aback, but I was not shocked. Ezekiel's manner kind of prepared you to see things that were out of the ordinary. 'This is my family.' He said this and pointed out his family in the most natural way imaginable. And he wasn't pointing to gravestones, he was pointing to eight skeletons, the skeletons of his seven children and his wife. He stood in the midst of the skeletons and quoted from memory, "'And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest. Again he said unto me, Prophesy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones; Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live: And I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord. So I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above: but there was no breath in them. Then said he unto me, Prophesy unto the wind, prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.'"

"Then he stared at me and spoke in a voice of ecstasy, 'I shall be allowed to die in this cave; though pierced with Mau Mau spears or shot by Mau Mau rifles, I will come back here to die and I shall see those bones, the bones of my wife and children, come together and live and breathe again. And we shall be a great army that goes against the Mau Maus, who are the devil's own. I have seen him at their rituals; he is their lord. But my Lord, the Christ, the Son of the Living God, will go forth and send the Mau Maus and the devil to eternal hell. And I will embrace my family again.'

"I'm not fully conveying the passion of this man called Ezekiel. If you picture King Lear in the storm you might get an idea of what he sounded like, and how I felt as I listened to him.

"Is he crazy? He didn't appear crazy. And really, is there anything he said about his family that isn't in keeping with the Christian faith, at least the true faith that Europeans used to believe? He loves his family and his people, and the Mau Mau massacres of his family and his people have made him a raging apostle of the God who raises the dead to life.

"I once thanked you for not preaching to me, Reverend. But I now realize you were preaching to me in the only way that I could understand. Christ is our holy defender, and the cult of the Mau Mau, which is the cult of Satan, has one foe who hates that devilish cult more than Ezekiel and Edward Owen hate it. Christ hates Mau Mau because He loves us. There are so many Europeans, the only ones who I respect and love, that have borne witness to the Christ who is 'the grave where buried love doth live.' He is their Savior and He is mine. But then I guess you always knew that.

"How could you not know it; you always knew my heart."

Grey: He goes on to tell how he keeps an eye on Ezekiel, but he does not meet him at his cave, because he doesn't want anyone to follow him there. Twice a month he lets Ezekiel find him, and he passes on some food stuffs, ammunition, and reading material. Ezekiel did not want any 'secular' reading, but Edward persuaded him to take a copy of *King Lear* and Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Ezekiel says King Lear's journey is his journey – "I let my family down, because I didn't know the Lord enough to recognize the devil, who was in the Mau Maus, when I saw him."

Montgomery: I'm sure Ezekiel will live and die there in Kenya, but what about Edward? I don't like to think of him staying there.

Grey: He mentions South Africa; I think he'll eventually settle there.

Bontini:And who knows, maybe I'll join him there.

Grey:Not so fast, I need you here.

Bontini : All right, I guess we do make a good team. You're kind of a religious version of Sherlock Holmes, and I'm your Italian Doctor Watson.

Grey: It's for you, William.

Montgomery: It's my wife; she wants to know if she and the girls should dress formally.

Grey:They can if they want to, but they'll put the rest of us to shame if they do. I'd suggest informal attire. There will be a service, then dinner, and then some festivities, all very un-Cromwellian. On this blessed night we'll forget all about the Mau Maus and concentrate on the Lord of the feast.

"Almighty God, which hast given us thy only begotten Son to take our nature upon Him, and this day to be born of a pure virgin: Grant that we being regenerate and made thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by thy Holy Spirit; through the same our Lord Jesus Christ who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen."

-The End-

Remembrances V: By the Cross We Conquer

December 19, 2015

Categories: Charity, Christian counter-attack, Older posts (pre-April 2019), Remembrances



Sonnet 31

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

—William Shakespeare

“Pause,” says a low voice. “Nothing? Think!”

“On Christmas Day, we will shut out from our fireside, Nothing.”

“Not the shadow of a vast City where the withered leaves are lying deep?” the voice replies. “Not the shadow that darkens the whole globe? Not the shadow of the City of the Dead?”

Not even that. Of all days in the year, we will turn our faces towards that City upon Christmas Day, and from its silent hosts bring those we loved, among us. City of the Dead, in the blessed name wherein we are gathered together at this time, and in the Presence that is here among us according to the promise, we will receive, and not dismiss, thy people who are dear to us!

—Charles Dickens

This remembrance has been written based on the letters of Arthur Walker and James Miller. It is a Christmas story and an Easter story, as all genuine European stories are.

Act I. Scene I. The Kenyan Hinterlands.

Rev. Samuel Drayton: Come in.

Walker: I'm sorry to bother you, Reverend, but I was hoping for a little guidance from someone...

Drayton: A little older?

Walker: I was going to say someone wiser than I am.

Drayton: It's nice to be thought of in that way. I'll try to live up to your confidence. What can I help you with?

Walker: Well, Reverend, I've been here in Kenya for 14 months, and I just don't feel that I'm connecting with the natives.

Drayton: I don't quite follow you. Could you be more specific?

Walker: No, I can't. It's just that I don't feel that anything of a Christian nature is going on between me and the natives. I preach, I administer the sacraments, and I share the work load with the men, but there is something missing. I just don't feel my presence among them brings any of them closer to Christ.

Drayton: Perhaps – and I don't mean this as a criticism – you are too focused on yourself, on what you feel. It's not up to us, you know; we are just vessels of God's grace.

Walker: I don't mean this response to seem flippant, Reverend, but I don't feel like a vessel of God's grace to these natives. God might be transmitting, but it's not getting through.

Drayton: May I ask you why you became a minister and why you chose to be a missionary?

Walker: When I entered the military in 1943 I was 18. The last thing I was thinking of was the ministry, but after a year of serving in North Africa, in some of the worst battles, I was sent home all shot up. My intent was to recover in the London-based hospital that I was sent to and then return to the war. For six months I wasn't well enough to leave the hospital, but once I

was well enough to start hobbling around London I took advantage of the opportunity and saw a good deal of the city that I had only seen twice in my life before the war started. You see, my Dad was a barkeep in Bristol, that's where I was born and raised. Well, one day I wandered into St. John's when the Reverend Christopher Grey was preaching. He wasn't fire and brimstone like I was used to – my parents were independents – he was something more than fire and brimstone. It's hard to describe the effect he had on me. It was like I was a little child at a parade, and he was lifting me up so I could see what the parade was all about. Only with the Reverend Grey it wasn't a parade that he was lifting me up to see, it was Christ.

Drayton: Reverent Grey was an eloquent preacher and writer.

Walker: You said "was" – is he dead?

Drayton: No, as far as I know, he is still alive. He even visited Kenya a few years ago, but he was forbidden to perform any services in the Anglican Church. He is no longer, even though he was not defrocked, a member in good standing of the Anglican Church.

Walker: Yes, I know about that. I wish I had contacted him in those years after the war. But I had my undergraduate degree to study for and then divinity school and...

Drayton: It's just as well you didn't contact him.

Walker: Why do you say that?

Drayton: Because I knew the man. He was not a close friend – he was older than me and I've been here in Kenya for 27 years – but I did meet him on several occasions, and I've known friends of his...

Walker: And?

Drayton: He's not quite right in the head. Oh, I know about his personality – he is quite a spellbinder, quite intense – but I still insist that he is not quite right in the head. He probably should have been a soldier or a pugilist or something, certainly not a clergyman.

Walker: But Reverent, he...

Drayton: Yes, I know he lifted you up to see Christ. But we often, when we are young in the faith, are easily impressed by personalities rather than substance. Look at the Reverend Grey's life. He has been involved in fisticuffs – there was an incident when he threw an elderly man into a fountain – and there was a suspicion that when he was here in Kenya he was involved in a massacre of some of the natives.

Walker: In fairness, that was never proved, and even if the rumor is true, I also heard that the "natives" were Mau Maus.

Drayton: The Mau Maus are still Kenyans, and they are still human beings created in the image of God. Surely you don't deny that?

Walker: I don't know what I feel about the natives. They are a mystery to me, the mystery of evil.

Drayton: That is nonsense. You are too absolute in your thinking. Good and evil are old, hide-bound concepts.

Walker: I don't quite follow you, Reverend. Isn't Christ, the Son of God, good, and isn't Satan, the archangel, evil?

Drayton: I think that is where you and Grey make your mistake. Our concept of God changes over time, and we must adjust our vision.

Walker: That's a rather depressing thought, Reverend. Do you mean to say that Christ is not the Son of God?

Drayton: Oh no, I think Christ is the son of God, but not in the old way. He is the son of God as we are all called to be sons of God; it's just that Christ fully recognized his son-ship.

Walker: I see. Is that what you've been preaching to the natives for the past 26 years?

Drayton: Yes, I've told them that they are all sons of God.

Walker: That's blasphemy, Reverend.

Drayton: You surprise me, Reverend Walker. I thought your theology was more sophisticated. I'm sorry to hear that your faith is frozen in the dark ages.

Walker: I don't think I belong here in Africa.

Drayton: You mean you don't think you belong here with me.

Walker: Both. Faith is a precious thing, Reverend. If I believed as you do I couldn't go on living.

Drayton: Aren't you being a bit overly dramatic? I don't ask that you give up your faith. I just want to elevate your faith, so that you can see beyond an anthropomorphic God to a universal God who embraces all of mankind, people of all colors.

Walker: Why can't all races embrace Christ, the Christ that St. Paul encountered on the road to Damascus?

Drayton: That Christ is too ethnically European; we need a Christ who is all things to all people.

Walker: Tell me, what is Christ to the Mau Maus?

Drayton: You seem obsessed with Mau Maus. They are merely helping their black brothers to throw off the white man's oppression. Kenya is in the process of becoming an all-black state. When the Mau Maus see that Kenya is restored, they will settle down.

Walker: Do you believe that?

Drayton: Of course I do. I've lived with these people for the last 26 years. I believe in their innate goodness.

Walker: I believe the exact opposite. I believe that their black skins conceal black hearts. The better ones could be guided to something besides Mau Mau if you got them out from under the thumbs of the witch doctors, but you can't get them away from the witch doctors. They attend Christian services during the day, and the witch doctors' unholy rites at night. And that's the best of them. The vast majority show open contempt for Christianity. They only tolerate our presence here, because of the food and medical supplies we can provide them with.

Drayton: All of this you've discovered in only fourteen months?

Walker: Yes.

Drayton: That's quite remarkable, but let me suggest another possibility. I would suggest that you came here with preconceived, European ideas about what a good Christian should be. And when these pure, simple people didn't measure up to your European notions of Christianity, you became bitter and resentful and painted them, in your own mind, as savages. But that is not right, Reverend Walker; that is not Christian.

Walker: It's true, I do judge these natives by my European standards. But it is my European Christian faith. I don't expect black natives to have my European standards of hygiene or table manners, but I don't believe that the European Christ is just a European projection of God. I believe He is the one true God, so why shouldn't I be disappointed, even appalled and

disgusted, when I see that the natives here have nothing but contempt for the living God, who is, I believe, synonymous with the European Christ?

Drayton: I'm very disappointed that you feel this way. Frankly I see no future for you as a missionary, nor do I think you are fit to serve as a minister in the Anglican Church, or any other church for that matter.

Walker: I've already come to that conclusion myself.

Mrs. Drayton: I couldn't help overhearing what you just said, Reverend Walker. Surely things can't be that glum; we need you here. Don't we, Samuel?

Drayton : I'm afraid Reverend Walker is too disenchanted with me and with Kenya to stay here, Ruth.

Mrs. Drayton: Are things really that bad?

Walker: I'm afraid they are, Mrs. Drayton, but I shall always be grateful to you for your kindness.

Mrs. Drayton: I don't pry into your work, dear...

Drayton: Nothing you do is prying, Ruth. We have shared my work here all these years.

Mrs. Drayton: Then I'm entitled to know why he is leaving.

Drayton: He doesn't believe in the vision, Ruth. He doesn't believe that God is love, he believes in an older, antiquated, parochial God. Why, he even questioned the humanity of the blacks under our care.

Mrs. Drayton: I once believed in that old God, and I think you might have, too, at least when you were a child. Is it so terrible to believe in such a God?

Drayton: What we forgive in a child, we cannot forgive in an adult. No true man of the cloth can serve a universal God of love and serve the old Christian God that was a creation of the sick fantasies of white Europeans.

Mrs. Drayton: I suppose you're right, dear, but I must admit that old God was a comfort to me.

Drayton: But surely love is greater than hate. The God above all anthropomorphic concepts of God is pure love.

Mrs. Drayton: But who and what is that God?

Drayton: Surely you don't expect an answer to that question. We can't ever know God in his or her entirety. We can only love. And I love my people here in Kenya, my black brothers. I won't have a minister serving under me who doesn't share that love.

Mrs. Drayton: I suppose he had to go, but I'll miss him.

Drayton: We'll make out without him, we have our people.

Mrs. Drayton: For how long do you think we'll have them, Samuel? I think we're losing them all to the Mau Maus. So many missions have closed down, the ministers and priests massacred, and the people have gone back to the witch doctors.

Drayton: I don't think that will happen here, Ruth. I can't speak for the other missions, but here we have worked with the people. We've become one with them. They won't harm us. Mau Mau only is effective when there has been no love between the whites and the black. We have loved them, Ruth; we have no reason to fear.

Mrs. Drayton: I wish I had your faith, Samuel. I am a little afraid.

Drayton: Don't be; we'll live to see one blessed, united, black Africa, united in the love that white Europeans never knew.

Act I. Scene 2. A bar in Nairobi.

Walker: One more beer, please.

Bartender : There you go; that's one of the things I'll miss.

Walker: I don't follow you.

Bartender: I'll miss setting these beers down in front of some customer and watching the foam settle down in the glass.

Walker: You won't be working here anymore?

Bartender: I guess you've never been in here before?

Walker: No, I haven't. In fact I've never been in Nairobi before. I've been kind of out in the bush for the last 14 months.

Bartender: Farming?

Walker: Something like that.

Bartender: I didn't mean to pry.

Walker: You're not prying, it's just not a very interesting story.

Bartender: You're different from most customers.

Walker: How so?

Bartender: Most of my customers think whatever concerns them is real interesting to everybody else. But I don't mind that. The more they blab, the bigger their bar tab.

Walker: So you're one of those archetypal bartenders, a kind of father-confessor and best friend all rolled into one.

Bartender: I wouldn't go that far, but I listen to my customers. They're buying my liquor, so why shouldn't I let them talk?

Walker: No reason in the world why you shouldn't, and God bless you for it. You're an unsung hero. But tell me, why, if you like the work here, are you quitting?

Bartender: I'm quitting because I own this bar and I just sold it to some idiot who thinks he can still keep it going after the niggers come in.

Walker: You mean the transition from white government to black government?

Bartender: It won't be anything like a government. It will be a massacre. You can't let niggers have free rein – they'll kill the whites and each other. It's already happening on the white farms and out in the country. The Mau Maus are killing and looting, but once what the Macleods call 'Independence' and what every white man that isn't in the government knows is just plain slaughter starts up, there won't be any white businesses, because the whites that used to run them will be dead.

Walker: Where will you go?

Bartender: I made out all right here the last fifteen years. I got enough saved to go halves with a cousin in London. We're going to open up a pub there.

Walker: Do you have a family?

Bartender: Yes, I have a wife and three children. I don't fancy seeing them cut open by Macleod's niggers. One week from today and we'll be in London.

Walker: That sounds like a wise course. Your family should be your first concern.

Bartender: That's more personal details than I've ever told any customer in the last fifteen years. I got an idea you're some kind of preacher or something, maybe a missionary come in from the bush country. Am I right?

Walker: You're right, but I'm no longer a missionary or a preacher.

Bartender: Things went sour?

Walker: I guess they did. But I didn't sour on my faith, I just went sour on my ability to transmit that faith to the negroes.

Bartender: They're not like white men, you can't get anywhere with them unless you treat them different.

Walker: I should have stopped in here before I went to my assignment. You could have saved me a lot of trouble.

Bartender: I don't think you would have listened to me then.

Walker: No, I don't suppose I would have; some things a man has to find out for himself. But tell me, when you say you can't treat them as you would treat a white man, what do you mean?

Bartender: It's not something that I can just spell out. But it's there. I guess it comes down to this: I've owned this pub here for fifteen years. It's not a fancy, posh pub, but it's not a low dive either. I get some well-off whites and some low-class whites, and I get some scum-of-the-earth whites. But the low-life, criminal-type whites are still not as bad as the niggers. The niggers don't seem to have... I can't think of a word for it, but it's like when a man's done something that's good, we say, "That's mighty white of you." They just don't have it; they can't be mighty white.

Walker: They have not charity?

Bartender: I guess that's it.

Walker: In my work...

Bartender: Excuse me, I have something to take care of.

First negro: Why did you get up to leave?

White man: It was time to go.

First negro: Come sit with us. We'll buy you and your girlfriend a drink.

White man: She isn't my girlfriend, she's my wife. I appreciate your offer, but we really must go.

Second negro: I don't think you understand – we'll be offended if you don't drink with us.

Third negro: Why don't you go and leave your wife behind.

White man: Take your hands off her or I'll...

Bartender: That will be enough. You three get out – independence hasn't arrived yet. Come back in three weeks. Till then this is my place, and I don't serve blacks. Now get out.

First negro: We'll be back in a couple of weeks.

Bartender: You do that. And then we'll all have a few beers together and talk about the good days to come.

Bartender: Did you drive here yourselves or take a cab?

White man: We took our car.

Bartender: Let me walk you to your car.

White man: I understand. I appreciate your consideration. If I was armed, it would be a different story, but I'm not, so I'd appreciate your company.

Walker: I'll go along.

Bartender: Here, take this. That will be better than your pipe.

Walker: How did you know it was only a pipe?

Bartender: I saw you slip it into your pocket. But it worked fine, they didn't know whether you were going to shoot them or not. Well, let's go.

Bartender: That's the type of nonsense I'll be through with, in a few days.

Walker: Won't you still have to serve negroes in England?

Bartender: Yes, but there won't be so many of 'em. And by the time there are too many, I hope to be out of the business altogether.

Walker: If you can't stand to be near negroes, and they hate white people, why are Macleod and his ilk trying to make you live together?

Bartender: That's the question alright. It's insane, but Macleod is going to do it.

Walker: And it isn't really such a mystery when I think of it. It's people like me, the clergy men and the trained politicians, who think they're smarter than everybody else, who mix the races.

Bartender: You're right, Rev, and their smartness is going to cost plenty. It already has. But you're not like them. Don't go back there. I don't know why they haven't got 'round to your mission' yet, but they will.

Walker: That's good advice, but I've got to go back one more time.

"I stayed through the next two weeks and saw Joe Hopkins, the bartender, and his family off to London. At the airport, he slipped a .38 special revolver into my hand and said, 'You'll need this more than me, Rev. Take care of yourself – all hell is going to break loose here.'

"Did all hell break loose? Yes, it did. But not in the first 48 hours of the new era of black rule. At first there was silence in the streets. The blacks couldn't quite believe that the white man was really going to turn the government over to them. It had to be some trick, because if they were in the white man's place, they would not hand their power over to the white man. But when it became apparent that the whites were serious about their suicidal decision to hand Kenya over to the blacks, the hellish nightmare began. The white business owners who had actually believed that there would be business as usual under the new black regime were quickly divested of their illusions. The lucky ones just had their businesses burned down while escaping with their lives. But most white business owners were not that lucky. They saw their wives and children humiliated, raped, and murdered before their eyes while they in turn were humiliated, raped, and murdered. Thousands upon thousands of white men, women, and children remain unaccounted for up to this day after the horrible black independence "celebration." Surely the white men with black hearts who worked so long and hard to bring "independence" to Kenya deserve a special place in hell.

"There was one man, a retired English officer who stood head and shoulders above the rest of us. While the official army stood by and often aided the looters and rapists in their satanic actions, one Major Lawson, armed only with a swagger stick, saved over 250 whites from torture and death. He was badly beaten, but he emerged safe and sound after his incredible rescue missions into the jaws of hell. My one rescue effort paled in comparison to Major Lawson's efforts, but I was glad to have saved one family from the black hell. It happened like this – I was making my way out of town, because I saw that there would be no relief coming and whites were going to be massacred. A man could either stay and behave like Major Lawson, or he could leave. Lacking Major Lawson's courage, I decided to leave, if I could.

"I commandeered an abandoned car – you can substitute 'stole' for 'commandeered' if you like – and tried to get out of the city. On the outskirts of town, right before the highway turns into a narrow lane to the bush country, I saw a half dozen blacks in a circle around what appeared to be a white family – father, mother, and three young children. The man had a long, heavy stick and was trying to fend off the six Mau Maus (all blacks are Mau Maus, even if they aren't official members of the cult). It was obvious the father was doomed to die along with his family, who were cowering in fear behind the father. It helped that I had seen action in the army, albeit I had not seen anything so horrific in the war. At any rate I pulled up the car, got out, and opened fire on the Mau Maus. I dropped five with six bullets while the sixth one tried to lop off my head with a machete. He missed with his first try and before he got a second try the father cleaved his skull in two with his stick. I reloaded my revolver and got the whole family into the car. With no particular plan I headed for the bush country.

"I knew that where I was headed with my charges was only marginally safer than the place I was leaving. Mau Mau activity in the smaller towns and the jungle outposts had been going on for the past ten years. The cities had still been under some control until the switch from white to black rule was finalized in 1960. So now the jungle was safer, because the concentrations of blacks were less out there than in the city. But still, I knew we were in great danger. I had managed to kill five of those six Mau Maus because I took them by surprise, but out in the jungle they could take me by surprise. And that is what happened. We had to leave the car once the jungle got too thick around us. It was then that I walked into a Mau Mau trap, and in a split second I was hanging by my ankles 10 feet off the ground. When they cut me down, I didn't manage to completely protect my head, so I lost consciousness when I hit the ground. The last thing I heard was the screams of the mother and her children.

"When I regained consciousness I did not see what I had expected to see: the tortured and mutilated bodies of my white friends. Instead I saw Ezekiel standing over me. Obviously I didn't know Ezekiel as you and Edward Owens know him, but I had heard of him. You couldn't live in Kenya in the 1950s and into the 1960s without hearing about Ezekiel, the Christian avenger, the devil, or the lunatic, depending on who you were talking to. In my case, and the case of the white family with me, he was an avenging angel of mercy. There were 14 dead Mau Maus strewn along that jungle trail, and they had all been killed by Ezekiel. He offered to take me and my temporary white family, by way of battlefield adoption, to a small private airport and see that we were flown to safety. The Crandalls accepted his offer, but I declined. When he pressed me for the reason why I declined, I told him it was because of the Draytons. I felt it was morally incumbent on me to see if the Mau Maus had decided to finally finish them now that independence, or what could more accurately be called the era of white genocide, was official.

"Ezekiel understood my dilemma, so he made a counter proposal. He suggested I go with him to see the Crandalls safely off and then we would both go see if the Draytons were still alive. I agreed, so after we watched them take off, we started toward the Draytons' mission. Ezekiel was not exactly what I would describe as a scintillating conversationalist, but after about five miles into our walk, I think I hit on his type of topic."

Act II. Scene I.

Walker: There is something I don't understand about this massacre of the whites.

Ezekiel: And what's that?

Walker: Why were the whites so passive? Why didn't they fight back? I'm not particularly heroic, but I did manage to fight off that first attack on the Crandalls.

Ezekiel: It's been like this for the last 10 years. The whites are never prepared to fight back, because the white governments deluge them with propaganda about the good and noble black savage. The whites that didn't believe that satanic garbage left Kenya before the day of blood.

Walker: That's basically what Mr. Crandall said. He told me that he believed in the new black and white era of cooperation right up until the reign of black terror began.

Ezekiel: And who saved him from his own folly?

Walker: I did.

Ezekiel: And why were you able to save him and his family?

Walker: Because a white man named Joe Hopkins who did not believe in the noble black savage gave me a .38 special and told me to be ready.

Ezekiel: And you were ready, because what you saw when you worked with the black savages in that jungle mission showed you what the black really is.

Walker: That's true. But the Draytons have worked with the blacks for over twenty years, and they never saw what I saw in just 14 months.

Ezekiel: There are none so blind as those who will not see. I was like the Draytons once, and I lost my family because of it.

Walker: If we find the Draytons alive, do you think they'll come out of the jungle with me?

Ezekiel: No.

Walker: I guess what I'm doing is futile then?

Ezekiel: No, nothing done in His name is futile. We're about two miles from their mission; let's circle around to the west and enter the compound from that end.

Act II. Scene 2.

Walker : Dear God, why?

Ezekiel : Stand up; we must bury them quickly and leave.

Walker: The Mau Maus?

Ezekiel: Yes, they might be back. I always keep moving.

Act II. Scene 3.

Walker: How long have you lived here?

Ezekiel: About 8 years.

Walker: I've heard about you. They say you're completely mad.

Ezekiel : Because of that?

Walker: Yes, and because of your hatred of the Mau Mau.

Ezekiel: You've been here 14 months; you've seen the Mau Maus; what do you think?

Walker: I think you're saner than the rest of us.

Ezekiel : That is a diplomatic answer. You're welcome to stay here tonight or longer, but I don't imagine you want to spend all of your life in this cave.

Walker: No, I don't. But to tell you the truth I don't know what to do or where to go. I came here as a missionary, but now...

Ezekiel: Do you still believe in the God you came here to serve?

Walker: Yes, but I'm no longer sure how to serve Him.

Ezekiel: Serve your people and fight the devil's people; that is the way to serve Him.

Walker: I should just stay here in Kenya and kill Mau Maus?

Ezekiel: No, not everyone is called to do what I'm doing. But this black Jacobinism – the Rev. Christopher Grey taught me that term – is a worldwide phenomenon. Pick your spot on the globe and then fight black Jacobinism.

Walker: You know the Rev. Grey?

Ezekiel: I knew of him when he was here for two years, from '53 – '55, but I never met him personally. Then, in 1958, a friend of mine, Edward Owen, convinced the Reverend to come and see me. That's when I met him in the flesh. He is a remarkable man; a man of faith.

Walker: I never knew him personally, but it was his sermons that inspired me to become a minister.

Ezekiel: Well, he wouldn't be disappointed in you now. He never did place much importance on official churches. Christ and His people are the Reverend Grey's concerns.

Walker: What do you think he would advise me to do?

Ezekiel: I don't know. I think you should ask him. Stay with me another week. That will give the bloodletting time to abate a bit; the Mau Maus, like all beasts of the jungle, have to rest after they feast on the blood of their prey.

Walker: That's a rather grisly thought.

Ezekiel: Yes, it is, but it's true. You asked God 'why?' when you were kneeling before Mrs. Drayton's corpse. I didn't have anything of comfort to say to you. I don't know why. But I know His promise. The dead shall be raised. That's all we know. Stay with that – the dead shall be raised. Until that time, there is Christ and His people, and there is the Mau Mau. So stay here this week, and then go see the Reverend Grey. I'll send out a letter in advance, to let him know you're coming. And take his advice. He hates to be treated as some kind of Christian sage, but he has the hand of God on Him; he'll be able to direct you.

Walker: I can't argue with that advice.

Ezekiel: Good; when the time comes then, I'll make sure you get out of Kenya safely.

“As it turned out Ezekiel had to wait 6 weeks before the bloodletting eased up. Finally the new black government had to restore some semblance of order, because their government was in danger of falling before it ever got started. But thousands upon thousands of whites were humiliated, tortured, raped, and murdered during that reign of terror, which only subsided during ‘normalcy’; it did not stop.

“I lived the life of a white African counterrevolutionary in those 6 weeks I spent with Ezekiel. It was more than bearable, it was enjoyable, but I knew that I found it enjoyable because I knew that it was not permanent.

“Ezekiel had to be at least twenty-five years older than me, but for the first couple of weeks I simply couldn't keep up with him. He covered twenty to thirty miles a day, up and down rocky hills, through dense jungle; Ezekiel was always on the move. He collected information from native informants and from his own observations of the Mau Maus. During my stay with Ezekiel there were four encounters with Mau Maus, two in my third week, one in my fourth week, and one in my fifth. All four encounters were preemptive strikes, based on Ezekiel's scouting missions. He found out about planned Mau Mau attacks, and he got there before them and killed them. I don't think he needed my help, but I was proud to help. It was sad to think that Ezekiel and I, for a brief time, were the only white men fighting back against the satanic black barbarians sponsored by a Marxist-liberal government in Great Britain.

“It was to that Marxist-liberal country that I planned to return, because it was my country; where else could I go? Ezekiel got me passage on a ship to America, where I was then going to get a flight back to England, but a chance encounter with an American passenger altered my plans.”

Act III. Scene 1. Shipboard.

Walker: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to disturb you. I thought no one else was above board.

Miller: I don't own the ship. You're entitled to stand there.

Walker : But I know the feeling; you came up here to be alone.

Miller: Well, now I'm not. My name is James Miller.

Walker: My name is Arthur Walker.

Miller: Miller and Walker, it sounds as if we're both criminals on the run. No two men meeting by chance could be called Walker and Miller, it just doesn't happen.

Walker : Well, I am Arthur Walker.

Miller: And I'm James Miller, so where do we go from here?

Walker: Are you an American?

Miller: Kind of.

Walker: I'm not sure I follow you. What kind of an American are you?

Miller: I'm a Southerner.

Walker: Then you are an American.

Miller: Yes, I was just misbehaving. We've all made up after that little tiff in the 1860s.

Walker: You mistake me if you think I want to meet a nice reconstructed Southerner. I'd love to meet an unreconstructed Southerner.

Miller: And why is that?

Walker: Because I've just spent 16 months in Kenya.

Miller: What a coincidence, I've just spent 3 months in the Congo, just a little south and west of Kenya. But why should spending 16 months in Kenya make you want to talk with an unreconstructed Southerner?

Walker: Because if you are unreconstructed then I might actually find someone to talk to about the sons of Ham.

Miller: I take it you're not overly fond of them?

Walker: No, I'm not.

Miller: Did you lose somebody close?

Walker: No, but I saw their bloodletting close-up. I was an Anglican missionary for 14 months in Kenya. I saw what was left of my superior and his wife.

Miller: I'm sorry.

Walker: I don't want to fly under false colors. My superior sent in recall papers on me, a little before he was murdered.

Miller: Why?

Walker: Because we quarreled over the blacks. I didn't think they were capable of being converted, and he thought they already had been converted.

Miller: That's quite a discrepancy in viewpoints.

Walker: Yes, and since he was my superior, I had to go. He wrote to his superiors in London and recommended that I be... how did he put it? I think he said I should be terminated.

Miller: Killed?

Walker : No, he just meant that I shouldn't be a minister in the Anglican Church any more. He could have just recommended that I be given another post that wasn't in Africa, but he went the whole nine yards and recommended my dismissal.

Miller: Did that bother you?

Walker: Yes, but not in the way you might think. It didn't bother me that I could be dismissed. I had already decided to resign. But it did bother me that an Anglican clergyman thought that the acceptance of the liberal line on the sacred negro was the main criteria of a man's fitness to be a clergyman. Rev. Drayton made it clear to me that he didn't believe in Christ crucified, Christ risen, so it was particularly disappointing to me to see that his faith in the negro was more important to Canterbury than my faith in Christ.

Miller: How do you know that Canterbury agreed with Drayton?

Walker: Because Canterbury defrocked me before I could resign.

Miller: That is a pretty good sign that you're not wanted. I think all of the churches should have big signs out front: 'Men of faith are not welcome here.'

Walker: I wonder if all the churches are as bad as mine. I was raised in an independent, fundamentalist church; maybe I should have stuck with that church?

Miller: I only have intimate knowledge of one church, but it seems to me that they are all, to some degree, tainted with what Dr. Verwoerd calls the negrophile psychosis. They have either replaced Christ with the negro, or else they have made Him a subordinate deity to the negro.

Walker: Funny that I should meet you here and we should end up talking about the white man's worship of the negroes.

Miller: It's not that funny at all. We're both traveling from Africa, which should be called black hell.

Walker: Would I be prying if I asked you why you were traveling in Africa?

Miller: No, because if I didn't like you I'd feel free to tell you to mind your own business. But since I like pastors who don't worship negroes, I will tell you. I was a police officer in Savannah, Georgia from age twenty-two until age thirty-four; I was a patrolman for nine years and a detective for three years. In my twelfth year a dark cloud descended over the detective bureau, and I left under it. One of the elder statesmen on the force, the captain of the detectives, my superior, was found guilty of taking bribes. I was not convicted of wrongdoing, but in order to avoid even "the appearance of corruption" I was asked to resign. At first I refused, but when they promised to find something to convict me of if I didn't resign, I resigned.

Walker: But if you weren't guilty of...

Miller: Every cop that actually tries to lock up bad guys is guilty of something. You'd never be able to make an arrest if you followed all their rules.

Walker: What happened to your captain; did they send him to prison?

Miller: He was sentenced to 10 years, but he never served a day.

Walker: Probation?

Miller: You've got to be kidding. They wanted to show how pure they were. He shot himself before he started his jail sentence.

Walker: I'm sorry to hear that.

Miller: So was I.

Walker: I don't want to sound unduly judgmental, but was he guilty?

Miller: Not in the way they said he was guilty.

Walker: I don't quite understand.

Miller: Paul went right from a combat unit in the war to the police force. For him police work was just a continuation of the war, only now it was even more local. He never took bribes to get some drug lord off the hook, and he never turned his back on a crime. But he'd do favors for his friends. It was usually for his friends' children. He'd see that their names were kept out of the papers, and sometimes he'd make sure they didn't get charged at all. He didn't do it for money, he did it out of friendship. But he didn't turn the money down if Christmas time came around and extra money came to him from his friends. When a new administration moved in with a pledge to get rid of the rough stuff, Paul was old school – black jack and no warning shots. Paul was fed to the wolves. He was corrupt, they said, because he took bribes. It was the saddest day of my life when he was sentenced, and then he shot himself, and things got a lot sadder.

Walker: What did you do when you resigned from the force?

Miller: I became a licensed private detective.

Miller: Why do you laugh?

Walker: I grew up reading detective novels. And it's funny – maybe you could explain this – in the American detective novels the police are either ineffectual or corrupt, and it is a private detective such as Philip Marlowe or Sam Spade who solves the case. In Britain, it is usually the Scotland Yard detective who solves the crime. Bulldog Drummond and Sherlock Holmes are exceptions, but even in those novels the police might be ineffectual, but they are not corrupt.

Miller: What you say is true, but I'm not sure why that is. I guess Americans like to pride themselves on being anti-authoritarian. It's all nonsense, but that's the way Americans like to think of themselves: they like to think they are rugged individualists.

Walker: You don't buy that?

Miller: No, I don't. Americans are the biggest sheep in the world. Everybody, now that they lost the war, likes to get on the Germans for kowtowing to Hitler, but didn't we kowtow to that commie bastard Roosevelt? And aren't we kowtowing now to the commies and their shock troops, the negroes?

Walker: I don't think it would be appropriate for an Englishman to comment on America's decadence; we haven't exactly shone as beacons of Christian civilization in the postwar era.

Miller: No, I don't suppose you have. It seems like all the white nations are going through a reconstruction period.

Walker: And who's doing the reconstructing?

Miller: White liberals or communists – whatever you call them, it amounts to the same thing.

Walker: And the negroes are the shock troops?

Miller: Yes, that's right.

Walker: After what I've seen in Kenya, I can't quarrel with your assessment. But what was a private detective from Savannah, Georgia doing in Kenya?

Miller: I was working for a client. I've been a private detective for the past twelve years – if you're counting, that makes me 46 – and this last case is only the second time I've had to leave the States to do what I was hired to do. But in the other case I didn't have to travel across the ocean, I only had to go to Mexico. But this time it was to stinkin', bloody Africa that I went.

Walker: Were you successful?

Miller: I found out what my client wanted me to find out, but it won't be pleasant news that I'll be bringing home.

Walker: How bad is it?

Miller: The worst kind. Maybe I should give you a little more background.

Walker: I'd like to hear it; it seems, out here on deck, that we're the only two men left in the world.

Miller: I was sent by the Fitzpatrick family to find their twenty-two year old daughter. The Fitzpatricks were, and still are, I suppose, what you would call fervent Catholics. Their lives revolved around their parish church. Jeanne and Sean had only one child, named Colleen. They hired me to find her, because I was a member of their parish when I was growing up. I haven't been inside a church in over twenty years, and I made that clear to them. But still, they had known me "back then," and they didn't know any other private investigators, so they called on me.

Colleen was the victim of her parents' Catholicism. She was brought up to love and cherish negroes as God's pure and simple children of nature. Her parish priest and the good sisters at the Catholic school she attended all taught her about the evils of segregation and the evil part her own people, the Southern whites, had played in denying black people their rights as citizens. So good, devout Colleen, upon her graduation from a "good Catholic college," went to the Congo to "help" blacks. She was one of those "unfortunate victims" of African independence. She was working in northern Katanga at a time of the massacre. It didn't matter that she was there to help the 'pure and simple' natives, the pure and simple natives tortured, raped, and murdered her.

I suspected right from the beginning that she was one of the thousands of victims of the Katanga massacre, but it took me some time to get documented proof that the mutilated body I thought was Colleen's body was in fact her body. I've got that proof with me now, and I'd give all my worldly possessions if I could give her parents back their daughter. But that is up to your Boss, isn't it?

Walker: Yes, it is. A new friend of mine, a man called Ezekiel, told me there is only His promise that the dead shall be raised, which sustains any of us.

Miller: But it takes a hell of a lot of faith to actually believe that.

Walker: You don't?

Miller: I won't say that. I'd like to believe it. And I guess, like Horatio, I do in part believe it. It's funny, I most believe in Him when I look right in the face of Mau Maus. They are so evil, so obviously the servants of Satan, that I immediately project Satan's opposite – Jesus Christ. It's when I come within hearing distance of a Western clergymen, telling me about the goodness of our black brethren that I become a non-believer.

Walker: I've had that same experience. In my last talk with my superior he told me of his faith in the sacred negro and his lack of faith in Christ crucified, Christ risen. It took all my spiritual resolve to fight free of his horrific vision of God. If not for a chance meeting with Ezekiel, I might still be hovering in that in-between land, the land between faith and unbelief.

Miller: You mentioned that horrific vision of God. Isn't that the key? How can people who profess to be Christian worship the people who commit horrific atrocities as a matter of course, as you or I might brush our teeth or plant a garden?

Walker: "Welcome the savage God," is what our clergymen tell us. I won't. If I die in the attempt, I intend to fight this negroization of the West with all my heart, mind, and soul – Are you laughing at me? I wouldn't blame you if you are; I do sound a lot like King Lear in the storm, thundering impotently about my revenges.

Miller: I'm not laughing at you – at least you're thundering against the right things. And who's to say that your thundering will be ineffectual? But in between your thundering against the savage gods, what will you do for a living?

Walker: Quite frankly, I don't know. I'm just grateful to get out of Africa with my life and with my faith intact. I have no thought of what I'll do for a living now that I'm no longer an Anglican minister.

Miller: The first couple of years after I was forced to resign from the force were hard on me financially, but once I built up a reputation in the business I started doing all right. In fact, now I employ a number of operatives. I could use another.

Walker: That's awfully kind of you, but I know nothing about private investigating.

Miller: You've read the Raymond Chandler books, haven't you?

Walker: Yes.

Miller: And you've read the Bulldog Drummond books of McNeile?

Walker: Yes.

Miller: Well, there you have it, you'll be a combination of Phillip Marlowe and Bulldog Drummond. I could use such a man.

Walker (laughing): If you're serious, I accept your offer. But I could use a few weeks in London first. I need to see another outcast Anglican minister.

Miller: The Reverend Grey?

Walker: Yes, how did you know?

Miller: I've read a great deal of his books. A man like you, after what you've experienced, wouldn't be looking for advice from anybody but that man. Sure, I can wait a few weeks. But then you come over the ocean, like Prince Charlie, and try your hand at Drummond and Marlowe.

Act III. Scene 2. London

Chambers: That will be quite a change, from Anglican minister to an American private investigator.

Walker: I really think I'm simply a charity case of James Miller.

Rev. Grey: It's not just that. Mr. Miller needs men who are excellent judges of character, and you are just that.

Walker: That is kind of you to say, but I misread the Draytons and I misread my vocation; I thought I had one, and didn't.

Rev. Grey: Don't go down that road. If you were wrong to pursue the collar, what does that say about me?

Walker: I didn't intend any slight...

Rev. Grey: I know you didn't. And you needn't apologize; I'm not at all sensitive about the subject. I served God in the capacity I thought He wanted me to serve Him. Whether I was right or wrong, He'll be the final judge.

Bontini: The Rev. Grey started before we did, Arthur. He is an Ancient Mariner; he did not have to tell lies about God when he started out. When they wanted him to, he got out of that type of service. We both, you in the Anglican, and I in the Roman Catholic church, ran into the contradiction between God's truth and our church's 'truth' earlier in our careers.

Walker: And now we have no career in the church.

Bontini: I wouldn't say that. The church consists of those who believe in Christ, not of those who belong to an organization that may or may not serve Christ.

Chambers: I go along with Father Bontini; church organizations don't amount to a thing.

Bontini: You see Arthur, there's confirmation from one of the last knights of Christendom; that should reassure you. He hasn't been inside a church for over forty years and yet...

Chambers: Don't give me a halo, Father. I came late to this Christian knight business.

Rev. Grey: But you did come and that is the point Francesco is making. You are one of the last knights of Europe.

Chambers: I believe we've gotten off track; I thought we were giving Arthur a going away party.

Rev. Grey: Yes, we are, but I thought we'd take a moment to praise...

Chambers: No need.

Bontini: The Rev. Grey always tells me I'm indispensable, but if you ever need some help in dealing with the negro worshippers within the Catholic church, Arthur, I can take the time to come over. I've had some experience in that regard.

Walker: Thank you. I don't know what type of work I'll be doing, but I'll take you up on your offer if something like that comes up.

Rev. Grey: Inspector Chambers has seen a lot of the white slave rings, right here in England. It seems to be a world-wide thing, this extreme hatred of the white race.

Chambers: When I first heard the Rev. Grey use the term "negro worship" I thought he was exaggerating to make a point. But when I ran into Kimaru, I realized that the Rev. Grey was not exaggerating — the men who govern the nations of Europe literally worship the negroes. The negroes themselves have no idea why the whites are handing their women, their children, and

their nations over to them, all they know is that the whites are weak, so they pounce on them, like jungle cats pounce on their prey.

“As you no doubt remember, Rev. Grey, the party went on for quite some time, and I drank more ale than I was used to. It meant the world to me to have friends of the heart. I went to America, not feeling that all was right with the world, but feeling that all was right in my world so long as I was right with the same God that Christopher Grey, Francesco Bontini, James Miller, and John Chambers worshipped.”

Act IV. Scene 1.

Fitzpatrick: Come in.

Miller: Arthur, this is Mr. Sean Fitzpatrick. I've told you a bit about his family.

Walker: Yes, you have. My deepest sympathies, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Fitzpatrick: That is most kind of you, I thank you. It's not necessary to call me 'mister;' Sean will do.

Miller: I know this must seem very mysterious to you, Arthur. Asking you to meet here, instead of at the office. But I have a very good reason for this clandestine meeting. I haven't let you near the office since you came over, because I didn't want you to be seen with me or anyone connected with my business.

Fitzpatrick: If you don't mind, James, I'd like to go lie down. You don't need me for anything at present, do you?

Miller: No. I just wanted you to meet the man we'll be working with.

Fitzpatrick: He seems to be a good man. It was nice meeting you, Mr. Walker.

Walker: Likewise.

Miller: I can see you're a little confused, Arthur, but there has been method to my madness.

Walker: No need to apologize. If you want to pay me to sit in my apartment reading books on your local history, that is up to you.

Miller: Did you read those sections on the Southern Bureau Against Racial Injustice, SBARI?

Walker: Yes.

Miller: What did you make of the organization?

Walker: It seems like your typical Marxist front organization. A few devout communist Jews at the head of the organization and the usual array of liberal clergymen and liberal academics lined up with the communists. All of them fighting racial injustice, as they put it, but in reality using negro shock troops to destroy what is left of white civilization.

Miller: You've summed it up quite well.

Walker: Thank you for the compliment on my reading ability, but what does this have to do with your private investigating agency?

Miller: We've been hired to destroy that agency.

Walker: Am I allowed to ask who hired us to destroy that agency?

Miller: I don't generally give out the name of our employers. But in this case, I'm going to make an exception, because I think it will help you work on the case. In fact, I don't think you could proceed without some more information.

Our employer is Sean Fitzpatrick, the man you just met. He is not in very good shape physically right now; he has been found, more than once, sleeping out by his daughter's grave, but he is sound up here and sound in there. In fact, he is a lot saner spiritually than he has been in his entire life.

Walker: I imagine he has some compelling reason, connected to his daughter's death, that makes him want to see the SBARI destroyed.

Miller: Yes, he does. As I told you on the boat, Fitzpatrick was a 'support your local clergy' Catholic. Whatever his local priest, in conjunction with his local bishop, said was law to Fitzpatrick. Well, it was his local priest and his local bishop that served on the board of SBARI. They worked in unison with the Jewish Marxists and several Protestant clergymen to promote what they called civil rights. It all sounded so noble, but the negroes were not converted to Christ, they simply had free rein to be themselves. And being themselves meant they could kill whites with impunity. The SBARI pays for the defense of every black that murders a white.

And the SBARI's benevolent work also extended to Africa. They supported the Mau Mau reign of terror and encouraged young Catholics, such as Colleen Fitzpatrick to go there to "help" the struggling Africans to get out from under the white man's yoke. Colleen took it all the way. She went to Africa to "help" the good, noble black savages, and she paid the ultimate price. Fitzpatrick knows he can't kill every last liberal and every black barbarian on the face of the earth, but he wants to do something. He won't be pacified with the "mustn't be violent" rhetoric; he wants to hit the SBARI hard, and he wants to sponsor vigilante hits on black barbarians who kill whites and then get off because SBARI lawyers get them off.

Walker: It's a tall order.

Miller: Sean doesn't expect miracles – he knows that this is just the start of a white counterrevolution – but he wants it to begin right here in Savannah, Georgia.

Walker: Does he still consider himself a Catholic, or has he gone atheist?

Miller: He considers himself a Christian, but he swears he'll never set foot in a church again so long as he lives. "I made a whited sepulcher of my parish church, and it cost my daughter her life," was the way he put it.

Walker: Most of us have done something similar along the way. It's easy to mistake the furniture of the church for the real church.

Miller: Well, let's get down to your part in this drama – I've kept you away from the main office, because I want you to join the SBARI.

Walker: But won't they check my background?

Miller: I'm counting on it.

Walker: But they'll find out that I was dismissed for "conduct detrimental to good racial relations."

Miller: They'll find out you were dismissed for "conduct detrimental to race relations," but I doubt that they'll figure out that you were dismissed for the wrong attitude. They'll assume, because you were younger than the missionary you worked with, that you were the liberal one who wouldn't listen to your superior's racist view of negroes. That is my guess. If you give them a big dose of sincere liberal garbage when they interview you, that will clinch it.

Walker: I'll give it a try. But if it works, if I do get a job there, what is my next step?

Miller: Just keep in touch. Let us know what's going on with some of the big shots. Then we'll see what we can do to damage their organization. That's what we're being paid for.

Walker: How much time have we got? I don't think Fitzpatrick wants to keep paying indefinitely.

Miller: Sean is rich. There is no money limit. You just be careful, don't get impatient and overplay your hand, and I'm sure you'll come up with something.

Six weeks later – Walker's report to Miller:

"I didn't send you anything until now, because I didn't think I had anything worth reporting. That's why you just received those short "nothing to report" notes. But now I have something that might be of interest. First, let me run down some of the major players and the foot soldiers in this organization. The man who interviewed me when I first came here, Aaron Siegel, seems to be the second in command. He is in his mid-fifties, quite thin, you might even say emaciated. He lives for the cause, eschewing alcohol, smoking, and women. What about men? No, he appears to be asexual. He is a true believer, a Marxist Jew who hopes to destroy the West through the negro. Trotsky would be proud of him.

"The high mucky muck, also a Marxist Jew, Jacob Belenky, is a different story. He is in his mid-forties, very jovial and very cultural. As such he is far more dangerous, in my opinion, than his unadulterated, emaciated second-in-command. He is totally committed to revolution through the negroes, but he is much more adept at hiding his revolutionary nature behind a very jovial and witty façade. I receive most of my orders from Siegel, but I have talked with Belenky on several occasions.

