

# THE REIGN OF JUSTICE

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## The glorious result of humility

OWING to his wretched education, man is puffed up with pride, his pride is even very great, and this gives him a deal of pain. Pride is a habit, just as humility is another. However, pride is a stupid habit: it is nonsense, and lack of balance, which bears unpleasant fruit. Humility, on the contrary, creates delightful impressions, delicious fruit, as beneficial as can be. The results that humility leads to are beyond expression. We have proof of this in the effects of the work of the soul of our dear Saviour, who displayed humility to the highest degree, and was therefore able to operate the Salvation of all mankind.

If we compare our dear Saviour's humility with the pride of some men who seek to set themselves aloft by abasing their fellows, we find that the results obtained are diametrically opposite. On one hand, there is blessing, and on the other, the curse. Look at the history of great conquerors, such as Alexander the Great, Napoleon and other illustrious warriors. We find that it is on a heap of corpses, in immolating a vast number of human lives, that they have risen aloft to a glory that was quite ephemeral, since destruction was their end. Their renown was thus revealed at its true worth, and at the Resurrection in the Realm of light, it will be transformed into shame and abasement. They will then have to apply themselves to living divine ways, which are all founded on humility. Only in that way will they be able to have a taste of the effects of the Ransom paid by our dear Saviour on their behalf and on that of all mankind.

Pride is the essence itself of the sentiments of degenerate man. It oozes, so to speak, from every pore of his skin, of course, more so with some than with others. Pride leads to madness, whereas humility gives out a delicious perfume of wisdom and of kindness which puts others at ease and does them good.

Such were the sentiments our dear Saviour displayed. What he felt was affection and a kind benevolence towards poor mankind in misfortune. He said to them: "Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest."

With the admirable education of humility, our hearts open out and become sensitive, tender and trustful. On the other hand, if we have pride, we are constantly vexed, and we never show ourselves exactly as we are. The pride with which we are afflicted is like a coat of varnish, and wherever the varnish cracks, the

dirt shows through. He who is proud gives a deal of pain to those around him, and he also suffers great pain because of his character. In fact, pride is a lawless sentiment, opposed to common sense and, as a consequence, displays a total lack of balance. Those who are proud always feel humiliated. So intensely do they feel this, at times, that they cannot bear it. Napoleon, whose purpose was to subject the whole of Europe to his will, was terribly humiliated. He was taken prisoner and kept in detention on the island of Saint Helena, where he died of stomach cancer. It was the humiliation of it all that caused the disease and his death. Speaking of our dear Saviour, he said: "Jesus Christ alone founded his empire on love, and at this hour, millions of men would die for him. ... My armies have forgotten me, even while living."

We, on the contrary, possess, in our dear Saviour, a kind Leader whose heart is wonderfully affectionate and devoted. He is not only our Master, but also our wonderful Saviour. He shows us "the way, the truth and the life". He is able to speak to our hearts. He was humility in person. When his disciples, who were supposed to learn from him, reproached him, he did not answer them haughtily. He kindly spoke: "You will always have the poor with you, but you will not always have me." This answer was noble, worthy and dignified, and exactly in the right place, all humility and kindness. The better we come to know our dear Saviour, the greater becomes our love for him, and the stronger our attachment to him. On the other hand, as we said before, concerning the great men who have shone in the world, their lives, as a whole, are only miserable nothings. They disappeared into the grave, and there is nothing to show for them having been on Earth.

The Son of God, for his part, laid down his life which was a blessing throughout his earthly career, and even in his death, there is immense blessing, glorious blessing which will last forever. His resurrection is also a sublime blessing. He lived, he died, and he rose again, every time on behalf of others. This is why, in all circumstances and in every way, he supplied the ineffable power of divine grace and of goodness. That blessing goes on, ineffable and magnificent, and will endure from generation to generation, even for all eternity.

The great and sublime Saviour of the world displayed humility that moves us deeply when we are able to contemplate it in full majesty. To someone who called

him "good master", he said: "Why do you call me good? No one is good except God alone." He illustrated the heart of God, which he rendered living for us with all he did, without ever boasting or making a big deal out of the blessings he lavished on those around him.