"Bishop Callahan cannot always attend the meetings, but he is very committed to the cause. Unlike Siegel and Belenky, who are completely secularized, Callahan still professes to believe in the Catholic faith, but he believes in it the way Rev. Drayton believed in the Anglican faith. He has blended Christ with the negro, which makes Christ something quite different from Christ the Lord.

"Then there is Father O'Reilly, Sean Fitzpatrick's parish priest. He strikes me as the most zealous of the lot. He's in his mid-thirties, completely without scruples or morals (he is a promiscuous homosexual), and he has no regard for anything that does not further the interests of the negro. For Siegel and Belenky, the negroes are a means to an end, for Callahan and O'Reilly (particularly O'Reilly), the worship of negroes is the desired end.

"The reason I've fit in here so well is because there are so many ex-clergymen and currently practicing clergymen who are members of the SBARI. It's kind of an exclusive club. I've met and spent some time with a Methodist minister by the name of Julie Pierce, and with an ex-clergyman by the name of Thomas Truscott, formerly of the Presbyterian Church. They all have one thing in common; they are committed, heart and soul, to the negro. Whenever a negro murders, they take up his case, either claiming he is completely innocent, or, if his guilt is indisputable, claiming that he should be freed, because of the 'legacy of slavery' that made him do whatever crime he committed. Again, I get the impression with Siegel and Belenky that they use the "we must understand their rage" excuse as a calculated tactic, whereas the assorted Catholic and Protestant clergy and laymen truly believe that all black-on-white crime is justifiable under the blanket of the 'legacy of slavery.'

"I haven't spoken much with the clerical staff or the foot soldiers who put out the pamphlets and fill up the ranks of the protests and marches that the SBARI stage, because I thought it would look conspicuous for me to be hobnobbing with the hired help. Despite their professed love of the people, these people are very snobbish. The upper echelon keep to themselves. I'm kind of a low-ranking upper echelon, but I'm still upper echelon enough that I thought it best to stay in character by not getting too chummy with the foot soldiers.

"But now let me come to the heart of the issue. You remember you said that you and Fitzpatrick were particularly interested to learn if the SBARI confined itself to pamphleteering, the defense of black criminals after their crimes, and the libeling of all white opponents of SBARI? You wanted to find out if beside that they actually helped organize the murder of whites. Well, two nights ago I got some information that seems to suggest that the SBARI does actively engage in the murder of whites. You see I had dinner with Julie Pierce, and after four or five drinks she said more than she should have. She doesn't know a lot of details – she isn't that high up in the organization – but from one slip of speech, which I'm sure she didn't remember in the morning, I became almost certain about the SBARI's involvement in actual murders. When I'm absolutely sure of this, which will probably be in a few days, I'll let you know via a letter, at the usual place."

Second letter 3 days later:

"I need to meet with you; I've got the confirmation."

Act IV. Scene 2.

Walker: I had to do a little second-story work to get the evidence I needed, but I got it.

Miller: Whose office did you have to rifle?

Walker: Father O'Reilly's. It was Julie Pierce who inadvertently tipped me off. I read the documents I needed to read, and then I put them back and got out in the same way I came in.

Fitzpatrick: Shouldn't you have kept the documents to try and convict Father O'Reilly?

Walker: Believe me, sir, they wouldn't have stood up in court. They were written in code, a code I've come to recognize since I've been working there, but not something we could take to court. But this much is certain. O'Reilly and Callahan actually believe that Christ was only a prophet preparing the way for a black Christ that may be, or may not be, already present on the earth. But whether he has arrived or has yet to arrive, Callahan and O'Reilly think that all good Catholics must prepare the world for the coming of the Black Messiah by the extermination of the devil race. All whites who renounce their race and participate in the white blood bath will be spared. Siegel and Belenky don't share Callahan's and O'Reilly's faith, but they use it. Besides defending black murderers they also permit O'Reilly and Callahan to suborn blacks to commit more murders of whites. They guarantee them "safe" killings, and they also give them ready cash. The murder of those two nuns outside the Cathedral a few weeks ago was not a random murder. Callahan and O'Reilly set it up. That mass murder of the 12 school children 3 months ago was not a random killing; it was set up by Callahan and O'Reilly.

Miller: Does this extend to other cities as well?

Walker: Definitely. Almost every city has a clergyman or two who accept the basic tenets of Callahan and O'Reilly's black faith. And the ones that don't believe as O'Reilly and Callahan believe still help their cause under the banner of civil rights. O'Reilly and Callahan don't even want a lot of converts, they just want the clergy to look the other way when blacks murder and excuse the murders under the guise of "you must understand their rage," or "the legacy of slavery."

Miller: So O'Reilly and Callahan are operating an organization within an organization?

Walker: Yes. Siegel and Belenky allow them to go about their business using the SBARI headquarters because their business, the slaughter of whites, suits the needs of Siegel and Belenky as well. They feel the slaughter of whites will bring them closer to a Marxist state, and Callahan and O'Reilly think the slaughter of whites will bring about the arrival of the black Messiah.

Fitzpatrick: This is all fantastical...

Walker: I assure you, Mr. Fitzpatrick, that what I say is...

Fitzpatrick: I'm not questioning you, Mr. Walker; I have no doubt of the truth of what you've said. In a watered down way this is what the Catholic church, especially here in the south, has been preaching for many years. It's fantastical, but unfortunately it's true.

Miller: I believe it was Blake who said if mankind would not have the religion of Christ, they would have the religion of Satan. This would tend to confirm his words.

Fitzpatrick: Does this organization have branches abroad?

Walker: Yes, it does. And I should emphasize that Callahan and O'Reilly are only in charge of the Savannah chapter; they don't run the whole show. Nor is it just a Catholic thing. There are clergymen, and women, from all denominations who are members. The American branch of the negro worshippers try to coordinate their big events with their European and African counterparts.

Fitzpatrick: What do you mean by 'big events'?

Walker: The big mass slaughters, which are their equivalents of the old Catholic mass.

Fitzpatrick: Was the Katanga massacre, in which my daughter was murdered, one of those big events?

Walker: Yes, I'm sorry to say that it was. At the same date of the Katanga massacre there were fourteen whites killed in Lost Angeles and another dozen killed in Savannah. Those murders were directly connected to the Katanga massacre. I don't know how many other murders of whites on that date were planned and how many were just the usual spontaneous murders that blacks commit as a matter of routine.

Miller: Do you know when the next big even is planned?

Walker: No, I don't. I'm not that high up in the SBARI, nor am I a confidante of O'Reilly or Callahan. But I suspect another small scale murder is being planned. If I can get more information then maybe we can stop it.

Miller: We'll try if you can manage to find out where and when. But be careful, be very careful; those men think no more of murdering a white man than they think of swatting a fly.

Walker: You're wrong; they wouldn't swat a fly, but they can and will kill a white man.

Miller: You're right.

Act IV. Scene 3. London, Grey's living room.

Rev. Grey: The letter goes on for another four pages, which I'll come to later, but what do you think so far?

Bontini: It's not surprising. It has always seemed to me that the modern black uprisings had much more white support than was apparent on the surface.

Rev. Grey: Yes, the Marxist-Jacobin influence has been with us for some time, but this incredible anti-white, anti-Christian push of organized Christianity is primarily a 20th century phenomenon. But you've been closer to it than I have, what do you think?

Bontini: It definitely exists now, that's for sure. I'll never forget that Kimaru mass of Pope John. But I think you're right. The shift from Christ to the negro, except for isolated cases, has been largely a 20th century phenomenon. It's connected in some way to the advance of science.

Rev. Grey: Precisely, the scientific view of the universe has turned the European toward the nature gods, and who is more natural, in the primitive sense, than the negro?

Bontini: But what about the rest of the letter; did they manage to stop any of the bloodletting?

Rev. Grey: Let's see —

"I was 90% sure I knew of a planned murderous attack at a coffee shop where a lot of white college students gathered together. A little before the shop's 2:00 AM closing, five handpicked black murderers were going to kill as many whites as were in the shop and then scatter into the night.

"Miller and I were planning to intercept the blacks and kill them before they opened fire on the whites in the coffee shop. But in order to make sure they were the right blacks we were killing, we were going to have to wait until they drew their weapons. Then, we hoped, we'd have a split second to kill them before they started their killing spree.

"Fitzpatrick was there when we planned our strategy, but we never dreamed he'd want to take part in the action. But that is what he did. He refused to take no for an answer. He wanted to be one of the shooters. But Miller finally carried the day with his hard, truthful logic.

"Look, I've had experience with this sort of thing. And Walker here has been trained by the best guerrilla fighter there is, that Ezekiel fellow. What we want to do is stop a murder spree. We don't want to mess around with equal opportunity shooting. You're paying for this, I know, but more than that, I know about this plan to murder the whites in the coffee shop, and I'll stop it whether you pay me or not. Now you can pull me off the case if you want, but either way I'm going to stop this killing, and I'm going to stop it according to the plan I think has the best chance of success. If you get in the way, I'll knock you unconscious and lock you up somewhere until it's over."

"Fitzpatrick smiled and shook both our hands. 'I knew you were the men for me, but isn't there something I can do?'

"There was; it was agreed that Fitzpatrick would drive, for want of a better word, the getaway car. As soon as we hit the potential murderers, he was to drive up and take us away from the coffee shop to a backwoods area where we were going to dump the car and the weapons and then proceed back to town in another car that we had hidden there.

"All went well. My information turned out to be pretty accurate. The only difference was that there were only four assailants, not five. The coffee shop activity was winding down, but the proprietor and six whites were in the shop at the time of the planned hit. About five yards from the shop the blacks took out their shotguns from under their coats. Before the leader got his hand on the door, Miller yelled 'hands up' and started firing with his pump action shotgun. I opened fire as well.

"It was over in about 15 seconds. We were not hurt, having taken them completely by surprise, and Fitzpatrick got us out of there quickly and efficiently, as if he had done similar getaways hundreds of times. It's been four weeks since the preventive shooting and neither Miller, Fitzpatrick, nor I have been questioned by the police. The SBARI has organized the usual protest marches against 'white racism.' I marched, because I thought that a refusal to march would have destroyed my cover. But I think I'm already suspected, because a number of SBARI sponsored murder raids have gone awry since I started working for them. They are satanic, but not stupid. I'll keep you informed, but I think my usefulness as an undercover man has come to an end."

"Three weeks later..."

"I was right. Three nights ago I was almost run over by a car, just like in that television show called *The Untouchables*. And last night two men came to kill me while I was in bed. But they found a dummy in the bed, not Arthur Walker, the dummy, but a stuffed, theatrical dummy. James Miller, my guardian angel, was behind the door. So there are two less stooges for the SBARI in the world. I'll be returning to England next week. At that time I'd like to tell you the rest of my story."

Act IV. Scene 4. London, England. One week later.

Rev. Grey: How is the girl's father holding up?

Walker: Mr. Fitzpatrick is not doing well. He still spends a lot of nights by the grave site. I dare say he's better than he's been, now that he's been able to hit the SBARI, but the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice... You know what I mean.

Rev. Grey: Yes.

Bontini: And the battle with the SBARI is never over. It's an ongoing battle. Even if that organization completely disappeared, some other would take its place.

Rev. Grey: That's true. Once you see to the depths of this evil of negro worship, you yearn for some kind of apocalyptic showdown. But that is not up to us. Before that final battle, we are supposed to fight the thankless little battles, like you gentlemen have been fighting.

Bontini: Don't include me in that "you gentlemen"; I've just been a spectator.

Rev. Grey: No, you haven't. And I won't permit you to say me nay on this. You have fought the good fight.

Chambers: The Reverend Grey is right, Father. The real war is not with material weapons.

Bontini: That is kind of you to say, Inspector Chambers, but I'm no longer Father Bontini.

Chambers: You are to me.

Bontini: Thank you again.

Walker: Fitzpatrick has the added problem of his wife. All she cares about is her husband's mass attendance. He has stopped going to Mass, and he hates Father O'Reilly. That is more than his wife can take. They live in the same house, but they seldom speak any more.

Rev. Grey: That is very sad. Is there any hope of a reconciliation?

Walker: Not at the time I left Savannah. And if a reconciliation comes, it will only be because Mrs. Fitzpatrick has come over to Sean's side of the fence. He is like steel on the issue of O'Reilly, Bishop Callahan, and the organized Catholic Church.

Bontini: I can understand that. But I hope he hasn't become embittered against God.

Walker: I can't say for certain how he feels about God. His grief for his daughter seems without end and without hope; that can't be a good sign. And he seems to be looking for that great, apocalyptic confrontation with the negro-worshipping liberals.

Rev. Grey: Those two forces – grief and a desire for a final, definitive victory over your enemies, which can never come in this life, can lead a man to despair. But there is one thing that may help Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Walker: What is it?

Rev. Grey: Give him something close to the apocalyptic confrontation he wants. And make sure Mrs. Fitzpatrick is a witness. If she has a soul, it will turn her away from organized Roman Catholicism to a Christ-centered Catholicism.

Bontini: You must have something in mind, Christopher?

Rev. Grey: Nothing definite, but something Arthur said before you gentlemen came in gave me the germ of an idea.

Walker: I did?

Rev. Grey: Yes, you were telling me that the archdiocese of Savannah, in conjunction with all the archdioceses throughout the world, particularly in the European nations and Africa, were going to consecrate their churches to some negro patron saint.

Bontini: That's true; I've heard something about that myself. Paul VI is going to declare over 100,000 new black saints to make sure there are enough to go around. One of the saints will be Kimaru.

Chambers : Fancy that; Kimaru a saint. Won't that be nice?

Rev. Grey: No, it won't be nice; it's blasphemous, just as it was blasphemous for Pope John to concelebrate with him when he was alive. But that is just one of the multitudinous things that I have no control over.

Walker: The Anglican church and most of the Protestant denominations are all having some joint ceremonies with the Catholic church.

Chambers: Wouldn't you like to have your hand on a dynamite lever that could blow all the negrophile celebrations in the various churches to kingdom come at one thrust?

Bontini: Without blowing up the people in the church?

Chambers: I suppose so.

Bontini: Then I'd be for it. But seriously, Christopher, what can we do about any of these negro consecrations; hasn't the negrophile psychosis gone too far to be stopped by anything we can do?

Rev. Grey: No, we can't stop it, but we can bear witness to a different God, our Lord Jesus Christ.

Act V. Scene 1. Four weeks later. Bishop Callahan's office.

Callahan: I thought that Englishman – what was his name?

O'Reilly: Arthur Walker.

Callahan: Yes, that was it. I thought he was the traitor in our ranks who scuttled some of our punitive raids on the whites.

O'Reilly: He was, but I don't think he acted alone. He had money behind him. I suspect that private detective was in on it.

Callahan: What private detective?

O'Reilly: His name is James Miller. He's a former police detective, but for the past twelve years or so he's run a private detective agency.

Callahan: I fail to see how a man who runs around peeping in key holes at the behest of unhappy married people has anything to do with us and our mission.

O'Reilly: If I'm right in my suspicions, he has everything to do with our mission. I think he was hired by someone to destroy, or, at the very least, damage the SBARI.

Callahan: Who is the person that hired him, presuming what you say is true about Miller?

O'Reilly: It's true, and I think he's working for Sean Fitzpatrick.

Callahan : That's nonsense! Fitzpatrick is the biggest donor to Catholic churches in the whole diocese, in the whole state, for that matter.

O'Reilly: Used to be, Bishop. He hasn't given one red cent to any Catholic charity for the past eight months.

Callahan: Why?

O'Reilly: He had only one daughter, and she was killed in what they call the Katanga massacre. I'm sure it was not a massacre – that was false reporting – but in the heat of battle some blacks, with justice on their side, might have killed some of the white Red Cross workers. Or more probably some whites killed the Red Cross workers and blamed it on the blacks. At any rate, Fitzpatrick's daughter was killed, and he blames the Catholic church in general and me especially for his daughter's death.

Callahan: Why does he blame you especially?

O'Reilly: Because I was his parish priest, and I performed all those special negro masses and encouraged his daughter to attend a progressive Catholic university that taught the new progressive social teaching of the church, which stressed racial equality as the most pressing issue of the times.

Callahan: And he faults you for that? It seems to me he should be grateful to you for inspiring his daughter to give up her life in a worthy cause. It's a pity she died so young, but surely he must know, as a Catholic, that martyrs go straight to heaven. His daughter died in the battle for racial equality; what greater Catholic cause can a young women die for?

O'Reilly: None greater, but Fitzpatrick has become a racist. He is against all things Catholic and he is very hostile to the SBARI.

Callahan: When did you first learn of Fitzpatrick?

O'Reilly: I've suspected him for quite some time, but my suspicions did not become virtual certainty until I had a visit from his wife last night. She came to talk to me about her husband, who is no longer attending Mass and has stopped every single church-related activity. She also told me that he often sleeps overnight at his daughter's grave site. When I asked her, as discreetly as possible, if it was her daughter's actual remains or just a memorial grave site, she told me it was her daughter's actual remains. A private detective...

Callahan: James Miller?

O'Reilly: Precisely. He was hired to find out what happened to Colleen Fitzpatrick and bring her home. So he did bring her home, but not alive.

Callahan: I doubt that he even brought back the right body. We have only his word for it.

O'Reilly: No, I did some checking on that. It is the girl's remains.

Callahan: Is it Mrs. Fitzpatrick that is waiting in the outer office?

O'Reilly: Yes. I told her you would see her.

Callahan: I don't know what I can say to her that you haven't said already. Is she the hysterical type?

O'Reilly: Emotional, I'd say, but not hysterical.

Callahan: Oh no.

O'Reilly: I'm sorry, but I thought your title and prestige might calm her down. And maybe you could learn more about what her husband is up to.

Callahan: You take liberties, Father, but go ahead, send her in.

O'Reilly: Should I stay or leave?

Callahan: I suppose you'd better leave us alone if we are going to do this right.

O'Reilly: All right. I'll send her in.

Callahan: I'm so sorry about the recent death of your daughter, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but it must be a great consolation to know that she died in a great Catholic cause.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick: Yes, it is, Bishop. But I wish my husband could be consoled. I always thought we had a good marriage. We planned on a lot of children, but I had two miscarriages before Colleen was born, and after that I was unable to have any more children. But Sean so loved his little Colleen, it didn't seem that important that she would be our only child. Now, there doesn't seem anything left for him. He doesn't go to Mass anymore and he often sleeps...

Callahan: Yes, Father O'Reilly mentioned that he often sleeps out at your daughter's grave. But tell me is your husband angry at God or is he angry at the Roman Catholic Church?

Mrs. Fitzpatrick: Aren't they one and the same?

Callahan: Yes, they are, but some people separate them in their mind's eye.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick: I would definitely say that his anger is directed at the Roman Catholic Church. And, I hate to say this – he particularly hates Father O'Reilly and you, Bishop.

Callahan: Don't worry about offending me, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, I'm never personally offended when someone dislikes me because I wear the Roman collar. What concerns me is the danger to your husband's soul. What he thinks of the man, Joseph Callahan, doesn't matter, but when he hates me and Father O'Reilly in our official capacities as God's anointed, well then, his soul is in danger, if he doesn't repent, of eternal damnation.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick : I know that, Bishop, but what am I do to?

Callahan: Can you tell me anything more about your husband's malaise that would help me to help him? For instance, where does he go at nights when he isn't at his daughter's grave site, and whom does he meet?

Mrs. Fitzpatrick: I don't know Bishop, he doesn't confide in me since I defended you and Father O'Reilly.

Callahan: Defended us? Against what charges?

Mrs. Fitzpatrick: He says you no longer worship Christ; you worship the negro instead of Christ. And he feels that our daughter was so infected with that false negro worshipping religion that she went to Africa and was tortured and murdered.

Callahan: That is worse than nonsense; it is blasphemy.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick: I know it is, Bishop. I didn't want to tell you what he said, but...

Callahan: No, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, you are right to tell me everything that your husband has said against me. I represent the Church, how he feels about me is how he feels about God, and I must know what is going on in your husband's soul if I'm going to help him.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick: I don't know what else I can say.

Callahan: This detective that he hired to bring your daughter back home; does he still see him?

Mrs. Fitzpatrick: I don't know, Bishop, I have no idea who he sees. He certainly hasn't brought him to the house after he brought Colleen home.

Callahan: Please, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, don't carry on so. I'm sure your husband will come around. I'll have some masses said for his special benefit and for your daughter.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick: Bless you, Bishop. And I apologize for my husband. What else can I do? I still love him.

Callahan: Certainly, that's as it should be. Now, let me give you my blessing. In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, Amen.

O'Reilly: Well?

Callahan: The woman's a wreck – I really couldn't get any definitive information from her. But she did confirm what you said about her husband. He hates us. I think we should take what we know to Siegel and Belenky.

O'Reilly: How about the rest of the council?

Callahan: No, I think we should keep this matter between Siegel and Belenky and ourselves.

Act V. Scene 2. One week later. Offices of Siegel and Belenky.

Belenky: The mistake you made was in assuming that Arthur Walker was defrocked for being too liberal. If you knew the state of the Anglican church today, you would not have assumed that was the case. The mistake has been costly.

Callahan: It's not Father O'Reilly's fault. He didn't dream that someone would hate the SBARI enough to put a plant in our organization.

Siegel: Why shouldn't he believe it? We plant our people in right wing organizations.

O'Reilly: I'm afraid I'm not as cold-blooded as you are, Siegel.

Belenky: This isn't getting us anywhere. The point is that a mistake has been made. Walker and Miller ruined some of our raids. Now Walker is back in England, but Miller is still a menace, because he has Fitzpatrick's backing.

Callahan: Are we sure that it is Fitzpatrick who is backing him?

Siegel: Yes.

Callahan: What can be done?

Belenky: There is only one thing that can be done.

O'Reilly: Kill him?

Belenky: Yes.

Callahan: Maybe if we just had Miller killed?

Belenky: Actually, Miller is not as important as Fitzpatrick. Once we eliminate Fitzpatrick, Miller won't have the financial backing to continue.

Siegel: But Miller will have to be killed?

Belenky: Yes, but his death is not necessary as immediately as Fitzpatrick's.

Siegel: Fitzpatrick's wife must be killed as well.

Belenky: Of course.

Callahan: I really don't see why she must be killed. How does her death promote racial equality?

Belenky: I must remind you, Bishop Callahan, that you joined this organization voluntarily; we did not recruit you.

Callahan: Yes, I joined it to promote racial equality.

Belenky: By any means necessary?

Callahan: Yes, but...

Belenky: There is no 'but' here. We have provided you with the additional organizational strength to pursue racial equality.

Callahan: I brought considerable organization strength with me.

Belenky: True, but it was organizational strength divided. The SBARI provides the consistent organizational strength necessary for all successful revolutions. I remind you of what Bakunin said: "All tender and gentle feelings of kinship, love, gratitude, and even honor itself should be choked off in the revolutionary's breast by the single cold passion of his revolutionary task. He is not a revolutionary if he has pity for anything in the world. He knows only one science – the science of destruction." I don't think that either you, Bishop Callahan, or Father O'Reilly, are showing the proper revolutionary attitude when you flinch at killing Mrs. Fitzpatrick. And maybe that is because we have different goals. I want to destroy everything white and Christian; it seems you want to preserve some white things and some Christian things.

Callahan: I have not flinched from violent revolution. I've supported necessary violence.

Belenky: It's not for you to decide what is necessary violence. Nor is it for you to decide how the violence is administered. You see, it is not just enough for white people to be killed; they must also be humiliated and violated, their deaths should be horrific so they instill fear in the survivors and give the black murderers a sense of power so that they will feel empowered and emboldened to kill again and again.

O'Reilly: I understand all this, but Bakunin is not infallible; he cringed and crawled and denounced the Revolution when he was in prison.

Belenky: Of course he did, and he denounced his confession when he got out of prison. Why shouldn't he grovel for political purposes? I would do the same thing in his place. Are you invoking the honor code?

O'Reilly: No, I'm not. Fitzpatrick has to die?

Siegel: Because the revolution can't proceed unless the ultimate debasement proceeds – that is, the rape of white women by black men. Isn't that correct?

Belenky: Yes, that is correct. Now, are we agreed?

Callahan and O'Reilly: Yes.

Belenky: Good, then all that is necessary is that we work out the procedural details of the executions.

Act V. Scene 3. London. Two months later, Christmas Eve.

Owen: What's the mystery, Reverend? I don't want to miss any part of the English Christmas you promised. Soon, I'll be back in South Africa, and my friends there will expect me to tell them something interesting about my trip.

Rev. Grey: You'll be back to the main party shortly, Mr. Edward Impatience. Besides, this is not my interruption. Arthur has something he wants to share with us that he doesn't want anyone else to hear. Not because he doesn't trust the rest, but... well, we're all of the blood here; you know what I mean. It's a letter he wants to read. And he wants its contents to stay here.

Chambers: Have you read the letter yet, Reverend?

Rev. Grey: No, I haven't, so I'll shut up and give the floor to Arthur.

Walker: Gentlemen, I've come to know all of you. And I feel bound to you quite beyond the bonds of mere friendship. Shakespeare writes of a band of brothers. So we are, we few... Let me start again. I'd like to read parts of this letter to you, from one of our band of brothers whom you have never met, but who is one of us, and I know he and his... what shall I call him? He was James Miller's client, but he became his friend. So I'll say, James and his friend, Sean Fitzpatrick. Let me share this story with you; James asked that I share it with you, because he has become a firm believer in the mystical body of Christ. I'll pick up about halfway through the letter –

"I was out of town on a case the night they decided to go for Mrs. Fitzpatrick. I didn't know that the SBARI had figured out who it was that was making the hits on their black minions, but I don't know that I could have done much to prevent it if I had known. I was on a kind of permanent retainer for Mr. Fitzpatrick, but there was no particular work I was doing for him at that time. I knew that he went armed wherever he went and would have been more than delighted to shoot any blacks who tried to attack him, so I wasn't that worried about Sean. But I should have figured out that they'd go for Mrs. Fitzpatrick. I guess I was still blinded by a certain residual respect for the Catholic clergy. I knew O'Reilly and Callahan were thick as thieves with Siegel and Belenky, but I didn't think they'd go that far.

"Looking back on it now, I realize that once some heathen god takes over your soul, you are no longer the same person that you were when you belonged to Christ. Dostoevsky is better at explaining such things than I am, but I'm here, and he is not, so let it suffice to say that the negro gods, not Christ, were at the center of O'Reilly's and Callahan's souls.

"O'Reilly went to Jeanne Fitzpatrick's house for a 'pastoral' visit on a night when he knew Sean Fitzpatrick was at his daughter's grave site. O'Reilly told her in advance that it would be best if the house was empty of servants and anybody else who might reside there, as he had some confidential matter pertaining to her husband to discuss with her.

"Once he was admitted it was an easy matter for Father O'Reilly to make sure the front door was open. After about a half hour, five hooded blacks came and took Jeanne Fitzpatrick and Father O'Reilly, who was still pretending to be on Jeanne Fitzpatrick's side, to a wooded area outside the city.

"That was where I came into the picture. I was coming back from a two week trip to Atlanta, where I was finishing up with a case. It was my habit whenever I was near Sean Fitzpatrick's house to go by it, just to see if all was well. I saw the hooded figures shoving a trussed up figure into a van. It was too small to be Sean, so I assumed it was Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

"I followed the van at a safe distance. And I ended up parked out of sight in a wooded area facing the swamps, which is where Jeanne had been taken.

"I had been so intent on making sure I didn't lose sight of the van Jeanne was in that I hadn't paid any attention to who or what was following me. As I left my car to get closer to Jeanne in order to attempt to rescue her, I was told to stand perfectly still after I dropped my gun. I considered turning and firing, but I'd be firing blind while my opponents would be spot on, because they presumably had their guns trained on me. I dropped my gun and they laid me flat on my stomach while they searched for a second gun. They didn't find one, so they cuffed me with my hands behind my back and then told me to stand up.

"When I stood up I knew I had made a mistake by not trying to shoot it out with my assailants. There were three men facing me. Two were obviously hired gunmen. They didn't wear the telltale all-back outfits of the gunfighters in the old Western movies, but I could still tell they were imported guns. Both men were white. It was the third man who made me realize I had made a mistake by not attempting to fire. The third man was Siegel; he wore no mask, which told me that he had no intention of letting me live. I cursed my stupidity and tried to look for an opening. There was none. They took me and made me kneel down, hands cuffed behind my back, next to Jeanne Fitzpatrick, who was in the same position as me only she had been stripped naked. Siegel gave us a graphic description of what was going to happen to us. I had enough of the stoic in me so that I didn't – at least I don't think I did – show any emotion on my face, but inside I was in torment even before they started the torture.

"Jeanne was done with pleading; she was praying when I was forced to kneel beside her. But Siegel told her to stop with the prayers or he'd make her torture longer and her humiliation even worse. So she stopped.

"I said my one prayer quietly under my breath, 'Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on us, and deliver us from these our enemies.' Then I tried the only gambit, which wasn't much of a gambit, that I could think of. I appealed to the mercy of the only man in the group whom I thought might have some mercy in him, Father O'Reilly. I had no illusions about Siegel, the five negroes, or the two gunmen. Siegel was a Jew who had hardened his heart against all things human, the negroes had never known what mercy was, and the two gunmen were professional killers whose hearts had hardened in the course of their profession. O'Reilly, I reasoned, must have had some humanity when he decided to become a priest, and maybe I could awaken that humanity.

"'Father, if we must die, couldn't you use your influence to make sure it's just a bullet to our heads. That would be more merciful than what you have planned.'

"'I'd like to oblige you, Miller, but I can't. You see, you don't understand; the rape and torture is part of the ritual. These black men are not criminals; they are religious devotees.'

"'Do you believe that, Father?'

"'Yes, I do, I believe in the black Messiah; I believe that Christ was a negro whom the white men killed, and when Christ comes back to earth – and maybe he already has come back – it will be as a negro. And until the time when he makes himself manifest to us, we must sacrifice the whites.'

"'Then why don't you take Jeanne Fitzpatrick's place as a sacrificial victim; are you not white?'

"'Father looked at me, then to the heavens with a look of ecstasy on his face. 'I am black by the grace of God. He has made me a black man inside.'

"'I didn't need to hear Siegel's command, 'There has been enough talk,' to know that it was over for me and Jeanne Fitzpatrick. Father O'Reilly had left the God of mercy far behind.

"'They took the handcuffs off Jeanne and staked her out on the ground. Then they positioned me to watch the proceedings. It was part of the ritual to make the white male watch the white female defiled before his eyes prior to his own death by torture.

I wondered if Sean had already killed Sean Fitzpatrick or if they had failed to capture him, because I knew they would want the rape and torture of his wife.

“Then I saw that Sean was present. Siegel had the trunk of his car opened, and Sean, bound and gagged, was brought to kneel down beside me. Now the ritual could begin. I kept repeating those words of the Psalmist: ‘Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.’ And after each repetition I said His name, ‘Jesus.’

“I couldn’t claim to be a church-going man – I couldn’t even claim to be a full-time believer – but I always revered Jesus, and I always felt His reality, His divine presence, the most acutely when the forces of hell were surrounding me. So at the moment when I recited the verse from the Psalms and then said His name, I really did feel that He was next to me. But what are feelings at a time like that? The torture was about to begin. And then I heard a cry, it was like the voice of God or one of His angels. The cry was, ‘Durch die Kreuz, erobern wir!’ and the first thing I saw was Father O’Reilly’s head roll past me. Then the hooded figure, all in black and brandishing a sword, was upon the rest of the devotees. The two hired guns had already had their throats cut before the ritual began, and the five blacks were too surprised to fight effectively. The hooded man – or angel? – dispatched them. Siegel was the last to die. He tried to pick up a gun that had fallen from the dead hand of one of the hired killers, but as he reached for it the hooded figure ran him through.

“I’m not telling the dramatic scene properly; I’m not doing it justice. But what can I say? It was the most horrific of nightmares turned into an incredible fairy tale in which the wicked perished and the good, at least good in the sense that we didn’t deserve the fate that Father O’Reilly had in store for us, triumphed. But why had we triumphed? No doubt we triumphed, because of the mercy of God, but who was His heaven-sent angel of mercy? As he stood there in the midst, he seemed like some great angelic knight of charity from beyond this mortal world. But as it turned out, our deliverer was quite mortal. I don’t know if he told you or not; quite possibly he had told you that he was on a fishing trip to Scotland or something. The heaven-sent angel was the Reverend Christopher Grey. How he got there and why he came, I’ll leave for him to tell.

“I don’t have to tell you, who know him better than I do, that Rev. Grey was a balm to the souls of Sean and Jeanne Fitzpatrick. After we disposed of the bodies and the vehicles in the swamp – the solitary nature of the place where they intended to dispose of us allowed us to dispose of their bodies – the Rev. Grey bade us all kneel with him in prayer. He spoke to Christ so intimately, so thankfully that I really think I saw Him standing there amongst us. It was only for a brief moment – I probably imagined it – but then again I never felt so near to God as I did at that moment when I knelt and gave my silent assent to Reverend Grey’s prayer of thanks.

“This bears repeating – Jeanne Fitzpatrick was spared the ultimate degradation, but her faith in the organization called the Catholic Church had been shattered. She needed Christ to step in and fill the void. He came to her through the Reverend Grey, who was now just as gentle as he had been fierce. He hadn’t managed to have the apocalyptic confrontation in the Roman Catholic Church as he had hoped, but he took the apocalyptic confrontation where he found it. After a lengthy conversation, he left Mrs. Fitzpatrick ready to resume her life with a better faith and a better hope than she had ever had before.

“As we left the Fitzpatricks at their home, the Reverend Grey whispered to me, ‘We won’t be able to get to Callahan, but we can and must kill Belenky before this night is over. Neither Callahan, Pierce or Truscott can maintain the Savannah Branch of the SBARI without Belenky. It will be built up again – Satan has so many tentacles – but still this will slow him down some.’

“Belenky was found dead in his bed the next morning. Foul play was suspected, but there wasn’t a mark on his body. Callahan didn’t try to run the Savannah branch by himself, so it has temporarily folded. And in the meantime Sean Fitzpatrick is trying to get Callahan removed from office for financial misconduct. And so it goes. What did the apostle say? Something about a battle against principalities and powers, wasn’t it? Best of luck on your side of the ocean.”

Chambers : I should have known something was up when you told me that Reverend Grey was taking a two week vacation in the United States. The Reverend Grey has never taken a vacation in his life.

Bontini : For Reverend Grey, a mission of mercy is a holiday, so I didn’t lie.

Chambers : Were you in on it?

Walker: No, I really didn’t know what the Reverent had planned, although he had asked me a great many questions about the area where the Fitzpatricks lived, so I should have suspected something.

Owen: I wish I had known about it; I would have liked to help.

Rev. Grey: I couldn’t ask your help, Edward. Your South African passport would have aroused suspicions.

Owen: Did you consider asking Ezekiel for help?

Rev. Grey : I think he would have been a bit conspicuous. Besides, he is wedded to Kenya and his family. He won’t leave them, and I honor him for it.

Bontini: Still, it must be a very lonely existence.

Walker: I didn’t get that impression when I was with him.

Owen: Nor did I. He seems close to – how can I describe it? – to, well, to the eternal things. He feels God’s presence and his family’s presence.

Bontini: I think I can understand somewhat when I listen to you two describe him.

Chambers: One more question, if I may, Reverend.

Rev. Grey: Okay, but then we join the party, right?

Chambers: Certainly. Why did you shout, “Durch die Kreuz, erobern wir!” in German before you attacked? Doesn’t an Englishman usually speak English, especially at such a crucial moment?

Grey: Yes, he generally does. But at that moment — memory is a tricky thing — something came back to me from long ago.

On that night during the First World War, when I went after those wounded soldiers to bring them back to our lines, there was one soldier, the last one I brought back, who was not British; he was a wounded German soldier. When I got him back to our trenches, I could see he didn’t have long to live. And I could see that he knew he didn’t have long to live. He looked at me with such a sense of relief, because he was a Catholic, and he thought I was a priest of his church because of my clerical collar. I didn’t correct his misunderstanding, because I was sure then, and am even more sure now, that God doesn’t care about such technicalities. The man poured out his heart to me; he felt himself to be the worst of sinners, the worst that ever lived. I won’t violate his faith in me by repeating any part of his confession. I’ll only say that he was a good man and devout. I simply told him the truth, that Christ loved him and it was by His holy cross that we conquered. He latched onto those words and kept repeating them over and over as he held my hand. By the Cross we conquer, by the Cross we conquer. He died content, and I firmly believe that he had conquered, through Christ our Lord.

So in the heat of battle my memory went back to that German soldier’s words, “Durch die Kreuz, erobern wir.” That is why I spoke in German instead of English.

Bontini : In Jesus name, amen.

All: Amen.

Owen: Now to the festivities!

Rev. Grey: I was glad to see you brought your wife tonight. This is the first time I met her socially. The other times it was just a quick hello on my way somewhere. She seems to be a wonderful woman, but then she must be to have captured the heart of a man like you.

Chambers: As always, Reverend, you're too kind. You seem to have cast me in the romanticized role of the ideal Englishman, a cross between Bulldog Drummond and Beau Geste.

Rev. Grey: And why not? That is how I picture you. You remind me of another policeman; a dear friend, John Talbot.

Chambers: Yes, I know of him. He was the real article; the last Englishman.

Rev. Grey: I loved him, and I still love him. Our loved ones don't leave us, ever.

Chambers: I've never asked you about her, because I didn't want to pry.

Grey: It's not prying. She was my conduit to Christ. We all have one. I loved her, and found Christ through her. I can't see her without thinking of Him nor can I see Him without thinking of her. It's Shakespeare's 31st sonnet. I only got to spend five Christmases with her in the flesh, but she is with me every Christmas. I was a farm boy with rather superficial notions of becoming a strongman-wrestler type like Frank Gotch or George Hackenschmidt. When I met her she elevated me and showed me something so much greater than my petty ambitions.

There is great evil in the world, my friend; you and I have seen more than our share of it. But there is the grace of God; it shines like the star of Bethlehem through women like my wife and men like John Talbot. I no longer feel any great separation between this world and the next. It's all bound together by His divine charity. Let's go celebrate Christmas.

William Montgomery : Wet your whistle, Reverend. Would you do us the honor? And don't be shy; you have the gift of song.

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.

The stars in the sky looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep in the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.

I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle 'til morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray.

Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And take us to heaven, to live with Thee there. +

Remembrances VI: Thy People

December 17, 2016

Categories: Older posts (pre-April 2019), Remembrances



A Christmas Carol

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold him
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When he comes to reign;
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty
Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the air;
But only His Mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb,
If I were a Wise Man
I would do my part—
Yet what I can I give Him,
Give my heart.

-Christina Rossetti

The fall of Britain did not come by way of an invasion. It came at the invitation of the liberals. The hatred of the white race that was so manifest in the white-hating Jacobins such as Price and Priestly became the religion of the modern university-trained Britons. So this land of dear souls, at least still dear to me, is now “leas’d out” to the Moslems. The liberals called them refugees and hoped to use them to destroy their enemies, which was all white Britons, but they miscalculated. The Moslems were supposed to be grateful to the liberals, and as a token of their gratitude they were supposed to become a part of white-hating Liberaldom. Instead, they set up their own Moslem state in which the liberals who weren’t executed played only a supporting role.

At first the ‘refugees’ were content to do things democratically. They won a few elections and occupied most of London so that the police were afraid to act against them when they committed felonies such as rape, murder, and armed robbery, but after a few years of nominal control of Britain’s larger cities the Moslems decided to take complete control. They did away with democracy and set up a Moslem state. Britain was divided into nine fiefdoms, with a caliph at the head of each. The high Caliph resided in London at Buckingham Palace, the former home of the Kings and Queens of Britain.

The various members of the British parliament voted, before they were dismissed, for the execution of the royal family and anyone who was even remotely connected to the royal line of descent. The Queen, her husband, Prince George, Prince Stephen and Princess Margaret, were all executed on the old chopping block that was the site of so many royal beheadings in the past. Only Prince Arthur survived, but I’ll come back to him later. By sacrificing the royal family the members of Parliament had hoped not only to save their lives, they also hoped to obtain some position in the new Moslem government. This was only the case with about 15% of the members of Parliament. That was the approximate number of parliamentary members who did obtain minor posts in one of the Moslem fiefdoms. Having spent a lifetime betraying their own people they made themselves useful to the various caliphs by sniffing out any white resistance to Moslem rule and reporting that resistance to the caliph in their particular fiefdom. But there is only room for so many slimy informants in any administration. Eighty-five percent of the former members of the British Parliament were executed along with their families two weeks after they voted for the execution of the royal family.

There was no resistance to the Moslem takeover within the ranks of the military or the police for the simple reason that there was no official takeover. The liberals voted to dissolve their government and turn the reins of power over to the caliphs. So when the caliphs came in they inherited the liberals’ military and the liberals’ police. The members of the military and police forces had been trained to support the state so when the state became Moslem, the police and the military, having been raised with no moral instincts, simply continued working for the Moslem state. There were some executions of the higher ranking officials in all the armed forces so that the leadership positions could be occupied by Moslems, but the regular rank and file police officers and the rank and file soldiers were allowed to continue to serve the new Moslem state. The white policemen and the white members of the military were often harder on the native-born white British civilians than the Moslem soldiers and policemen were, because the white policemen and soldiers wanted to prove their loyalty to the new government.

Some of the pagan nationalist parties had welcomed the Moslem invaders in the hope that they would put paid to the Jews’ account, but the old saying, “Be careful what you wish for, because you might get more than you bargained for,” could be applied to the neo-pagan nationalists just as it could be applied to their liberal enemies and counterparts. The feminists who

all wanted to sleep with the refugees and said, "Better rapists than racists," soon discovered that rape was not as pleasant in reality as it was in their fantasies. Nor was being one wife among many as fulfilling as they had hoped.

Nor were the neo-pagans who wanted the Moslems to crack down on the feminists and the Jews delighted to learn that they, just by virtue of being white, were considered to be Christian and outside the ken of Moslem humanity. They were not allowed to become part of Islamic Britain.

And the blacks? They went back to their natural state. The Moslems used them as slaves and henchmen. So long as they got their share of white blood and white women, they seemed quite content to descend from the pedestal that the liberals had put them on.

The brunt of the invasion, which was more of betrayal than an invasion, fell upon the native-born white Britons. They never believed, even as the Moslems and the third world scum poured into their nation, that their government, their own people, would hand them over to the tender mercies of the Moslems. But of course that is exactly what happened. Some families, far too few, saw what was coming and attempted to go rural, but simply going rural delayed the Moslems for a time, it didn't provide any long-term solution to the problem of an Islamic Britain.

The executions were not wholesale, but they were not non-existent either. If any member of a white British family was suspected of any resistance to Sharia law, the whole family was exterminated. My rough estimate is that about 40% of the white Britons were exterminated after the official Moslem takeover. And the rest of the Brits were watched carefully by the traitors who used to sit in Parliament, but now spent their time looking for the enemies of Islam. And when you look for enemies, you usually find them, whether they are real enemies or imaginary ones.

The church men fared better than Parliament and the native-born. The Anglican and Roman Catholic churches simply proclaimed that Allah was God and Jesus Christ was a subordinate prophet to Mohammed. This enabled them to maintain their tax-exempt status and to continue holding church services. The state religion was, of course, Islam. Anyone who openly avowed Christianity or who was discovered to have avowed Christianity in private was immediately executed.

But there were a few — my friend John Chambers was one — who saw what was coming and went underground before the Moslem takeover. John and a few stalwart Britons are at large and they constitute a fighting remnant that I hope will grow into an army that will ultimately, led by Arthur II, drive the Moslems from Britain. But I'm getting ahead of myself. I'm still not ready to talk about Prince Arthur, the young man who was born to be King of Britain.

My own case was a curious one. I had a long record of open hostility to Islam, liberalism, and black barbarism. I had not had a position in the official church for over 25 years, but I was perceived to be the leader of Christian Britain. I never ceased my walks through London even after the Moslem takeover, and I even managed to save some white Britons from being raped and murdered by roving black and Moslem gangs. I didn't know why I was unmolested at the time, but I later learned that it was because I was considered to be a special case that had to be handled in a special way. When I was finally arrested, I was not formally charged or arraigned. I spent three months in prison before I was told the charge against me and what my fate was.

Act I. Scene 1. The Reverend Grey's Cell.

Grey: Are you the first of the three ghosts, or are you Jacob Marley?

Lawyer: I've been assigned to defend you.

Grey: Then there is going to be a trial?

Lawyer: Yes, and I think it's going to be a rather important trial. Your case is considered a very special case.

Grey: Why?

Lawyer: I'm not a religious man, I have no personal interest in Islam or Christianity.

Grey: Excuse me for interrupting, but it seems to me that every man that but man is has, or at least he should have, a personal interest in the question — Did Christ rise from the dead on the third day?

Lawyer: Well, I don't have any interest in such things, I'm only a lawyer who has been assigned a difficult case. But if you want my opinion about the question of why this case is so special, I can tell you this: the High Caliph would prefer that you recant your Christian faith instead of being executed. He doesn't have any particular liking for you, but he does respect you and holds you in high esteem. If you, who he considers the last Christian in Britain, would denounce your Christian faith it would show the rest of white Britain that there is no need to oppose Islam in the name of Christianity because, of course, Christianity is a myth.

Grey: Does the High Caliph really think I would renounce my God?

Lawyer: Yes, he does.

Grey: And why does he think I would do such a thing?

Lawyer: Primarily because the Archbishop of Canterbury has led him to believe that you can be converted to the true vision of God. Which, according to the Archbishop, is some kind of fusion of...

Grey: ... liberalism, Islam, voodoo, and Christianity.

Lawyer: I suppose so, but that's beyond my ken. The point is that the High Caliph wants you to become a live British Moslem rather than a dead Christian.

Grey: Don't ever link the word British with the word Moslem.

Lawyer: Let's not quarrel over semantics. The point is that you are to be tried in an ecclesiastical court with twelve Anglican clergymen on the jury and the Archbishop of Canterbury as the presiding judge.

Grey: Will their verdict be final?

Lawyer: Yes, if it coincides with the verdict of the High Caliph. And he wants either your repudiation of the Christian faith or, failing that, your execution.

Grey: Well, I won't recant my faith of 96 years just for a few more years of life, so why bother with a trial?

Lawyer: The Caliph wants a trial.

Grey: It seems that the more illegitimate a regime is the more formalistic and obsessed with minutia it becomes.

Lawyer: Look, Reverend, I don't particularly like my assignment. Nor to be quite frank do I particularly like Moslem... can I say it?

Grey: Yes, in that context.

Lawyer: Nor do I like Moslem Britain. But I do want to survive. You say that you're 96 years old and don't want to recant your faith in order to eke out a few more years. But what is this alleged faith of yours compared to life? Even if I only risked having my life cut short by a few weeks if I didn't recant some article of faith, I would recant in order to live those two weeks.

Grey: Is avoiding death that important to you?

Lawyer: Yes, it is. Look, I'm not at all sympathetic to this new regime, but I want to live so I try within the parameters of the new regime. And so far I've survived.

Grey: Why don't you like the new regime?

Lawyer: I'd rather not say.

Grey: Are you married?

Lawyer: No, my wife and I separated.

Grey: I'm sorry to hear that. A wife and children can give a man a reason to live and a reason to die.

Lawyer: We didn't have any children. My wife and I were separated before the takeover occurred. But during the refugee crisis, when we were still together, I used to argue with her about it. She thought the refugees would come in and behave just like the rest of us. I thought that they would drastically change our lives for the worse. I took no joy in the knowledge, after the takeover, that I had been right.

Grey: What happened to your wife?

Lawyer: You're facing a beheading and you ask what happened to my wife? Why should you be concerned about her?

Grey: Something in your tone of voice makes me think that you still care deeply about her. Is she dead?

Lawyer : I'm sorry. Let's both kneel and say a prayer for her.

Lawyer: I don't believe in prayer.

Grey: Then I'll pray for you. O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life, in whom whosoever believeth, shall live though he die, and whosoever liveth and believeth in him, shall not die eternally; who also taught us (by his holy Apostle Paul) not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in him: We meekly beseech thee (O Father) to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness, that when we shall depart this life, we may rest in him, as our hope is this our brother doth; and that at the general resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in thy sight, and receive that blessing which thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all that love and fear thee, saying, Come ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world. Grant this we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ our mediator and redeemer. Amen.

Lawyer: That was kind of you, Reverend, but I'm not a religious person, and neither was my wife.

Grey: I'm not religious in the way you mean. I believe what Christ promised about the resurrection of the dead, and I believe that Christ is the Son of God. Does that make me religious? I think religion and faith are not always the same thing.

Lawyer: Perhaps not. But aren't we getting rather far afield? My lack of faith is not going on trial tomorrow. It is your faith that is going on trial. If you recant you will be forgiven your treason and set free. If you persist in your assertion that Jesus Christ is the one true God, you will be executed. That's what it all comes down to. I'll bring in witnesses, I'll cross-examine the prosecution's witnesses, I'll do my damndest for you, but it won't amount to a hill of beans if you don't recant. They'll find you guilty even if I'm as eloquent as Shakespeare and as knowledgeable as Blackstone.

Grey: I won't renounce Christ.

Lawyer: Then I will put up a futile defense at the end of which you'll be found guilty and sentenced to death.

Grey: My favorite hymn is "Abide with Me."

Lawyer: I don't know it.

Grey: Surely you must have heard parts of it before the Moslem takeover?

Lawyer: No, I didn't.

Grey: "I triumph still if he abides with me."

Lawyer: Is that final?

Grey: Yes.

Lawyer: Then I'll see you in court, but after the guilty verdict. I won't attend the execution, because... well, quite frankly I've become rather fond of you.

Grey: I'll pray for your wife.

Lawyer : One more thing — the Archbishop of Canterbury will be coming to see you before the trial tomorrow. Expect him sometime tonight.

Grey: I'd rather not see him.

Lawyer: You have no choice, he wants to see you. I think he expects to win you over.

Grey: To what?

Lawyer: To... how the hell should I know? I'll see you in court.

Act I. Scene 2. Three hours later.

Grey: Let's dispense with that, Archbishop.

Archbishop: Very well. Do you know why I've come here?

Grey: I suppose it's to get me to listen to what you would call reason.

Archbishop: Precisely. I don't particularly care for you, Reverend Grey, but I am the Archbishop of Canterbury and you are, though not in good standing, a cleric under my care. I don't want to see you executed unnecessarily.

Grey: What would I have to do to avoid this "unnecessary" execution?

Archbishop: Merely affirm your belief in the Christian faith as it is understood by all the organized Christian churches.

Grey: This is no time to play cat-and-mouse games, Archbishop.

Archbishop: I'm not playing games.

Grey: Then come to the point. I won't presume to think that you've poured over my writings and listened to recordings of my sermons, but you've been around long enough to be familiar with things I've written and sermons I've preached. You know what the crux of the matter is. I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

Archbishop: So do I.

Grey: You're at least thirty years younger than me, your grace, but I will pick you up and spank you like a little child if you won't be frank with me. Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God who was crucified, died, and was buried and then rose again from the dead?

Archbishop: No, of course I don't believe he was the son of God in that sense. I believe he was the son of God as we are all sons of God. And I believe that he was a very great prophet only exceeded in greatness by Mohammed and Nelson Mandela.

Grey: Did those other 'great' prophets claim to be the Son of the living God?

Archbishop: Well, no, they didn't. And perhaps that is why they are the greater prophets.

Grey: Look at me, Archbishop.

Archbishop: I am looking at you.

Grey: Look me in the eyes and tell me that you don't believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of the Living God.

Archbishop: Why is that necessary?

Grey: I want to see if there is a flicker of light in your heart. I want to see if you can renounce Christ in your official capacity as His champion here on earth.

Archbishop: If this will make you more agreeable, certainly I'll do it. I do not believe that Jesus Christ is the son of the living god. I believe he is a great prophet who showed us how we could all be sons of God.

Grey: Is that what you expect me to agree to in court?

Archbishop: Yes, I do.

Grey: We have nothing left to say to each other, Archbishop.

Grey: In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Act I. Scene 3.

The Devil: Any news?

Grey : What type of news?

Devil : From Him.

Grey : He's in here, not up there.

Devil: Well, he's left you naked to your enemies, but I can help you.

Grey: Can you?

Devil: Yes, I can. All you need to do is renounce Him. And he really would prefer that you renounce Him. That way you'll save your life and be free to preach.

Grey: But if I renounce Christ, what would I preach?

Devil: You could preach the fusion of all faiths, of Islam, Christianity, Judaism, and all the other religions. Wouldn't that be more in keeping with God's will, seeing that all men are brothers?

Grey : And humanity is what concerns you? Your heart goes out to us?

Devil: This isn't working, is it?

Grey: No, it isn't. I know who you are.

Devil: It's no use, you know. No one is going to come over to your side. You've lost and so has He. And this Britain that you love, she has lost too.

Grey: Then why have you come here? Is it simply to gloat?

Devil: To give you one last chance to come over to my side. All these years you've been fighting me in the name of Christ, but what has Christ ever done for you? He has left you here all alone. He has forsaken you, but I haven't; I'm here with you.

Grey: Do you remember what the Savior said to you in the wilderness?

Devil : Don't quote scripture at me.

Grey : "And Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost returned from Jordan, and was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, Being forty days tempted of the devil. And in those days he did eat nothing: and when they were ended, he afterward hungered. And the devil said unto him, If thou be the Son of God, command this stone that it be made bread. And Jesus answered him, saying, It is written, That man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God. And the devil, taking him up into an high mountain, shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time. And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them: for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it. If thou therefore wilt worship me, all shall be thine. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. And he brought him to Jerusalem, and set him on a pinnacle of the temple, and said unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down from hence: For it is written, He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee: And in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. And Jesus answering said unto him, It is said, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. And when the devil had ended all the temptation, he departed from him for a season."

Devil: That is old and tired. You should face reality. They all hate you, every single man, woman, and child in Great Britain. And Christ has no use for you, all the poetic, European stuff is nonsense. What are you going to say at the trial? Are you going to quote from your beloved Sonnet 31 : "Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts..."

You'd like me to make this into a no holds barred fight, wouldn't you? It would be the dream of a lifetime. You'd get to go toe to toe with the Prince of Darkness. But I'm not going to give you that satisfaction. I'm going to sit in on your trial and watch you quake in fear when they pronounce your sentence. Or maybe you'll come to your senses and turn to me.

Grey : You came here hoping I'd blaspheme in my final hours. I won't. What you see now , you'll see at the trial – a man, however unworthy, who will stand with Christ and Christ's Europe against you and all your minions.

Satan : Oh, you're such a big, strong, brave man. I suppose you think that such heroic gestures mean something in what you would call the spiritual realm. But they don't. You'll simply be tried and executed. There will be nothing noble in your defiance. There are no Beau Gestes in reality. My reality is the only reality. Think about that tonight . I'll see you at the trial.

Act II. Scene 1. The trial.

Prosecutor: For my first witness, I call the former Archbishop of Canterbury, Archbishop Holmes.

The Present Archbishop: The court welcomes the testimony of our illustrious predecessor and our brother in the faith.

Holmes: Thank you.

Prosecutor: You were the Archbishop of Canterbury when Christopher Grey was removed from his London parish and ordered to stop all preaching?

Holmes: Yes.

Prosecutor: Why did you issue that order?

Holmes: The immediate cause was racism. The Reverend Grey was preaching racism.

Prosecutor: From the pulpit?

Holmes: No, not from the pulpit, but in a series of articles he wrote for the newspaper. I've brought some of his articles along, if you'd like me to read some of the more damning passages.

Defense Attorney: Your honor, I must protest. This trial is supposed to be about the defendant's deviation from the Anglican-Islamic faith, not about his views on race.

Archbishop: Racism is a deviation from the Anglican branch of Islam, objection overruled. But it is not necessary to read the offending documents. Just put them up here with me, and I'll order that they be entered into the records of the court.

Prosecutor: Thank you, your honor. Now, was racism the only reason that Reverend Grey was ordered to stop preaching as an Anglican minister?

Homes: No, it was not. He was also removed from his duties because of his unorthodox teaching.

Prosecutor: In what way was he unorthodox?

Holmes: He preached that Jesus Christ was the son of God, who was crucified, died, and was buried, and on the third day, he rose again from the dead.

Prosecutor: In what way does such teaching contradict the teaching of the Anglican Church?

Holmes: Our church, in union with all the other organized Christian churches, preaches that Jesus Christ was a great prophet, a religious teacher, who showed us how we can all become sons of God. He preached brotherhood and peace, but he did not preach racism or exclusivity.

Prosecutor: And what does the Anglican Church, in union with all the organized Christian churches, say about Christ's relationship to Mohammed?

Holmes: Our church, once again I stress, in union with all of organized Christianity, preaches that Mohammed is a greater prophet than Christ, but both prophets point the way to the true God.

Prosecutor: And the Reverend Grey, or should we say, Christopher Grey, denies this?

Holmes: Yes, he does.

Prosecutor: What does he preach?

Holmes: He says that Mohammed is a false prophet and that Christ is the son of the living God. Again, I have brought sermons and articles by the Rev... I mean, by Mr. Grey, to substantiate my statements.

Archbishop: Those documents will also be entered into the court record.

Prosecutor: Thank you for your testimony, Archbishop Holmes. Your honor, I have no further questions for Archbishop Holmes.

Archbishop: Counsel for the defense, do you have any questions for Archbishop Holmes.

Defense: Yes, your honor, I do.

Archbishop: Then you may proceed.

Defense : Do you recognize this book, Archbishop Holmes.

Holmes: Not at this distance.

Defense: It is a copy of the *Book of Common Prayer of 1559*.

Prosecutor: I object. That book, along with the *Bible*, has been banned by the British Sharia High Court.

Defense: Your honor, I obtained the proper historical archives permit for this book. I am not using it for worship.

Archbishop: The defense counsel did get the proper permit, so I'll overrule the prosecutor's objections. Proceed.

Defense: Thank you, your honor. I would like the court to listen while I read a section of the 1559 *Book of Common Prayer*:

"I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord Jesu Christ, the only begotten Son of God, begotten of his Father before all worlds: God of God, light of light, very God of very God: begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made: who for us men and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary, and was made man: and was crucified also for us, under Pontius Pilate. He suffered

and was buried, and the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of the Father. And he shall come again with glory, to judge both the quick and the dead, whose kingdom shall have no end. And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, who with the Father and the Son together is worshiped and glorified, who spake by the prophets. And I believe in one catholic and apostolic Church. I acknowledge one baptism, for the remission of sins. And I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Prosecutor: Your honor, I have been patient, but I must beg leave to ask where the defense counsel is going with this line of defense. Is the court going to be subjected to more of this kind of reading? If so, I demand to know its relevancy to the trial of Christopher Grey for high treason.

Defense: That is all I intend to read, your honor.

Archbishop: Then make your point, the court has been more than lenient with you.

Defense: My point is this – that creed was recited in every Anglican service by the faithful for over 300 years. And it is clear that the British people who recited that creed believed in the same God that the Reverend Grey believes in. How can that belief now be treasonable? I call for an immediate reduction of the charge of treason to a misdemeanor fine for anti-social behavior.

Prosecutor: The beliefs held by British men and women centuries ago have no bearing on this case. British law, like our religion, has evolved. Britain is now governed by British Sharia law, so quite naturally things that were once permitted are no longer permitted, and things that were once forbidden are no longer forbidden.

Archbishop: Point well taken, Mr. Prosecutor. Do you have any more questions for this witness?

Defense: No, your honor.

Archbishop Proceed.

Prosecutor : What is your official title, just for the record?

Pope Francis: I am the pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church.

Prosecutor: I know it's not that long of a trip, just a leap over the pond so to speak, but still I am amazed that you took the time out of your busy schedule to be a witness at this trial. May I ask why you did so?

Pope Francis: The cause of Christian unity is paramount. And the defendant and what he represents is the greatest danger to Christian unity.

Prosecutor: And how would you define the danger that Christopher Grey represents?

Pope Francis: He represents a type of Christianity, a racist, Eurocentric Christianity that spawned all of the evils that have plagued mankind for centuries.

Prosecutor: Such as?

Pope Francis: Such as colonialism, superstition, and the making of a prophet into the son of God. All those evils sprang from the type of faith espoused by that man .

Prosecutor: Then you would concur with Archbishop Holmes. You believe that Christ is one of the lesser prophets and not the son of God?

Pope Francis: Yes, my beliefs are completely in line with Archbishop Holmes.

Prosecutor: No further questions, your honor.

Archbishop: Does the defense wish to question the witness?

Defense: Yes, your honor, I do.

Archbishop: Proceed.

Defense: Are you married, your Excellency?

Prosecution: Your honor, I fail to see the relevancy of...

Defense : Your honor, my client is on trial for his life. Am I not to be allowed any latitude to follow my own line of questioning?

Archbishop: We'll overrule your objection, Mr. Prosecutor, for the time being. But I warn you, counsel for the defense: stay within the bounds of proper courtroom decorum.

Defense; Thank you, your honor. Now, I'll repeat my question: Are you married?

Pope Francis: Yes, I have four wives.

Defense: That wasn't always the custom in the Catholic Church, was it your holiness?

Pope Francis: No, it was not. But when my father, Pope Francis I made Sharia law the law of the church, I took onto myself four wives.

Defense: Do you think that the Christians who once believed in one man and one wife were wrong?

Pope Francis: They weren't wrong at that time, but they would be wrong if they tried to return to the old custom of one man and one wife.

Defense: Why would they be wrong?

Prosecutor: Objection, the pontiff should not be asked to explain the morals and customs of Christians of the past. That is too far afield from the trial at hand.

Archbishop: Objection sustained.

Defense: But, your honor...

Archbishop: I said, objection sustained. Change to another line of questioning, or I'll find you in contempt.

Defense: I was merely trying to establish that if everyone once held beliefs counter to Sharia law, then surely the Reverend Grey...

Archbishop : I said this line of questioning must cease, and it shall .

Grey : Say no more about that, I don't want you to get thrown in jail.

Archbishop : You may now give your summation to the jury.

Defense: Gentlemen – and I know you are all gentle men, and I know you do not desire to inflict the death penalty on a fellow cleric, a man who tries to serve his God as you try to serve yours. The Reverend Grey does hold beliefs that conflict with British Sharia law, but his beliefs are completely in line with the beliefs of all Britons up to the second half of the 20th century. I ask you, in the name of humanity, in the name of mercy, to change his death sentence to a fine. The Reverend Grey was born in another time, and he sees a different vision of God than we do, but surely he does not deserve the death penalty. I ask you to forgive him his trespasses and render a not guilty verdict.

Archbishop: And now we'll hear from the prosecution.

Prosecutor: Gentlemen, I'll be brief. In church and state we are governed by British Sharia law. A crime against the state is a crime against us all. Where we might forgive Christopher Grey in our private capacities, as public officials sworn to protect the public, we cannot forgive him his trespasses as the defense counselor recommends. There can be only one verdict for Christopher Grey and that verdict is Guilty!

Archbishop: You may retire to consider your verdict.

Head Juror: We don't need to retire, your honor.

Archbishop: You have reached a verdict?

Head Juror: We find the defendant, Christopher Grey, guilty of the crime of high treason.

Archbishop: Then it only remains for me to pass sentence. Will the defendant please rise. Before I pass sentence, do you have anything to say?

Grey: No.

Archbishop: Let me remind you that it still remains within my power, a power granted to me by the High Caliph of London, to be merciful. You can still walk out of this courtroom a free man. No one seeks your death. Everything depends on how you answer this next question – Do you believe that Christ is the son of the living God?

Grey: I do.

Archbishop: Then I sentence you to death. You will place your head on the executioner's block at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning.

Act II. Scene 2. A ramshackle building in Tintagel.

Prince Arthur: How is he?

Chambers: He's fine, he just needs some sleep.

Prince Arthur: Small wonder. I don't think he's slept for over 75 hours.

Chambers: He told me to tell you that the coronation will take place at 12 noon tomorrow.

Prince Arthur: The Reverend Grey thinks it's time for the coronation. Do you think it is time?

Chambers: I think we should go with the Reverend Grey's opinion. If he says it is time, then it is time.

Prince Arthur: You've been a great friend to him. I don't think any other man in Britain could have snatched him from prison the way you did.

Chambers: Thirty years at Scotland Yard gave me more than a passing acquaintance with the Yard's prison system. Besides that, I had some good men backing me up. The Rev. Grey still has friends; we weren't going to let him die on the executioner's block.

Prince Arthur: He is lucky to have a friend like you.

Chambers: No, it's the other way around. Sometime I'll tell you how he saved my life. Besides that, he helped me regain my soul. I was in a rather precarious position, as regards my soul, when I first met the Reverend Grey.

Prince Arthur: I guess we are all, we Britons, in a rather precarious state as regards our souls, and – for that matter – our bodies as well.

Chambers: Yes, we are, but this coronation will be the start of a long journey back.

Arthur: I hope so, but I just don't know if I'm up to the task.

Chambers: No one is up to the task, but we do it anyway. That might sound a bit too much like Bulldog Drummond talking, but I mean it in the best sense of the British tradition, which has been almost, but not completely, extinguished. When you are crowned King tomorrow, it will be the start of something old, something old becoming new again. You'll rule as a Christian king should rule and you'll draw Britons back to old Britain.

Arthur: It all sounds right. Then tomorrow Britain will have a King again?

Chambers: Yes, and we'll put it out there on those damn computer phones that everyone has, even the Moslems. Then the Moslems will know, and the Britons will know, that we have a King again. Well, I'll leave you now. I suppose you'll want to get some sleep.

Prince Arthur: No, wait a moment, if you don't mind. I'd still like to talk. It's been awhile since I've had any time to reflect and talk with someone. It's all been a whirl ever since the takeover two years ago.

Chambers: I'm not sleepy, if there is something bothering you...

Arthur: Nothing specific... well, yes, it is something specific. I feel this sense of guilt for being alive when the rest of my family is dead. I keep asking myself, 'Why me?' Why was I spared?

Chambers: That's not unusual. I've read memoirs of men who survived the Battle of the Argonne Forest in World War I, where there was close to a 40% casualty rate. Many survivors felt as you do, 'Why me?' But you did survive, and God must have had his reasons, just hold on to that.

Prince Arthur: I was on a fishing trip in Scotland when the purge began. I didn't dream, when I left London, that I'd never see any of my family again. Oh, I knew Britain was becoming a Moslem nation, but I thought there would be some resistance. I didn't know that the police and the military would surrender without a fight.

Chambers: You must remember, the police and the military come from the culture. For years our schools and our churches have been putting out anti-white, anti-Christian, and anti-native-born propaganda. It's a wonder there have been any defectors at all.

Arthur: There haven't been many though.

Chambers: No, there hasn't. But we haven't been getting larger numbers from the general populace. Which is what you would expect. The military and police still get paid by the Moslem government. The native white Brits have been disenfranchised.

Prince Arthur: The Reverend Grey says that we shouldn't think in terms of numbers. He says a few will be enough. Do you believe that?

Chambers: I'd like more numbers, because I don't have Reverend Grey's faith. But when the white heat of my soul burns inside of me I know that Reverend Grey is right: if a remnant fights, the rest will follow.

Prince Arthur: It will take a miracle, but then how can I not believe in miracles, my life is one. I was raised in liberal schools and a liberal church. I was raised to hate the native-born, white Britons and love the colored races. And I was raised to believe that Christ was not the Son of God. Then I ran into Reverend Grey.

Chambers: That was about five years ago, wasn't it?

Arthur: Yes, it was. I had heard of him when I was growing up, everyone had heard of him. But in royal circles, which translates to liberal circles, he was a pariah. He was a throne-and-altar Christian, he was a racist, he was a male chauvinist, and the list went on and on. It's ironic, the liberals say they don't believe in the devil, but they demonized Rev. Grey. To them he was the devil incarnate.

I was 24 when I met Rev. Grey. I had just finished a two year stint in the military. With two elder princely brothers in front of me, I was resigned to a life of battleship christenings and supportive, symbolic appearances at liberal functions. The particular function at which I met Rev. Grey was a grand opening of a family services clinic. You know what that is a euphemism for, don't you?

Chambers: Abortuaries.

Arthur: Yes. Well, I was in the midst of blathering on about the great modern facility that was being opened to help women, when the Rev. Grey stood before me. "For shame," he said, "You come from a royal line of kings; you can't, you mustn't give your royal sanction to infanticide." I stammered out some inanity about tolerance, but his eyes defeated me; they were pure fire. I felt ashamed.

The police came to usher him away, but he just turned on them and said, "Don't come one step closer." It was amazing — they stepped back and let him walk away in peace. When he got to the edge of the crowd, he warned, "That house of Satan will not be standing tomorrow." Well, it wasn't standing the next day. The clinic burned down that very night. The Rev. Grey was investigated, but they never managed to pin it on him. You probably could shed some light on the matter.

Chambers : I told you, the Rev. Grey has a great number of friends who are quite willing to burn down abortion clinics and do other odd chores for him.

Prince Arthur: Well, those eyes of his troubled me. I started to visit him on a regular basis. My conversion didn't happen overnight, but by the time I went on that fishing trip to Scotland, I was a Christian, like unto Alfred, like unto Rev. Grey, and like unto all the British men and women that lived and died with His divine humanity in their hearts. When I place my hand on the Bible tomorrow, I'll swear to be a Christian king of Britain. And God help me, I will be a Christian King of Britain.

Chambers: Better say when I take that oath today. It's past midnight.

Prince Arthur: Then we have heard the chimes of midnight together, Master Chambers.

Chambers : Indeed we have.

Act II. Scene 3. An open field in Tintagel.

1st Soldier: We'll be moving out tomorrow?

2nd Soldier: Probably, Captain Chambers said we mustn't stay in one place very long.

1st Soldier: I brought my family here on vacation once. They did quite a brisk business showing off the castle. But now there is only the bare ruins again — they tore everything down.

3rd Soldier: We'll build it up again, once we take care of them.

1st Soldier: Well, at least we now have the advantage over them.

2nd Soldier: How do you figure that?

1st Soldier: We don't have anything to defend. They control the government and everything that goes with that power – the government buildings, the bridges, the highways, and everything else. We can keep hitting them, like we've been doing, hide out for a while, and then hit them again.

3rd Soldier: But eventually we'll have to defend what we take.

1st Soldier; Yes, but for now let's let them worry about what we're up to.

3rd Soldier: Yes, we used to have to worry about the next terrorist strike. Now let them worry about where we'll strike next.

2nd Soldier: It's quite a coincidence that the Prince is named Arthur, and he is going to be crowned King here at Tintagel.

4th Soldier: Is it? I don't believe in coincidences.

3rd Soldier: Quiet, here they come.

Rev. Grey: Do you solemnly promise to govern the people of Great Britain according to the Gospel of Jesus Christ and according to the Christian traditions and customs of your British ancestors?

Prince Arthur : Then in the name of Jesus Christ, to whom all kings owe their allegiance, I crown you Arthur II, King of Great Britain.

King Arthur II : Now Britain has a king and that king has a people. We will begin here and we will not rest until Britain is one united Christian nation again. God bless you all – by the Cross we conquer!

Note from Christopher Grey: *I wrote of Arthur Walker in the last Remembrances. He started out as a missionary in Kenya and ended up working for a private detective agency in Savannah, Georgia. He's been back to Britain three times during the eleven years he's lived in the United States, but he has not been back here since the Moslem takeover. What follows are excerpts from a letter he sent me a few weeks after the coronation of King Arthur II:*

Congratulations to everyone connected to the coronation. At last King again! I only wish I could be there. Maybe I'll be able to get back there sometime soon. I certainly hope so.

It's difficult to say which country is worse off, the United States or Great Britain. But really such comparisons are a waste of time. All the white nations, or should I say formerly white nations, are under siege from the forces of diversity and multiculturalism which translates to Satanism.

Over here there was no official ceremonial takeover as there was in Britain. It was more unofficial in the United States, but it definitely did take place. In the end it was negro worship, the same heathen faith that destroyed the whites in Kenya and South Africa, that sounded the death knell of white America.

Everything that President Murdock did was consistent with what the liberals had been preaching for years. Murdoch just decided that the time was ripe to make what was implicit – that Americans worshipped the negro – explicit. First, he federalized all the state and local police and all the state and local militias. Then he made it federal law that no white police officer could arrest or harm any black, no matter what crimes the black man or woman might be committing. In point of fact, it was illegal to say that a black person was capable of committing a crime. The one exception to that Federal mandate was black on black crime. If a black man shot another black man, then that black man could be arrested by a white police officer, but only if the white police officer did not use deadly force when apprehending the black criminal.

Of course the 'hands off the black man' policy led to a complete breakdown of law and order. No white was safe in any area where black men dwelt because it was not a crime to rape or murder a white. And without whites to man the hospitals, keep law and order, dispose of the garbage, run the public transport systems, etc. etc., the cities became plague-infested jungles. The poorer whites who couldn't get out were murdered and the weaker blacks were murdered by the stronger until the stronger succumbed either to one of the many plagues or to someone stronger. Along with the Federalization of the police came the mandatory attendance at the religious festivals, which are a combination of football games and the Catholic mass. Every sport but football has been abolished and the football season has been made into a twelve-month long season. No whites are allowed to play in either the ceremonial games or the games of the local colleges and high schools. Whites are only permitted to watch and worship—to watch and worship their sacred gods.

Needless to say, it's all quite disgusting. No, that is not the proper word. It is all quite satanic. But if you saw Kenya and the whites' capitulation to the Mau Maus in that country, you knew it was coming.

I know that in Britain there is no religious service permitted except the Islamic one, but in America the required service is a blasphemous negroization of the Catholic mass. Pope Francis II sent a papal envoy to President Murdock to set up a mass that was in keeping with the Americans' love for the negro and the basic principles of the Catholic Church, so the offshoot of that was a mini-mass before every Sunday football game in which the name of the sacred negro was invoked as Christ's sacred name was once invoked: "In the negro, for the negro, in fellowship with the negro, who is our Lord and..." – I'll spare you the rest. The service doesn't take too long, about 20 minutes, and then the game commences. After the game a priest blesses the crowd in the name of the sacred negro. And then the crowd goes home. Of course they can't fit the entire populace in the stadiums, even though they have built more stadiums. What they've done is very clever. They've placed huge widescreen television screens in all the local churches. What takes place there is exactly what takes place at the stadiums: there is a short church service and then the game. After the televised game, the priest still gives the blessing in person. The clerics love the new system because it fills the churches. The first failure to attend Sunday services brings a hefty fine. A second offense means death by hanging. Needless to say, there are not many men or women who do not attend the church services. The Moslems? They are not required to attend, but a white man is not permitted to avoid the negro-worshipping services by converting to Islam. All white males must attend the services, even if they have converted to Islam. With the white females it's different. If a white woman has converted to Islam, she no longer has to attend the negro-worshipping ceremonies.

The Pope and the other 'Christian' leaders seem quite willing to adapt their services to suit Moslems and negro-worshippers, but they have no room for white Europeans who worship Jesus Christ. Perhaps it's just as well that the churches have made their anti-Christian and anti-European bias so blatant. Now at least there is no excuse for the white European. If he has anything to do with them, he is with Satan and not Christ.

There are groups of white men who have gone underground, so to speak. They don't attend the negro-worshipping services and they have been classified as outlaws by the existing government. The government officials say they are a tiny minority who they are not worried about. They are a tiny minority, but the liberals are worried about them. James Miller heads up one of the groups in this area. He goes around making like Robin Hood – that's the only way I can think of to describe what he does. He makes punitive raids on the black marauders and white police and military men who murder and imprison white people. He doesn't scold or lecture the anti-white blacks and the anti-white whites. He kills them. And he dispenses what money he gets from the punitive raids to white people who desperately need some assistance. I've been able to give some aid to his organization because, as you recall, I never worked openly for James' detective agency, I worked undercover. The liberals own the army, the police, the churches, the schools, and the government, but they have failed to stop little pockets of resistance, like James Miller's underground men. I've even heard talk in the underground pipeline that there is a chance that the white Russians might join with the native-born white Americans and make an old style invasion of the United States, but I wouldn't want them to push it too soon. I think we need to weaken the liberal pillars a little more before Liberaldom comes tumbling down. I'll probably be in Britain serving under King Arthur before the American underground decides to become an above ground conquering army. But in Britain's case and in America's case the death of Liberaldom is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

I've saved the worst news for last. Our friend Father Bontini has been captured. When he came over here about 18 months ago, shortly after the Moslem takeover of Britain, he was an enormous help to us. He couldn't use his real name, of course, but under the assumed name of Joe Rossi he got a job with the Roman Catholic Social Services organization. With his firsthand knowledge of the way the Catholic liberal works, he was able to subvert that anti-white, anti-Christian organization. He gave Miller and his white commandos advanced knowledge of the Catholic Social Services planned raids on white people. The raids were punitive raids that the Catholic Social Services used to murder and imprison whites who were said to be racist. Very, very little evidence was needed for a raid. If a member of Catholic Social Services didn't like the looks of you, or if a black said you were racist, it was all over. The Catholic Social Services would come and either kill you on the spot or send you to prison. As we know there is now only one capital crime in the United States, and that is white racism.

Father Bontini did all he could. Many times when the Catholic Social Services storm troopers came to kill white "racists" Miller was there with a squad of white guerrilla fighters. Then it was the Catholic Social Services storm troopers, not the innocent whites, who were killed. And when Bontini had advance information about the Catholic Social Services plans for resettlement of the Somalis he always sent word to Miller. That is why so many of the resettlement projects failed. Miller and his guerrillas burned down the sites just before the Somalis were scheduled to settle there.

I don't know exactly how Father Bontini became known to the liberals, but they did finally discover who he was. He was that racist, defrocked, Italian priest who had served time in Italy for an assault on Pope Paul VI. But it is for his crimes in this country that he is going to be tried. He is being charged with the most serious crime in America: He is being charged with aiding and abetting racist whites who want to take over the United States. The penalty for that crime is, of course, death.

Since all crimes dealing with race are handled by the Federal courts, Murdock has appointed one of his handpicked federal judges to try the case. The trial will be in Washington D.C. in three weeks. I don't think either you or I have any doubt about the outcome of that trial. I know we all must die, and Father Bontini has assured us all that he is ready to die, but still he is my friend and I wish there was something I could do. James Miller says that the authorities would like nothing better than a commando raid on Father Bontini's jail cell. I think he's right. I suppose it's hopeless, but I know how close you have been and still are to Father Bontini. Is there anything that can be done?

-Arthur Walker

Act III. Scene 1. Somewhere in England.

Walker: I must say it's good to be back in Britain, even if it's only a small part of Britain.

Bontini: It might be a larger section after tomorrow.

Walker: I hope so. If King Arthur truly has the support he thinks he has, all of Wales and Cornwall as well will be free of Moslem rule.

Bontini: We'll see. But just being here is a miracle to me. Four weeks ago, I was scheduled to be executed on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. At least where the Lincoln Memorial used to be.

Walker: There are statues of Nelson Mandela and Martin Luther King, Jr. there now, aren't there?

Bontini: There were. I haven't been back to Italy since my exile, but I'm told that the Sistine Chapel has been torn down and replaced by the Nelson Mandela Museum.

Walker: Yes, that's true. Almost every act worked for Christian Europe has been destroyed. Only the literature survives because a book can be circulated in the underground.

Bontini: Yes, even if King Arthur takes Wales and Cornwall it will not restore what we have lost. But still, it will be the beginning of a new-old Europe.

Walker: Precisely.

Chambers: I'll be moving out with the army tonight, but I just had to stop and see you before I left.

Bontini : Such emotion from an Englishman, Mr. Chambers. You surprise me!

Chambers : Well, I hope the Moslems will be surprised as well. They have no idea that we're strong enough to hit them straight on.

Walker: Forgive me if I ask a stupid question, but I've been in the States for the past 12 years. Are we strong enough to hit them straight on?

Chambers: I think we are. And I'm not a cockeyed optimist.

Bontini: Nor a Hotspur either, right?

Chambers: No, "Die all, die merrily" is not my motto. I believe in killing the enemy.

Bontini: God go with you and the rest of the men.

Chambers: Are you going to give me the details of your escape? How did he pull it off?

Bontini: Didn't he tell you?

Chambers: I only saw him briefly when he got back, and then he only wanted to know how the army was coming along.

Bontini: Well, I was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be beheaded on the steps of what used to be the Lincoln Memorial. It is now the great chopping block for the Washington D.C. area. Thousands upon thousands of whites have been executed there. I was going to be one of the victims. How Christopher managed it is beyond me, and he always gets vague when you ask him about something he's done.

Chambers: Yes, he does get vague about his missions of mercy.

Bontini: Well, there is always a Catholic priest—actually they don't call themselves Catholic anymore, they call themselves Mandelaites—present at the execution. And there are the two guards who escort the prisoner to the chopping block. And then there is the executioner. You can imagine my surprise—but judging from his past record, I shouldn't have been surprised—when the executioner turned out to be the Reverend Christopher Grey. Christopher killed the two guards, slipped a gas mask over my face and one over his own while a few well-placed men from Miller's marauders threw tear gas bombs all over the area. You see the liberals were prepared for a frontal attack, but they were not prepared for a one-man rescue at their sacrificial altar. The Reverend got me out of Washington and then out of America altogether.

Walker: When I asked about the statues of Martin Luther King Jr. and Nelson Mandela, you said they used to be there, where the Lincoln Memorial used to be. What did you mean?

Bontini: I meant they used to be there before Christopher pulled them down. His strength has never left him after all these years.

Walker: He was aptly named: the Christ Bearer. It's what he's been doing his entire life...

Bontini: Yes, tearing down the idols of the liberals. And tomorrow the work toward a new Christian Britain begins. But then I should say that it has already begun and tomorrow it will continue.

Chambers: Yes. And God willing, we'll all meet here again on Christmas Eve.

All: God willing.

Act III. Scene 2. Somewhere in England

Walker: The waiting is difficult; I wish I was with the army.

Bontini: You will be, but Chambers thought it was better to wait until you got a chance to get used to the army before you plunged right into a major battle.

Walker: I understand that, but the waiting is still hard.

Bontini: In the meantime, maybe Dr. Shelton can tell us how an academic came to be associated with King Arthur and Christopher Grey.

Shelton: Every conversion story is different. I don't think my conversion was as sudden as it might appear if you just looked at what I was doing professionally.

I had the usual British education, which was quite liberal. By the time I got my doctorate in philosophy from Oxford I was a perfectly trained intellectual idiot, who hated all things European and most especially all things British. I loved all things that were not part of European culture and I most particularly loved the black race. But of course all my loves were in the abstract. I didn't marry until I was thirty-five, but of course I had many women before my marriage to a twenty-two year-old woman who had been one of my students. The marriage lasted two years. There were no children. I married two more times, both of those marriages lasted three years total. At sixty I was alone and a drug addict. A lifetime of philosophical abstraction had made me more of a vegetable than a human being... This is all quite pathetic and quite uninteresting, do you really want to hear more?

Bontini: Yes, we all come from liberalism, I was one of the worst. Every conversion from liberalism interests me.

Shelton: All right, I'll continue. The game in academia, particularly in philosophy, is to place yourself in the position of one of the Olympians. You are the great god of reason, who is above the base multitude. You, devoid of passion, will objectively pass judgement on the activities of mankind. Of course the absurdity of that premise is quite clear to any sane man. But there are no sane men in academia. I was full of smoldering passions, I hated everything human, because everything human in my "objective opinion" was imperfect. All my wives were imperfect; they didn't love me enough. All my colleagues were imperfect; they didn't appreciate me enough. And all the traditions and customs that stemmed from Christian Britain were evil, because they were imperfect and stifling. They stifled my genius.

There it is. When I add that I was hopelessly addicted to cocaine, I am mentioning that as a logical consequence of an overweening vanity that, if I was really so objective, I would have recognized, in reality, was a self-loathing. Try as we might, we Europeans, we cannot completely efface His image, and when we see ourselves next to Him, we loathe what we are and kill ourselves, because we can't be like Him, while we strike out at anything and everybody that reminds us of Him. That is the essence of liberalism, gentlemen, and if it reminds you of the devil, you are right to be so reminded. Self-love, envy, and hatred of the light – and the light is to be combated with pure intelligence. It's all quite pathetic. And it would be laughable if it was not a pathetic pathology that destroys and kills both the body and the soul.

Walker: But there was a moment, wasn't there? You are here, you are with His people. So there must have been a moment of light?

Shelton: Yes, there was. It was completely undeserved, but the grace of God is always undeserved. Two years prior to the formal Moslem takeover, I lost my university position, not due to any suspicion of Christian heresy, but because the Moslems had no use for any philosopher even if he was a Western secular philosopher. I lost my position and my income and my health

care. Both of which I needed, because of my cocaine addiction.

Well, the hospitals in Britain had become, as you know, mere slaughter houses. Any non-Moslem who was sick was simply killed. So I didn't go to the hospital. I found a dingy hovel and stocked in an illegal supply of hard liquor and prepared to drink myself to death.

And I would have succeeded, except for the one human relic of my desolate life. I had a son by my second wife. I had never seen him. You see my second wife was German; I met her and married her when I was doing a two-year stint as a guest professor at the University of Munich. She didn't even tell me that she was two months pregnant when we divorced. Some ten years later, she told me about my son. I don't recall being that interested in seeing him, I just was outraged that she had withheld the truth from me. You see I was very big on the truth. Like the king of liars, I was a liar who thought he loved the truth. And the truth was that I was too intelligent to co-exist with stupid humanity.

Well, this son whom I had never seen, found me. I cursed him, berated him, and told him from my deathbed that I wanted nothing to do with him. But still he plagued me for four weeks with an unbearable patience and kindness. In between curses one day I asked him why. "Because you are my father, and I love you."

I was trapped. I couldn't move from my bed, and I couldn't avoid his compassion and his love. And through him I came to Him. By the time I was well, I had a son and knew myself to be Christ's child, and I knew that Christ was the Son of the living God.

My son's name is now known throughout Germany; his mother gave him her family name. He is the leader of the Christian armies in Germany. At this date, as you know, the Christians have retaken Bavaria and some of the neighboring provinces. I thought the least I could do was to be of some service to the Christian forces here, which I hope will eventually unite with the German forces and drive the Moslems from Europe. Listen to me, the great anti-European talking about driving the Moslems from Europe.

Walker: How on earth did your son escape the modernist pestilence?

Shelton: By a miracle of grace. He was raised to be a liberal, but his heart was too great for liberalism. Shakespeare, Scott, the Brothers Grimm, the Reverend Grey, the Black Forest of Christian Germany, and the image of Christ that still haunted Germany's Moslem present all drew him to Christ. At first his heart and then his sword belonged to Christ. I pray that God keeps him safe, because he is my son and I love him and because Christian Europe needs such men.

Bontini : God bless you, and God bless your son. Let's pray for him and for the success of King Arthur and his army.

Act IV. Scene 1. Christmas Eve at Tintagel.

King Arthur: I needn't tell anyone here, because you were the ones doing the fighting, that we have won a great victory. All of Wales, Cornwall, and parts of Northern Scotland belong to Britain.

I've reinstated the old Christmas tradition of twelve days and nights of celebration. But lest we forget, we have the liberal-Moslem armies always in front of us. So this Christmas, and for many Christmases to come, most likely, we'll need to celebrate in shifts. Some must guard our nation's borders while others celebrate, and then those who are rested will relieve the others. I need not tell you that we cannot rest while there is a liberal or a Moslem, at large in Britain. Great counter-revolutions are happening throughout Europe, we must do our part. And from the bottom of my heart, I thank you all. There is now a Christian flag, our flag, over part of Britain. God willing the cross will soon fly over all of Britain. And now before we each go to our private Christmas celebrations, I'll ask the Reverend Christopher Grey to say a few words.

Grey: There are no words more befitting Christmas than the divinely inspired words of St. Luke:

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:) To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And now if you'll stay with me for a few moments longer, I'd like you to sing my favorite hymn, "Abide with Me":

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see—
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

God bless you and Merry Christmas.

Act IV. Scene 2. A refurbished room in a restored house in Tintagel.

Grey : I know you'll want to spend Christmas with your intended and her family. Will you be able to?

King Arthur: I think so. The borders are secure and I won't be leaving here for another week, then I'm going to inspect the troops in Scotland.

Walker: I've been away from Britain for quite some time; I had no idea you were engaged.

Chambers: Well, he is; soon we shall have a Queen Elizabeth.

Walker: When?

King Arthur: On January 1st. I'll be married to Elizabeth Austen, no relation, or so I'm told, to Jane Austen.

Walker: It's no matter. So long as you love her and she is British.

King Arthur: I do and she is.

Shelton: It's beginning to look like Christian Europe is not quite dead yet.

Grey: No, indeed. Over half of Germany now belongs to the Christians. And I've heard through Edward Owen that South Africa belongs to the white Christians again. And in America, Arthur could tell you more about this, the white Southern forces, led by James Miller, have joined forces with the Russian Army to retake Florida, Georgia, and most of Mississippi. They are flying the Confederate flag side by side with the old flag of Czarist Russia. Those are the countries I have first-hand knowledge of, but I've heard of guerilla movements and full scale assaults from the European ranks throughout all the European countries. It won't be easy – the war will be a long one. But it is now certain that the European people are ready, finally, to fight for Christian Europe.

Walker: We are either the Christ-bearing people or we are nothing.

Bontini: Yes.

Grey: Gentlemen, it's past midnight, so I must wish you all a merry Christmas and if you'll allow me, I want to read a poem of a friend of mine who died young but left us this poem in tribute to his Lord.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely, moored—my perils o'er
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

May the Christ Child come into your hearts this Christmas and every Christmas, from now till the ending of the world when we shall see the Savior face to face. Amen. +

Remembrances VII: The Return to Bethlehem

December 23, 2017

Categories: Older posts (pre-April 2019), Remembrances



From God our Heavenly Father
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

It's been three years since the forces of Christian Britain established a foothold in Moslem Britain, and it's been three years since the Reverend Christopher Grey last completed a remembrance. He has written many a letter and many a sermon in the past three years, but he has not had time to make more than rough sketches of new remembrances. Nor is he likely, alas, to finish another remembrance. I promised him I'd 'tidy up' some of his correspondence and the remembrances for him if he was unable to get back to them. And who am I? I am Francesco Bontini, formerly a priest in the Roman Catholic Church, now defrocked, formerly a citizen of my beloved Italy, now in exile, and a friend of the Rev. Grey for the past twenty-five years. I am 70 years old, and the Rev. Grey is 101 years old. He is currently awaiting yet another trial for his life, this time in Italy at the Vatican court. There is no doubt that he will be sentenced to death as he was three years ago in London, but I don't want to get ahead of myself, nor do I want to go too far afield from fulfilling the task the Rev. Grey gave me. I am to devote my time to his correspondence and his remembrances.

Let me quote from the Reverend's last completed remembrance to set the stage for what follows:

The fall of Britain did not come by way of an invasion. It came at the invitation of the liberals. The hatred of the white race that was so manifest in the white-hating Jacobins such as Price and Priestly became the religion of the modern university-trained Britons. So this land of dear souls, at least still dear to me, is now "leas'd out" to the Moslems. The liberals called them refugees and hoped to use them to destroy their enemies, which were all white Britons, but they miscalculated. The Moslems were supposed to be grateful to the liberals, and as a token of their gratitude they were supposed to become a part of white-hating Liberaldom. Instead, they set up their own Moslem state in which the liberals who weren't executed played only a supporting role.

At first the "refugees" were content to do things democratically. They won a few elections and occupied most of London so that the police were afraid to act against them when they committed felonies such as rape, murder, and armed robbery, but after a few years of nominal control of Britain's larger cities the Moslems decided to take complete control. They did away with democracy and set up a Moslem state. Britain was divided into nine fiefdoms, with a caliph at the head of each. The high Caliph resided in London at Buckingham Palace, the former home of the Kings and Queens of Britain.

The various members of the British parliament voted, before they were dismissed, for the execution of the royal family and anyone who was even remotely connected to the royal line of descent. The Queen, her husband, Prince George, Prince Stephen and Princess Margaret, were all executed on the old chopping block that was the site of so many royal beheadings in the past. Only Prince Arthur survived, but I'll come back to him later. By sacrificing the royal family the members of Parliament had hoped not only to save their lives, they also hoped to obtain some position in the new Moslem government. This was only the case with about 15% of the members of Parliament. That was the approximate number of parliamentary members who did obtain minor posts in one of the Moslem fiefdoms. Having spent a lifetime betraying their own people they made themselves useful to the various caliphs by sniffing out any white resistance to Moslem rule and reporting that resistance to the caliph in their particular fiefdom. But there is only room for so many slimy informants in any administration. Eighty-five percent of the former members of the British Parliament were executed along with their families two weeks after they voted for the execution of the royal family.

There was no resistance to the Moslem takeover within the ranks of the military or the police for the simple reason that there was no official takeover. The liberals voted to dissolve their government and turn the reins of power over to the caliphs. So when the caliphs came in they inherited the liberals' military and the liberals' police. The members of the military and police forces had been trained to support the state so when the state became Moslem, the police and the military, having been raised with no moral instincts, simply continued working for the Moslem state. There were some executions of the higher ranking officials in all the armed forces so that the leadership positions could be occupied by Moslems, but the regular rank and file police officers and the rank and file soldiers were allowed to continue to serve the new Moslem state. The white policemen and the white members of the military were often harder on the native-born white British civilians than the Moslem soldiers and policemen were, because the white policemen and soldiers wanted to prove their loyalty to the new government.

Some of the pagan nationalist parties had welcomed the Moslem invaders in the hope that they would put paid to the Jews' account, but the old saying, "Be careful what you wish for, because you might get more than you bargained for," could be applied to the neo-pagan nationalists just as it could be applied to their liberal enemies and counterparts. The feminists who all wanted to sleep with the refugees and said, "Better rapists than racists," soon discovered that rape was not as pleasant in reality as it was in their fantasies. Nor was being one wife among many as fulfilling as they had hoped.

Nor were the neo-pagans who wanted the Moslems to crack down on the feminists and the Jews delighted to learn that they, just by virtue of being white, were considered to be Christian and outside the ken of Moslem humanity. They were not allowed to become part of Islamic Britain.

And the blacks? They went back to their natural state. The Moslems used them as slaves and henchmen. So long as they got their share of white blood and white women, they seemed quite content to descend from the pedestal that the liberals had put them on.

The brunt of the invasion, which was more of betrayal than an invasion, fell upon the native-born white Britons. They never believed, even as the Moslems and the third world scum poured into their nation, that their government, their own people, would hand them over to the tender mercies of the Moslems. But of course that is exactly what happened. Some families, far too few, saw what was coming and attempted to go rural, but simply going rural delayed the Moslems for a time, it didn't provide any long-term solution to the problem of an Islamic Britain.

The executions were not death sentences, but they were a rough estimate. If any member of a white British family was suspected of any resistance to Sharia law, the whole family was exterminated. My rough estimate is that about 40% of the white Britons were exterminated after the official Moslem takeover. And the rest of the Brits were watched carefully by the traitors who used to sit in Parliament, but now spent their time looking for the enemies of Islam. And when you look for enemies, you usually find them, whether they are real enemies or imaginary ones.

The church men fared better than Parliament and the native-born. The Anglican and Roman Catholic churches simply proclaimed that Allah was God and Jesus Christ was a subordinate prophet to Mohammed. This enabled them to maintain their tax-exempt status and to continue holding church services. The state religion was, of course, Islam. Anyone who openly avowed Christianity or who was discovered to have avowed Christianity in private was immediately executed.

But there were a few — my friend John Chambers was one — who saw what was coming and went underground before the Moslem takeover. John and a few stalwart Britons are at large and they constitute a fighting remnant that I hope will grow into an army that will ultimately, led by Arthur II, drive the Moslems from Britain. But I'm getting ahead of myself. I'm still not ready to talk about Prince Arthur, the young man who was born to be King of Britain.

My own case was a curious one. I had a long record of open hostility to Islam, liberalism, and black barbarism. I had not had a position in the official church for over 25 years, but I was perceived to be the leader of Christian Britain. I never ceased my walks through London even after the Moslem takeover, and I even managed to save some white Britons from being raped and murdered by roving black and Moslem gangs. I didn't know why I was unmolested at the time, but I later learned that it was because I was considered to be a special case that had to be handled in a special way. When I was finally arrested, I was not formally charged or arraigned. I spent three months in prison before I was told the charge against me and what my fate was.