Our dear Saviour's message was a message of love *par excellence*. He particularly concerned himself with the waifs of life. He said: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." He particularly made himself accessible to those who needed consolation. It was to them that he went in the first place; nevertheless, he did not neglect the others. He delivered the message of the Gospel of divine grace and of Salvation, to everyone.

Love and respect can be expressed by one who is humble, and humility is an integral part of the noble and lofty sentiments which have to be reflected in the hearts of all human beings who are in contact with God's Holy Spirit. On the other hand, everything that springs from "the spirit of the world" hardens our hearts and impels us to do things that we would otherwise never do. Thus, jealousy, which springs from pride, can incite us to do the basest and the vilest things.

Divine love, real love, is humble and discreet. It does good in secret and does not take glory for itself for this. If we do good and publish it from the housetops, it loses all its value. We are then like that philosopher who, to show how humble he was, used to wear clothes full of holes. It was pointed out to him that out of all those holes, there showed the pride with which he was animated. In a like manner, we often ostentatiously put others on a pedestal to show how humble we ourselves are. This is simply the demonstration of pride, to which hypocrisy is added. Humility is an exquisite perfume springing from the fount of divine love, of the Lord's great goodness.

Humility creates an atmosphere that is exceedingly favorable to our organism. This atmosphere is as indispensable to it as the oxygen of the air. It gives joy and happiness, and leads to magnificent results, ineffable blessing. How easy things then become, and how great the tranquility in our hearts!

What assurance is ours when our character has been shaped in humility! Our heart becomes limpid and able to reflect our dear Saviour's noble sentiments. In the company of one who is humble, one finds no asperities, meets with no shocks and undergoes no friction: everything seems to run on well-oiled wheels. One who is humble understands many things that a proud man cannot grasp, for humility lets the light in. It is a sentiment that binds us directly to divine love and makes it

### Patrick's reward

THIS new day was going to be a special one, but what voice had whispered this secret in Patrick's ear? Perhaps it was that of the spring breeze that was waving a branch of freshly blossoming flowers outside his window? Or might it have been the special ambience of this magnificent dawn in which the tender and melodious bird songs were celebrating the arrival of spring?

Might it have been all that or something even more? Patrick was unable to say for certain. The range of the impressions that fed the joy of his heart, was a vast one. The Universe filled him with enthusiasm, and the smallest blade of grass would move him deeply too.

He could have sung, in melodious accents, his praises bubbling up in his heart while taking his morning shower. However, neither time nor place lent themselves to such an exuberant demonstration. Profound

well-being was penetrating him through and through. Life was circulating with great intensity through his arteries, and millions upon millions of cells were drawing the renewal of their energy from this miraculous source.

Patrick contemplated the inexpressible benefits of that science which, for so many years, had been making his heart beat so discreetly. A shiver of wonder passed over him as he thought that every day, that pump, no bigger than his fist, pumped thousands of liters of his blood to the very finest capillaries at the extremities of his circulatory system.

But he did not stop at contemplating that matter. No, the gladness flowing through his veins was not a passing emotion, snatched from the preoccupations of a supercharged citizen.

Chance seemed to have decided what part of the world he was born in, and his existence, constantly since then, had been interspersed with numberless ups and downs, chief of

which had been poverty and the orphanage, with sombre days of revolt, and hours of hope and those of despair.

Experience and time had taught him how uncertain and how fragile things can be. He had learnt that, on this Earth, tomorrow was unlikely to take care of itself. Besides, harsh experiences had taught him to hope with little faith in anything, and to believe, in spite of all, without understanding. To be hustled, to hustle others, to work, to imagine, to build, to come to grips with adversity every day, and in the end...what?

Those considerations had induced Patrick to take a closer look at life: to go searching off the beaten track, away from the vast display of man's great learning, his justice and his religions which all sprang from the same root.

Then, the example of his wife's brother had caught his attention. This man had, for many years, been consecrating his whole time and his very life, to the supreme ideal: the setting

up of the great Reign announced by all the prophets of the Lord God.