Christopher was sentenced to death after that trial, but he escaped and lived to see Prince Arthur become King Arthur II and reclaim most of Wales, Cornwall, and a small segment of Scotland for Christian Britain. Most of Britain is still in the hands of the Moslems, but white Britons now have a foothold in Britain even if it is a tenuous foothold. The majority of whites that are still living in Britain have sided with the Moslems against their own people. Why have they done so? It's not easy to fathom, but it seems to me that the white grazers, as Christopher calls them, think they have a better chance to survive if they adhere to the Islamic-Liberal state than to the Christian state of King Arthur. And they may be right, from a purely amoral, practical standpoint. But what the white grazers do not realize is that it is King Arthur's presence that has enabled the white grazers to survive. Once there was a place of refuge to flee to, the Caliph thought it wise to loosen up some of the restrictions on the whites living within Moslem Britain. If they lost all their whites, who would run the hospitals and provide the technological services necessary to maintain a nation? Certainly not the negroes. When the whites had no place to flee to, the Moslems' attitude was 'take it or leave it,' knowing full well that there was no place to go. Now, they must be more careful. They still kill the blasphemers, but they are a little more careful about their killing. If a white Briton can help keep Moslem Britain going, he is now in less danger than before King Arthur established Christian Britain.

The standard of living in new Britain — or is it old Britain? — is certainly lower than the British people were used to, but there is life, spiritual life, in this nation. We are certainly on the right path. What will follow? Will we retake all of Britain, or will we ultimately be eradicated from the face of the earth? I don't know, I'm not a prophet. In the meantime my friend and mentor has given me a task to do.

Some years back Peter Delaine came to see Christopher in his study. He gave Christopher a manuscript to read, written by Delaine's great-grandfather, who was also named Peter Delaine. His great-grand sire told about the murder of his father at the hands of Haitian savages and the rescue of his mother, his sister, and himself from those same savages. The man who rescued him was his uncle Brian Delaine. I'll let Peter Delaine describe his uncle:

My uncle was three years younger than my father and came to Saint-Domingue one year after my father did. Like my father he was completely loyal to France and did not see himself as any less of a Frenchman because he chose to seek his fortune in French Saint-Domingue instead of in France. But in every other way, my uncle was different from my father. Father was a man of slender build, very handsome and calm in temperament. I never once heard my father raise his voice in anger. In contrast, my uncle had a much more volatile nature. He often raised his voice in anger and quite often, when angry, seemed on the verge of physical violence, especially during some of his heated arguments with Father Genevesse.

My uncle was several inches shorter than my father, but he actually appeared taller because of his large, almost herculean physique. It was amazing that two brothers with the same bloodlines could look so different. My father looked every inch the French Aristocrat, while my uncle looked more like a French peasant than a French aristocrat.

Despite their differences in personality, or maybe because of those differences, my father and my uncle were very close. It was a great disappointment to my father when my uncle decided not to settle down on an estate next to him. Instead my uncle invested his part of the family fortune in a merchant ship and became a seafaring man. Because of the life he chose, he was frequently away from Saint-Domingue on long voyages of a mercantile nature. I don't think my father quite approved of the seafaring life, but he never reproached my uncle for it, although he would occasionally make a joke about finding a good wife for Uncle Brian who would make him stay on land for more than just one week every other month.

I, of course, was very interested in my uncle's voyages. I always looked forward to his visits to our estate, when he would tell me stories of his travels and the seafaring men who accompanied him on his voyages.

My uncle knew that my father didn't approve of the life he had chosen, so he always prefaced his stories with, "If your father permits, I'll tell you of..." My father always permitted it, because he loved his brother and he loved me. And despite my love for my uncle's sea stories, I never considered any life for myself other than the one my father wanted me to have, that of a French aristocrat tending to his plantation in Saint-Domingue.

It was a good life. Much has been written, since that way of life has disappeared, about lazy, good-for-nothing French aristocrats who lived off the sweat of black slaves. That is a lie, just as the Jacobin story of fat, indolent aristocrats who deserved to be guillotined in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity is a lie. The truth is that the black man lived off the sweat, ingenuity and vision of the white ruling class. Now that Saint-Domingue is Haiti, what is the lot of the black man? Rape, murder, poverty, and mayhem are normal in the Haiti of the black man. They were vile aberrations in the Saint-Domingue of the French aristocrats.

The climactic events of my life happened when I was 16, two years after the French Revolution. That is how long it took before liberty, equality, and fraternity brought rivers of blood to Saint-Domingue.

I am 95 years old, but I have carried the memory of the events of 79 years ago with me through all these years. Nothing will ever erase the memory of that terrible night and its aftermath.

After the night of sorrows when Peter's father was murdered, he and his family settled in England. But Brian Delaine continued his seafaring life. He became a Scarlet Pimpernel-type figure, going back to Haiti and to France on several occasions:

"Like the Scarlet Pimpernel he kept his identity secret. Unlike the Scarlet Pimpernel he had no songs written about him, but amongst the French émigré population in England he was called the scourge of Jacobinism. He never reconciled with the French government, not under Napoleon nor the Republic. My uncle, a descendant of Brain Delaine, told me that whenever the topic of reconciliation came up Brain Delaine simply stated, 'They are all regicides; I will never make peace with them.' And he never did."

"He lived the rest of his life in England?"

"Yes, except for his rescue missions to France and two or three trips to Haiti."

“Why Haiti? What was there left for him to do?”

“My uncle never gave me any details about those trips. All he said was that his great grandfather’s excursions to Haiti were for rescue and punitive purposes. So I can only assume that the family sword was unsheathed again on those missions.”



Before he was taken prisoner by the Vatican Army, Christopher was working on a translation of a segment of Brian Delaine’s diary that his great, great-nephew had in his possession at the time of his death. Much of the diary was illegible, but Christopher was able to understand the essential details of a rescue mission, prior to the rescue mission that was included in his remembrance of Peter Delaine, in Jacobin France during the reign of Robespierre. Brian Delaine had reason to believe that his oldest brother’s daughter, the brother who stayed in France, was still alive. He set out to find her and bring her back to England with him. In order to do that he needed to penetrate one of the Jacobin enclaves in order to come into contact with a Jacobin woman who knew, according to Brian’s informants, the whereabouts of his niece. What follows is Christopher’s translation of Brian Delaine’s diary. As he often does, Christopher put the diary in dramatic form, without altering the essential narrative of Brian Delaine. Christopher explained to me that what would have been impossible for most French aristocrats of that time, to pose as a member of the French lower class, was possible for Brian Delaine because of the sea-faring life he had led. Granted he was a captain, not a seaman, but he had come in contact with all sorts of men from the lower classes. He knew how they talked and he could ape their manners. What follows is Christopher’s translation of Brian Delaine’s first rescue mission to Jacobin France.



Cast of Characters

Butcher

Priest – Father Sieyès

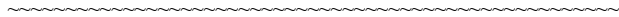
Revolutionary Poet and Man of Paris – Peter Chalier

Feminist – Rose Lacombe

Petty Thief and Informant

Strongman, Lackey for Madame Lacombe – Gorgo

Brian Delaine, assuming the identity of a common seaman named Charles Delarose



Act I. Scene I. A room above a butcher shop in Paris

Poet: I don’t see why we have to meet here all the time. There is no need for secrecy anymore, the Revolution has taken care of that.

Butcher: Why shouldn’t we meet here?

Poet: Because the place stinks of rotten meat, that’s why.

Butcher: It doesn’t stink, I use only fresh meat. I don’t keep rotting flesh on the premises.

Father Sieyès: (laughing) Maybe what we smell is the rotting flesh of the headless bodies cast off by Madame Guillotine.

Petty Thief: We still meet here because Madame Lacombe wants us to meet here.

Poet: And we must always do what Madame Lacombe tells us to do.

Butcher: Don’t try to act like you’re not afraid of her, we are all afraid of her, and you’re no exception.

Poet: I am a poet, I fear no man and no woman.

Butcher: Nonsense. I say that you are afraid of her.

Petty Thief: What do you mean when you say you are a poet? Are poets without fear? No one with an ounce of common sense would willingly run afoul of Madame Lacombe. She is a trusted lieutenant of Robespierre himself. One false step, and you’ll be facing Madame Guillotine yourself, Monsieur Poet. Your verses won’t save you.

Butcher: Or she might have you strangled instead. That imbecilic giant that is always by her side will do whatever she commands.

Father Sieyès: Where did he come from?

Butcher: He used to be a strongman in a circus. He has the strength of ten men but the mind of a child.

Petty Thief: (laughing) A cruel child!

Butcher: He serves his purpose. But (staring at the poet) don’t tell me you’re not afraid of Madame Lacombe?

Poet: Well, where is she? She is the one who called the meeting.

Butcher: She’ll be here.

Petty Thief: (laughing) She probably had to spend time with her aristocratic girls.

Butcher: Don’t let her hear you say that.

Poet: Why not? This is the new France — if Madame Lacombe wants to use the young women for her own needs before she turns them over to Madame Guillotine, why should that be any concern to the rest of France?

Butcher: There is no reason at all, but I still don’t think she would like to hear people talking about it.

Father Sieyès: There is one man who doesn’t appear to be afraid of her.

Poet: And who is that?

Father Sieyès: This new recruit that she has brought among us. I don’t like him.

Poet: Because he doesn't seem to fear Madame Lacombe?

Father Sieyès: That's partly it, but it is also because he doesn't seem to love the Revolution. He says the right things, but I don't trust him. He speaks only when spoken to, and then he says very little.

Petty Thief: (looking at the poet) That is very refreshing considering the way some people run at the mouth.

Poet: Shut your face.

Father Sieyès: I hate the old regime and everything connected to it.

Butcher: Even the Son of God?

Father Sieyès: Yes, especially the Son of God. But I've learned to know my enemy. That sailor, or so he says, has the mark of an aristocrat, a Frenchman of the old regime.

Petty Thief: I don't think Madame Lacombe can be so easily fooled as you think.

Father Sieyès: I don't say that she is wrong, I say that she might have been deceived by this man.

Poet: Well, there are ways to test him.

Father Sieyès: Then I suggest we test him.

any German lady here, and such attempts to assassinate her, and such a triumphant procession from Windsor to the Old Jewry, and I assure you, I shall be quite as full of natural concern and just indignation.'

Butcher: Burke is just a scribbler, he does us no harm.

Poet: I disagree, Burke has the...

Father Sieyès: The poetic?

Poet: Yes.

Petty Thief: But he lives in England. What can we do about him?

Madame Lacombe: You? Probably nothing. But he (pointing to the poet) and he (pointing to the priest) might be able to combat him in their writings.

Poet: That is impossible.

Father Sieyès: Why?

Poet: Because neither you nor I possess Burke's poetical gifts. He writes with an eloquence that is second only to Shakespeare.

Father Sieyès: Then you are an aristocrat?

Poet: No, I am not. I am the son of the gutter, who knew neither father nor mother.

Petty Thief: But you were raised by aristocrats.

Poet: I was adopted when I was five years old by an aristocratic family. They took me from a convent orphanage. They loved me and educated me. And in return I betrayed them when Robespierre came into power.

Father Sieyès: Why, if they loved you and treated you well did you betray them?

Poet: Because I hated them. I hated their superiority, which is what they called 'charity.' I am not fooled by such posturing. At the heart of their charity was a desire to lord it over me, to treat me as inferior because I needed kindness. So I rejected their kindness. And it was my testimony that sent them and my brothers and sisters by adoption to the guillotine. So don't tell me I'm an aristocrat. I am of the people. But I believe in knowing your enemy. So I tell you, no living man can match Burke's eloquence.

Father Sieyès: Then what should be done about Burke?

Poet: There are two ways to destroy him. The first is to bring up sordid details of his amours.

Father Sieyès: He had no amours. His personal life is quite free of clandestine affairs.

Poet: Then you must deal with him by the second way.

Father Sieyès: Which is?

Poet: Kill him. There are plenty of English Jacobins who would be quite willing to kill him.

Butcher: For the cause?

Poet: Or for money?

Madame Lacombe: Such decisions will be made by Citizen Robespierre. The people of this cell should focus on Delaine and the other French aristocrats. Do your job and France will remain a free republic. We can't rest. The king is dead, the queen will be next. And then all of Europe will follow us.

Father Sieyès: Amen to that.

I meant that metaphorically.

Madame Lacombe: (glaring at him) The meeting is over.

Poet: If you have doubts about this Delarose let me sift him. I'll find out if he is truly with us.

Father Sieyès: Yes, do that. And let me know as soon as possible. Her judgment is not infallible. I do not trust that man.

Poet: Leave it to me.

Act I. Scene II. A street of Paris

Poet: Father Sieyès distrusts you because he doesn't know where you come from and you never speak at the meetings.

Delaine: I have nothing to say. Madame Lacombe finds me useful. When she no longer finds me useful, I will find other employment.

Poet: When Madame Lacombe no longer finds you useful, you most probably will not be able to find other employment. It's difficult to work when your head has been separated from your body.

Delaine: I suppose it is.

Poet: Doesn't that scare you?

Delaine: Does it scare you?

Poet: I suppose it does. I do not have a martyr complex as so many of those Christians used to have. I want to live.

Delaine: Why?

Poet: Ah, there you have me. I suppose I want to live so I can indulge my appetites a little longer. When I'm no longer able to indulge my appetites, I probably won't fear death as much as I do now. But this isn't right, you must do some of the talking.

Delaine: Why?

Poet: So I can tell Father Sieyès that you are not a traitor.

Delaine: I don't give a damn what you tell Father Sieyès.

Poet: So, I must report that I have failed to prove you guilty and I have failed to prove you innocent?

Delaine: You can report what you like. I am going that way and I don't want you to follow. Goodbye.

Poet: (to himself) Well, round one to you, Citizen Delarose, but I will find you out yet. Just give me time.

From Brian Delaine's Journal

What kind of country is it when these Neros of the gutter, these Jacobins, can kill thousands and thousands of innocent men, women, and children simply because they wear lace collars or say the Lord's Prayer? France the nation no longer exists. What I see before me is a portal to hell. My niece has been turned over to the Jacobin Tribunal for trial. There is no doubt about her sentence. If she dies it will mean I have perished. If I live she will live. We shall see.

Act II. Scene I. The Trial

Judge Trinchard: Juliet Delaine, you are accused of crimes against the people of France, how do you plead?

Juliet: I'm not guilty. It is this Tribunal that is guilty, it is you, and Robespierre, and every member of your council who have murdered my family and my fellow countrymen. I can understand why a poor man might steal bread for his family, but I cannot understand how men like you, who are not starving nor poor, can kill other human beings with no pangs of conscience, without the slightest thought for the God of Mercy. I don't want to die before I've lived, but I will gladly place my head on the chopping block and go to my God than live one more day in your France, which you have made a hell on earth. I am a Christian, I am a Delaine, and I am French. I spit on you and Robespierre and all the Jacobin pigs in this courtroom.

Trinchard: She is condemned from her own mouth.

And yet the court might be lenient. We might change your death sentence to imprisonment. You are only 14 years old, you might be reformed. If you would tell us the whereabouts of your uncle, you needn't die on the guillotine.

Juliet: The last words I shall speak in this court are the words of my Savior: "Into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Trinchard: You shall die the death. Send me prisoner 52.

Trinchard: Guilty, now send me prisoner 53...

Act II. Scene II. Robespierre's chambers.

Robespierre: Citizenness Lacombe tells me that you can deliver Brian Delaine into my hands.

Chalier: Yes, I think I can.

Robespierre: I don't deal in what you think you can do. Can you or can you not deliver Brian Delaine into my hands?

Chalier: I can if you allow me access to his niece.

Robespierre: She is in prison – she has been sentenced to death. What is to be gained by talking to her? Do you think she will tell you something that she would not tell the Tribunal under threat of death? What can you do that the Tribunal can't?

Chalier: I can win her confidence. I can give her a friend to speak to in her last days. Make her one of the last of this group sentenced to die. Give me five days in prison with her. I was raised by aristocrats, I can pass for one. Place me in the cell with the others, and I will talk with her as a brother, as one who has also been condemned to die. And she will tell me something, I'm sure, that will lead to the capture of her uncle.

Robespierre: How can you be sure that her uncle is even in Paris?

Chalier: Because I know him.

Robespierre: You have met him?

Chalier: No, but I know him. For he too is a poet. I don't mean that he writes verse, but he is a poet in spirit. He will not let his niece die without making an effort to save her. No matter what the odds, he will try to save her.

Robespierre: You seem to admire him.

Chalier: No, I hate him. I hate him as Satan hates Christ, his poetic genius rebukes mine. I mean to triumph over him.

Robespierre: Bah, I hate all poets. I spit on you. There is only one thing necessary: That the republic should be cleansed of everyone who opposes the will of the people. The people – my will is their will and my will is stronger than poetry, than God, and every other obstacle in my path. They thought I was weak, those royalists, those aristocrats, but it was they who were weak. I have killed the King, and soon the Queen will walk the same path to the guillotine. Brian Delaine will die, if you can bring him to me, you shall be rewarded. But I don't need you, remember that you need me. It is my will which sustains France.

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### Act II. Scene III.

Chalier: (to Juliet) You cried out in your sleep on three different occasions last night.

Juliet: You stayed near me then?

Chalier: Yes, I shall stay near you to the end.

Juliet: You remind me of my older brother. He always took care of me. They killed him – it has all been one nightmare after another. What have we done to deserve this?

Chalier: Nothing. They are men possessed by the devil, there is no other explanation. But you mustn't lose your faith in Christ. Did not our Lord tell us that the world would hate us? We go to a better place.

Juliet: I want to die well, as my father, mother, and brother did. But I am so afraid. (she cries)

Chalier: (gently stroking her hair) There, there. Death is only terrible in the anticipation of it. When it happens, it is over quickly and then we enter the next world, a better world I'm sure.

Juliet: You've been such a comfort to me these last days, I feel so close to you.

Chalier: I feel close to you. I never had a sister. But you have become, at the end of my life, my sister and my whole family. They have killed my father and mother as they killed yours. And even my uncle, to whom I was quite close, was sent to the guillotine. I have no blood relations left alive. Like you, I am an orphan.

Juliet: I have an uncle, two cousins, and an aunt that are still alive.

Chalier: Indeed! Who are they?

Juliet: My uncle (in a whisper) – is Brian Delaine.

Chalier: I never knew that was your last name. This Brian Delaine is a famous man. The Jacobins hate him.

Juliet: I know, they offered me my freedom if I would tell them where he is.

Chalier: But you wouldn't tell them?

Juliet: Never!

Chalier: Is he in Paris?

Juliet: Truly, I don't know.

Chalier: What is he like, this man called Brian Delaine?

Juliet: He is the youngest of the three sons of Edmund Delaine. My other uncle was killed in Haiti by the black Jacobins, but my Uncle managed to save my cousins and my aunt. He is a sea captain.

Chalier: I think I might have met him once on the docks. He is a tall, thin man with an aristocratic bearing, is he not?

Juliet: No, that was not my uncle you met. My uncle is of medium height and incredibly strong and well built. But he was always very kind to me and my brother. Whenever he visited he brought us presents and told us stories.

Chalier: You say your uncle saved your aunt and your cousins from the black savages of Haiti?

Juliet: Yes.

Chalier: How?

Juliet: By killing the savages that killed his brother and were trying to kill his brother's family.

Chalier: Was he wounded in the fight?

Juliet: I don't know. He was wounded at some time in his life because he has a deep scar along his right cheekbone.

Chalier: (carefully masking his excitement) No doubt a man such as your uncle could have gotten that scar in one of many fights.

Juliet: Yes.

Chalier: Do me one favor?

Juliet: Anything.

Chalier: Let me kiss your hand before I go. I didn't want to alarm you, but I am the next to go to the guillotine. Do not cry again, my little one. Think of me when it is your turn and remember that it all passes in a moment.

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Act II. Scene IV. Room above the butcher shop

Priest: Did you tell Madame Lacombe about Delaine?

Poet: No, I just told her that she was to bring him with her by order of Robespierre.

Priest: Did she ask any questions.

Poet: She tried to but...

Priest: Yes, now you have the upper hand.

Poet: That's right. Delaine was able to deceive her and now she just might go to the guillotine with him.

Priest: Are the soldiers posted?

Poet: Yes, don't worry about that. As soon as Delaine walks through that door, there will be twenty muskets pointed at him.

Priest: Don't forget that I was suspicious of him from the start.

Poet: You were right. But don't you forget that I was the one who found out who he was.

Priest: Has the girl been executed yet?

Poet: Not yet, she is going to be executed with her uncle.

Priest: Her execution does not upset you?

Poet: No, why should it?

Priest: It shouldn't, a true revolutionary dedicates himself to the revolution. But I thought that you might have some remnant of sentiment in you. So many of you literary people do.

Poet: I don't. And why do you question my dedication to the revolution? I could just as easily question your dedication. After all many of your co-religionists have been executed. And do you not profess to serve Christ who is the one rallying point of the aristocrats?

Priest: Whomever Christ may have been, he is not my master. I serve the church of man. And man can only be man when he throws off all the superstitions from the past.

Poet: That's where you are wrong, my good father. Maybe you or I don't need superstition, but the people do. They must have gods.

Priest: Robespierre is going to give them some.

Poet: Just like that? No, Father, harvest gods and other such deities will not ultimately satisfy the people. They are happy now as they watch the aristocrats losing their heads, but once that stops they'll start looking for something else. And what will you give them?

Priest: Their freedom.

Poet: Ah, but they don't want freedom. They want to worship a god, and having once worshipped a human God they can't go back to the impersonal gods of paganism.

Priest: What do you suggest?

Poet: Give them the natural savage, give them the negro.

Priest: That will come, but first we must kill all the aristocrats.

Poet: We shall. And in one half-hour we will have a most dangerous aristocrat in our hands.

Priest: That could lead to something more for you. You might be put in charge of Burke's assassination.

Poet: I would like that. He has already done great damage to the cause in England. But his death will still be a great good. I hope I will be given that assignment. But I must come back to something you said.

Priest: What was that?

Poet: You said "whomever Christ might have been." I take it that you do not believe that he was the son of God?

Priest: Not any more than I am a son of God.

Poet: That's curious, because I do believe He was the son of God.

Priest: Surely, as an educated man you can't believe in fairy tales?

Poet: But I do. I believe in the son of God because I hate him. My hate is such a part of me that if I was to deny its reality, I would have to deny myself. I live for that hate; there is nothing for me without it. My entire life, in the streets, in the orphanage, and then in the house of the aristocrats who adopted me, was one long admonishment to love sweet and gentle Jesus, because he loved me. Bah, did I ever ask for his love? No, I did not, and I never shall. Satan will take me as his equal and I prefer equality with the devil to a subservience to Christ.

Priest: I don't see how a man, an educated man such as yourself, can become so obsessed with myths.

Poet: Ah, my friend, they are not myths. In fact...

Priest: Quiet, I hear someone coming.

Butcher: He killed them both.

Priest: Calm down. Who was killed and by whom?

Butcher: (glancing at the poet) I know you said to tell no one why I was to bring Delarose, I mean Delaine, here, but she got it out of me.

Poet: You fool! What did she do when she found out?

Butcher: We were in her shop. She told Gorgo to kill him. But... oh, it was horrible. They wrestled. You won't believe it, but I saw it with my own eyes. That Delaine, that fiend, he killed Gorgo, he broke his neck. Then, as Gorgo sank to the floor, Madame Lacombe pulled that pistol she carries. But Delaine leaped across the room and knocked her hand just as she fired. The bullet struck her in the heart. I stood there petrified. I thought he was going to kill me as well. But he didn't. He said, 'My niece lives. I exchanged places with the jailer for one hour. Tell your friend Chaliier that we will meet again someday. And that day will be his last day on earth.'

Le Blanc: Even though I knew it was coming, I still can't believe it happened.

Burke: I can't get those lines of Shakespeare out of my head: "Humanity must perforce prey on itself, Like monsters of the deep." It is truly a monstrous act. I never dreamed since I last saw Her Majesty some sixteen years ago – she was the Dauphiness then – at the Palace of Versailles, that she would be humiliated, tortured, and then beheaded by a band – there is no other word for it – of devils.

Le Blanc: I was privileged to call her and her husband my friends. I haven't told my wife and children the news yet. I don't trust myself to tell them without breaking down.

Burke: You'll find a way. I've lost a wife and a son. All we can do in the face of death is cling to our common hope. And He is the one the Jacobins hate. They attack Him through His people.

Le Blanc: Yes, have we ever seen hell on earth in all its hideousness before these Jacobins took power?

Burke: Never. Not in Nero's Rome nor in Islamic Spain was it quite so blatant.

Le Blanc: And it is my nation that has led the way, at least what used to be my nation.

Burke: The Jacobin illness is spreading though. Here in Britain there are many Jacobin organizations.

Le Blanc: Yes, but Britain has something that France did not have.

Burke: What?

Le Blanc: Britain has Edmund Burke. Surely there can be no Jacobinism where Burke lives.

Burke: I have one voice and my sword is a pen. I don't think that will be enough to stop the Jacobin plague from spreading to Britain. But then I am not a prophet.

Le Blanc: You've been rejected by your own party, haven't you?

Burke: Yes, I'll make my farewell speech tomorrow.

Le Blanc: The whole lot of them – Fox, Priestly, Price, Shelburne and the rest should be boiled in oil.

Burke: I lived and worked with them for many years, but it seemed I never really knew them nor they me. It's unthinkable that any man would support the Jacobins, but to find that men you thought were your friends could support them is terrible.

Le Blanc: I have no explanation for what is happening.

Burke: I fear there is only one explanation – the Jacobins are of the devil. I see, in all this turmoil, the sneering face of the devil. It's best we put on, as St. Paul enjoins us, the whole armour of Christ.

Le Blanc: Yes. And in the meantime, you should not go anywhere unarmed.

Burke: Why? Soon they'll be rid of me; I won't have a seat in Parliament, so why should they kill me?

Le Blanc: Because in Parliament or out of Parliament, you are still Edmund Burke, a man with a heart opposed to their vile Jacobinism and a pen that throws their lies back in their faces.

Burke: I'm not a duelist. I will walk these streets as I have always walked them, but I thank you for your concern.

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### **Act III. Scene II. An upper room in a London dwelling**

Priestly: You understand that there must be no connecting link between Dr. Price, myself, or any of the English Jacobins and you and your people?

Chalier: I understand. I have four French assassins with me. They will do their work very efficiently without asking any questions.

Dr. Price: And afterwards?

Chalier: We will disappear completely. We will be back in Paris the next day. I have made all the arrangements.

Priestly: I suppose you wonder why we are taking the trouble to have Burke killed since he is resigning from the party tomorrow.

Chalier: On the contrary, I approve of what you are doing. Burke is a great danger in or out of Parliament.

Price: I'm glad you can see that. We are not having him killed because we are bloodthirsty or out of any kind of personal animosity. It is because we love humanity, at least what humanity can become one day. And Burke could set humanity back hundreds of years.

Chalier: I suppose men become Jacobins for different reasons. I don't care for humanity at all. I want humanity to be destroyed. And the Jacobins are great destroyers. As for Burke, I hate him. When I kill him, it will be for hate's sake and not for humanity's sake. And frankly, gentlemen, you make me sick with all your talk of humanity. You hate Burke because he makes you feel foolish every time he speaks out against Jacobinism.

Priestly: I don't understand you. Are you on our side or not?

Chalier: I am on Satan's side. Yes, I believe in the devil. Does that surprise you? It surprised Father Sieyès as well. Am I on your side then if I side with Satan? Yes, I am. Although you might not acknowledge it, you are on Satan's side as well.

Price: Nonsense, I am on God's side.

Chalier: What God?

Price: Nature, the greatest god of them all.

Chalier: Fine, but we have talked enough. I will kill Burke tonight. He will never deliver a farewell salvo against your exalted selves. And you shall never see me again. Goodbye.

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From Brian Delaine's Diary

Chalier had four accomplices stationed along the street where Burke took his walks. Two were waiting on Gerrard Street and two were waiting on Lisle Street. Should they fail, Chalier had rented an apartment that overlooked Lisle Street from which he had a clear shot at Burke.

I followed Chaliér's henchmen, I caught up with Burke and stopped him from walking within range of Chaliér's musket. Then I killed Chaliér. He had his chance. MY knife against his musket. I won't pretend that I felt any sorrow for him. He was a cold-blooded, reptilian monster, well deserving of the title — Jacobin.

Why did the Jacobins want to kill Burke? For the same reason they killed the King and Queen of France. Burke stood for old Europe, for Christ's Europe. And the Jacobins hated him for that. St. John tells us that when Christ cured the lame and sick on the Sabbath day, the Jews asked Him why He worked on the Sabbath. Christ replied, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Then, St. John tells us, "Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill Him..." Anyone, if he follows in Christ's footsteps by defending Christian Europe, will be hated by the Jacobins. They will not meet such individuals in fair and open debate. They will kill such individuals with less remorse than Christian Europeans would kill a fly.

And who is the greatest defender of Christian Europe? It is Burke. That is why their hatred of him has no bounds. I long for a reckoning with them all. But I am one man. We shall see if other Europeans will rise up against the Jacobin leviathan or whether they will be consumed by it. Burke and I went back to his home after the attack.

Act III. Scene III.

Burke: They killed their own King and Queen, so it doesn't surprise me that they wanted to kill me for my defense of the King and Queen, but I am surprised that they were able to come to Britain undetected in order to kill me.

Delaine: I followed him to have help from the British Jacobins.

Burke: Yes, I think you're right. And I don't think it is an accident that the attack occurred right before I was to address the Assembly for the last time. I hate to think that it has gone this far, but my heart tells me that it has. The men I once called my friends are possessed by the devil and they hate me with the satanic hatred of the devil. But I needn't tell you about the Jacobin devils. Your family has suffered so much at their hands. How is your niece doing?

Delaine: She's doing well. She has met her cousins and her aunt for the first time, and she seems ready to live in the remembrance of her family and her family's God.

Burke: Everything comes back to our common hope. They hate us, because of Him.

Delaine: Yes, they do, and He told us it would be like this.

Burke: Please, my friend, stay tonight, and if your schedule permits you can hear my resignation speech tomorrow.

Delaine: I wouldn't miss it for the world.

From Brian Delaine's Journal

I don't remember the entire speech and I didn't have a scrivener by my side, but some of the highlights stand out. Amidst sneers and jeers, [Burke](#) defended Christian Europe against the Jacobins, both foreign and domestic, cutting directly to the demonic heart of their system:

'They who have made but superficial studies in the Natural History of the human mind, have been taught to look on religious opinions as the only cause of enthusiastick zeal, and sectarian propagation. But there is no doctrine whatever, on which men can warm, that is not capable of the very same effect. The social nature of man impels him to propagate his principles, as much as physical impulses urge him to propagate his kind. The passions give zeal and vehemence. The understanding bestows design and system. The whole man moves under the discipline of his opinions. Religion is among the most powerful causes of enthusiasm. When any thing concerning it becomes an object of much meditation, it cannot be indifferent to the mind. They who do not love religion, hate it. The rebels to God perfectly abhor the Author of their being. They hate him "with all their heart, with all their mind, with all their soul, and with all their strength." He never presents himself to their thoughts but to menace and alarm them. They cannot strike the Sun out of Heaven, but they are able to raise a smouldering smoke that obscures him from their own eyes. Not being able to revenge themselves on God, they have a delight in vicariously defacing, degrading, torturing, and tearing in pieces his image in man. Let no one judge of them by what he has conceived of them, when they were not incorporated, and had no lead. They were then only passengers in a common vehicle. They were then carried along with the general motion of religion in the community, and without being aware of it, partook of it's influence. In that situation, at worst, their nature was left free to counterwork their principles. They despaired of giving any very general currency to their opinions. They considered them as a reserved privilege for the chosen few. But when the possibility of dominion, lead, and propagation presented themselves, and that the ambition, which before had so often made them hypocrites, might rather gain than lose by a daring avowal of their sentiments, then the nature of this infernal spirit, which has "evil for it's good," appeared in it's full perfection. Nothing, indeed, but the possession of some power, can with any certainty discover what at the bottom is the true character of any man. Without reading the speeches of Vergniaux, François of Nantz, Isnard, and some others of that sort, it would not be easy to conceive the passion, rancour, and malice of their tongues and hearts. They worked themselves up to a perfect phrenzy against religion and all it's professors. They tore the reputation of the Clergy to pieces by their infuriated declamations and invectives, before they lacerated their bodies by their massacres. This fanatical atheism left out, we omit the principal feature in the French Revolution, and a principal consideration with regard to the effects to be expected from a peace with it.'

And how vividly I remember his final words to all the assembled Pharisees, back sliders, and hypocrites:

'I should agree with you about the vileness of the controversy with such miscreants as the "Revolution Society," and the "National Assembly"; and I know very well that they, as well as their allies, the Indian delinquents, will darken the air with their arrows. But I do not yet think they have the advowson of reputation. I shall try that point. My dear sir, you think of nothing but controversies; "I challenge into the field of battle and retire defeated, &c." If their having the last word be a defeat, they most assuredly will defeat me. But I intend no controversy with Dr. Price, or Lord Shelburne, or any other of their set. I mean to set in full view the danger from their wicked principles and their black hearts. I intend to state the true principles of our constitution in church and state, upon grounds opposite to theirs. If any one be the better for the example made of them, and for this exposition, well and good. I mean to do my best to expose them to the hatred, ridicule, and contempt of the whole world; as I always shall expose such calumniators, hypocrites, sowers of sedition, and approvers of murder and all its triumphs. When I have done that, they may have the field to themselves; and I care very little how they triumph over me, since I hope they will not be able to draw me at their heels, and carry my head in triumph on their poles...'

The Whigs of this day have before them, in this Appeal, their constitutional ancestors: They have the doctors of the modern school. They will choose for themselves. The author of the Reflections has chosen for himself. If a new order is coming on, and all the political opinions must pass away as dreams, which our ancestors have worshipped as revelations, I say for him, that he would rather be the last (as certainly he is the least) of that race of men, than the first and greatest of those who have coined to themselves Whig principles from a French die, unknown to the impress of our fathers in the constitution.'

I must break off from Delaine's diary to deal with some recent events. But let me just say that I see in Delaine's diary and Burke's writings the exact portrait of our modern dilemma. The liberals want to attack God by striking His people, and by doing so they hope to destroy the image of God in man. Have they succeeded? To a large degree they have succeeded. There is no image of God in man in a liberal, a Moslem, or a colored heathen, but there is a resistance movement. There is the Reverend Grey and there are men such as Vogel, the leader of the resistance movement in Germany, and there are hundreds of ordinary Europeans who have cast their lot in with Christ despite the threat of dungeon, fire, and sword. The European people will not go gently into the dark night of liberalism.

Now to the recent events. The reader, if there are any readers left, should wonder why there had to be a second trial of Reverend Grey. Wasn't he tried, convicted, and sentenced to death by the Moslem-British high court? Yes, he was, but after his escape, due to the heroic intervention of Chambers and his men, the Anglican and Moslem officials put out their own false story line. They said, in order to save face and to make themselves look honorable, that the Reverend Grey had been pardoned under the condition that he not take up arms against the Moslem-British people. Then, according to the official Islamic-British government, he did take up arms against Islamic Britain. Therefore, when he was recaptured during the Battle of Cornwall (captured because he refused to leave one of our wounded and dying soldiers) the Moslem-liberal forces decided, at the request of the Vatican, to have him tried for treason, treason against the Moslem-Christian faith. How can there be a Moslem-Christian faith? Obviously there can't be such a blending. Our Lord is the beginning and the end, the first and the last. But in Pope Francis II's religion there can be a blending of Islam, Christianity, and all of the pagan faiths. Pope Francis II has placed Christ in a subordinate position to Muhammed and the nature gods of the colored heathens. Such a god is not proscribed by Islam. So Pope Francis II is permitted to perform his syncretistic mass at the Vatican and the bulk of the 'faithful' have gone along with Pope Francis and the Moslems. There has been some resistance, but as of now the resistance has been a few scattered guerrilla movements. Hopefully greater resistance will follow, but communication between white, Christian resistance movements is very difficult.

Rev. Grey then was sent to prison in Rome to be tried and sentenced to death. No one had any doubt about the upcoming death sentence. But the trial never came about. Rome was struck by an earthquake and Christopher's cell was found to be empty on the day after the earthquake. Whether he was buried in the rubble of the Vatican (he was housed in the Vatican dungeon) or whether he escaped was not known at the time. Then, two weeks after the earthquake, a man from my native Italy came to me with a letter. My countryman gave me his bona fides by telling me some things that only Christopher Grey could have known. He had a letter in his possession that was from Christopher. I felt like Horatio must have felt when he received Hamlet's letter:

I'm writing this in haste, but I just had to let you know that I am alive and no longer a captive. Please keep this secret for now. I have my reasons. It won't be long; soon I'll be in Britain again. Till then –

In Christ, God keep you.

Christopher

It wasn't long. One week after I received the letter was the third battle of Cornwall. In the first battle, some two years previous, we established the first Christian foothold in Moslem Britain. In the second battle some three months ago, we repulsed a Moslem assault on Cornwall. In that battle Christopher was taken captive. But although we repulsed the attack, the Moslem forces were not completely routed. They still were in the area surrounding Cornwall, waiting to strike. And then on December 23rd they did strike. King Arthur II was now battle tested and so was Chambers and our British soldiers, but the Moslems had the greater numbers and they had many British officers from the old British army aiding their side. It looked as if the Moslem army would triumph. Then (I received this account from Chambers) a man on a white horse appeared. I'll let Chambers tell the rest.

"It seemed completely out of place, like something from a bygone era. With a cross on his chest, a huge sword in his hand, he bid us charge the enemy. I thought of that vision of St. John, 'And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called The Word of God.' No, it was not the Lord. But it was his faithful apostle. It was my liege lord and kinsman, the Christ-bearer, Christopher Grey. Our men would have followed him anywhere. At that moment we became an army of Davids. We advanced behind Christopher, and we routed the Moslem forces. Cornwall is no longer in danger. I shall never, in this world, feel so connected to my people and my God as I did during that crucial moment when I followed the man on the white horse into battle for King, country, and Christ."

The next day I met with Christopher in his newly acquired dwelling at Tintagel.

Act IV. Scene I.

Bontini: Don't you think that a man past 100 years of age should live a more sedentary life?

Grey: That would be nice, but you young fellows of seventy will not allow me to retire. You keep finding work for me to do.

Bontini: I find work for you? I don't think so. I advised you not to go near the battlefield to tend to the wounded. And I certainly knew nothing about your plan to lead a charge in the last battle.

Grey: No, I don't suppose you did. So what you are saying is that I have no one to blame but myself if I have no peaceful hours.

Bontini: (smiling) Yes, that is exactly what I am saying.

Grey: I saw a marvelous American movie some years back, called *Harvey*. That wonderful American actor Jimmy Stewart was the star. He played a man whose best friend was a 6' 3 1/2" white rabbit. Nobody else could see the rabbit, just Jimmy Stewart, or, as he was called in the movie, Elwood P. Dowd.

Dowd has quite a wonderful relationship with the rabbit, but his relatives (Dowd's relatives, not the rabbit's) try to put Dowd in a mental institution. They finally desist in their efforts because they decide that despite what they perceive to be Dowd's insanity, he has a very pleasant personality that might be ruined should he be 'cured' of his white rabbit 'delusion.'

But as it turns out, there really is a white rabbit called Harvey. And the psychiatrist treating Dowd comes to see the rabbit just as clearly as Dowd does. In quite a humorous fashion the movie turns the tables on the 'sane' people and gives the nod to the 'insane' poets of the spirit. In *Harvey* it is the pure in heart that see another world, a better world. Now I grant you that *Harvey* does not give us the name of the Author of that other world – it is after all an artwork from the 20th century – but it does, with humor and grace, bid us look to a fairy tale apprehension of existence rather than a purely material apprehension of existence. I think if we follow the fairy tale, the European fairy tale, we will end up in His Kingdom Come, which, I firmly believe, is very close to us right here on earth, because He told us that the Kingdom of God was within.

Bontini: What is your heaven?

Grey: To be with my wife, my parents, and my friends right here in Britain in the presence of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Bontini: That might seem like a very pedestrian heaven to a lot of people.

Grey: It's all I want.

Bontini: Like Ratty and his river?

Grey: Precisely.

Bontini: It will come. Is there anything you want to tell me about your... what shall I call it? Your visit to Rome?

Grey: (laughing) It was a very strange visit.

Bontini: Because of the earthquake?

Grey: No, that was rather startling, but the strangeness of the visit was the result of my audience with Pope Francis II.

Bontini: Where did he hold the audience?

Grey: In his Papal chambers, which are now part of the Vatican ruins.

Bontini: Was it a private audience?

Grey: Yes. I was brought to his chambers in chains, and I was chained to the wall during the audience. But to the best of my knowledge, when the jailers left his chambers, we were alone.

Bontini: What was his purpose in having you brought there?

Grey: I'm not exactly sure. Let me tell you what he said and then you be the judge.

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Pope Francis II: I hope the chains are not too uncomfortable, but they are unfortunately necessary. You have escaped before.

Grey: These chains will hold me. Say what you have to say.

Pope Francis II: I testified against you at your last trial, and I will testify against you at your trial tomorrow. But I wanted to give you one last chance.

Grey: So did the Archbishop of Canterbury. But then he only came to my cell, you've invited me to your quarters.

Pope: I believe that a man can change, even a man like you.

Grey: What do I need to change?

Pope: You need to change inside. You need to see the true essence of the world.

Grey: What is the essence of the world?

Pope: That won't do. You are not open to what I'm saying. Please, this is your last chance, your very last chance. You must really listen to me.

Let me start with that great Catholic, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. His thought might seem commonplace now, but his thought was the beginning of the Church's realization that nature, not some anthropomorphic God, was the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. When you truly understand that concept, the whole universe is opened up for you. You become one with the natural world and the psychic world.

Grey: May I ask a few questions?

Pope: If they are genuine questions. I have no time or patience for your usual irreverence.

Grey: You find me irreverent?

Pope: Yes, I do. What would you call a man who criticizes the Church and the existing government?

Grey: I see your point. But let me ask you – where does Christ figure in this religion of yours?

Pope: It is not my religion, I did not invent it — it is the religion of mankind. As for Christ, we have dealt with Him. We have reframed his image so that He can no longer do damage to mankind.

Grey: Then He is not the Savior, the Son of the living God?

Pope: I believe I covered that topic at your last trial. And if you took the trouble to read my encyclicals you would know that the Church regards Jesus Christ as a son of God; we do not regard Jesus Christ as the Son of God. Such a concept is contrary to nature and therefore blasphemous. And that belief made mankind very unhappy. We are striving to make men happy by eliminating the concept of an anthropomorphic God, what you call the living God.

Grey: Life imitates art.

Pope: What do you mean?

Grey: You sound like the Grand Inquisitor in Dostoyevsky's novel *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Pope: I have not read that book, nor have I read any of Dostoyevsky's works. They are all on the Index.

Grey: And you are a good Catholic, you don't read proscribed literature?

Pope: Of course I don't. We have gone beyond all the old concepts of freedom of conscience and thought. We have fed our children the truths that can make them happy.

Grey: And those truths – what exactly are they?

Pope: That man is one with nature. That all men come from nature and all men return to nature. Personal immortality does not exist, except in its natural state. We return to nature, so we still are part of existence; we become even more natural.

Grey: Now you sound like the heretical gypsy in Scott's *Quentin Durward*, but then I suppose his works are also on the Index.

Pope: Yes, they are.

Grey: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, And that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though worms destroy this body, Yet in my flesh shall I see God." I don't expect you to believe that, but it is true. The natural world you speak of is only a semblance of another reality. The reality of the kingdom of God that is within.

Pope: I've heard all that before.

Grey: Where did you hear it?

Pope: I've read some history. But let us come to the point. In order to avoid execution you must take

the blinders off your eyes.

Grey: Let me come to the point, the same point that I made at my last trial and the same point that I shall make to my last dying gasp. Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God, He and He alone is the resurrection and the life. Surely His words must touch your heart? "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die; Believest thou this?" Do you believe that? If you don't, if you truly believe in the abhorrent faith you have described to me, then you are to be pitied as a man and opposed as a religious leader.

Pope: You dare say all that to me?

Grey: Yes, what else can I say?

Pope: You fiend! (he strikes Grey across the face again and again, until Grey's face bleeds and Pope Francis's hands bleed) Guards!

Take him away and send me a doctor.

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#### Act IV. Scene II.

Bontini: Was the doctor for you?

Grey: No, it was for him. He broke his hand on one of the blows to my face.

Bontini: Your face still shows some of the marks. I thought it was from the earthquake.

Grey: No, the marks are from the Pope. They don't amount to much. As for the earthquake, it didn't touch me at all. Everything around my cell was crashing down, and I heard the screams of the dying and the cries of people trying to get to solid ground, but I was untouched.

My cell door was completely torn off its hinges. I was chained, so I thought that eventually the rubble would cover me, and I would cheat the executioners. But apparently the Lord wants me to tarry a little longer on this earth. A man came to my cell. He touched my chains and they fell off me. Then he led me up and out of the dungeon and out of Italy. He left me right before the Battle of Cornwall, but he left me armed and he left me with rather explicit instructions. His advice sounded rather unsound, from a military standpoint, but as it turned out, it was the perfect military strategy.

Bontini: Did he tell you his name?

Grey: He was an angel of the Lord, that is all I know.

Bontini: It's only 1 pm. Will you be performing *The Christmas Carol* this Christmas Eve?

Grey: Yes.

Bontini: I don't see how you can remember every line like you do.

Grey: It's part of my soul. All of sacred Europe is part of my soul. On January 1<sup>st</sup>, we'll be putting on the first production of *King Lear* in the new-old Britain. King Arthur and the Queen will be in attendance.

Bontini: It continues.

Grey: Yes.

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#### Final Act – December 24<sup>th</sup>

Grey: (concludes his one-man performance of *The Christmas Carol*) "Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed: and that was quite enough for him.

"He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One!"

Grey: Please, stay with me for one last prayer for Christmas Eve, for Christmas Day, and for always.

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour.  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. +

# Remembrances VIII: The Shepherds of Europe

December 22, 2018

Categories: Older posts (pre-April 2019), Remembrances



And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

– [Luke 2: 8-18](#)

I won't go over old ground in this remembrance. It's been two years since Father Bontini updated the remembrances for me. Since that time we, the Christian Britons, have lost our territories in Northern Scotland, but we have retained the land mass that used to constitute Wales and we have taken control of all the major isles – the Western Isles, the Orkney Islands, the Shetland Islands, the Isle of Skye, and the Isle of Man. Ireland, North and South, as well as England and Scotland, with the exception of Skye, belong to the Moslems. But the moral essence of Britain still lives in Arthur II's Britain. It wouldn't be accurate to say we are in a constant state of siege, but we are in a constant state of readiness for a siege. There have, for instance, been six major Moslem assaults on Britain – we are Britain – in the past year. But in between the assaults, life in Britain goes on in defiance of the Moslem and the liberal world around us.

Shakespeare graces our stage, true British shops and true British craftsmen are in abundance, and the old Book of Common Prayer, which is simply a liturgical version of the Bible, has been brought back. Much has been lost, but what we have now is sacred to us because we realize just how precious our heritage was, and still can be if we do not falter in our resolve to maintain white, Christian Britain.

What has taken place in Britain for the last half-century is part of a worldwide campaign to destroy the white race. The liberals hate Christ, but they cannot strike out at Him directly, so they attack the Europeans, who were and are the Christ-bearing race. By a strange metamorphosis, the liberals have renounced their white souls and made the destruction of the white race their 'holy' mission in life. And of course the colored heathen are quite willing to aid the liberals in their mission. In the end, if the plans of the liberals are not altered, they too will be eliminated by their colored minions, just as a pet snake will turn and strike his keeper, but that is not my concern. I am concerned about the whites who have remained faithful. They are my people and I must support them until the Lord sees fit to take me home.

In Britain and the rest of the European countries, the colored assault has come under the banner of Islam. In the United States, Banyon, Canada, and the other European satellite countries, the colored assault has been waged in the name of the sacred negro. The situation in all the European countries and those countries settled by Europeans is very fluid. Sometimes I hear of white setbacks and then I hear of white counter-attacks. Just last month, for instance, I heard that all of Bavaria was in the hands of the white Christians, but only two months prior to that I had heard that all of Germany belonged to the Moslems. Reports from the various European countries are sketchy and indeterminate. And in these remembrances I want to stick to events that I either witnessed myself or were witnessed and reported to me by close friends. What follows is an account from my friend, Arthur Walker, who used to run a private detective agency in Georgia. He is now a leader of the White Underground in what used to be called the United States of America.

– Rev. Christopher Grey

The territory that we formerly held consisted roughly of the land masses of what used to be the states of Georgia and South Carolina. But we were forced to abandon those land masses because we simply lacked the men to defend them. Some whites, as you know, made their way across the ocean to Christian Britain. The rest of us have become part of the Underground. We keep contact with each other through the use of (I know you hate the devices but they are necessary) digital cell phones and other such communication devices. We have some members working as moles in the liberal population. They provide us with valuable information about the liberals' army and police force.

We exist as a loose collection of clans, only we rove around more than the Scottish clans of old. I am, for want of a better word, the clan leader. Of course the leadership was thrust upon me because of my connection to you, Reverend. You have no idea what you mean to the white Christians of this nation. The old United States no longer exists as an independent nation. Personally I don't think it ever did exist, but perhaps I am letting my Southern heritage influence me. Even if the Southland was the only true nation in the Northern Hemisphere, as I maintain, it no longer exists at present. What we have now is the United Republic of the Americas, which consists of what formerly constituted Canada, the United States, and Mexico. Now they are one united country with one government and one state-sponsored religion. Yes, the nation which once prided itself on the separation of church and state has now become part of a theocracy.

I've mentioned some of the uglier aspects of the new state religion before, but let me go through a few more of the details. The 'worship' services are conducted by a mixed group of clergymen, mostly Catholic priests with some Protestant ministers. The litany is a bizarre mixture of the Catholic Mass, the new Anglican Book of Prayer, and the Quran. But all the readings are geared toward negro worship. Just one example will suffice – when they say the Apostle's Creed, they proclaim, "I believe in the sacred negro, the natural ruler of this heaven on earth, and I believe that the negro is the savior of all those who call on him by name. I believe in the holy Catholic Church of the negro, I believe in one God, who is the negro, and I believe that the negro will come to rule over all the earth when whiteness has left the earth. Amen."

That creed is recited in every church throughout the United Republic of the Americas, by every white person left alive and by all the colored citizens of the United Republic. What can we say of such a creed? Do all whites believe it? It's difficult to know how many whites have given their internal assent. Every once in a while we get a breakaway, a man or woman who has had enough and seeks to join the Underground. What follows is a story of one breakaway. I suppose, lest I forget, I should tell you that every member of the white clan takes an oath of allegiance to King Arthur II. You see, we need, like all men, a particular land and one particular king to whom we pledge our allegiance. The wheel has come full circle. We have come home to Christian Britain. And when we conquer the Americas, we will not, this time, throw the tea into the ocean. We will welcome a visit from our King, who serves the King of Kings. Now, on to the story of one man's journey from darkness to light. Such stories never get old.

Act I, Scene 1. The Story of John Taylor, a Priest in the Church of the United Republic of the Americas.

I was six years old when I was forced to give me up to the state. As you know, the United Republic requires that a white man who wants to marry a white woman must get a special dispensation from the state. Having obtained that dispensation to marry he must then agree to have no more than one child. If the white female gives birth to a second child, one of the children must be turned over to the state to be executed or to be trained as a priest in the One Holy Catholic Church of the Negro. The life or death of the white child is up to the discretion of the state. My parents decided to keep my baby brother and offer me up to the state. I don't think they did this because they hated me; my memories of them are of two kind, fond parents. But my baby brother was more vulnerable and more likely to be executed to spare the expense that goes with the care of infants. So I was given to the state in the hope – I know my parents had that hope – that I would be made a priest and not a corpse. And such was the case. I became a priest. I've learned since then that over three-fourths of the second white children are executed. But I still have no idea why I was not one of the children executed by the state.

I won't bore you with the details about the course of study I went through in order to become a priest of the United Republic of the Americas. Suffice it to say it was long and thorough. Every aspect of liberal culture was shoved into my heart, mind, and soul. By the time I was ordained at age 22, I was eminently qualified to go forth as an apostle for the Lords of Liberalism – the sacred negroes.

For my first two years I was a parish priest. I said the sacred negro mass and I attended to the needs of my parishioners, which meant I brought them Holy Communion when they were sick, the wafer representing the blood of the negroes who had been slain by white racists, and I did the usual visitations and such.

Then, two years into my parish work, I was given a new assignment. I was sent to work as a special counselor in the rehabilitation unit of the United Republic of the Americas. It was my job to visit whites who had been imprisoned for racism. I had to decide whether they could be rehabilitated or whether rehabilitation was impossible. If I recommended rehabilitation, they were sent to rehabilitation camps, but if I thought they could not be rehabilitated they were executed. Did I feel any remorse when I labeled a white man or white woman "unfit for rehabilitation"? No, I did not. You must remember that I had been trained from birth to believe that white racists were evil. So I felt no guilt or remorse when I sent white racists to their doom.

You might wonder how many white racists I recommended for execution. I can't give the exact number, but I would estimate that I sent at least 200 out of the 300 I interviewed to be executed. Of course, now their faces haunt my dreams, but they didn't haunt me back then.

I think I began to question the religion of the sacred negro – but I can't be sure that my doubt didn't start before that – when I was sent to interview Paul Davis. I was thirty years old at the time and Paul Davis was twenty-eight. He had been accused of marrying a white woman without special dispensation, and he was also accused of fathering four children by that same woman without reporting any of the births to the state. His case was an extreme one – he seemed like a recalcitrant racist. I had little doubt of what my recommendation to the Council would be. But still, I was a professional, and I was determined to conduct my interview with an open, liberal mind. I have since learned that there is no mind more closed than a liberal one, but that is not part of this story.

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### **Act I, Scene 2. John Taylor's Interview of Paul Davis, Conducted in Davis's Prison Cell.**

Taylor: I see by the records that you were imprisoned two weeks ago. I would like to help transfer you from this prison to a rehabilitation center. Would you like that?

Davis: No, I would not like that.

Taylor: Then you prefer to stay in prison?

Davis: No, I would prefer to get out of prison to be with my wife and family.

Taylor: But you have no legitimate wife, you were married without permission from the state. And you did not turn your children over to the state after their births.

Davis: Why should I turn my children over to the executioners?

Taylor: Come now, you know the answer as well as I do. Let me read to you from the Liberal Code of Law, which is sacred to all true citizens of the Republic. I quote, "When any white male who has married with the proper state approval fathers a second white child, he must turn one of the white children over to the state. And when a white male marries a white female without permission from the state, his life, his wife's life, and all his children will be subject to execution by the state." Did you know that was the law?

Davis: Yes, I did.

Taylor: Then why didn't you comply with the law?

Davis: Because I don't recognize the validity of the law. I hold to another law, it begins with...

Taylor: I must stop you right there before you incriminate yourself any further. You were going to refer to a certain book and a certain God depicted in that book. Don't utter His name or mention that book in my presence, or I shall be forced to terminate this interview right now and recommend that you be executed as soon as is humanly possible.

Davis: I knew I was a dead man as soon as I was arrested. But I saved my family – I made sure that they found refuge in the White Underground before the Liberal Police came for me.

Taylor: (closing the book in which he has been taking notes). Then there is nothing left to be said. I'll mark you down as an irredeemable white racist and recommend that you be put to death.

Davis: Without a trial?

Taylor: Of course without a trial. You know that white racists are not entitled to the protection of the law. They are outside the law.

Davis: In most cases. But the sons and daughters of the white Illuminati who have transcended whiteness and become spiritually black, and any offspring they might have, are entitled to due process. Isn't that so?

Taylor: Yes, it is so. But how does that apply to you? Surely you're not claiming to be related to one of the Illuminati?

Davis: But I am related to one of the Illuminati. Governor Grover is my father. As you know, all white children are required to take their mother's name, in keeping with the principles of feminism. But if you check the records, you will see that I am the biological son of Governor Grover. I never knew him – he was separated from my mother when I was one year old, but I am his son, his one and only child, a fully authorized and certified child.

Taylor: If what you say is true, then you will be entitled to a trial. I'll check on your story and get back to you.

Davis: Yes, you do that.

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### **Act I, Scene 3, John Taylor's Aside.**

I did check on Davis's story and discovered he was not lying. His father was the Governor of the district. He told me that he wanted nothing to do with his son, that he had had nothing to do with his upbringing, but he did acknowledge that Paul Davis was his only child. So I turned in the necessary paperwork and Davis's trial was set for two weeks hence.

It might seem curious that such a government as ours should give anyone a trial. Why go through the motions of a trial when the verdict has been predetermined? But that is the point. Liberals need trials to justify themselves. They believe in liberalism, to a certain extent. The trials are their version of 'Lord, I believe, help my unbelief.' The more illegitimate the regime, the more legalese and paperwork is needed to convince the rulers of the revolutionary regime that they really do constitute a legitimate government. The French Jacobins, the Russian

communists, the American 1776ers all cloaked their revolutionary movements in reams of legalese and paperwork. They labeled falsehood self-evident, and truth subversive. Thus reenacting, as all revolutionary tribunals do, the trial and crucifixion of our Lord. So, observing all the rules of criminal procedure and with all the proper liberal legalese, Davis was tried for high treason against the United Republic of the Americas.

Once I presented the paperwork, I thought my work was done. But I was in for a shock. When I came into work two days after my meeting with Governor Grover, I had a short cryptic note on my desk: "You are to defend Paul Davis. Signed, Governor Grover." The note sent chills down my spine. If I truly tried to defend Paul Davis, wouldn't I, after the trial was over, be accused of an excessive sympathy with an irredeemable white racist? And wouldn't that make me a white racist, subject to the same penalty as all white racists? I asked for clarification in a return memo, but I got no response. In desperation I went to Father Todd, an older priest who lived in the rectory with me; he was the parish priest who generally said mass while I was the special priest in charge of the rehabilitation process. I occasionally assisted at mass, but in the main I stuck to the rehabilitation work. But I needed advice, and Father Todd was at hand.

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#### Act I, Scene 4.

Taylor: They've asked me to defend Paul Davis.

Todd: I thought that was an open and shut case, that he was already sentenced to death for white racism, which is treason.

Taylor: There was a complication. It turned out that his father is Governor Grover.

Todd: That's some twist of fate. Did the governor ask you to defend Davis?

Taylor: Yes, and I'm rather worried about it.

Todd: Why?

Taylor: I'm afraid I might be accused of racism after the trial is over, or maybe even during the trial. After all, it's only natural for people to think you share the views of someone you defend.

Todd: I think your worries are unfounded. Just let him speak for himself and then back away.

Taylor: You mean I should just put him on the stand and let him denounce himself.

Todd: Yes.

Taylor: But that wouldn't be a very good defense.

Todd: You're not obligated to make a good defense, you are simply obligated to put up some defense. I highly recommend that you let the racist damn himself, and then walk away. I think that is what Governor Grover wants as well.

Taylor: That sounds like the best plan. Thank you, Father.

Todd: It was my pleasure.

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#### Act II, Scene 1. The Trial of Paul Davis for High Treason.

Bailiff: Here ye, hear ye, the most illustrious high court of the United Republic of the Americas is in session, the honorable Judge Parker presiding. All rise.

Parker: Paul Davis, you are accused of high treason by marrying a white female without the permission of the state, and subsequently fathering four children by the same female without offering up three of those children to the state for execution or for training in the priesthood. How do you plead?

Davis: Not guilty.

Parker: Do you deny the truth of the charges then?

Davis: No, but I do not acknowledge that marrying a woman of my own race and fathering children by that woman is a crime of any kind. Therefore, my plea is not guilty.

Prosecutor: I rest my case. The defendant Paul Davis is guilty as charged.

Taylor: The defense also rests.

Parker: But you haven't presented a defense of your client.

Taylor: It was my client's wish that he be allowed to defend himself. And I complied with his request. Therefore the defense rests.

Parker: All right then, I'll pronounce sentence. Paul Davis, you have been found guilty of the most serious and heinous crime known to man. You are a white racist. I sentence you to be handed over to the torturers and then executed. There can be no mercy for white racists, because a white racist is outside of the orbit of grace that has been established by our religious tenets. Grace comes from the negro, who is the god of nature. Outside of the natural world there is no salvation. Take the racist wretch away.

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#### Act II, Scene 2. John Taylor's Aside.

I was not a lawyer, I didn't spend a lot of time in the courts, so I can't say for sure that Davis's trial for treason was the shortest on record, but I think it must have been, because the defendants, I was told, usually tried to deny their racism. Davis came right out with it. He even seemed to think his racism was a virtue. I was very far from approving of his views, but I was struck by the boldness of his racism. Truly he was a brave man, albeit a brave man with a perverted, distorted view of existence.

Something else struck me about the trial. I knew Davis was to be sentenced to death. My own recommendations had sent many men and some women to their deaths, but the words, "handed over to the torturers," struck a discordant chord in my soul. "Why was it necessary to torture the white racists?" I asked myself. And my answer? "It was necessary to torture the white racists to impress upon other whites the seriousness of white racism." Did I accept that answer? Not entirely. I was uneasy. And Father Todd sensed my uneasiness. The Sunday after Davis's sentencing, two weeks before his scheduled torture and execution, I concelebrated a mass with Father Todd. After the mass we sat down to breakfast together in the rectory.

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#### Act II, Scene 3.

Todd: This jelly is delicious, it's homemade, you must try some.

Taylor: No thank you, father.

Todd: Come on, you can't be weight, you can't be weight on your frame to watch.

Taylor: (placing a small blob of jelly on his toast). Thank you, I will have a taste.

Todd: (studying Taylor's face). What's the matter, Jonathan? You don't seem yourself.

Taylor: I'm sorry if I'm not much company.

Todd: Oh, don't worry about that. Nobody can be cheery all the time. You're not obligated to put on a cheery face just for me, but if there is something troubling you that I can help you with, I'd be only too willing...

Taylor: It's really nothing.

Todd: Well, now I know there is something troubling you. Every time, in my years in the priesthood, that someone told me that their troubles were 'really nothing' their troubles turned out to be really something.

Taylor: Really, Father, it's really...

Todd: Yes, I know, it's really nothing. Now that we've established that it's really nothing, why don't you tell me what the 'really nothing is' that is bothering you?

Taylor: Well, it's not exactly something I can put a name to. I suppose it comes to this: I feel degraded. I feel that I've been part of a shameful affair.

Todd: Are you referring to the trial and conviction of Paul Davis?

Taylor: Yes.

Todd: Listen, Jonathan, it's not always easy to accept the existence of pure evil. But we know from the tenets of our faith that pure evil exists in the white race. We must oppose that evil with our whole heart, mind, and soul. And evil is not some disembodied spirit, it is located in the hearts of white people, particularly white men. But I'm not telling you something you don't know. You've been raised on the Baltimore Catechism of Vatican IV.

Taylor: Yes, I have.

Todd: Then you know that we are created to love the sacred negro with all our heart, mind, and soul, and to hate all white men who have not gone through the process of metamorphosis.

Taylor: But are white people, and most especially the white males, really so evil? Don't they have some common humanity with the rest of mankind?

Todd: No, they don't. I think in your heart you know they don't. You know your catechism.

Taylor: But then, by what right do we exist? Aren't we white?

Todd: Now you really surprise me. We are not white. We have gone through that great spiritual cleansing that has made us whole again, we have attained oneness with the colored races.

Taylor: But we don't even torture animals, yet Davis was sentenced to be tortured.

Todd: It is a necessary deterrent. After all, animals are not racist.

Taylor: Well, it still troubles me.

Todd: Look, Jonathan, take a week off, go to the mountains or some place. Go on a retreat to Mt. Nelson Mandela, but go somewhere to clear your mind and your soul of the rot that is clouding your vision. You are needed here, don't lose everything you've built up.

Taylor: Well, the trial ended early, so maybe I can afford to take a week's vacation.

Todd: By all means, you can't afford not to.

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Act II, Scene 4. The Retreat House on Mt. Le Conte, Now Named Mt. Nelson Mandela, in the Tennessee Great Smoky Mountains.

Old Man: Greetings, I hope I am not disturbing you.

Taylor: (sitting on the porch with a book). No, I'm just a little surprised to see someone in this area; it's pretty isolated.

Old Man: Yes, it is isolated.

Taylor: May I ask you what you are doing up here?

Old Man: Why, are you some sort of a policeman?

Taylor: Of course not, I'm a priest and this is the retreat house of my order. I didn't mean to pry into your business.

Old Man: Didn't you?

Taylor: Well, I guess I did. You don't usually see white men roaming around the countryside without a permit.

Old Man: How do you know that I don't have a permit?

Taylor: It must be prominently displayed on your outermost garment, and I don't see it on your person.

Old Man: That's very perceptive of you. And in point of fact, you are right, I don't have a permit to roam through these mountains or any other place in the United Republic of the Americas. I am what you would call a recalcitrant white racist. The type of man you would recommend for execution.

Taylor: How do you know that about me?

Old Man: It could be because I saw your picture in the paper during the trial of Paul Davis. Or it could be that you once recommended me for execution.

Taylor: (looks closely at the old man). Have I ever seen you before?

Old Man: I was clean shaven then, without the beard and the long hair, but you still should have recognized me. A man ought to remember the occasion when he sends another man to his death.

Taylor: If what you tell me is true, I can only say I did what my conscience and my duty dictated.

Old Man: I'm sure you did. But that doesn't excuse me. What you did was evil and what you are still doing is evil.

Taylor: (standing up and assuming a defensive posture) What is your purpose here?

Old Man: Calm down, I'm not here to hurt you. Nor am I here to chastise you for sending me to be tortured and executed.

Taylor: Then why are you here?

Old Man: I'm here to play Ananias to your Saul of Tarsus.

Taylor: I don't understand you.

Old Man: When St. Paul was called Saul, he persecuted Christians, but then he encountered the living God on the road to Damascus. After that encounter the Lord sent Ananias to him because our Lord needed Paul, "to bear my name before the Gentiles, and Kings, and the children of Israel."

Taylor: But I'm not this Saul you speak of.

Old Man: Of course you're not Saul, but you are like unto him in that you are persecuting Christians.

Taylor: Even if what you say is true, you are not Ananias or whatever his name was.

Old Man: I'm taking upon me the role of Ananias, and you, even if you are not St. Paul, are going to bear our Lord's name to the Gentiles and Kings and the children of Israel.

Taylor: I have a cell phone with me.

Old Man: Yes?

Taylor: One call and the police will come and get you, you are an escaped white racist.

Old Man: That's true, but what makes you think the police can find me? They couldn't hold me in prison after you marked me for execution, and they'll never be able to get me out of these mountains.

Taylor: What is to stop me from laying hold of you and making you wait for the police?

Old Man: You're welcome to try, but I wouldn't advise it.

Taylor: You must be at least forty years older than I am, surely you couldn't resist me?

Old Man: (he advances on Taylor and throws him to the ground with ease). Let's have no more talk of restraining me against my will.

Taylor: All right, I can't restrain you, and you claim you can elude the police. What is it you want, and please don't tell me you want to play Ananias to my Saul.

Old Man: But that is what I'm going to do. Let's go inside the cabin.

Act II, Scene 5. John Taylor's Aside.

The old man spent three days with me. I was the wedding guest, and he was the Ancient Mariner who held me with his glittering eye. I kept telling myself that I should call the police or I should run from his presence. But I was fascinated by him. He told me at the onset that he was going to tell me the actual history of my people and once I had heard their story, the Old Man, henceforth called the Ancient Mariner, said that I would want to resume my place in the European story. What was the European story and what was my place in it? The Ancient Mariner started with God's plan to create mankind: Satan rebelled against Him because he hated the little, sniveling creatures called men. And he showed his contempt and hatred for mankind with the first man in the Garden of Eden. From that time on, according to the Ancient Mariner, Satan has been in a constant state of war with mankind. The European people became his main focus because they loved the Son of God who died on the cross for their sins.

It was all quite new to me. I had heard that Christ had once been important to white racists, and I knew that my church had once (before His name was banned) included His name in the litany along with the other lesser prophets, but I did not know that Christ had once been considered a god nor that He was still revered by some Europeans who were still living.

The Ancient Mariner wove Bible history and European history together in one integral story. Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, and a whole canon of European poets and sages became, in the tale of the Ancient Mariner, one with Isaiah, Jeremiah, St. Paul, and the Apostles. And they all pointed to one magnificent beginning, the incarnation of Jesus Christ, and one magnificent denouement, the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Maybe if I had grown up in the old liberal days, when the Christ story as told by the European people was still permitted to be told, albeit told only to be ridiculed, I would not have been so impressed with the Ancient Mariner's tale. But it came to me fresh and new, like a bolt of lightning from another world. And there was something else. The Ancient Mariner possessed a passion and fire that I had never known. My whole life had been guided by one principle: to subdue all the passions of my heart because they might be racist, and racism was evil. But right in front of me was an impassioned man with a heart on fire and he was an unapologetic white racist! It was something to behold, but still I was not quite convinced. I was intrigued and fascinated by the Ancient Mariner, but I needed to know more.

In the evening of the third day, sitting by the fire in the living room of the retreat house, I asked the Ancient Mariner to tell me his story. He looked at me with his glittering eye, which was pure fire, and said, "I suppose it is time for my story. You've been an attentive listener and you do in part believe. Perhaps my story will be the final push."

Act III, Scene 1. The Ancient Mariner's Aside.

I grew up in what was then called New York City (it is now called New Africa). I was raised in the Roman Catholic faith at a time when Christ was still nominally seen as the Savior of mankind, in that we said our prayers to Him and not to the sacred negro as you do now. But although Christ was still theoretically the reason we went to mass, in those days the social gospel, the gospel of diversity, was the driving force behind the mass. And when Pope Francis I came out with the encyclical on the black race, in which he developed the point that collectively they were co-equals with Christ and just as necessary for our salvation, the stage was set for the eventual elimination of Christ from the mass. But I don't want to get too far ahead of myself. The point is that I was raised with some contact with the actual Christ story. It was not completely suppressed in those days. Nor were the works of literature, music, and art from Christian Europe suppressed in those days as they are now. Still, despite some exposure to the Christ story, it didn't take. I wasn't moved by it. That could have been because of the dry, lifeless way it was presented to me, or possibly it was just my own perversity, but whatever the reason I became completely enthralled with liberalism. I fancied myself a great artist, because I wrote songs and played an electric guitar. If records from that time period had not been expunged, you could look up my name and see that I had a few best-selling albums.

My most popular song was a protest song I wrote at the time when the African nation of Banyon was being run by a white minority, about 10% of the population. There was a black terrorist in that country who was jailed for rape and murder. He was guilty of those crimes and many more, but I, like the entire Western intelligentsia at the time, thought all the blacks in Banyon were saints and all the whites in Banyon were devils. So I wrote a song about the great African Saventi. I still remember, God forgive me, the refrain:

*A man without taint
Fights the forces of hell
Saventi the saint
Will fight till he hears the whites' death knell.*

I went across America and most of Europe singing that song and others like it. Besides getting rich from my albums, I also earned a letter from President Saventi and an invitation to visit him in Banyon after the fall of the white government and the election of Saventi as the first Banyonese president of the new republic. This was two years after my tour. I eagerly assented. I went to Banyon as a Catholic would go to Rome for an audience with the Pope. Banyon was my Rome and Saventi my Pope.

Before I tell you of my meeting with Saventi I must tell you that I was in a love with a white woman from Banyon. She was my age, which was twenty-six. She wrote to me during my anti-apartheid tour and subsequently came to visit me. She was beautiful and she was a fervent anti-apartheid white. "I am ashamed of my people, in fact, I don't regard them as my people," she said on many occasions. "I will fight apartheid with all my heart and soul, and if it takes bloody revolution, I'll take my part in that." I assured her that I didn't think it would take a bloody revolution.

"The world is against the white supremacists in Banyon. Soon there will be elections and Banyon will be a free black state." I was right about the elections. Apartheid ended two years after Jennifer's visit to the States. But was it bloodless? Only while the election was taking place. Afterwards there was a bloody massacre of whites. But of course I was blind to that massacre as were the rest of the liberal whites throughout the world. I probably would have remained blind had it not been for Jennifer. But let me tell you of my dinner with the great Saventi. I'll pick up the conversational thread as the dinner was winding down."

Act III, Scene 2.

Saventi: You know it was great artists like yourself who helped pave the way to the Free Republic of Banyon?

AM: I'm glad I played some small part in the establishment of your Republic, but really there were so many people of the West who supported your cause.

Saventi: Yes, but most did not have a public voice. You had a public voice, and you had the courage to use that voice. You are a true citizen of Banyon.

AM: I am honored.

Saventi: But all is not perfect here in Banyon. There are still some in the West, the white fascists, who claim we are allied with the communists and we are massacring the whites. These are base lies.

AM: What can I do to help you?

Saventi: You can now sing the praises of the free black, integrated Banyon just as you used to sing about the evils of white, apartheid Banyon.

AM: I will, I've already started writing a song about the new Banyon.

Saventi: Excellent, and now I know you must be tired. I'll have one of my wives show you to your quarters.

AM: Thank you, I am rather tired. But I must ask you one more question.

Saventi: Just one?

AM: (smiling). Just one for now. I made the acquaintance of one of your citizens, an anti-apartheid activist, during my concert tours. I heard from her regularly up until the election. But since that time, I have not heard from her. I wonder if you could help me get in touch with her.

Saventi: She is a sweetheart of yours?

AM: (blushing) Yes, I suppose she is.

Saventi: Say no more. I will help you find her.

AM: Ah, there is just one difficulty. She may have stopped writing because she has found someone else. I don't want to embarrass her if she really doesn't want to see me.

Saventi: I understand. I will make discreet inquiries and then let you know. What is her name?

AM: Her name is Jennifer Dawson.

Saventi: Don't worry, you shall hear from her, I'll see to that. And in the morning I'll have one of my men show you around the black Free Republic of Banyon so that you can refute the white fascists of your nation.

AM: I don't need to see it in order to believe in the free state of Banyon. I've seen you and I believe in you.

Saventi: As always, you are too kind.

Act III, Scene 3. Ancient Mariner's Aside.

The next day I was given a sumptuous breakfast, but my host was not present. I was told he had some important business to attend to, by the man who was to be my guide through the capital city of Banyon. I was disappointed that President Saventi could not be my guide, but I certainly understood. He was an important man.

I was taken through sections of the capital city by my black guide along with two armed black bodyguards. "White fascists make it necessary," my guide explained. But I didn't see whites anywhere. What I saw was absolute squalor and hostile looking black men and women. I tried to beat down my former image of the capital when it had been ruled by whites. The liberals showed those pictures, prior to the revolution, in order to show how disgustingly white the city was. But in doing so they gave people like me a glimpse of a clean, well-run city which was a shocking contrast to the new capital city. But in the end I put it down to "the growing pains of a country that has thrown off colonialism," and tried to think good thoughts about the new Free Black Republic of Banyon.

Although what I saw of Banyon was not very uplifting, there were whole areas that I was not allowed to see at all. "Too dangerous, there might be white fascists there," was all I was told. So my tour was not very enlightening or uplifting. When I returned to the Presidential Palace, I was given another wonderful supper, but my host was not in attendance. His first deputy did attend, but when I asked him about Jennifer Dawson, he told me he knew nothing of such a woman nor had "his excellency" told him anything about the matter. I was taken completely by surprise when at the end of the dinner, I was told that I would be taken to the airport at 10 a.m. in the morning.

"I hope you had a pleasant visit with us," was the final words of the first deputy.

Back in my room I was frantic. I had come to see the new Banyon, but that was really secondary. My main reason for coming had been to see the woman I loved. Now I was told that I had to leave Banyon without seeing her. It was unbelievable to me. How could Saventi send me away without seeing Jennifer? Could it be that he had discovered she had found someone else? That had to be it. That would also explain why I was being sent away so suddenly. The great, kind, and good Saventi wanted to spare me the pain and embarrassment of finding out that the woman I loved was not in love with me. But still, I wanted to see her, because love always hopes against all odds. I didn't doubt Saventi's kindness, but I still wanted to see Jennifer. How could I convince Saventi to let me see Jennifer?

What followed was providential, although I wouldn't have named it so at the time, because I didn't believe in Providence, I believed in liberalism, and the liberal's God is the black man.

There was a knock at the window, and through the window came a black Rumpelstiltskin.

“Do you wish to find the young lady called Jennifer Dawson?”

“Yes, do you know of her?”

“Certainly.”

“Could you tell me where she is?”

“No, I cannot tell you, but I can show you where she is, but we must leave here immediately.”

So I left immediately with a pint-sized negro who insisted on being paid \$10,000 American dollars for taking me to Jennifer Dawson. What the greedy little opportunist didn't know was that I would have paid him ten times that amount. I was rich, I had made a fortune with my anti-apartheid protest songs. But I did have enough sense to withhold \$5,000 of the money.

“You'll get the rest when I see Jennifer.”

“Certainly, I understand,” the little dwarf intoned in a nauseatingly smooth voice.

The black Rumpelstiltskin did not possess a car, but he knew where I could rent one without any questions asked. So I went with him and paid an exorbitant price for one night's use of a broken down black Cadillac. The enormously fat negro who rented the car to me seemed to be, facially, a dead ringer for the greasy Rumpelstiltskin. I assumed they were related, which made me feel a little better about the secrecy of my trip. Maybe the fat negro would not squeal on his cousin or brother, whatever the dwarf's relation to him was.

I did the driving; the dwarfish negro's legs were too short to reach the gas pedal, while the dwarf gave me directions. After about a 90 minute drive, we came to a vast plain with only a few trees. My companion told me to stop the car at the bottom of the embankment. We both got out of the car.

“This is as far as I go.”

“What do you mean?”

“My cousin will send a car for me, with my two brothers in it. The one will drive me back, and the other will wait for you to drive you back.”

“But I'm not paying you the rest of the money until I see Jennifer.”

“You will see her. If you go to the top of that hill, you can look down and see a prison camp for white fascists. Jennifer Dawson is in that camp.”

“But she was not a white fascist, she was an anti-apartheid activist. This is a horrendous mistake. I will see Saventi about this.”

“It was Saventi who ordered her imprisoned.”

“I don't believe that!”

“Saventi ordered the imprisonment of all white fascists on the day of his inauguration.”

“That can't be true, the press would have reported it.”

“Well, they didn't. And what I tell you is true. Jennifer Dawson is in that prison camp. But if you don't believe me, that is your privilege, I'll go now.”

I saw another car pulling up with only one person in it. One of the midget's cousins must have been following us. I didn't have a gun, but I had youth and considerable strength on my side. I took my five thousand from the dwarf and beat his cousin to a pulp.

“You won't get any money at all until you take me to Jennifer Dawson. And if what you say is true, you won't be paid in full until you help me get her out of that prison.”

The saving grace for me or for any man, and by grace I mean Him from whom all grace flows, was that I had one spark of humanity left in me: I genuinely loved that woman. My love for her made me man enough to treat those two blacks like the savages they were instead of like the deities that I and my fellow liberals said they were.

Through a series of bribes I was able to get Jennifer past the camp guards and out to the bottom of the hill from which we started. What I saw en route to Jennifer's cell was something I'll never forget. It was something out of Dante, where poor, tortured men and women, all white men and white women, were suffering through every indignity and every torture ever conceived. If I could have done it, I would have freed them all and killed all their black tormentors. But I couldn't, so I tried to free Jennifer. When I saw her, I did not at first recognize her. Her naked body was emaciated, and she was a mass of bruises from head to foot. Only her eyes, which burned with a special light, told me that she was Jennifer Dawson. I wrapped Jennifer in my shirt and carried her from the prison. I placed her in the back seat of the car. When I heard cries of, “A prisoner has escaped!” I started up the car. Neither the midget nor his cousin tried to stop me, but they kept yelling to the guards to hurry up before I got away. We did get away from the immediate vicinity of the prison camp, but when the car ran out of gas, I was forced to walk on, carrying Jennifer in my arms, until we left the desert behind and came to one of Banyon's many jungles.

I spent three days trying to get deeper into the jungle without taxing Jennifer's strength too much. I didn't know if we were being followed or not. But I didn't want to make us easy to find if we were being followed. I carried Jennifer a good deal of the time, which made for slow going, but Jennifer simply couldn't walk very far. On the third day I found a rather hospitable looking cave that I thought would serve as a place where Jennifer and I could stay while she regained her strength. As it turned out Jennifer and I were not the only whites who had decided to seek refuge in the cave. We had stumbled on the beginnings of a white colony in the midst of the jungles of Banyon.

Act IV. The Colony.

DM: I can't tell from the outside just how far that cave extends.

Reverend Hill: No, you can't. That is why we decided it made a good refuge for us.

DM: How many are you?

RH: There are exactly 441 white refugees who are making their home here. There will be 443 if you and your lady stay here.

DM: How did you all get here? Did you come here together?

RH: No, we didn't come here together. When the terrible bloodletting started, the whites who could fled to wherever they found a road not blocked with black savages. Most of them were cut down, but some made it to the jungle. At first we were a small band of twenty, but gradually, over the last six months, we have increased our number to the 441 you see here.

DM: Jennifer has been telling me a little of what happened after the end of apartheid, but I didn't press her for too many details, because it seems to exhaust her to talk about it too much.

RH: That is understandable.

DM: She was raped and tortured.

RH: Yes, I assumed as much. I'm afraid that is the norm, the standard, the aberration in the new black Free Republic of Banyon. On the night of the election I saw white women being dragged through the streets, tortured, raped, and made, while being tortured and raped, to suffer every other indignity that could be heaped on human beings. They were violated, not only in their bodies, but in their souls. Some white men fought for their wives and children, but they were unarmed and unprepared for the savagery of the attack. Most of the men were butchered.

DM: May I ask how you managed to escape?

RH: Let me first say that I didn't deserve to escape. I was one of the clergymen, we were legion, who clamored for the end of apartheid. It was the Christian thing to do, I said, because we were all God's children and so on and so on. Reality and I were not friends. But I was forced to look at the reality of the black man on that night of sorrows, the night that Banyon became a free black republic.

I had called for a special election evening service to give praise to God for setting the blacks of Banyon free from their oppressors. I was confident that they would be freed, because the polls said that the anti-apartheid forces would win. The relentless pressure from the West and from whites like me from inside Banyon had finally turned the whites in Banyon against themselves. They wanted the world to love them, they no longer wanted to be called racists.

DM: Did everyone here vote for an end to apartheid?

RH: No, there are many here that voted against ending apartheid, but they still had to suffer from the sinful, willful ignorance of people like me. But I must say there has been no rancor from those people. We are all in the same boat now, and they have chosen not to shun us.

DM: I'm not a native of Banyon, but I was an anti-apartheid activist in my country.

RH: I know that, I recognized you when you came in. I used to have some of your albums.

DM: It seems like years ago, but it was only one week ago that I was being wined and dined by Saventi. Now, I plan to kill him.

RH: I don't think you will be allowed anywhere near him.

DM: We'll see. Right now, I want to help Jennifer recover. Is there much danger of discovery here?

RH: There is a slight danger, but the natural savages of color do not like to venture out of the friendly confines of the city. Strange, isn't it? You would think, based on the rhetoric of men like me, that the noble savages would be more comfortable in the jungle than the unnatural white men. But that is not the case. The negroes have been too busy, for the last six months, looting and destroying the formerly white cities of Banyon, to venture out into the jungles of Banyon. So we are safe for a time. But eventually, when they have made the cities unlivable, they will come looking for white settlements to loot. That is when they will get a surprise.

DM: How so?

RH: They will find formerly passive whites who will fight to the last man. Everyone here now knows about the black race.

DM: Will you have a chance?

RH: Not much of a chance, but we will have no chance at all if we don't fight.

DM: You say you were an Anglican cleric, but the people here consult you about their physical ailments.

RH: I was a late vocation. After I graduated from medical school, I decided I was not cut out for medicine. I shifted to divinity school and took orders in the Anglican Church. From that time on, I plagued the world and the whites of Banyon with my self-righteous pap about freedom and equality.

DW: As a medical man, what do you think of Jennifer's chances?

RH: As a medical man, I can't say what her chances are. She was raped by Saventi and then he turned her over to his special troops to be raped and tortured by them. Then she was taken to that prison camp where you found her. It's a wonder she has lived this long. I think her desire to see you again kept her alive.

DM: When you spoke with her what did she say?

RH: She felt guilty for her part in the blood bath, that much I know. But I assured her that she was not alone, that I was a greater offender than she was. Still, she had to tell me of that night.

"The bloodletting was beyond horror, Reverend, it was something unearthly, it was as if the devil had come up from hell to urge his black minions on and on to greater and greater atrocities. I saw true evil that night. All my life I had spoken out against evil white men. I realized on that terrible night that it is only white men, white men who love the devil's antagonist, who can help against the evil of black barbarism. I spit on the U.N. and all those phony freedom loving organizations that bid us love the noble black savages while hating our own people."

DM: I did the same thing.

RH: So did I and so did all the clear-thinking, kind, compassionate liberals of the West. In the name of love, we demeaned the God of love in order to go whoring after the devil's own, the black barbarians.

DM: Is there really a devil, Reverend?

RH: Yes, there is. What has happened in Banyon is the proof. Mere psychology cannot explain Banyon. We need recourse to the Gospels in order to understand what is happening here. Our Lord believed in the devil, and He told us to shun the devil and all his works. What have I, and my fellow liberal clerics done? We have embraced the devil and all his works by our support of the colored heathens against the Christ-bearing race.

DM: That is a strong condemnation of everything I once believed in.

RH: Is it true? That's all that you need to ask yourself. Is it true that there is a devil and there is a loving God who is the antagonist of the devil?

DM: But it goes against everything modern, everything...

RH: Everything scientific and reasonable?

DM: Yes.

RH: Is what happened in Banyon reasonable and scientific? It is demonic. Science and reason are man-made abstractions. Reality is of the spirit. There is a devil and there is a God, our Lord Jesus Christ. That is the reality we must come to terms with.

DM: I've never really considered Christ as an actual reality. He was always, in the church I was brought up in, a kind of social worker, a man ahead of his time who paved the way for civil rights.

RH: That is what I was brought up to believe as well, although in my time there were still a few clergymen who actually believed that Christ was the Son of the living God. Actually, there was only one that I can think of. He was later barred from preaching and removed from his parish for preaching racism. His name was...

DM: It was Christopher Grey, wasn't it?

RH: Yes, it was. I take it you've heard of him.

DM: Yes, all liberals, and I was certainly a liberal, knew of Christopher Grey. He was racist and he was...

RH: Christian?

DM: Yes, and we all hated him with a passion.

RH: So did I. I once met him when he came to Banyon – this was after he was barred from the Anglican Church. He came here to visit a friend who had fled Kenya when Kenya become an independent black state. His friend kept telling us what would happen if we copied Kenya, but of course we didn't listen to him. Grey gave some public lectures supporting his friend's views of African affairs. I attended one of those lectures and confronted him afterwards.

"By what right do you come here and preach hate?" was my first question to him when he stepped away from the podium.

Christopher Grey replied, "I preach the hatred of the devil and all his works, if that is what you mean by hate. But there is a difference between your hate and my hate. Your hate is grounded in the hatred of the living God, who, since you can't strike back at him directly, you attack by attempting to destroy the Christ-bearing race. I hate the devil, because I love Christ and His people. Surely you can see the difference?"

Of course I couldn't see the difference at all. I was too filled with hatred for that man and what he stood for to see any truth in anything he said.

DM: Was that the last time you saw him?

RH: No, it wasn't. That was three years ago. I saw him just six months ago on the eve of the anti-apartheid election. He saved my life.

DM: Was he living in Banyon?

RH: No, he came, once again, at the request of his friend, to help his friend and his family escape from Banyon. He got his friend and his friend's family out of Banyon and then came for me. I was locked up in the white compound, scheduled to be executed the next morning. That night he came to the prison, strangled the two guards and set me and forty other white captives free. The others he took back to Britain with him, but I decided to remain here.

DM: Why?

RH: To try to atone for my sins against Christ and His people. Gradually, over the last six months, I managed to give aid and comfort to a large number of the despised and rejected whites of Banyon. I should have been attending to their needs during the twenty years that I was a cleric here, but I was too busy doing the devil's work, attending to the needs of Satan's black minions.

DM: They certainly were my gods and I suppose they were and still are the gods of the white European people.

RH: Yes, they are. I don't know the outcome of all this. All we can do is try to serve the living God in and through our people. Which is the way of the cross, the way of all our people until the advent of reason, science, and negro worship destroyed the European peoples' belief in the living God and in themselves as the Christ-bearing race. Every white man and every white woman must ask themselves where they belong, if not with their own people. Where will they learn to love if it is not by their own racial hearth fire? I, who preached love for all mankind, hated my own people. I was a pariah, fit for nothing but treachery against my own people. Neither you nor Jennifer need to beat yourselves to death over your own guilt; it was my responsibility, the responsibility of my entire generation, to preach the love of Christ through the love of one's own, one's kith and kin.

DM: Still, there is this matter of a white man's honor. I've only had a week to ponder my mistakes, or should I say sins. But all those romances of Walter Scott, which will be banned in the future no doubt, which I dismissed as part of my unenlightened past, have come rushing to the forefront of my memory. A Walter Scott hero would not allow his intended to be raped without avenging that outrage. I am going to kill Saventi. I know his death will not restore white Banyon, some other black thug will take Saventi's place, but I must kill him. It is part of the code, a code I've disgraced by prancing around the world singing folk songs about the noble black savage. That code, dormant for most of my life, has taken hold of me. I'm new to this Christian European thing, Reverend. Am I wrong?

RH: In wanting to kill Saventi?

DM: Yes.

RH: No, I don't think it would be wrong to kill Saventi. It would be a great good, but there are prudential concerns. You don't want to just throw your life away in a futile attempt. And what about Jennifer? She needs you.

DM: I don't think Jennifer would want me to kill Saventi to avenge her honor, but I do think she wants me to fight for the white people of Banyon. And the one, Jennifer's honor, is connected to the honor of every white in Banyon, the murdered, raped, and tortured whites of Banyon. And I am the only white man that might be able to get near Saventi. I don't think he knows precisely what happened to me. The black midget and his cousin certainly won't be talking; they acted without his orders. So I think if I suddenly show up with some plausible story about where I was, Saventi might be fooled and give me another audience. Then I'll kill him.

RH: Speak to Jennifer before you go, that is all I ask. Then go with my blessing.

Act V, Scene 1. Two Weeks Later.

Jennifer: This is the first time I've walked outside of the cave.

DM: How does it feel?

Jennifer: Wonderful, but I don't think I can manage much of a walk.

DM: That's all right. We'll go back whenever you say. I'm just glad to see you up. Rev. Hill says you've made outstanding progress.

Jennifer: I guess Heidi's grandfather was right?

DM: What do you mean?

Jennifer: In that story – I read it when I was a little girl – goat milk and faith is what helps Heidi's friend Klara to walk.

DM: Is it possible for either of us to have faith, the kind of faith that Rev. Hill has?

Jennifer: Rev. Hill's faith is of recent vintage, too. Yes, I think it is possible. I'm only an infant, as regards my faith, but I can feel it inside of me, it is real.

DM: I've only mentioned it once, but now that you're on the mend I must...

Jennifer: You must kill Saventi, is that what you want to tell me?

DM: Yes.

Jennifer: I love you, David, and I'm afraid of you, but I won't ask you to go. I used to consider myself a feminist. In fact I was such a feminist that I felt guilty when I began to fall in love with you. Real feminists do not love men. But my faith has changed that. I see that there are things a man, a man of honor, must do or else he is not a man. A woman must respect that.

DM: Will you marry me before I go?

Jennifer: Yes.

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**Act V, Scene 2. Morgan Has Obtained a Private Audience with Saventi.**

Saventi: We were very worried about you. Where have you been all this time?

DM: In the desert. Strange as it sounds, I was abducted from my room and taken to some place in the deserts of Banyon.

Saventi: How far did your abductors take you?

DM: I don't know, I was unconscious.

Saventi: Then how did you know you were in the desert?

DM: When I regained consciousness, that's where I was.

Saventi: Who were your abductors?

DM: I don't know.

Saventi: Why, because all black men look alike to you?

DM: Aren't you assuming they were black? How do you know they weren't white fascists?

Saventi: Were they white?

DM: No, they were black.

Saventi: Then why play games with me?

DM: I'm not playing games with you.

Saventi: Yes, you are, Mr. Folk Singer, the great champion of black Banyon. You lying, white fascist. I know where you were. You were with that whore, Jennifer...

One more step and I'll blow your brains out. Guards! Take this man away.

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Act V, Scene 3. Saventi's office.

Kantini: I don't see why we must treat him differently than the rest of the white prisoners. I've refrained, at your orders, from torturing him, and he has been fed like a king, but I still must say I don't understand.

Saventi: Kantini, you are a good and loyal pit bull, but I'm afraid you do not understand the politics of our particular situation. We control Banyon because the liberal whites love us; they have created a fantasy of the poor but noble black savage who needs their aid and their pity. I know this to be true because I have studied at their universities.

Kantini: I spit on their pity.

Saventi: So do I, and I'll go further than that — I hate the liberals of the West more than I hate the white reactionaries.

Kantini: I hate all whites.

Saventi: As I do, Kantini. I assure you, we will kill them all. But we must be wise. We must not give our enemies, and we have a few in the West, the opportunity to say we are behaving just like the white fascists who used to rule Banyon. This David Morgan fellow is very famous in the United States and Europe. If we torture and kill him, the West will take note.

Kantini: But surely you aren't going to let him live?

Saventi: Of course I'm not going to let him live. But it must seem right to the liberal West. They must be shown by a reliable witness that David Morgan has become a white racist.

Kantini: And who will be that reliable witness?

Saventi: Pope Francis.

Kantini: That pig?

Saventi: Yes, that pig will be my reliable witness. His papal visit is next week. He wants to give the black Republic of Banyon his blessing. I intend to make sure that Pope Francis is my witness to the world. He will see that David Morgan is a white racist that I must execute for the good of the state. Never fear, my good and faithful pit bull, David Morgan shall die.

Kantini: Will your Excellency allow me the privilege?

Saventi: Yes.

Kantini: Then he shall die slowly and painfully.

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**Act V, Scene 4. Pope Francis's "Interview" with David Morgan, in His Jail Cell.**

Pope Francis: I've heard terrible things about you, my son.

DM: What did the great Saventi tell you?

PF: That you joined in a plot, a plot of the white fascists hiding in the jungle, to kill President Saventi.

DM: I did try to kill Saventi, but there was no plot. It was my own idea, no one else was responsible.

PF: But how possibly have possessed you? You were such a good friend of the black people of Banyon. Was it because of that woman?

DM: What woman?

PF: Jennifer Dawson.

DM: What did he tell you about her?

PF: He told me that you were in love with her, but when you discovered that Saventi had made her his fourth wife you went berserk. You stormed out of the Presidential Palace and eventually ended up with the white fascists, plotting your revenge on President Saventi. My son, we all must suffer disappointments in life, and disappointments in love are some of the worst of them, but we must persevere, we must be true to our ideals despite disappointments. President Saventi is a saint. He forgives you for your attempt on his life, and he will permit you to leave the country on the condition that you renounce all attempts on his life and never write or speak a word against President Saventi or the Free Black Republic of Banyon. I think those are more than generous terms. If you accept them, I am to be your safe convoy back to Europe and from there, you can return to your homeland.

DM: I can't accept those terms, because they are a lie. Saventi is a monster. He raped Jennifer Dawson and then turned her over to his black henchmen to be raped and tortured in a white prison camp. I saw one of those prison camps, your Holiness, and they were something from hell. I won't renounce Jennifer or my people. I intend, if I live, to tell the world what I saw here and to kill Saventi.

PF: President Saventi told me you would fabricate lies to justify your hatred of him. Please relent, it's not too late to stop your execution.

DM: It's not too late for you to become a white Christian. Why won't you believe me?

PF: Because I believe Saventi. I looked into his face and I saw holiness.

DM: I have nothing more to say to you then.

PF: I'm still willing to be your safe convoy if you'll only repent. Otherwise you will be executed. I can't blame Saventi, he can't permit such plots against the state.

DM: I thought you were against capital punishment.

PF: Not in this case, this is a legitimate execution. White racism must be purged from the face of the earth.

DM: You go to hell.

Christopher Grey: It's time to leave this place. Your people are waiting for you in the jungle.

DM: Who are you?

CG: My name is Christopher Grey, and we must move quickly.

DM: I can't leave until I kill Saventi.

CG: He is dead and so is Kantini.

DM: How?

CG: Never mind how. Come with me.

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Act V, Scene 5.

Ancient Mariner: That was some 40 years ago, I suppose Christopher Grey was in his early sixties back then. He is still alive today. He is over one-hundred years old.

Taylor: I've heard some terrible things about him.

AM: Of course you have, you've heard those things from liberals.

Taylor: Who is he then?