That caused a bright beam of light to shine on his road, just as it does for all men who love uprightness. He realized that God's Holy Spirit — so simple, so pure, so humble and so meek and, above all, so noble — should be given preference over that of the world. In this way, Patrick followed out the train of his thoughts as he dressed himself. Outside, the breath of spring was whispering among the leaves: "Paradise is coming soon!" While the Sun was just coming up behind the high mountain range and flooding the Earth with its tender rays, it also flooded Patrick's heart and spoke to him like this verse of a hymn:

*I feel all nature tingles  
To his sweet breath of love,  
When, with the air, He mingles  
Warm sunshine from above:  
The world, to life, awaking,*

possible for God's Holy Spirit to enlighten us with its wonderful power.

Devilish love, on the contrary, is all pride. It is the cause of suffering and of a deal of pain for all around. People afflicted with devilish love are never sure. Repeatedly, they will ask the one they love with that sort of love, whether he or she still loves them. The fact is that, in devilish love, there is no assurance. They will also ask: "Do you love me more than anyone else?" Such love cannot bear the thought of sharing. It is mixed up with pride and jealousy, which is always on the point of flaring up. Real love, on the contrary, hopes all things, and thinks no evil. It is too noble to doubt. It is always faithful and never changes. It is limpid, creates blessing and does one's soul good. It does not spoil with time. It leads to glorious results. It is capable of the utmost devotion and of the utmost sacrifice.

Real love has been revealed to us by the wonderful humility of the Lord and of our beloved Saviour. Our Lord Jesus had to humble himself, even to death on the Cross. His unfailing love and his incomparable humility were such that he found no humiliation too hard. He was considered an imposter and a revolutionary. He accepted it all, in spite of it having been so painful in the Garden of Gethsemane, that he prayed: "Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from me. Yet not as I will, but as You will."

That powerful demonstration of our dear Saviour's humility is, to us, a pledge of his love. We do not need to ask him whether he loves us or whether he still does so. Our Lord loves us with sublime and glorious love, which has been tested through and through. He wants us, in turn, to carry out the divine programme of real love, so that the Lord may do his Work in us in full, and so that He may say of each of us: "This is one of my beloved sons in whom I delight."

In the Bible, we have people who set us an example of humility, of faithfulness and of real love, that speaks eloquently. For instance, Jonathan's friendship for David is a great comfort to us, so true is it that those things which are noble and lofty, exert a happy influence of blessing. They lay up treasures of grace. When you think that Jonathan willingly renounced his crown in David's favour, you are deeply moved at such loftiness of soul. He knew that David had been anointed by Samuel to be king, and he did not take umbrage. On the contrary, it is written that he loved David like his own soul. He saved him from the wrath of Saul, his father, at the peril of his own life.

David, for his part, loved Jonathan, his friend, very dearly, and was eternally grateful to him for his wonderfully selfless love. Their friendship was founded on faithfulness to divine ways, and it is for this reason that it was agreeable to the Lord and forever remains a blessed example. Then, there is Apostle Paul's profound affection for Timothy, his young brother in faith, which is also a powerful display of real love. Paul writes to Timothy: "I constantly remember you in my prayers, night and day." Such relations are ineffable and can be set up only between true children of God, who live the divine sentiments, made of love, of faithfulness and of humility.

We will therefore start the reformation of our hearts with all the strength of our soul, so that divine grace may develop in us. Let us always bear in mind that all the trials that overtake us are aimed at ridding us of our pride and at helping us to acquire humility, with which we can glorify God and our beloved Saviour and make our fellows happy.

Today on Earth, the Lord is building up a glorious and sublime family, whose members all exert themselves to become humble and to display real love, a sentiment

closely bound up with humility. All who wish for it are now being invited to associate with this wonderful family, who will become worldwide and will abide forever, owing to the noble and virtuous sentiments displayed by all its members. Those who cultivate these sentiments can, in this way, obtain eternal life, according to our Lord's words: "Love the Lord your God with all your heart... Love your neighbour as yourself": "Do this and you will live." The time has come when this glorious programme will be carried out, for the blessing and the comfort of all who are well disposed and desirous of following out the Lord's advice.