AM: He is flesh and blood; that is certain. But he is a kind of Melchizedek, the mysterious high king of Salem, who came seemingly out of nowhere to aid Abraham. Now mind you, I'm not saying Christopher Grey is Melchizedek, but I am saying he has done what Melchizedek did. On many, many occasions he has come to the aid of Christians who seemed destined to perish at the hands of colored barbarians or liberals. I can't recount all the missions of mercy he has successfully carried off. My case was just one of his many miraculous missions of mercy. When he took me out of that cell, we traveled through the Banyon desert for many miles. As we approached the jungle where Jennifer and the rest of the white Banyonites were, I looked up at the sky and couldn't help but feel that I was back with the shepherds who were vouchsafed a vision of the Star of Bethlehem. I knew nothing about stars, so I didn't know what the modern name for the star was that shone so brightly that night. But for me it was the Star of Bethlehem. Its light gave my new-found faith a special intensity and fervor. Christopher Grey didn't try to discourage me when I got on my knees before the star. He got down on his knees with me and recited Scripture:

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

Taylor: Once you got back to Rev. Hill and the other whites, did you take up residence there?

DM: No, we didn't. Jennifer wanted to stay with the white remnant of Banyon, to try and be of some use. You see, she wanted to make up for her treason. But Rev. Hill thought that she could get better medical care in the States. At that time the States still gave medical care to whites.

Taylor: I've heard of those times.

DM: The USA eventually went the way of Banyon and outlawed whiteness, but for about 12 years Jennifer was able to receive medical treatment in the United States. We were told by all the doctors that Jennifer, because of all the injuries she had endured at the hands of the black barbarians, could not bear children. But ten years after our return to the States she gave birth to a baby boy. He is alive and well today with a family of his own.

Taylor: Does he live here with your wife and you?

AM: He lives near me. He has lived in the White Underground since he was five years old.

Taylor: And your wife?

AM: We had 38 good years together. She died two years ago. We both tried, during that time, to support the whites in Banyon and the United States. I continued my song writing, but of course my pro-white folk songs were banned. Still, we did what we could. I think I would have given up if it hadn't been for Jennifer. She looked on me as a rock, so I had to be one.

Taylor: And now?

AM: The dead are not dead; she still needs me to be a rock, and I need her to be my inspiration. Of course, we are both sustained by Him and through Him.

Taylor: What became of Christopher Grey?

AM: He returned to Britain in order to be a thorn in the side of the Moslems and the liberals, but he has visited these shores on other mercy missions. He has friends throughout Europe, the United States, and Banyon.

Taylor: This all seems so fantastical. Your world is so different from the world I have known.

AM: It rests with you to decide which world you belong to. I have told you of your people and their God.

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### Act V, Scene 6. Two Weeks Later.

Father Todd: Do you feel well enough to assist at mass this afternoon?

Taylor: No, I don't, can we wait a little while longer?

Father Todd: You'll forgive me if I seem unsympathetic, but you don't seem disabled. Why can't you assist at mass? It's been two weeks since your alleged beating at the hands of Paul Davis.

Taylor: What do you mean by my 'alleged' beating?

Father Todd: I don't think you were really beaten at all. I think you played Sidney Carton to his Charles Darnay.

Taylor: I don't know what you are talking about...

Father Todd: Sidney Carton, in Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*, changed places with Charles Darnay and went to the guillotine in Jacobin France instead of Darnay.

Taylor: I've never read Dickens; his books are on the Index. What were you doing reading a condemned book?

Father Todd: Don't try to put the blame on me. Dickens' works were not on the Index when I was a young man.

Taylor: You mean in those terrible days when everything white and Christian was not proscribed by our wonderful government?

Father Todd: There it is.

Taylor: What?

Father Todd: Outright blasphemy. I haven't forgotten why you went on vacation. You had doubts about your vocation as a priest consecrated to the sacred negro.

Taylor: Okay, Father, I will tell you the truth. I no longer believe in the sacred negro. I believe in the God of my people. I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe that He died to save me from sin and death, and I love Him in and through the people of my own race. I freed Paul Davis because I was in a position to free Paul Davis. I had him change clothes with me, and then he tied me up and left the prison pretending to be me. The authorities believed that he had beaten me and changed places with me. Now, you know the truth. But I must tell you that I only wish that I could free all the white captives of this hideous monstrosity of a church that you serve, and I, God have mercy on me, used to serve.

Father Todd: (screaming). You filthy, degenerate, treacherous snake! I'll tell them everything and you'll die slowly, painfully, and justly.

Taylor: All in the name of liberty, equality, fraternity, and the sacred negro, isn't that about the size of it?

Father Todd: I won't listen to this blasphemy any longer.

Taylor: I'm afraid I anticipated you, Father Todd. Your cellphone is permanently out of order.

Father Todd: That won't stop me. I'll drive to the government offices to report you.

DM: I'm afraid you will not be able to visit with the government officials, Father Todd.

FT: Who are you?

DM: We are members of the European resistance movement, the people you call white fascists. You are going to be tried for your crimes against your people. You had better pray to the God that you have forsaken that we are more merciful than the god and the people that you serve.

Taylor: What will happen to him?

DM: He won't be tortured, I'll promise you that much.

Taylor: Will he be executed?

DM: It's possible, if he seems irredeemable. But first he'll be imprisoned. He'll be fed well and treated humanely. Then comes the big 'if' – If we see that he truly and sincerely has left the Church of the sacred negro in order to return to Christ's church, we will find a place for him in the White Underground. But that will be up to him. Right now, he is headed for prison.

Taylor: How is Davis doing?

DM: He's doing fine. He never thought he would see his wife and children again. Now it looks like he'll be around to see them grow up white and Christian.

Taylor: That's good.

DM: He is very grateful to you. His wife says they will name their next child after you. John, if he is a boy and Joan if she is a girl.

Taylor: That is very kind of them, but it was you...

DM: Nonsense. You were a hero, a real life Sidney Carton.

Taylor: I'll have to read that book someday.

DM: You'll get a chance to read all of Dickens' works where you are going. Arthur's Britain does not ban Christian works.

Taylor: Are you sure that I belong in Britain?

DM: Yes, I'll miss you, but right now the government officials are too focused on you. You need time to live and grow as a Christian. Arthur's Britain is the place for you. If you leave tonight, William and James will put you on the ship with some other future Britons; you will arrive in time for Christmas.

Taylor: All right, it's settled. But I won't say goodbye – we shall meet again.

DM: Most certainly.

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POSTSCRIPT: Three weeks later, Christmas Eve Day.

Taylor: Is it true that on the first two Christmas Eves here, you performed the entire *Christmas Carol* from memory?

Grey: Yes, like my hero, Sir Walter Scott, I have a photographic memory. The works I want to remember stay with me. But last year, our third Christmas in the new-old Britain, I decided to dole out the parts. I was the Ghost of Christmas Past and the narrative voice. This year, our fourth Christmas, I'll just be the narrative voice.

Taylor: I'm a little nervous about my part. I only read the *Christmas Carol* for the first time on the boat coming over here.

Grey: You'll be fine.

Taylor: Is this typecasting?

Grey: (laughing). No, you are playing Scrooge as a young man because you are younger. After all, you are a repentant Scrooge – if you played him that would be typecasting.

Taylor: (laughing). Well, I only hope I don't ruin it.

Grey: You won't.

Taylor: I certainly can identify with Scrooge after his conversion. He is so happy that he is a light as a feather. Do I have a right to such happiness?

Grey: Don't put the grace of God in that category. None of us have any rights – we have His love and that is everything.

Taylor: Whomever I talk to here, they seem to be of one accord – "Christopher Grey is a man who walks with God." How does a man like myself learn to walk with God?

Grey: Just love Him in and through your people.

Taylor: That's all?

Grey: That is everything.

Taylor: Rev. Grey, I don't mean to burden you, particularly on Christmas Eve day, but I would like to know more of your story. You understand that I do not ask for your story in a spirit of mere intellectual curiosity?

Grey: Yes, I understand that. There is something from my past that might help you. It's not my whole story, but it certainly has determined what the content of my life's story has become.

Neither of my parents were Church of England, they were what was called 'non-conformist,' in that they attended a Protestant Gospel-based church, but they were not narrow sectarians. If you believed that Christ was the Son of God who died for our sins, my parents looked on you as their fellow Christian. Both my parents were large in stature, my mother was very tall for a woman, and my father was a raw-boned, muscular man well over 6'6" tall. I only bring that into the story because, as you'll see, it is going to have something to do with my path in life. It's a wondrous thing, how seemingly irrelevant things can shape our destinies.

With such parents, and with the fruits of the earth to nourish me, I grew up to be quite a strong, muscular young man. I don't think my spirit was as strong as my body was though. I accepted my parents' faith, but I didn't pay as much attention to my spiritual life as I did to my physical life. I lifted weights, which I forged at the farm in our blacksmith shop, and the weightlifting added to my natural strength inherited from my parents. Don't worry, this is all leading somewhere.

Taylor: (laughing). I'm not going to sleep, I assure you.

Grey: Okay. I never had any desire, in my young manhood, to do anything but farming as my life's work. I pictured myself marrying some pretty farm girl and settling down on a farm near my parents' farm. And while I was preparing for that life I indulged my two passions – wrestling and weightlifting.

It was the wrestling that changed my destiny. In order to be successful as a wrestler – and I was quite successful as a country wrestler – you needed more than strength, you also needed endurance. So almost every night, after my farm chores were done, I did three to five miles of roadwork. I didn't do my running in the morning because I started the farm work so early that I really wasn't able to fit the running in then. I knew all the roads in the area and there were virtually no cars in those days, the country folk were still using horse coaches and carts, so there was very little danger of running into a vehicle in the dark. Looking back on it now, I realize I was in more danger than I thought. The British people in those days were allowed to bear arms. I never considered the fact that with my size and in the dark, a farmer could easily have mistaken me for a large animal of some kind and blasted me with his shotgun. But I ran in the darkness, completely oblivious to any danger. That is not a deliberate metaphor for my spiritual state at the time, but you can take it for one.

Now I come to the night when God called on me by name. I suppose I'm open to the usual charges of seeing divine intervention in an accidental circumstance, but it is my conviction that what happened on that night, so many years ago, when I was 20, was no accidental circumstance.

I was about two miles into my run when a horse-driven carriage, going extremely fast, too fast for safety, passed me on the road. In fact I had to dive into a ditch to avoid being hit by the carriage. As I got up I noticed that whoever was driving the carriage had stopped about 100 yards up the road. A young woman got out and ran back toward me. She was visibly upset, almost in a state of hysteria. At this point, let me shift to the dramatic mode, which is the way I see the events of that night.

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Young Woman: Are you hurt?

Young Grey: No ma'am, I'm not hurt, but I must tell you that you were going too fast for these roads and...



Young Woman: Yes, I know, and I know, but I know, but I know, but I know, but I know, but I must be going.

Young Grey: Wait, if you must get somewhere in a hurry, I can take you there. I know these roads.

Young Woman: (looking me straight in the eye) Will you take me where I want to go without asking questions?

Young Grey: (looking her in the eyes) Yes.

Young Woman: Then let's go.

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Taylor: You really went with her without asking questions?

Grey: You must understand that I was young and a romantic at heart. I know such things are not even spoken of today, especially in the world you've come from. But for me it was the fulfillment of the deepest yearning of my heart – to do battle against the forces of evil, and I believed anyone opposed to that fair lady had to be evil, for the sake of a damsel in distress, was all that a romantic could ask for.

Taylor: Was it all you had hoped for?

Grey: Yes. We went about two miles farther down the road and then she asked me to stop. She had reason to believe that her younger sister, blinded by a fatal infatuation, had run off with an older man. My lady knew, by instinct, that the man was evil. And by evil she meant diabolical.

“We might encounter anything in that grove where she was told to meet him. Are you willing to face anything for a woman you don't even know?” she asked me.

I told her I was. Then we proceeded to the grove in the woods. What I saw sent chills down my spine. The sister was bound and gagged, stretched out on some kind of altar. There were present one white man, dressed in Satanic robes, and he was assisted by four loin-cloth attired black men. The white Satanist was going through a satanic ritual with the obvious intent of sacrificing my lady's sister to the devil. My blood was up with that charity of honor and I rushed upon the demonic white man. But before I could reach him I had to deal with his black henchmen. That didn't take long. Once I had disposed of them, I turned to deal with the diabolist. First, he pointed the sacrificial knife at me, but then, surveying my size and the look in my eye, he pulled a revolver from out of his robes and pointed it at my heart, saying, “One step further, and you die. I command you to go back, in the name of Satan, I command you!”

“In the name of Christ, I defy you.”

Taylor: I presume he missed?

Grey: He fired at point-blank range and missed.

Taylor: What happened to him?

Grey: I killed him.

Taylor: And his henchmen?

Grey: I thought I made that clear, I killed them when they tried to stop me from preventing the sacrifice.

Taylor: That must have been rather traumatic, to kill five men like that at such a young age?

Grey: I wouldn't use the term 'traumatic' – I don't like the terminology of psychology.

Taylor: I'm sorry, it will take some time to divest myself of the trappings of my old life.

Grey: I'm not reproaching you. I just want to keep things clear. The incident stirred up something deep inside of me, but it was not bloodlust, nor was it remorse for what I had done. What it stirred up in me was something that Edmund Burke said was missing in the French people during the bloody French Revolution. He called it, “that charity of honor.” It is the white Christian's response to the murder of other white Christians and to the destruction of God's image in man. That is what stirred within me that night, and that is what I, and every white man who is still Christian, lives by. There was an instinct inside of me, deeper than reason, telling me that I had to kill in defense of innocence. The Christian heart will see us through where reason fails.

Taylor: Why did he miss?

Grey: I can't prove this, but I think the words 'Jesus Christ' made him flinch just enough to shoot wide. There is great power in the Word made flesh, and His word was made flesh in my heart on that night.

Taylor: There are similarities between your story and David Morgan's story.

Grey: Every white Christian is called to fight the devil and his works. It might not always be a physical fight, although in our current post-Christian era, it is often likely to be, but the spiritual battle is always with us. What I encountered on that night was unusual in that the white diabolist, a professor, actually believed in Satan. Most liberals then and now do Satan's will, but they do not actually believe in Satan. But what that liberal was doing, sacrificing a white Christian on the altars of Satan, with the aid of colored heathens, was to become the liberals' religion in the 20th and the 21st centuries. I have lived a long life, I've seen the liberals destroy all of Christian Europe, and now, thank God, I've lived to see the beginnings of the European people's return to Christian Europe. You shall be part of that movement – the great homecoming of the European people.

Taylor: What happened to the two women?

Grey: The fair damsel became my wife, and her sister lived many happy years with a Christian husband. They had a large family. My wife died young, but she has never left my side. It won't be long now till I see her again face to face.

Taylor: Is that incident what made you become a clergyman?

Grey: Yes, I never wanted, before that evening, to be anything but a farmer.

Taylor: Any regrets?

Grey: No, even though I was finally dismissed from my parish for 'racism' I got to meet many Christians and do some good in my work as a clergyman.

Taylor: Is there a true church?

Grey: Yes, but it is not the Anglican Church or the Roman Catholic Church or any of the other organized churches. Christ cannot be put in a closed box. He is not, as my friend C. S. Lewis said in his Narnia series, a tame lion. Christ's church consists of those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as true God and true man. And when I refer to belief, I'm not referring to an intellectual assertion of the truths of Christianity. I'm talking about an interior conviction that Christ is our Savior.

Taylor: How does one come to that faith?

Grey: Through your people. Stay by your racial hearth fire, stay with Christ, and all will be well. Now that I've told you a little bit about my beginnings, let us come to the present. Don't worry about your part in the play, you'll be fine. I'm sure your performance will be worthy of Dickens. He and all of Europe's honored dead will be with us today. Did you ever read what Dickens said about Christmas and our honored dead?

Taylor: No, I haven't. I'm afraid I have a lot to catch up on.

Grey: This is what he wrote:

On this day we shut out Nothing!

"Pause," says a low voice. "Nothing? Think!"

"On Christmas Day, we will shut out from our fireside, Nothing."

"Not the shadow of a vast City where the withered leaves are lying deep?" the voice replies. "Not the shadow that darkens the whole globe? Not the shadow of the City of the Dead?"

Not even that. Of all days in the year, we will turn our faces towards that City upon Christmas Day, and from its silent hosts bring those we loved, among us. City of the Dead, in the blessed name wherein we are gathered together at this time, and in the Presence that is here among us according to the promise, we will receive, and not dismiss, thy people who are dear to us!

Taylor: That is beautiful.

Grey: Yes, it is. After tonight's service and play, we'll have all sorts of games and parties on Christmas Day. It's for the children. We have a lot of children in Christian Britain. You are welcome to come to any of the festivities that strike your fancy.

Taylor: Thank you, from the bottom of my heart.

Finis. Christmas Eve in Christian Britain.

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset, and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed: and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!

Grey: And now, please sing with me:

All:

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see—
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Grey: Merry Christmas! +

Remembrances IX: Those Who Mourn

December 14, 2019
Categories: Remembrances



While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master. But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole. And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden. And all wept, and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead. And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, Maid, arise. And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway: and he commanded to give her meat.

[-Luke 8: 49-55](#)

Act I. Scene 1.

Inn Keeper: Are the tables set in the banquet room?

Waitress I: Not yet, your wife told us not to set the tables too soon, because she doesn't want the tables to get dirty before the guests get here.

Inn Keeper: For God's sake, it's only a half-hour at most before they start arriving. Set the damn tables. You can get that idiot kid to help you. Now hurry up, I need to check on the dinner preparations.

Waitress II: He's a bear tonight.

Waitress I: Well, this is the night when he gets out of the red – it's Mandela-Cybele-Christmas Eve. He'll have over one hundred people from the ecumenical conference here.

Waitress II: He's lucky they put up that conference center so close. Business was bad before that came in.

Waitress I: It keeps me working.

Waitress II: This is my first Mandela-Cybele-Christmas Eve here – do these people tip a lot?

Waitress I: It depends on how much they drink.

Waitress II: I understand.

Waitress I: Well, I suppose I should find the idiot and get him to help us.

Waitress II: Mr. Marshal doesn't seem to like him much, why does he keep him around, particularly since the kid is deaf and dumb?

Waitress I: He's not really a kid, I think he must be in his mid-twenties, and he isn't deaf and dumb. He can hear, but he can't speak.

Waitress II: He gives me the creeps.

Waitress I: Well, he is a good worker. He does whatever you tell him.

Waitress II: Is that why Joe keeps him on?

Waitress II: No, Joe thinks he is worthless. He came here 6 weeks ago, two weeks before you started. Mrs. Marshal was sick at the time, nothing serious, but she needed extra help in the kitchen and with the errands. The idiot was just there; I think he was trying to get a handout. Mrs. Marshal hired him on a temporary basis and she has taken a liking to him. He is kind of like a family pet now, at least to Mrs. Marshal. She won't let Joe fire him.

Waitress I: There he is, Hey, over here, give us a hand.

Act I. Scene 2.

George Jackson, a slight, balding man in his mid-forties, his wife, Joan, an attractive woman in her mid-thirties, and their daughter, Louisa, aged eight, enter the restaurant.

Joan: This is a lovely view, you can see the snow falling on the mountains.

George: I just hope it doesn't fall on the roads below the mountains. If it does, we'll be stuck here. I didn't want to drive tonight...

Joan: You're such a gloomy Gus, why can't you enjoy the moment without worrying about things? We've just been to the most wonderful Mandel-Cybele-Christmas Eve ceremony I've ever seen. And to think that all over the civilized world people are worshipping Mandela and his people and Cybele just as we do.

Daughter: Mommy, why do we call it Mandela-Cybele-Christmas Eve, why don't we just call it Mandela-Cybele Eve?

Joan: Haven't they explained that to you in school?

Daughter: No.

Joan: Well, they should have told you about it. Jesus Christ was a very good man who lived a long, long time ago. He went around the country he lived in, teaching the principles of racial equality and feminism. His message was so unpopular with the white males in his country that they killed him. But by his death he paved the way for our true appreciation of the black race and womankind.

Daughter: But we are not all equal mother, teacher says that the black race is the holy race and the white race is the sick and sinful race.

Joan: That's right, but Christ didn't know all that in his time, he simply prepared the way for the worship of the black race and the liberation of women. His message was perverted by a terrible man called St. Paul, but ultimately truth won out and Christ became what he was meant to be, the forerunner of the sacred black race and feminism.

George: Dear, I don't know how much theology Louisa can understand.

Joan: She needs to hear the truths of our faith. I'm really surprised that her teacher is not telling her about our evolution as a people from darkness to light.

George: Just let her enjoy her meal.

Joan: I don't like that kind of irreverence, George.

George: Sorry.

Joan: I wonder who will be seated at the other three seats at our table.

George: I wish we could have gotten the Tuckers and their daughter to come to the dinner, then we wouldn't have to share our table with strangers.

Joan: Where is your spirit of adventure? We might get three very interesting people at our table.

George: I doubt it.

Joan: Look, George!

George: Where?

Joan: Over by the door. Those three people might be coming to our table. It looks like one is a priestess and one a priest. I don't know who the other man is.

George: Great, now you'll talk theology all evening, and I won't enjoy my meal.

Joan: Shut up, they *are* coming to this table.

Act I. Scene 3.

One female priestess of the new Roman Catholic African Church, Sister Jacqueline, age 26, one male priest of the Roman Catholic African Church, Father Mike, age 62. And one archivist of the Roman Catholic African Church, Herbert Broadhurst, age 46, are seated at the table with Joan and George and their daughter. They have all introduced themselves.

Joan: What exactly does an archivist do, Father?

Herbert: I'm not a priest, you don't have to call me father, Herb will do.

Joan: Sorry.

Herb: Nothing to be sorry about.

Joan: What is it that you do, if you don't mind relating it.

Herb: I don't mind in the least, although I'm afraid what I do is rather boring.

Joan: I'll bet it isn't boring at all.

Herb: Well, an archivist collects and stores documents from the past.

Joan: Who's past?

Herb: The Europeans' past. I collect books, manuscripts, and historical chronicles of Europeans from long ago.

Joan: Doesn't that entail reading many books from the era of racism and sexism?

Herb: Yes, it does.

Joan: But aren't such works forbidden?

Herb: To the normal citizen they are forbidden. But I am an archivist, I have special permission to read and catalogue the old literature and histories.

Joan: It sounds like a pretty filthy job.

Priest: Filthy, yes, but necessary.

George: Why is it necessary, Father Mike?

Priest: Because sometimes it is necessary to reference the past in order to understand the present.

George: For instance?

Priest: Let's take our liturgy, for instance. We all, those of us who have white skin, kneel during the Mass and strike our breasts 17 times and declare we are white and sinful. Those 17 strikes on the breast and the accompanying declarations of white sinfulness is the result of the 17 black martyrs who were killed when the Free Republic of Banyon was dominated by white people. If we didn't have an archivist, we would not know why we beat our breast 17 times.

Joan: But why do we have to know that detail?

Herb: I don't think you are going to convince them that I do something useful, Father.

Priest: Well, historical research can be useful if it is used properly.

Priestess: But what if it is not used properly? I for one have never approved of the archives. If I had my way, we'd simply burn the archives.

Herb: Then I'd be out of a job.

Priestess: So what?

George: Here comes the first course, it looks good.

Joan: Father Mike, will you say grace?

Priestess: He is not permitted to say grace. When a female priestess is present, no male priest is permitted to co-opt the female priestess no matter how many years seniority he has.

Priest: She is quite right.

Joan: I'm sorry, I forgot.

Priestess: Never mind. Dear Nelson Mandela, who represents all the sacred black race, and dear Mother Cybele, who represents all the oppressed female race, bless this food which we are about to receive and may we be ever mindful of the white male menace that always threatens us. Amen.

Joan: Yes, thank you, Sister Jacqueline, that was quite eloquent.

George: They certainly give you big portions here.

Joan: Shut up, George.

George: Yes, dear.

Daughter: Are you really and truly a priestess?

Priestess: Yes.

Daughter: I'd like to be a priestess when I grow up.

Priestess: It takes a lot of work.

Joan: What, in your judgement, Sister Jacqueline, is the main requirement for being a priestess?

Priestess: You must hold the two great commandment in your heart. You must love the black race and the goddess Cybele with all your heart, mind, and soul, and you must hate the white male with all your heart, mind, and soul. Your average person is lukewarm in their love of the black race and Cybele and lukewarm in their hatred of the white male. A priestess can't be lukewarm in her love or her hatred.

Priest: Aren't you going to make a distinction between the white males who have renounced their whiteness and the white males, such as those inhuman monsters in the underground, who have not renounced their whiteness?

Priestess: Some make such distinctions, but I don't. I do not see why there should be any white males left alive on this earth. We have the means of determining the sex of the child in the womb, so it should be mandatory that all white male children should be aborted.

Herb: Most white male babies are already executed by the state.

Priestess: Yes, but not all are executed. And look at John Taylor, he was lawfully born and raised as a priest. And what happened? He became a member of the white underground.

George: I thought he went to England.

Priestess: Yes, he did, for two years. But now he is back and he works for the white underground. He is with David Morgan.

Priest: Surely because one white male, who was raised to renounce his whiteness, returned to the slime pits of whiteness, you don't condemn all white males who have renounced their whiteness?

Priestess: I don't trust any white males and I don't think we should allow any of them the opportunity to betray us.

Joe: Everything all right here? How is the food?

Priest: It's excellent as always.

George: Yes, it's great.

Priestess: It's adequate. But let me ask you a question.

Joe: Ask away.

Priestess: Who was that young white male I saw come out of the kitchen a few minutes ago in order to wipe up that spill at the table near the kitchen?

Joe: He's just some idiot aide that we hired to help out during the Mandela-Cybele-Christmas season.

Priestess: Does he have papers?

Joe: Of course he does, do you think I'd hire a white male without papers?

Priestess: I want to see his papers.

Joe: What right do you have to tell me who I can hire?

Priestess: I have every right, I'm a priestess in the one Holy Catholic Church of Mandela-Cybele.

Herb: She does have the right, but I suggest you just let it alone and enjoy the meal.

Priestess: Yes, you would let it alone.

Herb: Can't you just relax for one night, must you always be on duty?

Priestess: Don't get male with me. Perhaps you were planning to romance me.

Herb: God forbid.

Joan: What God?

Herb: It's just an expression.

Priestess: Watch your expressions.

Herb: I'm sorry.

Priestess: I want to see that young man's papers.

Joe: I understand, I'll go get his papers immediately.

Priestess: And bring him out here with his papers.

Joe, Yes, your... er...

Priestess: Sisterhood.

Joe: Yes, your sisterhood.

Act I. Scene 4.

The Kitchen.

Joe: Who let that idiot out of the kitchen?

Waitress II: I told him to go clean up the spill.

Joe: Didn't you know that he was supposed to stay in the kitchen when there were other people in the restaurant?

Waitress II: Nobody told me.

Joe's wife: What is wrong, dear?

Joe: A priestess saw him and wants to see his papers.

Wife: What did you say?

Joe: I said I'd get his papers and send him out with the papers.

Wife: But he doesn't have any papers.

Joe: I know. If you remember I wanted no part of him when he came here. You insisted I give him a meal. Then you insisted that I should keep him on. He is probably a member of the white underground.

Wife: Oh no, Joe, you just have to look at him to know that he is simply a lost innocent.

Joe: Lost from where? He had to come from somewhere. And where is he right now?

Wife: I sent him to the wine cellar for another bottle of wine.

Joe: He's taking a long time, maybe he knocked the shelves down on himself and he is dead.

Wife: Don't talk like that.

Joe: It wouldn't do me any good if he was dead, that priestess would still want to see his papers.

Wife: Maybe if you tell her that you couldn't find him she'll forget about it.

Joe: Not her, she wants his papers and that's that. There is no getting around her. I wish she'd choke to death on her shrimp cocktail, but we can't count on that kind of luck.

Wife: What can we do then?

Joe: There is one chance. Remember that accountant that worked on the books off and on during the last five years?

Wife: Yes.

Joe: Well, he died of heart attack a couple weeks ago.

Wife: I didn't know.

Joe: Well, I didn't want to upset you, seeing that you had just been ill, so I didn't tell you. But this is what we can do. I'll say that he was in charge of the paper work and that he told me that the idiot had given him his papers. It's a long shot, but it might work.

Wife: What do you mean it might work? They'll imprison him – I mean the idiot — and they're liable to imprison Mr. Jenkin's family as well.

Joe: Jenkins didn't have any family. And it is better for the idiot to go to prison than us. Besides, for all I know he is a member of the white underground. In which case, he belongs in prison anyway.

Wife: No, I don't want him to go to prison. You can tell the lie about the idiot, but let's give the young man time to escape. I'll tell him right now.

Joe: Are you crazy? They'll know we helped him to escape and we'll go to jail. I don't see why you're so attached to that idiot.

Wife: I must tell you something. At first, I just felt sorry for him. You never did, but I did. But then there was something else. Remember when I was sick?

Joe: Sure, you had a bad case of the flu.

Wife: That's what I thought it was at first, but that night, when you slept in the spare room so I could get some rest, I felt the fever burning me up and I knew I was going to die. I tried to call for you, but I couldn't cry out, the fever had dried my throat up. All I could do was lie there and die. And then he came to me, that young man you call the idiot. He had a glass of water in his hand and he lifted my head from the pillow and helped me drink the water. Then he laid my head back on the pillow and placed his hand on my forehead. And Joe, you must believe me, at the moment he placed his hand on my forehead, the fever left me.

Joe: This is pure nonsense. You were delirious from the fever and you had a dream about the idiot. That's all it was. Fevers come and go, there is nothing miraculous about that. The only miraculous thing is your overwrought imagination. You really can come up with some doosies.

Wife: How can you account for the glass then?

Joe: What glass?

Wife: The water glass. When I woke up, there it was by my bedstead. It was full of water.

Joe: So what?

Wife: You see I drained that glass of water during the night.

Joe: How would you know, you were feverish.

Wife: I do know. I vividly remember draining that glass of water he gave me. And furthermore, we don't have any glasses like that glass in the house or the restaurant.

Joe: Where is the glass now?

Wife: I don't know, after I drank from it in the morning, I washed it and then put it in the cupboard, but when I looked for it the next day it was gone.

Joe: There you have it, it was all a dream.

Wife: Was it?

Joe: Of course, otherwise you would have to say that the idiot was some sort of angel or something like that – that he is right out of a fairy tale. But just look at him, he is an idiot.

Wife: Is he, Joe?

Joe: Of course, he is.

Wife: Still, we can't give him up to that priestess.

Joe: We must. It's him or us.

Wife: You must leave here quickly. Get your coat and see if you can find the Nelson's house. It's a mile or so away. Say that I sent you.

Joe: You'll do no such thing. I'm sorry about this, I have nothing against you, but we have to turn you in to a crazy priestess out there. I warned you not to leave the kitchen.

Wife: No, Joe, I won't let you turn him in.

Priestess: Take him. You're not out of this yet, but for now, he is all we care about.

Joe: Well, now you've done it. If they don't believe my story about the papers, I'll be hauled off in chains as well. Is that what you wanted?

Wife: Of course not, but I can't bear to see him hurt.

Joe: Forget about him, there is nothing you can do for him now. You just concentrate on backing up my story, that should be your only concern.

Act II. Scene 1.

The snow is coming down in great blankets now. The people in the restaurant, about one hundred and twenty, have been informed that the roads are currently impassable. The idiot was beaten and then tied to a tree in front of the restaurant. He was tied in a sitting position. The snow fall has already reached the level of his chest. The people at Joan Jackson's table are in the process of eating dessert.

George: My father used to say that no matter how much you ate during a meal, you always had a special place in your stomach for dessert.

Joan: Shut up, George.

George: Yes, dear.

Herb: The dessert is delicious.

Priest: I agree.

Priestess: Is that all men can think of, their stomachs?

Herb: No, sometimes we think of other things.

Priestess: What do you mean by that?

Herb: Nothing at all.

Priestess: I think you are trying to play sexual games with me. That is strictly forbidden in Article VI, section 2 of the Constitution of the American-African Republic. I intend to have you arrested to stand trial for sexual harassment and not only that...

Daughter: Mommy.

Joan: Don't interrupt when the Priestess is talking.

Daughter: But, Mommy.

Joan: Be quiet, Louisa.

Daughter: But Mommy, all I wanted to say was that the man out there is soon going to be covered with snow.

Priest: Oh, dear, the snow is getting rather high. Perhaps we should bring him inside and chain him in the wine cellar.

Priestess: There is no need for that. Let him stay out there.

Priest: But I really think he is either going to suffocate or freeze to death.

Priestess: That need not concern us.

Priest: But he is entitled to a trial.

Priestess: No, he is not entitled to a trial. He is a white male without papers, he has no rights.

And don't think I've forgotten about you.

Herb: Well, this has been a very pleasant dinner.

George: Can she get you in trouble?

Herb: Sure, she can. She has a lot of power. But in this case, if she really intends to pursue it, there isn't much of a case.

Joan: What did you mean by that remark, when you said sometimes men think of other things?

Herb: I meant what I said. I meant that sometimes men think of other things besides their stomachs. She was the one who decided what the other things were.

Joan: Still, I think you meant something sexual.

George: All remarks are not sexual remarks.

Joan: Shut up, George.

George: Yes, dear.

Priest: I wish we could do something for that young man out there.

Herb: I think he is a goner, Father. She won't let anyone touch him.

Priest: It's a pity.

Herb: Yes, it is.

Joan: I don't think any white male has the right to judge the actions of a Priestess in the Roman Catholic African Church.

George: But Joan...

Joan: Shut up, George.

George: Yes, dear.

Act II. Scene 2.

Joe Marshal comes up to Joan Jackson's table.

Joe: I just got word that the power is going out all over the area. And the roads, at present, are impassable, so it looks like we could be here for a long while without any light.

Priestess: This is gross negligence. How can this be allowed to happen?

Herb: I think it is called nature.

Priestess: What do you mean by that?

Herb: Nothing sexual, I assure you. I simply mean that big snow storms can defy even all our modern technology.

Priestess: You seem to love to attack everything modern. Perhaps you prefer your old world of the archives, the world of racism and sexism?

Herb: I didn't say that.

Priestess: You implied it, which is the same thing. I'm going to charge you with counterrevolutionary sentiments when I leave this restaurant.

Herb: I suppose I'll have a lot of charges to answer for.

Priestess: Yes, you will.

Joe: Look, be that as it may, I'm passing out candles for every table. Will you help me?

Herb: I'd be glad to.

Joe: I really don't need help with the candles, my waitresses can handle it, but I wanted to get you away from that Priestess in order to talk with you privately.

Herb: If it's about that young man and his papers, I'm afraid I can't help you, I'm under a bit of a cloud myself.

Joe: No, it's not that, I think I can wiggle clear of those charges. It's about the rest of the night. I still need to keep these people happy.

Herb: That won't be easy. People don't like it when the power goes out.

Joe: But that is not my fault.

Herb: I know it isn't, it's nature's fault, but try to tell that to a bitch like her royal sisterhood over there.

Joe: You take chances, I'd be afraid to use that term even in the privacy of my home.

Herb: You know something, I don't really think I give a damn anymore. Maybe I have spent too much time in the archives. When a man spends 8 hours a day, sometimes 10 or 12, in a different world than his contemporaries, he starts to think and feel about things differently than the people around him. I'm heartily sick of women who aren't women and men who aren't men. And I'm sick of trying to pretend I care about this nation we live in.

Joe: Look, that is more than I know about. I just wanted you to do that play you did here four years ago.

Herb: That was just a history play about some Christmases from long ago that I strung together. But I can't do it tonight because I don't have any copies of the play with me. If you remember, I picked volunteers from the audience who read the various parts, while I was the narrative voice.

Joe: I remember. And you do have copies of the play to give out. I recorded the play, had the words written down, and then made copies of the play. You can give out the parts to volunteer readers again.

Herb: Yes, but they'll have trouble reading their lines in the dark.

Joe: I have eight high-powered flood lights powered by a generator that I can shine on the stage. The audience will be at their tables with the candle lights while the stage will be illuminated by the flood lights.

Herb: I suppose it could be done. But as of right now the power is... I was going to say the power was still on.

Joe: It will be off for some time, at least that is what the reports say. Will you do the play?

Herb: On one condition.

Joe: What?

Herb: Here is my coat. I want you to wrap that young man outside in this coat, give him something warm to drink, and shovel some of the snow away from him.

Joe: Are you crazy?

Herb: Possibly, but that is what I want you to do. Once the play starts nobody will notice you. And without the outside light, it will be too dark for anyone to see you helping him.

Joe: Why does everyone feel sorry for that idiot?

Herb: I don't know that everybody does feel sorry for him. I didn't notice any outpouring of sympathy for him when they chained him out there.

Joe: I guess there wasn't. But my wife has been in tears since they put him out there.

Herb: Good for your wife.

Joe: Okay, I'll do it. I don't know why you want to make a big deal about it, but I'll do it. First let me introduce you to the audience, then you hand out the parts. Once the play starts, I'll sneak out there and see what I can do for the idiot.

Herb: Don't just see what you can do for him, I'm telling you to do something for him.

Joe: Okay, but let's start the show.

Herb: One more thing.

Joe: What?

Herb: In the play, I speak, if you remember, of an old Christmas before it became a Mandela-Cybele-Christmas. She, the Priestess, wasn't here when I did that play on this stage a few years back. She won't permit it to be performed, so you'll have to slip something in her drink to put her asleep.

Joe: Permanently?

Herb: That wouldn't be a bad idea, but I think that would get you in trouble. What I had in mind was a sleeping potion, something that would put her out for two to three hours. Could you manage that?

Joe: If she drinks, I can manage it.

Herb: She drinks all right. She is quite old-fashioned in that regard; she is a stone-cold alcoholic.

Joe: Okay, then, as soon as I come to your table and give her the drink, you head up to the stage.

Herb: And then you visit that young man out there.

Joe: Agreed.

Act III. Scene 1.

The play within a play. Herb Broadhurst gives out the parts to various volunteers from the audience, then he steps forward to introduce the play.

Herb: This is a one-act play that I wrote, mainly for a few close friends that I knew were interested in the subject.

Member of the audience: What is the subject?

Herb: If you let me finish, I'll tell you. The subject is the transition from Christmas to Mandel-Cybele-Christmas. The characters in the play are fictional, but they are based on real life people that I encountered in my job as a European archivist.

Joan Jackson: Is the play heretical?

Herb: Certainly not. How can history be heretical? I simply present this play as a history of a bygone era. An era that I'm sure everyone here is glad to know is over. How can the past, which we condemn, reach out and hurt us? It can't. So I give you the play, which, I hope, will amuse you until the lights go back on and the roads are clear.

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**Act III. Scene 2.**

The study of a Roman Catholic parish. One old priest, about 75 years of age, is seated in the study as a younger priest, about 40 years of age, enters.

Younger priest: Isn't it exciting, Father?

Older priest: What?

Younger: The new missal in which we finally give true homage to Mandela and to Cybele.

Older: I don't know that I care for it.

Younger: Surely you can't object to it, we are simply making explicit what has been implicit for many years.

Older: I see that, but I wonder if now is the proper time. There are still, I think, a great deal of the laity who are attached to the old image of Christ as the Son of God.

Younger: He is still the son of God.

Older: Yes, He is, in the sense that all of us are sons of God, but He loses, in the new missal, His distinctive identity as the one and only Son of God.

Younger: Surely it is better that we make what we actually believe to be true the main focus of our worship?

Older: I suppose so.

Younger: You suppose so, Father. I'm surprised at you, do you or do you not believe that Nelson Mandela and the black race are the hope of mankind? And do you or do you not believe that Cybele represents the immortal spirit of womankind.

Older: I do believe both. But I am questioning the timing of the declaration of the Pope. Many Catholics are still attached to the old concept of Christ.

Younger: But that old concept was false, and it came to us from white supremacists.

Older: Yes, it did, but many people took comfort in that old concept of Christ.

Younger: Nonsense. I think you are exaggerating the emotional appeal of the old concept. The people love Mandela and Cybele. You'll see, the new missal will be a huge success.

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Herb, the Narrator: And the new missal was a huge success. There were a few members of the congregation who walked out of the church, but they were arrested as soon as they stepped out into the street. No one ever heard from them again.

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**Act III. Scene 3**

Narrator: An Anglican rectory. This time it is the younger priest who has his doubts about the transition from Christmas to Mandela-Cybele-Christmas while the older priest constitutes the 'Amen Chorus' for the Mandela-Cybele-Christmas.

Older priest: Have you heard the great news?

Younger priest: About the changes in the prayer book?

Older: Yes.

Younger: I don't have any problems with the theology. I was brought up to believe in Mandela and Cybele as our saviors. But my grandfather was a great believer in the old European Christ.

Older: Didn't he go to prison?

Younger: Yes, he was imprisoned, because he refused to accept Mandela and Cybele as co-redemptorists with Christ. In fact he died while in prison. I think his heart gave out on him.

Older: That is a shame, but whiteness must be purged.

Younger: I know, but I wonder if there aren't more people like my grandfather lurking out there. This change might set them off.

Older: How do you mean 'set them off'?

Younger: I mean it might drive them to take up arms against the American-African Republic of the United States.

Older: I doubt that there are that many closet European Christians out there. I think we have done a pretty good job of weeding them out of our nation.

Younger: Perhaps.

Older: You worry too much.

Younger: Perhaps, but I can still see that look in my grandfather's eyes the night they took him away. I was 10 years old at the time. "No man cometh unto the Father except by me," he screamed, and his eyes were pure fire.

Older: Did you visit him in jail?

Younger: No, my parents wouldn't permit it. But I'll never forget the look on his face.

Older: Well, your grandfather was an exception. The people will love the new prayer book because they love Mandela and Cybele and they don't love the Christ of old Europe.

Younger: I suppose everything will be all right.

Older: Of course, it will.

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Joan: Sister Jacqueline is sick! She won't wake up!

Herb: Is there anyone here who can attend to Sister Jacqueline?

Doctor: She is breathing normally and does not appear to be in dire straits. I think she simply had too much to drink. I suggest you place her on a bed or a couch somewhere and let her sleep it off.

Herb: That is your expert medical opinion?

Doctor: Yes.

Herb: Now we can proceed with the play.

Joan: Wait, I don't think the play should proceed.

Herb: Why not?

Joan: It's offensive.

Herb: Why is it offensive?

Joan: It is blasphemous.

Herb: Why is it blasphemous?

Joan: It insults Mandela and Cybele.

Herb: I don't see how an accurate depiction of the process by which the European people moved from the worship of Christ to the worship of the black race and Cybele can be seen as blasphemous.

Joan: It just is, and I won't let it continue. And Sister Jacqueline wouldn't let it continue if she was...

Herb: If she was awake and sober?

Joan: Father Mike, I want you to stop the play.

Father Mike: I really haven't the authority to stop the performance, as Herb says, it is not blasphemous.

Joan: Then I'll stop it, I'll...

George: Joan.

Joan: What do you want?

George: I want you to sit down and shut up, you are making fool of yourself.

Herb: All right then, let's pick up where we left off.

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**Act III. Scene 4.**

A Protestant parsonage, next to the church. One minister, the pastor, is fifty years of age, and the other minister, the assistant pastor, is in his late twenties.

Pastor: This is great news, the Ecumenical Council of Churches has declared that Christ is no longer to be considered the Son of the living God. He has been reduced to a minor prophet.

Assistant: That is good news. Will it be announced in all the churches this Christmas Eve?

Pastor: Yes, all nativity scenes of Christ and Mary will be removed and replaced by nativity scenes of Nelson Mandela and Cybele.

Assistant: How will they be depicted?

Pastor: Mandela will be depicted as a child in a manger with Mother Cybele hovering over him, surrounded by black tribesmen.

Assistant: That sounds wonderful! Will the Orthodox churches be following suit?

Pastor: Yes, they will, but they will stick to their own dates for the Mandela-Cybele-Christmas.

Assistant: Praise be to Mandela and Cybele.

Pastor: Amen to that.

Assistant: Do you expect any resistance from the laity?

Pastor: There is always some resistance to change, but it is our job to help the people adjust to the changes in their faith. We must be gentle, but we must also be firm. We can't let them backslide into superstition and racism.

Assistant: I don't personally know of anyone who won't welcome this news.

Pastor: I know of one man.

Assistant: Who?

Pastor: My younger brother. He is forty years old, married, with four children, three boys aged nine, seven, and five, and one daughter, aged three. He never goes to church. He always puts up a nativity scene with the baby Jesus, Joseph, Mary, and the three wise men every Christmas.

Assistant: That is disgusting.

Pastor: Yes, it is. I must at least try to reason with him. I'm not looking forward to it, but I must try.

Assistant: Well, good luck, I don't envy you the task.

Pastor: Nor do I.

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Act III. Scene 5.

It is Christmas day in the study of the offending brother. His wife and children are in the living room.

Pastor: I see you have the nativity scene out again this Christmas.

Brother: Of course.

Pastor: You know that the church frowns on such things.

Brother: What church?

Pastor: The Christian Church.

Brother: We've been all over this before. The church you serve is just an organization, it has no soul, no life.

Pastor: There is no other church outside of what we, as modern Christians, determine to be the church. And I must tell you that all the organized Christian churches, including the Orthodox churches which celebrate Christmas on a different date, have decided to dispense with the traditional nativity scene and to go with the Mandela-Cybele nativity scene.

Brother: You do what you like, but I will stay with Christ and His people.

Pastor: That is heresy, that is racism.

Brother: So be it then.

Pastor: I must warn you that...

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Sister Jacqueline: Stop this performance! I won't have it, I simply won't have it.

Herb: But it's just a little historical drama depicting our transformation from the darkness of Christianity to the light of liberalism.

Sister Jacqueline: It is blasphemy, disguised as history. You are under arrest.

Louisa: Sister Jacqueline, Sister Jacqueline, the snow is still coming down and I'm afraid it's going to go over that man's head.

Sister Jacqueline: Will someone shut that little brat up?

Joan: She is dead, she is dead!

Sister Jacqueline: I'm sorry to hear that, but she should not have interfered. That is what happens when you don't obey your superiors.

Joan: I know she was wrong, but...

Sister Jacqueline: There are not buts, she was wrong and she died for it.

George: You foul, loathsome witch, I'll kill you

Sister Jacqueline: Chain him and him outside by that idiot.

Joe Marshal: I can't believe it.

George: They've killed my daughter. But I still don't know what you are talking about.

Herb: Isaiah told us all about that Idiot:

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the LORD hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth."

Father Mike: It can't be. What about Mandela and Cybele?

Herb: Let's make this the beginning of a new old Christmas. Let us sing praises to the one and only Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

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Act IV. Scene 1.

Christmas Eve day, some six hours prior to the events just depicted. We are in the headquarters of a white resistance organization, somewhere in the mountains of what was once called Tennessee.

David Morgan: This will be your first Christmas here since your conversion.

John Taylor: Yes, I was part of *The Christmas Carol* for two straight years in Britain, but Christopher Grey orchestrated the whole production. I'm a little nervous about being in charge of this production.

Morgan: You come highly recommended, Christopher Grey said you'll do a "wonderful" job.

Taylor: I hope so. I'm sorry that you won't be able to see it.

Morgan: I'll see it on tape.

Taylor: You're filming it?

Morgan: Sure, how could we not film the directorial debut of John Taylor?

Taylor: Will you be back by Christmas day?

Yes, if all goes well. We have a quick strike planned against an official who's been very, very aggressive in her persecution of our people. She will be celebrating Mandela-Cybele-Christmas at an ecumenical center and then eating supper at a nearby restaurant. We plan to take her there.

Taylor: Will you kill her?

Morgan: Probably not. We'll take her prisoner like we took Father Todd prisoner three years ago in that rectory where you once resided with him.

Taylor: He is still a prisoner, isn't he?

Morgan: Yes, we don't seem to be able to get through to him. He remains in that other world.

Taylor: I pray for him regularly.

Morgan: Well, there is always some hope. As for Sister Jacqueline, she will not, after tonight, sign any more death warrants against our people.

Taylor: I finally heard from Britain again.

Morgan: From Christopher Grey?

Taylor: No, I heard about Christopher Grey. Father Bontini wrote me a long letter about him.

Morgan: Please let me hear it.

Taylor: I'll condense it somewhat and leave out some of the parts not related to Christopher, but this is what Father Bontini wrote about Christopher.

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"Christopher received a letter from Pope Francis II, the son of Pope Francis the blasphemer and the same pope who presided over the trial and condemnation of Christopher Grey a few years back, at which he received the death penalty. As you recall, Christopher escaped from his cell because of an earthquake and the aid of an angel of mercy.

"The pope's letter was an urgent plea to Christopher Grey and to Christopher Grey alone. He said that he was on his death bed and desperately wanted to hear about the 'real Jesus Christ' that Christopher Grey spoke of. He went on to say that he didn't expect Christopher to believe that he was at death's door and in need of a Christian presence at his death bed, but if Christopher could forgive him his sins, and if Christopher would trust in his word, he would like him to come to his death bed.

"I told Christopher that he shouldn't go. I told him that I thought Pope Francis II was lying, that he just wanted to get Christopher back in the hands of the Vatican authorities. Do you know what he said? He told me that, 'I suspect that he might be lying. In fact, there is a very good chance that he is lying, but I must go to him, because he might be sincere. He could be a fellow sinner who needs the comfort of our Lord at the hour of his death.'

"'But isn't there someone else who can give him that comfort?' I asked him. He just looked at me with that look of his, the look that says you have said something rather strange. 'Who among his followers, the people who have surrounded him during his pontificate, would preach Christ crucified, Christ risen to him?'

"'No one,' I answered at once.'

"'There you have it,' Christopher responded, 'I must go to Italy and to Rome itself.'

"So Christopher went to Rome to provide comfort to the dying pope. But Pope Francis II was not dying, he was alive and well. He had Christopher thrown into prison and beaten unmercifully for over a week. After seven straight days of the beatings, the Pope ordered the execution that had been held in abeyance after Christopher's escape two years ago. The execution was to be on the eighth day. The night before his execution was to take place, Christopher awoke and discovered that there was a man in his cell, who was washing his wounds with some kind of ointment.

"Christopher: Is this to make me presentable at the execution?

"Jailer: No, this was not ordered. I am not supposed to provide you with any medical treatment.

"Christopher: Then, why, my son, are you doing it?

"Jailer: Don't you remember me?

"Christopher: The light in the cell is not good, and you have just awakened me. Perhaps if you could stand in the small light by the door. Yes, I do recognize you, you are the father of that young boy that was caught in the earthquake two years ago.

"Guard: Yes, I am the father of that child, who would have perished if you had not saved him. And I would have perished as well, because I would not have left my son trapped in the rubble, I would have stayed and died with him.

"Grey: How is your child?

"Jailer: He is a fine, healthy boy of eight years of age now.

"Grey: That is good news.

"Jailer: He is waiting for me at the White Table Inn with two friends.

"Grey: I don't understand.

"Jailer: Much has happened inside me since that day you saved my son. Everyone that I called to for help simply kept running away. The earth trembled at our feet, and they all were afraid, thinking they would be victims of the earthquake if they didn't take refuge on what the scientists told them was safe, solid ground, so they ignored my pleas for help. Except you. You stopped and looked at me, you knew me as the man who had, by order of the pope, beaten you while you were chained to the Vatican walls. 'Don't worry,' you said as you lifted the rubble off of my son, 'There doesn't seem to be any broken bones.'

"Then you led us out of the center of the earthquake to solid ground. I tried to put into words how I felt, but I was speechless before you. I feel ashamed. You gave me a copy of Christ's Gospel, in my native tongue, and told me to read it with my heart. Then you blessed me and my son and left for Britain.

"I have searched the Gospels with my heart during the last two years, and I have discovered Christ. And I have tried to provide the comfort of Christ, as you did for me, to the men and women imprisoned within the Vatican dungeons.

"Grey: Bless you for that.

"Jailer: But it is time to leave this place. My son and I, and my two friends, my late wife's brother and cousin, are coming with us, if you'll give us sanctuary in Britain.

"Grey: Of course, I will. Arthur's Britain is open to all the European knights of the cross.

"Jailer: Then we shall leave this place and the Vatican death chamber will lose one of its victims.

Act IV. Scene 2.

“The jailer and his son, the jailer’s brother-in-law, the cousin of the jailer’s wife, and Christopher Grey have managed to procure a ship to take them from what was once called Brindisi, but is now called the port of Mandela, to Christian Britain. AS the others on board sleep, the jailer’s brother-in-law approaches Christopher Grey, who also is not asleep, but is standing alone on the foredeck, looking out to sea.

“Brother-in-law: I’m sorry to intrude on you.

“Grey: You are not intruding, I was just looking at the sea; it is truly beautiful.

“BIL: You English are all in love with the sea.

“Grey: Possibly, it is all around us. But I grew up in the middle of England, of farming stock.

“BIL: They say you are well over a hundred years old, so I assume that you lived in England before it became part of the Islamic Republic.

“Grey: Yes, it was before that time.

“BIL: That must have been a wonderful period of history?

“Grey: It wasn’t paradise, life was still hard, but yes, they were better times. But, my son, you haven’t come on deck to talk about the sea or about merry old England. You have something on your soul that is troubling you. Why don’t you confide in me?

“BIL: I hate the present rulers of Italy. They will countenance any cruelty, they will approve every atrocity against the white Italian people, so long as the atrocities are done in the name of the noble savages of color. That is why I wanted to come to Britain with you and my sister’s husband. But I am troubled in my heart. I don’t think I belong in Christian Britain.

“Grey: Why is that, is it because of the language barrier? Because if that is all, I must tell you that we have many Britons who...

“BIL: No, it is not that.

“Grey: Then tell me, my son.

“BIL: I don’t believe in Jesus Christ. I don’t believe, as my brother-in-law believes, that Christ rose from the dead. How can I hope to belong in a country where people do believe that Christ rose from the dead?

“Grey: Let me ask you this. Do you want to believe that Christ rose from the dead and that all those who die believing in Christ do not really die?

“BIL: Yes, I would very much like to believe that, but I cannot believe.

“Grey: Why can’t you believe?

“BIL: Because four years ago, I saw my sister waste away before my eyes. She was only 22 years old. At the hour of her death, there was no light in her eyes. And when the mortuary police came to take her body away to be cremated, my sister ceased to exist. It was the same with my wife. How can I say that I believe in the resurrection of the dead? It would be a colossal lie. Yet, I want to live in a place other than this hell on earth called Italy. So I didn’t tell you, till now, that I am not a believing Christian.

“Grey: Did you ever hear of Thomas, also called Didymus?

“BIL: No, is he someone from the Bible?

“Grey: Yes.

“BIL: The Bible is banned in Italy. My brother-in-law has a copy that he has offered to share with me, but I was never interested.

“Grey: Thomas was one of the twelve apostles. You have heard of the twelve apostles who were the followers of Christ?

“BIL: Yes, I’ve heard of them. And I have also heard the Christ story. How He was supposed to have died on the cross and then rose from the dead.

“Grey: Well, after Christ’s resurrection from the dead, He appeared to ten of the twelve apostles. Judas, of course, was missing and so was Thomas. When Thomas returned from wherever he had been, the others told him Christ had just appeared to them in the flesh. Thomas did not believe them. “But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe. And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God. Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.”

“Most of us are in the position, vis-à-vis our Lord, of Thomas. We love Him, but we can’t quite believe in His resurrection from the dead.

“BIL: But some people, our people, the white Europeans, did once believe in Christ’s resurrection from the dead, didn’t they?

“Grey: Yes, most of the European people, prior to the 20<sup>th</sup> century, did believe that Christ rose from the dead.

“BIL: I thought so. The Vatican officials keep telling us that the churches never said that Christ rose from the dead.

“Grey: They are lying, because they no longer believe in Christ’s resurrection from the dead, they have rewritten the Christ story to make it compatible with their un-faith.

“BIL: Which is?

“Grey: The worship of the abstract collective mind of the white liberals, which is the father, the worship of the noble black savage, who is the savior, and the worship of science, which is the holy ghost.

“BIL: Yes, they do worship those three entities.

“Grey: OF course, they do.

“BIL: But how can I have faith? I don’t believe in the noble savage, but I’m afraid that I do believe, against what I would like to believe, in reason and science.

“Grey: Let me tell you a story, a true story, from my childhood. I grew up on a farm in England. My parents, as with most farmers in those days, could not afford to leave the farm. There were too many things to take care of. Twice a year they spent an evening away from the farm. Once on Christmas Eve, at a big church fest, and once at Easter. Well, it was Christmas Eve,

the day before my first birthday. Yes, I was born on Christmas Day. That evening my parents left me with my fourteen year old cousin. She was a reliable young girl, who know how to take care of a baby.

“On that night she placed me in my crib and sat beside it, waiting for me to go to sleep. It was unusually warm that night for a late December evening, so the window in the bedroom was open. As my cousin went to close the window, a hawk landed on the window sill. He flew straight for my crib and perched on the side, apparently ready to strike. My cousin screamed – she was, as she said later, too paralyzed with fright to move. But Smokey, our gray and white cat, who was mainly an outside cat but was permitted inside for his meals, was not too afraid to act. He leaped on the hawk and broke his neck. Then he simply stood there with no more interest in the hawk than if it was a piece of wood.

“My cousin made much of Smokey, giving him the cream that was usually reserved for desserts, and she told the story in vivid detail when my parents came home. From that day onward, Smokey had the run of the house. And when I left the crib, Smokey slept with me in bed.

“Smokey was about four years old at the time he delivered me from the hawk. I grew up hearing about his heroic deed and we became inseparable. Then it happened, as it must happen to all those we love, humans and pets, Smokey died when I was thirteen years old. It was the first time that death, the death of someone I loved, had entered my life. I’m afraid I didn’t take it very well. No one, not my parents, nor the pastor, could console me. After my parents went to bed, I would go out to Smokey’s grave, and lay on the grave weeping and begging God to take Smokey into His Kingdom.

“One night, about four weeks after Smokey’s death, I was lying at his grave and weeping, as I did every night, when I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was an angel, and the angel had Smokey in his arms. He took my hand and placed it on Smokey’s head so that I could pet him. I felt him purring. Then the angel spoke: “It’s all right, he is with the Lord and he will be safe with Him until you come.” Then he was gone.

“BIL: Was it real, the vision you saw, or was it madness?

“Grey: It was real. I don’t know why I was vouchsafed that vision. Maybe it was because Our Lord wanted me to comfort all those who mourn, like I was comforted that night. I know I have tried to do that my entire life. And I want to comfort you. Christ is there for us and our loved ones, we, and they, do not die.

“BIL: I want to believe that. And I do, right now, in your presence, feel that it is true.

“Grey: Stay with that feeling. Stay amongst people who give you that feeling, that is what the communion of Saints entails. Will you pray with me?

“BIL: Yes.

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Taylor: I won’t read any further, because I know you have work to do tonight.

Morgan: Yes, we do. But so do you. Good luck with the play.

Taylor: And good luck to you. May Christ be with you.

Act V. Scene 1.

Back at the restaurant, Sister Jacqueline has once again taken charge. The ‘Idiot’ has disappeared, and Sister Jacqueline has ordered George and his wife, their daughter, Joe Marshal and his wife, Herb, and Father Michael arrested.

Joan: Why am I being arrested?

Jacqueline: Because you were part of the trick.

Joan: I had nothing to do with any trick. It was those others who were in on the trick. They made my daughter pretend that she was dead.

George: She was dead.

Jacqueline: Silence that man.

Father Mike: I protest this treatment. I had nothing...

Morgan: Untie those people.

Jacqueline: What is the meaning of this? I forbid...

Morgan: You shall never have the power to permit or forbid anything again. Take her away.

Joan: Who are those men?

Joe: It’s the white underground.

Joan: Then we will all be killed.

George: I’ll tell you once more and then I’ll gag you – Shut up!

Morgan: What went on here?

Herb: We had a visitor, if you’ll step outside with me. I’ll explain what happened here. You two might want to come along with me.

Act V. Scene 2.

Outside by the tree, after Herb has told David Morgan about the events of that night.

Morgan: You three saw and believed — what will be the reaction of the rest of the people?

Herb: I think it will be the same as before “And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with graveclothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go. Then many of the Jews which came to Mary, and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on him. But some of them went their ways to the Pharisees, and told them what things Jesus had done. Then gathered the chief priests and the Pharisees a council, and said, What do we? for this man doeth many miracles. If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him: and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and nation. And one of them, named Caiaphas, being the high priest that same year, said unto them, Ye know nothing at all, Nor consider that it is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not.”

Morgan: What should be done with that woman?

Herb: I'm tempted to say leave her behind and let her be killed by the liberals she serves, but I suppose we must take her with us.

Morgan: But as a prisoner.

Herb: Yes, of course.

Morgan: What about the others?

Herb: I think her father has had a genuine conversion, and he can be part of the underground.

Morgan: What about your husband?

Barbara: Please take him with us, I think he believes, or at least he will in time.

Morgan: "Lord, I believe, help my unbelief"?

Herb: I think so. Let's take him with us. What about Father Michael?

Morgan: He'll have to come along too, but he'll have to join Father Todd in prison. The members of the Sanhedrin are the hardest ones to convince. Okay, let's pull out of here, we can still reach the mountains in time for the Christmas Eve festivities.

Act V. Scene 3.

The Christmas Eve performance of *The Christmas Carol* has ended. The white Europeans, the counterrevolutionary remnant, are gathered together. George Jackson, Louisa, Joe Marshall and his wife, and Herb Broadhurst, the former archivist, are amongst the faithful.

Morgan: Christopher Grey has asked us to sing, in fellowship with him and our brothers and sisters in Christ across the waters, "Abide with Me."

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see—
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Morgan: Merry Christmas!

The End

Remembrances X: What Child Is This?

December 19, 2020
Categories: Remembrances

By Way of a Preface

When I started these stories I envisioned them as cautionary tales about a horrific future that we, as a people, were facing if the shadows of liberalism were not altered. That future has come upon us sooner than I imagined. The liberals have completely unmasked and are moving toward their final solution, which is the extermination of the non-illuminated whites. Who are the non-illuminated whites? They are the whites who do not accept every single aspect of liberalism: sexual debauchery, legalized abortion, and the worship of Satan through the sacred negro.

The liberals' end, in their satanic minds, justifies any and all means. The white grazers, white people who cannot accept the entirety of the liberals' illuminated agenda, are unable to cope with the liberals because they are part liberal themselves. They cannot get away from the soul-killing heresy, which says that God and democracy are one: they believe that God's way is the democratic way. And in a Demon-crazy, you do not fight evil, you vote against it. We are now, as a people, at the crossroads. If we do not reject non-violence, if we let the liberals get away with the complete disenfranchisement of the white race, the future I depict in these stories will be upon us.

I have refrained from suggesting actual battle plans in my blog posts because I believe that once the European people have the will, once they reclaim that "charity of honor," they will produce leaders who will know the best way to fight the liberals. I have already seen, in the wake of the election fraud, some very good suggestions as regards the practical measures that we should take once the real war begins. The will to fight, which will come when we are a fully integral Christian people, is all in all.

Remembrances: What Child Is This?



Roses bloom and cease to be,
but we the Christ child shall see.

-Hans Christian Andersen

Act I. Scene 1.

Susan: (tied to a chair) Mother, may I be untied now?

Mother: No, you may not be untied.

Susan: Please, mother, the cords are hurting my hands.

Mother: I can't help that, you have been a very naughty little girl. You will remain tied to that chair until two o'clock. Then and only then will I untie you.

Susan: But I'm really and truly sorry.

Mother: You said that last time and then I found you this morning playing with that white boy you were forbidden to play with.

Susan: But I am white, and you said that my father was white, so why is it wrong for me to play with a white boy?

Mother: Now, you really are making me very angry, Susan. I have explained all of this to you before.

Susan: But I don't understand.

Mother: What is the one great commandment which is the basis of our religion?

Susan: That we should love the black race with all our heart, mind, and soul.

Mother: Yes, that is correct. But you did not follow that commandment when you played with that white boy.

Susan: But my father was...

Mother: Yes, I know, your father was white. But your father was an authorized white man. Do you know what that means?

Susan: You've explained it to be before, but I still can't understand.

Mother: I think you do understand, you're just being deliberately willful. But I'll go through it all again. Our black gods are nature gods; they represent all that is beautiful and good. But nature did not make them to fix things and build things; that is the task of white men. Now, white men are very, very evil, so we must not have too many white men in our nation. But we need a few white men to fix things and build things, therefore we don't kill all white men, we let a few live so that they can fix things and build things.

Susan: Was my father a fixer and a builder?

Mother: Yes.

Susan: Did he die?

Mother: Yes, he did, but I don't want you to talk about your father. He did some bad things before he died; he was not a good man.

Susan: Maybe Johnny is going to grow up to be a fixer and a builder.

Mother: Whether the mother is placed in the science lab or he is placed in the execution chamber should be of no concern of yours. In either case, you are not supposed to play with him. Now, I'll untie you, but you will be punished severely if you ever play with that boy again.

Act I. Scene 2.

Later that night Susan hears a tapping at her second story bedroom window. She gets up and opens the window to a small balcony.

Johnny: May I see you?

Susan: I'm not supposed to see you ever again.

Johnny: Why can't you see me?

Susan: Because you are a white boy.

Johnny: But what is wrong about white skin? I have a storybook that has pictures, and all the people in the pictures are white.

Susan: I'm not supposed to look at storybooks that come from the bad time.

Johnny: How do you know my storybook is from the bad time?

Susan: You said the book had white people in it, so that means it is from the bad time. Any book that doesn't have black people in it is a bad book.

Johnny: But there are nice stories in this book. There is a story called "Hansel and Gretel." They were a boy and girl who get lost in the woods and discover a gingerbread house.

Susan: I don't want to hear anymore... What do you mean by a gingerbread house, you can't make a house of gingerbread.

Johnny: Well, there is one in the book. And Hansel and Gretel meet a witch and then...

Susan: That is wrong. Witches were invented by white men in order to insult women. It is wrong to read stories about them. My mother says that...

Johnny: I think your mother is a witch.

Susan: (starts screaming) Mother, mother, that white boy is here.

(Susan's mother runs into the bedroom with a Glock pistol and starts firing at Johnny as he climbs down to the ground. Susan's mother isn't sure, but she thinks one of the bullets hits Johnny in the leg.)

Mother: (on the phone) Operator, get me the police. Is this the police? Good, I want to report a white boy who tried to break into my home and assault my daughter. He is about eight years old, blonde, and I think I shot him in the leg.

Police Dispatcher: We will send a squad car around to see if they can pick him up.

Mother: They better find him, I don't want him bothering my daughter again. (Coming over to the bed to tuck her daughter in.) You did good, Susan.

Susan: What will they do to him if they catch him.

Mother: They will kill him.

Susan: Oh no, I didn't want that to happen. I just got mad when he called you a witch. (She starts to cry.)

Mother: Stop that this instant, Susan. Women never cry, you know that, it is written in Article II, Section 6, of the Feminist Manifesto. There is nothing soft, nothing sentimental, in women; we are strong, we have nothing called sentiment in us. That was an invention of white males who once ruled this land and enslaved women and blacks. Now, stop crying or I'll be forced to beat you again.

Susan: It's only that I feel sorry for...

Mother: You are not to feel sorry for a white boy. You simply must stop this. No more of it, do you hear?

Susan: Yes, mother.

Act I. Scene 3.

A mountain stronghold of the White Underground.

John Taylor: Have you heard from Britain?

David Morgan: Yes, I have. I have a letter from Father Bontini. Would you like me to read it to you?

Taylor: By all means.

Morgan: (He reads the letter.) "This is not the first time I've had to write about Christopher Grey because he hasn't the time. He seems to have no rest, he is always going about his Lord's business. This time it was the plague raging through what used to be called Britain that called him away from the new Britain, which, as you know, used to be called Wales. You had the plague over there a year in advance of us, but it has now hit Europe with a vengeance. It is much more deadly than the COVID-19 virus of many years ago. This virus has a 90% kill rate and thus far there is no drug that can cure it.

"King Arthur took the measures necessary to keep us free of the plague. He placed armed guards on the border with orders to shoot and kill any and all invaders, whether they were Islamic soldiers or British-Islamic refugees. What else could he do? His policy, in my view, is in keeping with Christian charity. You can't allow your own people to be murdered by a virus spawned by your enemies. Arthur has literally launched all sorts of food supplies and experimental drugs over the border in cylinders in order to give some relief to those suffering from the plague, but he will not open up the borders.

"Christopher approved of Arthur's policy, but he felt called to do something more. He told me, 'There must be a Christian presence over there, in this crisis.'

"I asked him, 'Didn't the white Britons have a choice when they decided to stay in Islamic Britain instead of coming here to Christian Britain? Shouldn't they have to live with that choice?'

"'Yes, they did have a choice, and not one single citizen of Christian Britain should have to suffer because of their apostasy. But I am not putting those Christians at risk. I'm going over there alone.'

“But Christopher Grey, there are no drugs, there are no cures for this disease. You will die before you can really do any good.”

“I’m 106 years old. Do I really have that many months left to live regardless of whether I die of the plague or not?”

“Those months belong to God, Christopher. I don’t want you to give them away in a hopeless cause.”

“Bless you, my friend. I know that you are speaking from the heart. But I feel I must do this. Those people, which are still my people, must, at the hour of their deaths, have some human conduit to Christ. If they will accept my love, it will link them to His love. So I must go.”

“What could I say? I knelt and asked for his blessing before he went. I knew I would need that memory for the remaining years of my life without his presence. ‘In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.’

“That was six months ago. For some reason, known only to God, the Reverend Christopher Grey did not come down with the plague. The plague went down before Christopher Grey. He did not administer any drugs, but he was able to heal all those he came in contact with who had contracted the plague. What was his method? It was quite simple. In the case of the adults who came to him, he laid his hand on their foreheads and asked the Lord Jesus to come into their soul in order to heal them. And with the children he did likewise except that he took them into his arms as he asked Jesus Christ to heal them. Did he convert a whole nation because of his efforts? No, of course not. The whites, once they were healed, started talking about psychic forces and psychological factors that harnessed the power of the mind and gave the body assistance in fighting off disease. And many of the coloreds and the Moslems attributed the healing powers of Christopher Grey to the devil. But still, there were more than a few who were cured of the disease who did call on Him who saves for the first time in their lives. Whether that initial awakening will turn into faith is difficult to predict, but the grace of God was present, through Christopher Grey, in that heathen nation.

“Why was Christopher permitted to go about Islamic Britain for six months? Because quite early in his mission of mercy he healed the eight year old son of the High Caliph of London. The High Caliph did not convert, but he did remove all restrictions on Christopher’s movements throughout Islamic Britain. We will not, here in New Britain, relax our vigilance, but for now Christopher’s mission of mercy has made for a more peaceful situation between Christian Britain and Islamic Britain.

“Of course, the larger question is – Why was Christopher able to heal so many people? Certainly it was Jesus Christ who healed them, but why was Christopher able to heal them in Christ’s name, when the rest of us could not? I do not have a definitive answer to that question. There are some things that we simply will not know until we have crossed over to that other shore. But there is one thing I can say about Christopher that might give us a glimmer – a glimmer of God’s grace. I have never known a man less tainted with the pride of intellect than Christopher Grey. No doubt because of the events of his childhood and his young manhood Christopher has looked on knowledge as a revelation from God that comes to the heart that loves. Christopher, throughout his entire life, has rejected the enlightened intellect. He refused to ‘evolve’ away from his ‘childish’ and ‘foolish’ faith in the God-Man, Jesus Christ. I do not have Christopher’s photographic memory, but I have committed Chateaubriand’s comments on the pride of intellect to my memory and my heart:

‘Now, if the primitive constitution of man consisted in accordances such as we find established among other beings, nothing more was necessary for the destruction of this order, or any such harmony in general, than to alter the equilibrium of the forces or qualities. In man this precious equilibrium was formed by the faculties of love and thought. Adam was at the same time the most enlightened and the best of men ; the most powerful in thought and the most powerful in love. But whatever has been created must necessarily have a progressive course. Instead of waiting for new attainments in *knowledge* to be derived from the revolution of ages, and to be accompanied by an accession of new *feelings*, Adam wanted to know every thing at once. Observe, too, what is very important : man had it in his power to destroy the harmony of his being in two ways, either by wanting to love too much, or to know too much. He transgressed in the second way; for we are, in fact, far more deeply tinctured with the pride of science than with the pride of love; the latter would have deserved pity rather than punishment, and if Adam had been guilty of desiring to *feel* rather than to *know* too much, man himself might, perhaps, have been able to expiate his transgression, and the Son of God would not have been obliged to under-take so painful a sacrifice. But the case was different. Adam sought to embrace the universe, not with the sentiments of his heart, but with the power of thought, and, advancing to the tree of knowledge, he admitted into his mind a ray of light that over-powered it. The equilibrium was instantaneously destroyed, and confusion took possession of man. Instead of that illumination which he had promised himself, a thick darkness overcast his sight, and his guilt, like a veil, spread out between him and the universe. His whole soul was agitated and in commotion ; the passions rose up against the judgment, the judgment strove to annihilate the passions, and in this terrible storm the rock of death witnessed with joy the first of shipwrecks.’

“Christopher, first with his grief for his cherished pet and then later with the death of his beloved wife, loved so much, so deeply, that God vouchsafed him a vision of heaven, a heaven in which those he loved still lived in and through Christ. Christopher has never sought God through an illuminated mind and that is why, in my judgement, God has been able to work miracles by using Christopher’s Christ-imbued heart as a channel of His grace. Does that sound like raving to you? I hope not. In the meantime, Christopher is now back in Christian Britain and is looking forward to another Christmas. I hope this letter finds you well and I hope the White Underground in your area continues to grow. God bless you, and Merry Christmas!”

Taylor: What can I say? I should say I’m surprised, but I’m not. I spent over a year in Christian Britain, which was long enough to get to know the Reverend Grey. He is not like other men.

Morgan: I like the way Father Bontini put it when he said that the plague didn’t bring Christopher down, Christopher brought the plague down. It is true, what Bontini says, that Christopher has more completely purged the rationalist dragon from his soul than the rest of us. That is why he seems to be a man apart from the rest of us.

Taylor: But he doesn’t feel apart from us, isn’t that the key?

Morgan: Yes, it is, he loves much, like his Master.

Taylor: My faith is still in its infancy.

Morgan: So is mine, despite my gray hairs. (They both laugh)

Act II. Scene 1.

Susan’s mother was wrong; she did not hit Johnny with a bullet from her Glock pistol, which is another example of the insufficiency of mere fire power without accuracy. Johnny was dragging his leg when he fled from Susan’s house because he sprained it when he jumped from the balcony. The 20+ bullets were sprayed all around him, but they did not hit him.

Johnny spent the night dodging the police cars. He knew of hideaways in alleys and old burned-out buildings that the police did not know about. In the early morning, after keeping on the move the entire night, Johnny came to an old dilapidated church on the edge of the city. At first he thought the church was abandoned without any inhabitants, but he saw a light in the adjacent rectory. Starved and desperate, he took a chance and entered the church. Needless to say the church was a ‘converted’ church: the sign outside read, ‘The African Church of North America,’ and inside the usual signs of the new religion were present. The former Stations of the Cross had been replaced by various scenes depicting the evolution of the black race from slaves to gods. Now, instead of Christ, a depiction of the Sacred Negro was at the front of the church. When Johnny entered the church, a white priest, about 75 years of age, was at the altar cleaning up the blood that had been spilled when the sacrificial white victim had been killed on the altar at last night’s service. Johnny limped up to the old man with a vague hope that he could get something to eat without becoming a sacrificial offering himself.

Old Priest: What do we have here? A little white boy. I don’t think you are supposed to be here, are you?

Johnny: Please sir, I’m very hungry, could you give me some food?

Old Priest: Certainly, you just wait here and I’ll bring you some toast and jelly. Would you like that?

Johnny: Please, I’d like any food.

Old Priest: Good, I’ll bring it. (The priest briefly leaves the room and brings back the food. He then sits down and waits until Johnny has eaten.) I’ll bet that makes you feel much better. What is your name?

Johnny: Johnny, sir. And yes, it was good.

Old Priest: Now tell me the truth, Johnny, you are a white runaway, aren't you? You have run away from the white internment camp.

Johnny: I don't know what an internment camp means. The guards call it the white pigsty.

Old Priest: It amounts to the same thing.

Johnny: You won't send me back there, will you?

Old Priest: I am a priest in the African Catholic Church of North America, Johnny. Do you know what that means?

Johnny: It means you are going to send me back.

Old Priest: Johnny, you do not understand. You are a white boy. And as a white boy, you are full of evil, racist prejudices. If you are allowed to grow up free and unrestrained, how could we be sure that you wouldn't become a racist and hurt a black person? You might even become a member of the White Underground.

Johnny: But why do I have to be a prisoner in the white pigsty? You are white, and you are free.

Old Priest: There is where you are wrong, Johnny. I am not a normal white person. I am an illuminated white. By a process that you are too young to understand, I have become illuminated in my mind, which makes me black inside. To put it in terms that you can understand, let me just say that I thought very hard about how bad it was to be white, and I made myself, by thinking so hard, into a black man.

Johnny: But you still look white to me.

Old Priest: That is only on the outside, Johnny, on the inside I am black, and that is why I am free to perform the holy sacrifice at the altar every Sunday.

Johnny: You kill white people on the altar, don't you?

Old Priest: I wouldn't use the term 'kill,' Johnny, I would use the term 'sacrifice.' We sacrifice whites on the altar of the Sacred Negro.

Johnny: Will I be sacrificed on the altars of the Sacred Negro some day?

Old Priest: Yes, Johnny, you will be sacrificed there, as all members of the internment camps, the whites with no scientific aptitudes, are sacrificed. You, because you tried to run away, will be sacrificed on this altar next Sunday. While I was preparing breakfast for you, I called the police.

Johnny: Why do you hate me so?

Old Priest: I don't hate you, Johnny, it is not a bad thing to die, especially if we die on the altar of the Sacred Negro.

Johnny: But what happens to us when we die?

Old Priest: We become part of nature, we are absorbed by the elements.

Johnny: But I want to go to heaven when I die, me Johnny, I want to personally go to heaven to meet Jesus.

Old Priest: (very harshly) Who told you about heaven and Jesus?

Johnny: No one told me, I read about Jesus and heaven in a storybook.

Old Priest: (even more harshly) Storybooks, especially old storybooks, are forbidden in the African Republic of North America. Who gave it to you?

Johnny: No one, I found it. There were stories from the book, there were good white people in the book, too, white people who spoke of Jesus and heaven.

Old Priest: (slaps Johnny) That is racism, Johnny. You are not to speak of Jesus in such a manner. He is not a god.

Johnny: "Roses bloom and cease to be,
But we shall the Christ child see."

That was in the book and I believe the book, because there were beautiful stories in the book.

Old Priest: (in a rage) You are not to speak of such things!

Johnny: I will, I will, you are going to kill me anyway!

Old Priest: (leaps upon Johnny and starts strangling him) I'll kill you, I'll kill you, you little fiend.

(In the midst of strangling Johnny, the priest has a heart attack and dies. As Johnny rolls free, he hears police sirens outside. As the police mount the stairs, he escapes out the window.)

Act II. Scene 2.

A newly built science compound has been built over the ruins of the restaurant where Sister Jacqueline was taken away by the White Underground. It is dedicated to her. No one is allowed to mention the alleged miracle that happened there. It now houses about 80 white males with scientific aptitudes. They are afforded a little more freedom than the whites in the internment camps; they can get passes to leave the compound on special occasions, and they can receive visitors. Most of their time, however, is spent in the laboratories at the compound. They are not completely free to come and go as the illuminated whites are free to come and go. Susan's father, Thomas Kent, is one of the scientists living at the compound. He shares a small apartment with another inmate, one Peter Mackenzie, although neither inmate is referred to by name. Kent is Inmate #79 and Mackenzie is Inmate #80. Kent once lived free, but his wife, Susan's mother, reported him to the feminist branch of the enforcement bureau of the African State Church of North America with a charge of sexism. He was found guilty and sent to the science compound. He would have been executed if not for his scientific expertise. Susan's mother simply told Susan that her father was dead.

As the scene opens, Kent and Mackenzie are in their apartment after the working day. Kent is reading a scientific journal – all other reading is banned – and Mackenzie is watching a state-sponsored sporting event in which only black athletes are allowed to compete.

Mackenzie: (turning off the set) It isn't much of a game.

Kent: (looking up from his journal) What's the matter?

Mackenzie: The game is already over, the Number Two's got off to too big of a lead.

Kent: That's a shame.

Mackenzie: I don't know how you do it.

Kent: Do what?

Mackenzie: Live here without going nuts. I've been here 6 months, and already I can't stand it here. You've been here – how long have you been here?

Kent: If you mean how long have I been at this facility, it has only been about 10 months.

Mackenzie: I don't mean that. How long have you been a laboratory worker?

Kent: Five years. I was once a free worker, but my wife had me sent here.

Mackenzie: That is the downside of getting married.

Kent: Were you ever married?

Mackenzie: No, I was a free white, an illuminated white, but a co-worker reported me for making a racist comment.

Kent: What was it, or shouldn't I ask?

Mackenzie: I simply wondered why whites, if they were illuminated, shouldn't be allowed to play in the sporting events.

Kent: And that got you sent here?

Mackenzie: Yes.

Kent: It could have been worse, you could have been executed for such a remark.

Mackenzie: I suppose I was lucky, but still this place is driving me nuts. I've only been given two weekend passes since I've been here, and those passes are limited to places that are not more than five miles from this laboratory.

Kent: Yes, we are rather confined here.

Mackenzie: What did you do that made your wife report you to the feminist board?

Kent: We had a three-year old daughter named Susan. She would be eight years old now. Well, I don't know if any man, despite what the feminists say, ever gets rid of a certain feeling that he is dealing with something soft and sweet when he is dealing with the best of the opposite sex. When I thought my wife wasn't looking or within hearing distance, I hugged my daughter and called her "daddy's little sweetie pie." My wife heard me.

Mackenzie: And she reported you?

Kent: Yes, she did. In less than a half-hour, my life as an illuminated white was over, and I became a laboratory worker. It could have been worse if I hadn't been scientifically inclined.

Mackenzie: Yes, it could have, but still you must get sick of this grind.

Kent: I do, but most of all, I miss my daughter. I'm sure my wife has told her I was an evil man, and has probably told her I am dead.

Mackenzie: Do you hate your wife?

Kent: I suppose I should say I don't hate her because she was only doing her duty according to the feminist manifesto, but to be honest I must say – Yes, I hate her.

Mackenzie: I don't think I could ever get up the energy to hate.

Kent: A very wise man once said that we cannot love where we should love, if we do not hate where we should hate.

Mackenzie: Who was that man?

Kent: His name was Edmund Burke.

Mackenzie: Where did you hear of such a man, he isn't someone we are supposed to know about, I'm sure about that.

Kent: Have you ever heard of Herb Broadhurst?

Mackenzie: Yes, wasn't he that archivist who joined the White Underground?

Kent: Yes, he was. And it was on this very spot, where this laboratory was built, that Herb joined with the White Underground.

Mackenzie: Did you know him?

Kent: Yes, and he used to tell me about some of the stories of the white people he read about in the Archives.

Mackenzie: He wasn't supposed to do that, was he?

Kent: No, he wasn't. Nevertheless, I found his stories from the Archives quite interesting.

Mackenzie: They eliminated the Archives after what happened with Broadhurst, didn't they?

Kent: Yes, they did.

Mackenzie: Why was what happened at the Inn that used to be here hushed up?

Kent: Many people who were here that Christmas Eve night claimed a miracle occurred. They said a twelve-year-old girl was brought back from the dead.

Mackenzie (laughing) Is that all? She probably just received mouth-to-mouth CPR and recovered from an unconscious state.

Kent: Possibly, but there were some people who insisted that a man brought the girl back to life simply by touching her forehead.

Mackenzie: That is ridiculous. Who was the man?

Kent; No-one is quite sure who he was. He disappeared after the incident. Before the alleged incident occurred he was chained outside in the snow.

Mackenzie: Who had him chained there?

Kent: Sister Jacqueline had him chained there.

Mackenzie: Who released him?

Kent: That's the problem. Nobody knows how he got rid of his chains. He suddenly appeared at the door without his chains. He then went to the girl, who had been struck dead by one of Sister Jacqueline's policemen, and brought her back to life. That is how the story goes.

Mackenzie: Pure nonsense.

Kent: Maybe.

Mackenzie: What do you mean by 'maybe'? Surely you don't think some mysterious stranger actually brought a young girl back to life?

Kent: No, I can't say that I think that. But I know that Herb Broadhurst thought so, and I really liked that man.

Mackenzie: I didn't know him. But he wasn't a scientist, which is why he saw a miracle in something that was scientific. CPR is a wonderful thing, but it is science-based in its principles.

Kent: You're probably right, but I'd still like to know more about that night.

Mackenzie: What would you still like to know?

Kent: Well, I'd like to know what happened to the mysterious stranger.

Mackenzie: That is easy – he left with the White Underground.

Kent: No, he was gone before the White Underground arrived.

Mackenzie: He was probably waiting outside for them to arrive and left with them.

Kent: Possibly.

Mackenzie: You seem to want there to be a mystery where there really is none.

Kent: I suppose I do. But didn't you say you were bored here?

Mackenzie: Yes, I did.

Kent: Why, if science is all and all, are you bored with it?

Mackenzie: It's not science I'm bored with, it's the lack of outside diversions that I miss.

Kent: Well, then I still maintain that if science was all, you wouldn't need outside diversions.

Mackenzie: I don't see that.

Kent: Then let's drop the subject. All I know is that I miss my daughter.

Mackenzie: Wait, I hear something on the balcony.

(Kent goes out onto the balcony and finds a boy – it is Johnny – shivering with cold and barely conscious. He brings him into the apartment.)

Act III. Scene 1.

The rectory of the major enforcement bureau of the African Catholic Church of North America. Monsignor McKinney (aged 55) and Father Mandela Johnston (age 34) are in the dining room finishing a late breakfast.

Johnston: I see that boy who killed one of our priests is still at large.

McKinney: Yes, I can't understand why the police haven't caught him yet. It's been three days now since the murder.

Johnston: Is it really that important that he is caught? After all, he is just one boy.

McKinney: I'm surprised at you, Father. It's of vital importance. Father Nicholas was of no particular importance – he didn't really have a parish, we had put him out to pasture six years ago – but he turned on the tape, as he was required to, before he spoke to that white boy. And that white boy blasphemed against the Sacred Negro.

He quoted from a forbidden book of stories, and he made reference to Christ, not as a forerunner of the Sacred Negro, but as the son of the living God. We must capture that boy and find out where he got that book. And we must find out who spoke to him about Christ. If that boy was an ordinary murderer, he would not be a concern, but since he is a blasphemer he is our concern. When the police apprehend him, they will turn him over to us.

Johnston: I'm sorry, Monsignor, I didn't realize the seriousness of the matter.

McKinney: It is easy, living as we do, to get complacent. We only associate with our fellow believers, but there is a white underground out there. We can't forget that.

Johnston: But aren't they just a small remnant?

McKinney: Small is a relative term. They have had an impact. Just two years ago they took Sister Jacqueline away to be tortured and killed.

Johnston: Do we know if she was killed?

McKinney: We must assume the worst; the white underground are racists.

Johnston: It's a terrible thing. And what about Father Taylor and Herb Broadhurst? They were members of the Illuminati and they became racists. It makes me sick to think of the enormity of their treachery.

McKinney: Yes, it's a terrible thing. To know the true God, the Sacred Negro, and then to descend to idolatry, superstition, and racism is unforgivable. I must preside over the trial of an apostate Illuminati today.

Johnston: I didn't know. Who is it?

McKinney: I don't believe you know him, it's Thomas Davenport; he was a psychologist in the Execution Division of our church.

Johnston: The same position that Father Taylor once held?

McKinney: Yes.

Johnston: What is it about that position that creates apostates?

McKinney: Don't be too hasty with your judgements, Father. We have hundreds of priest psychologists, and this is only our second case of apostasy.

Johnston: But even one case is too many.

McKinney: True, but we must keep things in perspective. I am going to look into shorter terms for our psychologists in the execution division. I think the pressure of deciding who must die and who will live grates on the psyche of some men.

Johnston: I don't think a really grounded man should have a problem. If a white man refuses illumination, he should die; it's that simple.

McKinney: I agree, but some men seem illuminated and then fall for reasons we still don't understand.

Johnston: Perhaps today at Thomas Davenport's trial you will be able to get some insight into his psyche that will help you weed out future apostates.

McKinney: He hasn't been found guilty yet.

Johnston: But isn't that just a formality? I heard he made an open declaration of his racism – he said that Jesus Christ was the one and only Son of the Living God.

McKinney: Yes, his guilt seems apparent from what I've heard, but I will let him explain himself in open court. Perhaps you'd like to attend.

Johnston: Yes, I would. I'd like to see one of these apostates close-up.

Act III. Scene 2.

The trial of Thomas Davenport, formerly a priest-psychologist in the Execution Division of the African Roman Catholic Church of North America. Monsignor McKinney presiding.

McKinney: State your name.

Davenport: My name is Thomas Davenport.

McKinney: You have been charged with blasphemy against our holy faith. How do you plead?

Davenport: Guilty.

McKinney: What are you saying? Don't you want to issue a defense?

Davenport: I am guilty of blasphemy as you describe it. I do not believe in the Sacred Negro. I believe that he is a false god. I believe in the God of the white Europeans whom you persecute, I believe that Jesus Christ is the one true God who died on the cross to save us all from sin and death.

McKinney: Guards, have that man gagged. (Two guards tie Davenport's hands behind his back and then gag him.) Now, I must say a few words before I pass sentence. You have committed an unpardonable sin against our holy faith. When you attack that faith, you attack us all. We have struggled mightily against white racism, and it is only by the grace afforded us by the Sacred Negro that we have been able to conquer, within our own psyches (note that I do not use the word 'soul', which is a concept of white racists), the white racism within. Our illumination has been dearly bought. We cannot permit anyone to try and drag us back to racism.

(Monsignor McKinney rises from his seat and raises his arms in the air) I can see the Sacred Negro in my mind's eye; he calls on me to pass judgement on the racist before me. (He sits down.) I sentence you to torture and death two days hence. So die all racists.

Johnston: (coming up to Monsignor McKinney after the trial) I didn't get much of a chance to see into his psyche as he was not allowed to talk.

McKinney: Are you suggesting that I should have let him talk any further after he publicly blasphemed?

Johnston: No, of course not, but I would still like to learn a bit more about him, so I could be of some use in stopping such men from attaining any positions in our church again.

McKinney: I could give you a pass to visit him in his cell. Would you like that?

Johnston: Yes, I would.

McKinney: I'll arrange it.

Act III. Scene 3.

Davenport's cell.

Father Johnston: I can't have your death sentence altered, I haven't the power. And quite frankly, I wouldn't alter your death sentence even if I had the power to. I think you deserve to die for your apostasy.

Davenport: Did you come here just to tell me that?

Johnston: No, I came here to tell you that if you cooperate with me, if you answer my questions, I can have the torture you are currently scheduled for remitted.

Davenport: I don't particularly care to be tortured, but I won't answer any questions that put my fellow Christians in jeopardy.

Johnston: My questions are not that type of questions.

Davenport: If they won't compromise anyone else, I'll answer your questions.

Johnston: Good. I would like to know how you, an illuminated white, made the descent into racism. By what process did you go from light to darkness?

Davenport: Of course, I do not see it as you see it. From my perspective I went from darkness to light. But since you ask me, I'll try to articulate the reason for what you call 'my apostasy.'

Like you, like all whites who are allowed to grow up and live in the African Republic of North America, I believed that the negro was sacred. I believed that we, as white men, were called upon to serve the negro with our whole heart, mind, and soul. And for many years, I did just that. All my work in the science lab was holy work to me, because it was done in the name of the sacred negro, it was done to make the sacred negroes' lives here on earth more pleasant.

I was given permission to marry a white woman, because I demonstrated a scientific aptitude. The Illuminati on the council felt that my offspring might also be scientifically inclined. I was relieved when my son, at age three, scored very high on the scientific aptitude tests, because I saw there was an excellent chance that he would be allowed to live, that he would not have to be executed. Even though I knew it was in violation of Section III, Article 17 of the African Republic of North American's constitution, I had formed a very close bond with my son and my wife.

Johnston: Even though you knew such bonds were forbidden? When you knew that the procreation of the species was not supposed, within the bond of white marriage, to be connected with sentiment?

Davenport: Yes, I did form ties of sentiment with my wife and child. I just couldn't seem to help myself. But I still believed in the sacred negro despite my sentimental attachment to a white child and a white woman.

Johnston: I do not see how the two principles can be reconciled, but please proceed with your story.

Davenport: When Edmund was 6 years old, my wife died tragically in what they told me was a car accident.

Johnston: You don't believe it was a car accident?

Davenport: I believed it at the time, but now I know differently. I know that she was raped and murdered by your black gods. She got lost – she was always bad with directions – and drove into the rape and murder zone.

Johnston: You know that it is perfectly legal for blacks to rape and murder any white woman without a special pass. Did your wife have her pass?

Davenport: I don't know for sure, she might have forgotten it that day. But should that make a difference? Why should the blacks have the right to rape and murder white women even if they don't have a pass?

Johnston: If you weren't already scheduled for execution, that statement alone would be your death warrant. But go on — if you tell me your whole story, I will keep my promise and remit your torture.

Davenport: After my wife's death, I had only my son left to live for.

Johnston: You know that was wrong. You are not to live for what used to be called kith and kin; you are to live solely for the Sacred Negro.

Davenport: I know that is how it is supposed to be, but you asked me to tell my story.

Johnston: Go ahead.

Davenport: Two years after my wife's death, Edmund was eight; he contracted the plague. It came as quite a shock to me because he got the plague at a time when it had virtually died out in this country. It was still raging in Europe, but we no longer had any active cases. I could only conclude that I had carried it home from the lab. I had been working with the virus in order to develop a vaccine.

Now, before you interrupt me again, let me say that I knew I was supposed to report Edmund's illness. But I didn't, because I knew he would be executed. I packed up as many provisions as I could carry in the minivan and took Edmund to the mountains. I wanted him, if he had to die, to die in peaceful surroundings, not in a science lab. My special illuminated status allowed me to pass through the sentries guarding the roads.

Johnston: Did your son die in the mountains, then?

Davenport: No, he did not. The White Underground came upon us. That is all I will say. They came to me, a man who had sent hundreds of white Christians to their deaths for their refusal to worship the Sacred Negro, and they helped my son.

Johnston: How could they help your son? The plague is and was incurable.

Davenport: They told me there was a man in Britain who could cure the plague. He had just returned to Christian Britain after healing thousands of plague victims in Islamic Britain.

Johnston: And who was the man?

Davenport: His name was...

Johnston: Christopher Grey?

Davenport: Yes.

Johnston: He never cured anyone, all that is nonsense.

Davenport: He cured my son.

Johnston: If your son got better, it was a psychic phenomenon, it had nothing to do with Christopher Grey.

Davenport: That's what Christopher Grey said: he said he had nothing to do with my son's recovery. Only he did not call it a psychic phenomenon. He said that it was Jesus Christ who healed my son and that he was merely a vehicle for Christ.

Johnston: That is blasphemy. There are no miracles outside of the natural world. The so-called miracles are psychic phenomena. We must look to the Sacred Negro for the real miracles, the miracle of the Natural Savage untainted by the non-illuminated whites.

Davenport: So you say. But I saw a miracle. I had a mask and gloves on, a mask and gloves I had especially designed for myself when the plague had hit our country. The White Underground had us isolated from the rest of their population, but they kept us supplied with food and water. I didn't believe that my son could be cured, since he had entered the final stages of the disease, but there was a great peace amongst those people that made me glad that I had fled the city with my son. It was — you can make of this what you want — on the third day that I was among the White Underground that he, Christopher Grey, appeared. He simply nodded to me and walked right up to my son and took him in his arms. To me he looked like an enormous angel, like something from another world. He said, "Please, Lord Jesus, come into your child, Edmund Davenport, and cure him."

He held him for another two or three minutes in his arms and then he laid him back on the bed. And my son was plague free! I wept and I believed. I fell on my knees before Christopher and started to thank him. But he got on his knees beside me and thanked our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. And he was right — at that moment, when I saw my son healed through the power of Christ, I believed. Most certainly I am the least of God's children, because I persecuted His people, and I needed to see before I believed, but still I now belong to Him. I was captured by your police force when I came back to get a few of my things, but I am thankful that my son is with the White Underground. And that is my story. If it will make my death less painful, I am glad I told it to you. If not, it will not change my faith.

Johnston: You truly deserve the death sentence that Monsignor McKinney gave you. As for the torture that is customary in these cases, I'm afraid I lied to you. I do not have the power to remit your torture. And quite frankly I wouldn't do it if I could. You deserve to be tortured because you have gone over to the racist Europeans, the Christers, and must be punished most severely with torture and death.

Davenport: So be it then. I know He will sustain me.

Johnston: Jailer! It's time to let me out.

Morgan: (outside the cell) The jailer is temporarily indisposed. I relieved him of his duties. You and Mr. Davenport are coming with me.

Johnston: Who are you?

Morgan: My name is Morgan.

Johnston: The leader of the White Underground?

Morgan: Yes, and you are going to meet many of my friends and some of your former friends such as Sister Jacqueline, who remains our prisoner.

Johnston: Hel... (Morgan muffles his scream and takes him away, accompanied by the newest member of the White Underground, Thomas Davenport.)

Act IV. Scene 1.

The apartment of Thomas Kent and Peter Mackenzie. Kent has placed Johnny in his bed, covered him with blankets, and brought him a cup of hot chocolate. Johnny has regained consciousness.

Kent: And where have you come from? Easy on the milk, don't drink it too quickly.

Johnny: I'm so hungry and thirsty.

Kent: I'll get you something to eat as well, but take your time with it. (Kent goes into the kitchen to get Johnny some leftovers. Mackenzie speaks to him in the kitchen.)

Mackenzie: I'm sure that is the runaway white kid the police are looking for.

Kent: Probably.

Mackenzie: Then we'll have to turn him in right now.

Kent: Let's wait a bit, at least let him eat.

Mackenzie: What's the use of that, he will be killed as soon as they take him.

Kent: Still, I'd like to give him this chicken.

Mackenzie: Why?

Kent: It would give me pleasure to feed a human being instead of a laboratory rat.

Mackenzie: Don't be absurd, I'm calling the police. (He walks over to the phone. As he does so Kent goes to his desk drawer and draws out a small semiautomatic pistol.)

Kent: Leave the phone alone.

Mackenzie: Have you gone mad?

Kent: Quite probably I have gone mad. Which is all the more reason why you shouldn't touch that phone — I will shoot.

Mackenzie: All right, I won't touch the phone. But if you harbor a white escapee from the internment camp we will both be executed.

Kent: Don't worry, I'll see to it that you're not implicated. Put your hands behind your back. (Kent ties and gags Mackenzie and puts him in the closet. Then he goes into the bedroom, bringing Johnny the chicken. When Johnny finishes eating, Kent speaks to him.)

Kent: You've been very busy these last few days, haven't you?

Johnny: Yes, I have, and I'm very tired.

Kent: Well, in just a little while you can get some sleep. But first I'd like you to tell me your story.

Johnny: Like in the storybooks?

Kent: Yes, if that will make it easier for you.

Johnny: Well, once upon a time I was born in a big prison camp. I don't know who my father and mother were, because I never, that I can remember, had anyone around me. There were only black men with whips and sticks around me. They always beat me. They told me if I failed the tests, they would kill me and eat me, just like the witch in the Hansel and Gretel story.

Kent: Did they, the guards, tell you about Hansel and Gretel?

Johnny: No, that was a book I found two years ago. I read it many, many times when no-one was paying any attention to me. I had a hiding place for the book just outside the camp. I also had a little tunnel I dug that led outside the camp. That is where I read the book and visited Susan.

Kent: Who was Susan?

Johnny: She was a white girl I used to go and see. I thought she liked me. I still think she does, but when I called her mother a witch, she screamed, and her mother shot at me. That was about five days ago, but I'm not sure exactly how long it has been. A lot has happened to me since that time.

Kent: What was the last name of Susan?

Johnny: I'm not sure what Susan's last name was. But her mother's last name was Wagner.

Kent: Johnny, that young girl is my daughter.

Johnny: Then she should be with you. I'm sure she is not happy with her mother, because her mother ties her to a chair when she is bad.

Kent: I don't think Susan could be so bad as to warrant being tied to a chair.

Johnny: I think that was my fault. When Susan played with me, she was being 'racist,' so her mother punished her.

Kent: Yes, she would do that. You were right, Johnny, Susan's mother is a witch.

Johnny: I thought so. But what can we do? Susan shouldn't have to live with a witch.

Kent: No, she shouldn't. I'm going to take care of that. But you haven't finished telling me your story. How did you end up here, and why are the police chasing you?

Johnny: They say I killed a priest of the African Roman Catholic Church of North America.

Kent: Wait, before you go any further, let me get my roommate out of the closet. I really shouldn't have put him there. (Kent leaves the room for ten minutes and then comes back with Mackenzie.) Now, Johnny, please go on with your story. My friend here will listen as well. And when you have finished, we will both leave together while my friend calls the police, but not before he has given us a half-hour head start. Isn't that right, Peter?

Mackenzie: Agreed.

Kent: Go ahead, Johnny.

Johnny: Susan's mother, the witch, started shooting at me, so of course I had to run away. I couldn't go back to the prison camp like I used to do because I knew Susan's mother had called the police. So I ran and hid, and I ran and hid some more until I came to an old African Roman Catholic Church. The priest there started being nice to me. He gave me something to eat, and he seemed kind. But when I said, "Roses bloom and cease to be; But we shall the Christ child see," he attacked me and started to choke me. I thought I was going to die, but then he suddenly stopped choking me. He rolled over on the floor beside me and stopped breathing. Then I saw the police cars outside the window and I ran away. As I was running away, I heard someone yelling I had murdered the old priest. I didn't murder him, but I knew they would kill me anyway because of Susan's mother, so I kept running.

Kent: How did you survive for five days and nights?

Johnny: I grabbed some food off the old priest's table before I ran from that church. I made that last two days. Since then I haven't eaten until now. It was on my fifth day of hiding and running that I came upon the big church festival. It was being held outside.

Kent: What were they doing at the festival?

Johnny: They were killing white people, isn't that what they always do at religious festivals?

Kent: Yes.

Johnny: Well, they had all the white people lined up – there must have been hundreds of them lined up waiting their turn to be killed on the altars of the big outdoor church. The black guards all had those guns that shoot a lot of bullets.

Kent: Were you hidden during the festival?

Johnny: Yes, I was in the bushes on a hill overlooking the festival. But I guess I wasn't paying attention because a black sentry came up behind me and grabbed me. "How did you escape," he said. I tried to get away, but he held me tight and started to carry me down to the religious festival where the whites were being killed. But halfway down the hill somebody started shooting at the black guards, and I heard one of them say, "It's Morgan and the White Underground." Then the white prisoners started running for cover, and the black guards started shooting back at the White Underground people. But soon all the blacks were dead, and the White Underground people came and started telling the white people they could come with them. I tried to cry out to the White Underground people, but the black man held his hand over my mouth and started running into the hills with me.

Kent: Didn't anybody from the White Underground see him running away with you?

Johnny: No, I guess we were too far away.

Kent: But you're here now. Somebody must have helped you get away?

Johnny: Somebody did — his name was Michael.

Kent: Tell me about it.

Johnny: Well, the black guard was quite angry with the White Underground for killing all his friends. That is what he said, but he didn't really seem as sorry for his friends getting killed as he seemed sorry that all the whites weren't going to be killed. He kept saying, "Well, at least I'll kill you, at least I'll kill you." And when we came to a clearing, he put handcuffs on me and made me kneel down while he built a fire. He said he planned to roast me alive. When he got the fire nice and hot, he undid my handcuffs, picked me up, and threw me in the fire.

Kent: Johnny, how is that possible – you don't have any burn marks on your body?

Johnny: I didn't burn up because he was there in the fire.

Kent: Who was there?

Johnny: Saint Michael the Archangel. That was his name.

Kent: Did he tell you that was his name?

Johnny: Yes, he did, and he said the Christ Child had sent him to watch out for me. He told me that Baby Jesus had heard me calling on Him by name when I told the old priest that, "Roses bloom and cease to be. But we the Christ child shall see."

Mackenzie: This is too much. The child is lying, he is making all this up.

Kent: Is he?

Mackenzie: Of course he is, you don't seriously believe in archangels and the baby Jesus?

Kent: People once believed in such things.

Mackenzie: Yes, in the age of superstition people believed in a lot of things, no doubt. But we are men of science.

Kent: You are a man of science. And you can have it.

Mackenzie: You believe his story?

Kent: I want to believe it.

Mackenzie: That's not what I asked you. I asked you if you believed his story.

Kent: (Looks at Johnny and seems to be studying his face) Yes, I believe his story, more than I believe in that science lab over there.

Mackenzie: You're insane!

Kent: Perhaps.

Johnny: The angel Michael must have known you because he took me here after he killed the black man. He told me you would take care of me.

Kent: If the angel told you that, then I will take care of you. We shall join a friend of mine, Herb Broadhurst, in the White Underground. But first I must go rescue my daughter Susan from that witch. Would you like that?

Johnny: Yes, I would, very much!

Kent: (addressing Mackenzie) You've promised me one half-hour head start.

Mackenzie: I'll give you more than that, I won't phone in a missing person report until the morning.

Kent: Thanks.

Mackenzie: (with a wave of his hand) Get out of here before you have me seeing angels.

Act IV. Scene 2.

Susan's apartment. Johnny has shown Kent where he can climb up to Susan's bedroom. Kent climbs up into Susan's bedroom, but he goes through Susan's bedroom to the witch's bedroom. Without waking the witch, he goes to the dresser, opens a drawer, and removes the clip from his wife's Glock. Then he goes back to Susan's bedroom and gently wakes her. Johnny has been waiting there in the bedroom as well.

Kent: Do you hear me, Susan?

Susan: Yes, who are you?

Kent: I'm sure you don't remember me, but I am your father, and I've come to take you away from here to a better place. And I'm taking Johnny with me as well.

Susan: My father is dead.

Kent: No, that is not true. I am your father. Look at me, Susan, look very carefully at my face.

Susan: I am looking.

Kent: What do you see?

Susan: (suddenly lighting up) I see love there, you love me! I know you must be my father!

Kent: Then you'll come with me?

Susan: Yes, oh yes!

(At this point, Susan's mother, the witch, enters the bedroom.)

The Witch: (pointing the Glock at Kent) I don't know how you got here, but you'll never leave here, you disgusting white male. (She pulls the trigger of the Glock, but of course nothing happens.)

Kent: I removed the bullets, my dear. (The witch rushes at Kent, her fists flailing, but Kent knocks her out with a straight right-hand punch. Then he goes over to her to see if she is still alive. She is still breathing.)

Susan: Why does my mother hate everyone?

Kent: Your mother is a liberal, Susan.

Susan: What is a liberal?

Kent: A liberal is someone who hates Jesus Christ, and because liberals hate Jesus Christ, they hate His people.

Susan: I don't understand. Who is Jesus Christ?

Kent: I don't understand much myself, Susan, but where we are going, there will be many people who understand about these things. They will tell us about creatures such as your mother who hate everyone, and they will show us other people who love one another as Jesus Christ once told us to do.

(Speaking more to himself now than to the others, Kent looks at his wife.) I thought I loved you. You're still beautiful, at least on the outside. Maybe that is why I was punished through you. I only looked on the outside, not on the inside.

Johnny: Will we go now?

Kent: Yes, let me tie her up and gag her before we go.

Johnny: Roses bloom and cease to be, but we the Christ child shall see.

Kent: Yes, we will.

Act V. Scene 1.

A room in the mountain headquarters of the White Underground. Herb Broadhurst, Morgan, Kent, and Thomas Davenport are there.

Kent: I'm very grateful to you for taking me, my daughter, and Johnny into your mountain refuge. We certainly were in need of a refuge.

Morgan: We all are. There are many such refuges scattered throughout the continent.

Kent: Are you the leader?

Morgan: Yes, but every refuge has their own, for want of a better word, clan leader. I simply keep all the various clan chapters in touch with each other and ultimately in touch with King Arthur II of Britain.

Kent: Who was crowned by Christopher Grey?

Morgan: Yes.

Kent: Is he actually a real person? I've heard so many strange stories about him.

Davenport: He is quite real. He has been here for the past month. He came to heal my son and show the worst of sinners, one Thomas Davenport, the grace of Jesus Christ. He'll be returning to Britain tomorrow, but tonight he'll celebrate Christmas with us.

Kent: I'd like to meet him, but I must say this whole Christian thing is a little above and beyond me.

Broadhurst: It's above and beyond all of us to some extent. We all are infants in our faith.

Morgan: Yes, we are, but we believe.

(Christopher Grey enters the room.)

Grey: Lord, I believe, help my unbelief. That is always our prayer. But it takes faith to make that prayer (looking at Kent and Davenport). Allow me to invoke an ancient privilege. Please kneel.

(They all kneel, while Grey prays.)

Dear God, please bless these, your children; help them to know you in and through their brothers and sisters in Christ, gathered together here in your name. Keep them always in your heart and give them the grace to allow you into their hearts. We ask this, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior, Amen.

Morgan: Amen.

All: Amen.

Grey: I'll be back before I return to Britain, but right now I have a very important appointment with a young boy.

Act V. Scene 2.

At the top of the mountain refuge where thousands of white Christians live, there is a huge nativity scene. Christopher Grey takes Johnny by the hand, and together they walk to the top of the mountain and stand before the representation of the Baby Jesus in the manger with the Virgin Mary, Joseph, the Wise Men, and the Shepherds kneeling before Him.

Johnny: Is this the Baby Jesus?

Grey: No, it's just a model, a picture in wood of the Baby Jesus.

Johnny: It's a nice picture, but I want to see the real Baby Jesus.

Grey: Why must you see him, Johnny?

Johnny: Because I love Him. "Roses bloom and cease to be, but we the Christ child shall see."

Grey: You shall see Him, Johnny. I want you to kneel down. Cup your hands like this (Grey cups his hands in prayer) and listen to what I say. (Grey recites, from memory, the nativity story from the Gospel of Luke:

"And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:) To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them."

Grey: Did you see Him, Johnny?

Johnny: Yes, I did, but I saw another person standing with the Baby Jesus. It was a man with a crown of thorns on His head and deep cuts in His hands and His side. And when I saw the crown of thorns and the wounds, I cried inside my heart, because I was sorry for Him. But then He became all shiny and bright, and He was beautiful. He still had marks on Him but they were healed. And I knew He loved me, I just knew it.

Grey: The Baby Jesus is that Man with the crown of thorns and the wounds. And the Baby Jesus is that wonderful Man of light. He is Christ, He is our Savior. Do you believe in Him, Johnny?

Johnny: Yes.

Grey: Let's go down the mountain. Your young friend Susan is waiting for you down there and so are the rest of your friends.

Johnny: Do they love the Baby Jesus too?

Grey: Yes, they do.

Act V. Scene 3. Finis.

The Rev. Grey reads from Luke, chapter 2, and then he leads the faithful in song:

Away in a manger
No crib for his bed
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down his sweet head
The stars in the sky
Looking down where he lay

The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay

The cattle are lowing
The poor baby wakes
But little Lord Jesus
No crying he makes
I love Thee, Lord Jesus
Look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle
Till morning is nigh

Be near me, Lord Jesus
I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever
And love me, I pray
Bless all the dear children
In Thy tender care
And take us to Heaven
To live with Thee there
And take us to Heaven
To live with Thee there.

Remembrances XI: The Final, Unfinished Chapter

December 17, 2021

To CWNY's readers from his family:

CWNY began writing these Remembrances* about 11 years ago, and he was working on the eleventh one to be published for Christmas 2021 when he was called home. We, his family, decided to posthumously publish here what was completed so far, in the spirit of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, and we have edited his final Remembrances the way we think he would have wanted, for example, giving names to some of his new characters not yet decided on.

Our hope is that when you read this final Remembrances, you will feel CWNY at your side still, to help and encourage you in this evil and adulterous generation. He felt deeply for his Lord's servants, and prayed for all of us every night. He wrote with his whole heart, and he served his Lord faithfully. Through the dark nights of despair and trouble of this world, he fought his way home to his Savior and was *Cambria Will Not Yield* to the very moment of parting. What Admiral Nelson said after Trafalgar applies with equal truth to CWNY, although he never said it of himself: "Thank God I have done my duty!"

The final Remembrances ends with the young boy, Johnny, about to tell of a beautiful dream he had. At this point CWNY's pen fell; we shall never hear Johnny's dream in this world. CWNY has entered into the real Dream; he will finish telling it to us when we meet him again, where sorrow and sighing shall flee away. What was Johnny's dream? Although we do not know the details, we do know with certainty that our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is at the center of it.

God bless you this Christmas, and always, and Christ be with you!

"In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." – *John 16: 33*

The Final, Unfinished Chapter



Act I. Scene 1.

One year earlier...

Susan's mother was wrong; she did not hit Johnny with a bullet from her Glock pistol, which is another example of the insufficiency of mere fire power without accuracy. Johnny was dragging his leg when he fled from Susan's house because he sprained it when he jumped from the balcony. The 20+ bullets were sprayed all around him, but they did not hit him.

Johnny spent the night dodging the police cars. He knew of hideaways in alleys and old burned-out buildings that the police did not know about. In the early morning, after keeping on the move the entire night, Johnny came to an old dilapidated church on the edge of the city. At first he thought the church was abandoned without any inhabitants, but he saw a light in the adjacent rectory. Starved and desperate, he took a chance and entered the church. Needless to say the church was a 'converted' church: the sign outside read, 'The African Church of North America,' and inside the usual signs of the new religion were present. The former Stations of the Cross had been replaced by various scenes depicting the evolution of the black race from slaves to gods. Now, instead of Christ, a depiction of the Sacred Negro was at the front of the church. When Johnny entered the church, a white priest, about 75 years of age, was at the altar cleaning up the blood that had been spilled when the sacrificial white victim had been killed on the altar at last night's service. Johnny limped up to the old man with a vague hope that he could get something to eat without becoming a sacrificial offering himself.

Old Priest: What do we have here? A little white boy. I don't think you are supposed to be here, are you?

Johnny: Please sir, I'm very hungry, could you give me some food?

Old Priest: Certainly, you just wait here and I'll bring you some toast and jelly. Would you like that?

Johnny: Please, I'd like any food.

Old Priest: Good, I'll bring it. I'll bet that makes you feel much better. What is your name?

Johnny: I don't know what an internment camp means. The guards call it the white pigsty.

Old Priest: It amounts to the same thing.

Johnny: You won't send me back there, will you?

Old Priest: I am a priest in the African Catholic Church of North America, Johnny. Do you know what that means?

Johnny: It means you are going to send me back.

Old Priest: Johnny, you do not understand. You are a white boy. And as a white boy, you are full of evil, racist prejudices. If you are allowed to grow up free and unrestrained, how could we be sure that you wouldn't become a racist and hurt a black person? You might even become a member of the White Underground.

Johnny: But why do I have to be a prisoner in the white pigsty? You are white, and you are free.

Old Priest: There is where you are wrong, Johnny. I am not a normal white person. I am an illuminated white. By a process that you are too young to understand, I have become illuminated in my mind, which makes me black inside. To put it in terms that you can understand, let me just say that I thought very hard about how bad it was to be white, and I made myself, by thinking so hard, into a black man.

Johnny: But you still look white to me.

Old Priest: That is only on the outside, Johnny, on the inside I am black, and that is why I am free to perform the holy sacrifice at the altar every Sunday.

Johnny: You kill white people on the altar, don't you?

Old Priest: I wouldn't use the term 'kill,' Johnny, I would use the term 'sacrifice.' We sacrifice whites on the altar of the Sacred Negro.

Johnny: Will I be sacrificed on the altars of the Sacred Negro some day?

Old Priest: Yes, Johnny, you will be sacrificed there, as all members of the internment camps, the whites with no scientific aptitudes, are sacrificed. You, because you tried to run away, will be sacrificed on this altar next Sunday. While I was preparing breakfast for you, I called the police.

Johnny: Why do you hate me so?

Old Priest: I don't hate you, Johnny, it is not a bad thing to die, especially if we die on the altar of the Sacred Negro. Johnny: But what happens to us when we die?

Old Priest: We become part of nature, we are absorbed by the elements.

Johnny: But I want to go to heaven when I die, me Johnny, I want to personally go to heaven to meet Jesus.

Old Priest : Who told you about heaven and Jesus?

Johnny: No one told me, I read about Jesus and heaven in a storybook.

Old Priest : Storybooks, especially old storybooks, are forbidden in the African Republic of North America. Who gave it to you?

Johnny: No one, I found it. There were stories from the book, there were good white people in the book, too, white people who spoke of Jesus and heaven.

Old Priest: That is racism, Johnny. You are not to speak of Jesus in such a manner. He is not a god.

Johnny: "Roses bloom and cease to be,
But we shall the Christ child see."
That was in the book and I believe the book, because there were beautiful stories in the book.

Old Priest: You are not to speak of such things!

Johnny: I will, I will, you are going to kill me anyway!

Old Priest: I'll kill you, I'll kill you, you little fiend.

Act I. Scene 2.

One December later – a room within the stronghold of Christian Britain, formerly called Wales.

King Arthur II: I know you don't use the internet so you probably haven't heard the news from America.

Christopher Grey: I don't think computers are intrinsically evil, but I am a very old dog; I don't want to learn any new tricks. Judging by the look on your face I don't think I'm going to like the news from America.

King Arthur: No, it is not good news. The Christian stronghold in what used to be Tennessee, Morgan is the clan leader there, was hit by the liberals' bombers.

Christopher Grey: Were there many casualties?

King Arthur: That is uncertain. The Christians, Morgan's people, made it to the underground tunnels before the bombers struck, so no one was killed on the Christian side. But two of the bombers were shot down. The liberal pilots and crews in those planes are all dead. The Christians will have to relocate now that their stronghold has been discovered, but Morgan knows that country better than Davy Crocket ever did; the Christians will survive.

Christopher Grey: How did the liberals discover the location of the stronghold?

King Arthur: That is a sad story.

Christopher Grey: An apostate?

King Arthur: Not so much an apostate, but a man who was weak in his faith. Do you remember hearing about the liberals' Sister Jacqueline, a high priestess in the African Catholic Church?

Christopher Grey: Yes, she was captured by the white underground at the Inn where our Lord appeared two Christmases ago.

King Arthur: Yes, that's right. Well she was a prisoner in the underground camp for two years. She was treated humanely, she had good food and water and she was not tortured or abused. At first she just spewed out her venom, on the guards and her fellow prisoners. But for the last three months she seemed changed. She asked for a copy of the Bible and she frequently quoted long passages of the New Testament to her fellow prisoners and the guards. One guard in particular, David Halfaway, became very fond of her. Morgan tells me Sister Jacqueline is a very physically attractive woman. At any rate, her looks and what appeared to be her new piety convinced Halfaway that she was now a believing Christian. He went to Morgan and asked him to allow Sister Jacqueline the freedom to live among the Christians. Morgan was not willing to release Sister Jacqueline "just yet." He told Halfaway that she might be feigning her conversion. Well, Halfaway couldn't accept that verdict. He helped Sister Jacqueline to escape. Apparently she convinced him that they would be married and live separate from the liberals and the Christians. Halfaway's body was found about a mile from the stronghold. He was stabbed in the back. As soon as they knew what happened the Christians went underground and as a consequence they survived the bombing raid. Through a labyrinth of tunnels, that they have built up over the years, they are now a great distance removed from their old stronghold.

Christopher Grey: You are right, Halfaway was not an apostate, he was simply weak. I'll pray for him.

King Arthur: There is one more thing, and I apologize for not coming to this right away, but –

Christopher Grey: It's about Johnny isn't it?

King Arthur: How did you know?

Christopher Grey: I felt it. Tell me what happened.

King Arthur: After the liberals' bombers hit the liberals' ground troops came on, they hoped they could completely wipe out the underground by a follow-up mop up campaign with ground troops. But as I said, the white Christians made it to the shelters in time. Except for a group of children that were too far from camp to make it to the shelters. It seems that Herb Broadhurst, the former archivist in liberaldom and one of the men at the inn, and Thomas Kent, Susan's father, took Johnny, Susan, and about eight other children to the theater in the woods. They went there to rehearse for the Christmas pageant. All the parts in the nativity play were to be performed by the children. When the bombers hit Broadhurst and Kent got the children to the rocks, they couldn't possibly get to the underground shelters, and managed to survive the bombing raids. But when they came out from the rocks they encountered the liberals' troops. Herb decided to keep them away from the children by running away from where the children were hiding. Kent stayed back with the children and eventually got them safely back to the white Christians' underground hideout.

Christopher Grey: All but Johnny?

King Arthur: Yes, all but Johnny. Before Kent could stop him he ran to catch up with Broadhurst. I'm sure he felt it would be a more convincing decoy if there was at least two white fugitives. Well, they caught Broadhurst and Johnny, but, as I said, Kent and the rest of the children got back safely.

Christopher Grey: Where is Broadhurst now and where is Johnny?

King Arthur: Broadhurst is going to be tried in America by the African Catholic authorities there. I think Sister Jacqueline will preside over his trial.

Christopher Grey: And Johnny?

King Arthur: He is going to be flown to Rome to be tried by Pope Francis II, the son of Francis the blasphemer. You know what that means.

Christopher Grey: Yes, I do. There will be a show trial, he will be convicted, then he will be tortured and then he will be executed.

King Arthur: We have a very efficient special forces unit here at Tintagel. We could try to bring Johnny out of there. Christopher Grey: No, I don't think that is possible. The liberals will be ready for a military rescue attempt.

King Arthur: But we can't just leave him there.

Christopher Grey: We aren't going to leave him there.

King Arthur: But you said –

Christopher Grey: I said a traditional military strike would not work. I did not say that Johnny would be left in the hands of those creatures from hell who have left charity and mercy behind them. I will go to Rome. And I promise you that I will bring Johnny back here.

Act I. Scene 3.

The new Christian stronghold.

Morgan: It will take some time before we can regain some semblance of normality, but everyone seems to be taking the inconveniences quite well.

Thomas Davenport: I think the people feel it would be an affront to God to grumble and complain about their new quarters considering that we all could have been wiped out if we hadn't discovered Halfaway's body in time.

Morgan: Yes, poor Halfaway. I blame myself for his death.

Father Bontini: You mustn't. His death was a tragedy, but it was not your fault.

Morgan: I should have had Sister Jacqueline executed two years ago when we took her prisoner at the inn.

Father Bontini: It wasn't wrong to give her chance to convert.

Morgan: Thank you, Father, but there is a point of no return. I should have seen that she wouldn't convert.

Davenport: Herb Broadhurst is a brave man.

Morgan: Yes he is. And I'm not going to let him be tortured and murdered by Jacqueline and her cohorts. I just heard from Britain, Christopher Grey is going after Johnny, and I must try and release Herb Broadhurst.

Thomas Kent: Why must you do it alone, he is a good friend of mine, let me come to.

Morgan: No, you must stay here with your daughter. Besides, I am like Antonio, 'a tainted wether of the flock, Meetest for death.'

Father Bontini: If that is the case then I should go, I'm older than you.

Morgan: Yes, you are, by a few years, but why are we talking about dying? I have a lot of expertise in this sort of thing. I'll take a few commandos with me and we'll bring Herb Broadhurst out of that liberal hell hole.

Father Bontini: He'll be carefully guarded.

Morgan: Then we shall carefully release him.

Act II. Scene 1.

Takes place in a church in Rome. The church is traditional outside, and inside it has all the symbols of an older religion, but those symbols have been negroized. The sacred black gods have replaced Christ. By special permission a devotee in the African Catholic Church can still ask for a private confession. Very few do, but some of the older members of the African Catholic Church still request a private confession. That is the case here. Maria Aldona, 91 years of age, has requested and been granted a private confession. Father Lucentio, aged 44, is her confessor.

Father Lucentio: In the name of our god given reason, the sacred negro and pure science, I shall hear your confession.

Maria Aldona: Forgive me father for I have sinned. It's been two weeks since my last confession.

Father Lucentio: What new sins could you have committed in such a short time?

Maria Aldona: I have questioned, in my heart, the wisdom and judgment of the church authorities and I have been unable to suppress a longing to believe in Jesus Christ as my lord and Savior.

Father Lucentio: Those are serious sins. Tell me more about them. First, why do you question the wisdom and judgment of our church authorities?

Maria Aldona: I witnessed the parade through the streets of Rome two days ago. That 9 year old American boy, Johnny, was led through the streets in a cage. No matter what his sins, I just couldn't accept his treatment. I felt, in my heart, that it was wrong. Couldn't he have been brought to his senses by gentle persuasion? Couldn't the church authorities have talked to him in private and brought him around without putting him in a cage and holding him up to public humiliation?

Father Lucentio: That young child that you say you have such sympathy for not only murdered a Priest in the African Catholic Church he blasphemed against the sacred negro. He affirmed Christ as the living God and rejected the true God, which is and always shall be the sacred negro.

Maria Aldona: I don't see how it was possible for the boy to kill a grown man with his bare hands, and besides that, is it really so bad to believe that Christ is our savior? When I was a little girl they taught me to believe that Christ was our Savior.

Father Lucentio: It is not for us to question just how that white boy killed the good father. The facts are clear – he did kill him. And secondly, the new Catechism that came out after Vatican IV expressly forbids any linkage between the humanity of Christ and the divinity of God. The historical figure, Jesus Christ, was a herald of the living God, which is, of course, the sacred negro.

Maria Aldona: I know that is what, as a good Catholic, I am supposed to believe, but I just can't feel it in my heart.

Father Lucentio: But you must feel it in your heart. How can I give you absolution if you are not truly repentant? You have confessed two mortal sins, first you have questioned the authority of the one, holy and apostolic church, and secondly, you have blasphemed against the sacred negro.

Maria Aldona: I don't know what to do Father, I can't help what I feel.

Father Lucentio: Then I can't give you absolution. Go before the alter of the sacred negro and pray that he can purge the evil of whiteness, because that is ultimately the source of all sin, from your heart.

Act II. Scene 2.

What seems to be a robed Priest taps Maria Aldona on the shoulder and points a finger at a nearby confessional.

Maria Aldona: But Father I've just been to confession.

Maria Aldona: Father, I've just been to confession.

Christopher Grey: This is not a confession. I am not a priest in this church.

Maria Aldona: Who are you then?

Christopher Grey: My name is Christopher Grey, perhaps you have heard of me.

Maria Aldona: Indeed I have, you helped my grandson and his son escape from the Inquisition. He once was a jailer here in Rome.

Christopher Grey: Yes, but he came to believe in Christ the Lord.

Maria Aldona: Is Christ still our Savior?

Christopher Grey: Yes, He is, and He always shall be our Savior.

Maria Aldona: But that is not what the Church teaches.

Christopher Grey: What is the church, Maria? Is it the buildings or is it something more?

Maria Aldona: I don't know anymore.

Christopher Grey: Yes you do, Maria. I watched you as you left the confessional. You didn't go before the image of the sacred negro at the front of the church. You went to the image of Christ crucified on the side panel. Why did you do that, Maria?

Maria Aldona: Because I just couldn't make myself kneel before the sacred negro.

Christopher Grey: Something in your heart wouldn't let you, isn't that right?

Maria Aldona: Yes.

Christopher Grey: Christ's church consists of the men and women who have taken Him into their hearts, Maria. You belong to that church and only that church.

Maria Aldona: I want that church and only that church.

Christopher Grey: You shall have it. There are men that have come here with me, they will make sure that you go out of Rome safely in order to be united with your grandson and great-grandson.

Maria Aldona: That is too good to be true.

Christopher Grey: Well, it is true. The men will be waiting for you at your house.

Maria Aldona: Will you be coming with us?

Christopher Grey: No, I will come later, I have some other business here in Rome.

Maria Aldona: Does that business involve that young boy who has been captured and will be tried for the murder of a priest? Christopher Grey: Yes.

Maria Aldona: As long as I can remember there has always been a Christopher Grey going about the world championing Christ. But I am 91 years old, how can it be that I have memories of an adult Christopher Grey when I was a little girl? You must be older than the 107 years that are attributed to you.

Christopher Grey: My life span has been of a Biblical length, you are right; I am older than the 107 years attributed to me. I don't know why God has chosen me to do this work, but He has. It's quite possible that He thinks I must do extra penance. But that is not for me to know.

Maria Aldona: Will Johnny be set free?

Christopher Grey: They will not set him free. They, if they are allowed to, will torture him and then murder him.

Maria Aldona: Why are they so cruel?

Christopher Grey: They have forsaken the God of mercy and love; they are liberals.

Maria Aldona: It's very hard to believe such people can be allowed to exist. Reverend Grey, why doesn't the blessed Savior put a stop to this – to this world of liberals?

Christopher Grey: Someday He will. But until that time we must do what we can against them. Johnny will not be tortured or murdered. I can assure you of that. And you shall be in Christian Britain with your loved ones in less than three days.

Maria Aldona: Bless you, Reverend Grey.

Act II. Scene 3

Pope Francis II, the son of Pope Francis the Blasphemer, is in the Vatican council room with Monsignor Baptista and the black cardinal, Abu Buddha.

Pope Francis: The trial will be televised worldwide so I want it to be staged properly.

Monsignor Baptista: It will be, your Holiness, but...

Pope Francis: I don't like that 'but'.

Monsignor Baptista: I'm sorry, your holiness.

Pope Francis: Never mind the 'I'm sorry', what is your objection?

Monsignor Baptista: I don't have any objection. Let me just say that I have a fear.

Pope Francis: What is your fear then?

Monsignor Baptista: I am afraid if we sentence the boy to torture and death that many people will turn against us.

Abu Buddha: My people won't stand for anything less than torture and death. I don't care about the death of one white priest, but I do care about any rebellion against the black church and so do my people.

Pope Francis: Quite right, but once he is sentenced should we televise his torture and death?

Monsignor Baptista: No.

Abu Buddha: Yes.

Pope Francis: I think I must defer to Cardinal Buddha; all manifestations of whiteness must be dealt with severely. Monsignor Baptista: I agree, but should we televise the punishment?

Pope Francis: Yes we should. There is no shame in punishing whiteness, so why should we act as if we are ashamed? Abu Buddha: Quite right. Now I must go and advise the torturers, we must not kill the white fiend too quickly.

Exit Carinal Buddha

Pope Francis: Monsignor, I am worried about you. I hope you are not suffering from the white psychosis, which is, as you know, a morbid inclination to take pity on white racists.

Monsignor Baptista: Far from it, your holiness. I have no pity for that despicable white boy. My reservations about the televised event are merely tactical. There is still, I'm sorry to say, some whites who do not accept the sacred negro as our Lord and Savior. They might be stirred up if they see this boy tortured and murdered on television.

Pope Francis: I always listen to your advice, Monsignor. But in this case I think your fears are unfounded. We must not be afraid. If we act from the purity of our faith, if we act in the name of the sacred negro, nothing can or shall go wrong.

Monsignor Baptista: So be it, your holiness

Act III. Scene 1.

Herb Broadhurst's prison cell. Sister Jacqueline has come to visit him. They are alone in the cell.

H.B.: To what do I owe this honor?

S.J.: Don't become sarcastic with me. I have absolute power over you now and I can use that power to have you tortured and executed.

H.B.: And I'm sure you shall use that power.

S.J.: I most certainly shall. You and your Christian comrades were fools. You should have killed me right away. I was never going to convert to your hideous white racist religion.

H.B.: No, you weren't; David Halfaway found that out the hard way.

S.J.: He was a fool.

H.B.: Yes, I suppose he was, but he was a good man and you killed him simply because he thought you were a good woman. S.J.: I am not bound by the rules of a racist God or any man who adheres to a racist religion.

H.B.: What rules are you bound by?

S.J.: I am a priestess in the one Holy African Church of America.

H.B.: Why did you come here; I'm sure it wasn't to have a debate with me.

S.J.: No, it isn't. I came here to offer you a chance to work, once again, for the one Holy African Church. I will personally reopen the archives again and allow you to work for us.

H.B.: And what am I supposed to do to earn such a great favor?

S.J.: You must tell me where the new headquarters of the White Underground is.

H.B.: What makes you think I know where the new headquarters are?

S.J.: I was imprisoned there for two years, I saw the way things went. You were an intimate of that man called Morgan; I'm sure you know where they are hiding.

H.B.: Why do you think I'd tell you that information?

S.J.: To avoid torture.

H.B.: Death is always preferable to torture, I won't deny that, but I'm afraid I am going to have to decline your offer.

S.J.: Don't hold out any hope for a rescue; we are prepared for a sneak attack on the prison.

H.B.: I'm sure you are. I don't expect to be rescued.

S.J.: Then you shall die slowly in agony and before the torturers are done with you, you'll tell us what we want to know. H.B.: If you're so sure of that why did you offer me a deal?
S.J.: Because it would save us time. But in the end we'll know what we want to know and you'll die knowing that you betrayed your countrymen and your God. Guard, come and let me out.

Act III. Scene 2.

The new headquarters of the White Underground. Two men, one man is Morgan, one man is George Cox, an assistant of Herb Broadhurst, are bent over a lot of papers spread all over a table. Father Bontini is also present as well as Ted Stevens, the head of the Underground's security forces.

Morgan : Are you sure about this?

Cox: I'm absolutely sure.

Morgan: Does Herb know about this?

Cox: I don't think he does. He took a good deal of the archival information with him when he left the liberals, but there were reams of information he never got around to looking through. This map was one of those pieces of information.

Morgan: How did you discover it?

Cox : I have practically lived in the archives ever since Herb defected to us. And I made sure all the documents came with me when we made our headquarters.

Morgan: That map you dug up shows that there are underground tunnels that take us right to the main prison cells.

Cox: Yes, they were built back in the 1950s during the Cold War between the Americans and the Russians. They were supposed to provide an escape route for the senators and congressmen in case of an attack on the capitol.

Morgan: Do you think the current government is aware of the tunnels?

Cox: That isn't very likely since they shunned the archives.

Father Bontini: If you manage to get Herb out, how will you stop the liberals' pursuit?

Morgan: We'll blow up the tunnels.

Ted Stevens: How many men will you require?

Morgan: Besides myself I thought I'd just take two men.

Stevens: Will that be enough?

Morgan: It should be. This is not an invasion, it's a rescue; too many men would just muck up the rescue.

Father Bontini: It's a shame that Sister Jacqueline won't be there when you release Herb Broadhurst. I'd like to see the look on her face.

Morgan: I have other plans for Sister Jacqueline.

Father Bontini: Oh?

Morgan: She has been tried and convicted of the murder of David Halfaway. Once Herb is on his way back to our headquarters, I plan to linger in D.C. and attend to a little business there. Now, let's get started.

Act IV. Scene 1.

Even though it was across an ocean, the news that Herb Broadhurst had been rescued by the White Underground and Sister Jacqueline had been hanged by the neck until dead from her apartment window sent shock waves through the Vatican. What if the white Christians in Britain tried to rescue Johnny? The security troops were increased tenfold in the anticipation of an attack from the white Christians of Britain or some remnant band of white Christians lurking in Italy.

On the day of the trial, Johnny was carried into the courtroom in a cage and then he was released from the cage and chained to an iron chair in front of the Judge's throne. Pope Francis II was to preside over the trial. All the cardinals, bishops, and the lesser clerical orders, the white clergy, proceeded to the front of the church and kissed the feet of a gigantic statue of a sacred negro. The black clergymen did not kiss the feet of the black figure; they extended their rings for the white clergy to kiss. Pope Francis also kissed the feet of the sacred negro statue, before extending his ring to the faithful. That ceremony was intended to show the Pope's dependence on the sacred negro. His rule was in the name of the sacred negro. Once everyone was seated, the "trial" began. Johnny had no defense lawyer. There was only a prosecuting attorney.

Prosecutor: You are charged with the murder of a priest in the one Holy African Catholic Church. How do you plead?

Johnny: I am not guilty of that priest's murder. He tried to murder me –

Prosecutor: Silence, I only asked you for your plea, not for an explanation. Now, let me state the case. This little fiend waited in the church for Father O'Connell, a venerable, enfeebled old man, who always adhered to the precepts of the Holy African Catholic Church, and this little fiend leaped on Father O'Connell and stabbed him twenty two times with a knife. Such a sadistic act must receive the greatest penalty – torture and death.

Pope Francis : Now you may speak in your own defense.

Johnny: "Roses bloom and cease to be, but we the Christ Child shall see."

Pope Francis: Gag the prisoner, this court will not listen to such blasphemy. Now, I shall pronounce sentence. You shall be roasted alive, every inch of your skin shall be expertly burned from your body and when that process is finished you shall be killed. So die all heretics.

Act IV. Scene 2.

The new headquarters of the American White Underground.

Herb Broadhurst: I didn't know about the underground tunnels to the prison.

Morgan: Neither did Sister Jacqueline and her cohorts.

Herb: I should have known about them; after all, I was the archivist.

Morgan: No one can read all of the archives. Thank goodness for George Cox.

Herb: Yes.

Morgan: And here is a piece of news that should interest you; it's hot off the press, so to speak. George gave me a copy of it this morning.

Herb: What is it?

Morgan: It tells us about the trial.

Herb: Johnny's trial?

Morgan: Yes.

Herb: What happened?

Morgan : Read it for yourself; it's an article from the Vatican press.

Herb : "A horrendously tragic event occurred yesterday afternoon in the cathedral. That hideous young murderer, one Johnny Winslow , was being tried for the murder of a priest in the African Catholic Church. After he was sentenced to death, darkness suddenly descended over the church. Whether it was a massive electrical failure or something else, some other phenomenon, has not been determined. But right before the blackout one hideous voice was heard uttering unspeakable blasphemies against our sacred religion. When light returned to the cathedral, Pope Francis was found dead, his neck had been broken, and the prisoner was gone. In addition, the altar of the sacred negro had been pulled down. There was only one voice heard in the church, but it doesn't seem possible that the altar, weighing over 2,000 lbs., could have been pulled down by one man. So it must have been the work of many men, men who disguised themselves as clergymen. Then again, there are some who have suggested that it was the work of one man. We will no soil the pages of this paper by mentioning his name. The end result of this terrible, terrible tragedy is that Johnny Winslow is free and our Holy Pope is dead. The cardinals have already gathered together to pick a new Pope."

Morgan: I don't suppose I have to tell you who that one man was.

Herb: No, you don't. Is Johnny all right?

Morgan: Yes, he is safe now; he is in Christian Britain. When Rev. Grey thinks he is ready, he will bring him back home. Herb: Have they selected the new Pope yet?

Morgan: Yes, they have. They've selected a mulatto named Kenneth Jennifer McFadden as their new Pope or Popess, I don't know what else to call him or her.

Herb: Is he a transgender creature?

Morgan: Yes. And he/she has declared war on Christian Britain.

Herb: Isn't the Vatican always at war with Christian Britain?

Morgan: Yes, but this time he/she plans an outright invasion in retaliation for the murder of the Pope.

Herb: It wasn't murder, it was a just execution.

Morgan: Of course it was. But that is not the way the liberals look on it. And Kenneth-Jennifer wants to show his/her toughness.

Herb: Will there be a nuclear strike?

Morgan: No, the High Caliph of Moslem Britain has nixed a nuclear strike. He is afraid the radioactive fallout will affect his nation. And besides that, he has maintained a peaceful neutrality with Christian Britain because of what Christopher Grey did during the plague in his country.

Herb: Then what kind of invasion will Kenneth-Jennifer launch?

Morgan: A naval invasion.

Herb: That would be insanity; King Arthur has rebuilt the British navy back to its glory days. They'll destroy any navy sent against them.

Morgan: That is quite likely.

Herb : 'Tis a consummation most devoutly to be wished for.

Morgan: Yes indeed.

Act IV. Scene

Five days after what is now called the naval battle in defense of the New Britain. The battle took place in the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of what was once called Wales. King Arthur and Christopher Grey are talking in their headquarters at Tintagel.

King Arthur: Our Lord was good to us. We had many wounded but no deaths, and we completely destroyed the Vatican's fleet.

Rev. Grey: There were a lot of liberals who went to their deaths?

King Arthur: Yes, there were. It couldn't be helped. We provided life rafts for as many survivors as we could, and most of them made it back to Italy, but still thousands of Vatican sailors lost their lives.

Rev. Grey: As you say, it couldn't be helped. What happened to Kenneth-Jennifer; I know he/she planned on leading the attack from the Vatican's prize battleship?

King Arthur: He was killed in the first exchange of gunfire. His/her reign was probably the shortest reign in the history of the church.

Rev. Grey: I don't suppose the next Pope will be any better.

King Arthur: No, I don't suppose so either. But I doubt that he'll launch another naval invasion.

Rev. Grey: Not right away.

King Arthur: How is Johnny doing?

Rev. Grey: Remarkably well, considering what he has gone through. He is being treated like royalty here in Britain, but it has not gone to his head.

King Arthur: He is a very, how shall I say it? – He is a Christ centered young boy.

Rev. Grey: His life thus far is a miracle of God's grace. He was born in an extermination camp where white boys are kept alive to see if they have any scientific aptitude. And when they didn't, they are killed by age 12. They are given an education because they might become scientists who serve Liberaldom, but that education is entirely liberal, nothing from Christian Europe is allowed into their head or heart.

King Arthur: That sounds a lot like my education.

Rev. Grey: Yes, only by Johnny's time the education process was more advanced. You had almost nothing from Christian Europe in your education; Jonny had absolutely nothing. But somehow, one suspects an angelic presence, Johnny got hold of a book of fairy tales written by Hans Christian Andersen. And through those fairy tales he was exposed to the word made flesh. He has clung to the Savior ever since that time. I honor him and I love him for his fidelity to the Suffering Servant.

King Arthur: He has suffered a lot in his nine years, much too much for one so young.

Rev. Grey: Yes, he has. But that is the essence of the liberals' reign of terror. They want to destroy the Christ bearing race through the torture, degradation, and murder of children and childhood. They take seriously, even though most of them no longer read the Bible, Christ's injunction that the good Christian must have a faith like unto that of a little child. If there is no childhood, a childhood nurtured by His love, then there shall be no faith. That is the reasoning of the liberals! It is inspired by Satan and it has been incredibly effective. But there are miracles of grace, like Johnny, who break away from the liberals' stronghold and find Christ.

King Arthur: Yes, there are still, even within the walls of Liberaldom, miracles of God's grace.

Rev. Grey: There always shall be, but we are called, as Christians, to build Christian nations that nourish the word made flesh. We are part of a line that goes all the way back to the Child in the manger. When the liberals made their final push for world dominance in the 2020s and 2030s, small Christian nations, like we have here, started to form. We must continue to rebuild Christendom. It won't be like it once was; quite possibly the liberals' culture will always be the dominant culture throughout most of the world, but for charity's sake, that charity of honor, we must maintain our Christian nations in defiance of Liberaldom.

King Arthur: What you say about the murder of childhood is true. In Britain, when I was growing up, it started with the murder of the babies in the womb, and the children that were allowed to live, as I was, were indoctrinated by a liberal hierarchy, a hierarchy of which I was an integral part.

Rev. Grey: Yes, it's true that the British monarchy was used to serve Liberaldom, but the monarchy also represented a line, a Christian bloodline, that had to be eliminated. That is why the Moslems attempted to destroy that bloodline. And you are right, the liberals must always control procreation and they must always take control of the education of children; that is how they maintain their power. That is why Johnny Winslow became such an obsession with the liberals. How could a child rebel against the liberal state? It was unheard of.

King Arthur: And the liberals' hatred for Johnny Winslow and your rescue of him made them launch that insane naval attack?

Rev. Grey: Yes.

King Arthur: I'd like to finish them in one great battle, but I don't suppose that is possible right now.

Rev. Grey: No, it isn't, but the desire does you credit.

Rev. Grey: Did you get some breakfast?

Johnny: Yes, that nice lady cooked me some eggs and bacon. I never had eggs and bacon when I was in the extermination camp. I think it's the best food in the world.

King Arthur: You won't get any arguments from me on that score.

Johnny: Is it wrong to like food so much?

Rev. Grey : No, it isn't, Johnny. You're a long way from gluttony; in fact, you have some catching up to do. Last night, you wanted to tell me about a dream you had the night you were in the Vatican prison, but I stopped you because I wanted you to go to sleep. But if you still remember it and want to recount it now, before King Arthur and myself, this might be a good time.

Johnny: I'll never forget that dream. Do you think God speaks to us in dreams? I know I'd like to think He does.

Rev. Grey: We know from the Bible that God does sometimes speak to us in dreams, Johnny. But it is often very difficult for men to know what is from God. Most of the time it is best not to rely too heavily on dreams.

Johnny: But this dream seemed so real, it brought me great comfort.

Rev. Grey: I'd like to hear it.

King Arthur: So would I.

Act IV. Scene 4. Johnny's Dream.

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