## Plastic in Lake Geneva

From the Swiss French-language newspaper *Tribune de Genève*, on the 12th of July 2023, we quote a report, in the "Event" column, titled "Lake pollution". It is written by Emmanuel Borloz and makes an assessment of the plastic contamination in Lake Geneva, Switzerland. It is worrying, to say the least:

**Lake Geneva is becoming increasingly contaminated with plastic. All the shores of the lake are affected, the environment is no longer clean. There are ways to remedy it, but getting rid of it is going to be very complicated.**

*Lake Geneva, poisoned by plastic, is suffocating. Every year, about 55 tonnes of petroleum-based material ends up in the lake. The Geneva-based NGO Oceaneye estimates that the lake currently has to cope with 600 tonnes of plastic. Much of it will remain there for several centuries, contaminating everything that is there. Even worse, plastic pollution is on the increase.*

*Identified by an EPFL study in 2013, this water contamination has been closely studied since then. This has been done by the high-tech floating research laboratory "LÉXPLORE" (EPFL), off the coast of Pully [a suburb on the shore of Lake Geneva], and by sampling campaigns.*

*The analysis is becoming clearer today, thanks to the Association for the Safeguarding of Lake Geneva (ASL) and its "Pla'stock" project, whose study has just been published. "We selected 25 beaches around the lake, where, with the help of volunteers, we collected and counted all the plastic we found," explains Alexis Pochelon, head of the project at ASL. The purpose of the operation, which resulted in the collection of nearly 7,500 pieces of all kinds, was to identify the plastic that soils the beaches, and trace it back to its source.*

### New waste detected

*The first thing to note is that plastic can be found on all the shores of Lake Geneva. Some are more contaminated than others. On the Swiss side of the lake, Empereur beach at Les Grangettes (Noville), and Rive-Bleue beach at Le Bouveret, have concentrations twice as high as the average. In these bays and their cul-de-sacs, waste accumulates more easily, as it is blown in by winds, waves and currents, the report states.*

*At the same time, this troublesome gathering work produces a type of unpleasant list of plastics contaminating the lake. The list is dominated by food wrappings (27%), plastic granules (18%) and cotton tips [swabs, buds] 8%. "For the latter, the source is quickly identifiable: the bathroom," sighs Alexis Pochelon.*

*Wastewater-treatment plants are "very efficient", but still allow some waste to pass through, such as textile fibres, escaping from washing machines. But Alexis Pochelon can't help but focus on the "behavioural" component of the problem. "Cotton tips shouldn't be flushed down the toilet, and food wrapping, used in picnics and snacks, is very light and easily blows away. All this waste ends up in the lake," continues the manager, citing another piece of plastic that Pla'stock discovered.*

*"A volunteer, a retired civil engineer, came across an object that he immediately recognized: plastic fibres*

*that are used to reinforce concrete. They are found on tunnel-construction sites. It's a novelty that we could have done without," continues Alexis Pochelon.*

*If these lake cleaners are sounding the alarm and denouncing single-use plastics, it's because of the fear of 'microplastics', the pieces that are less than 5 millimetres in size. "Plastic breaks up, making it harder to see and pick up. Tiny pieces, mistaken for plankton, are ingested and thus enter the food chain. They are found in organisms, and studies are underway to assess their toxicity," points out Alexis Pochelon.*

*"Little is known about the real impact of microplastics on the environment," adds Florian Breider, an environmental chemist at EPFL. What is known, however, is that plastic contains highly toxic additives, endocrine disruptors, and antioxidants. The term "microplastic" refers to thousands of polymers and hundreds of additives. The study and treatment of these materials is therefore far more complex than the treatment of a pesticide, such as glyphosate".*

### Tyre hell

*Then, there is the million-dollar question: "How can we prevent plastic from ending up in the lake?" Unsurprisingly, the fight against littering, awareness-raising campaigns, an end to free plastic bags in shops, the promotion of reusable tableware, and the ban on excessive packaging, emerge in a number of solutions.*

*But everyone agrees: it's not a simple matter. Florian Breider says: "Some companies are looking for a 'magic' filter to attach to washing machines; other companies are looking for processes capable of capturing plastics in wastewater-treatment plants. But in the water of our lakes and rivers, with microplastics and even 'nanoplastics', there are also minerals, phytoplankton and zooplankton. Filtering too finely would deprive us of these essential elements."*

*Laurianne Trimoulla, from the NGO Oceaneye, points to another source of microplastics: tyres, whose wear wreaks havoc. Forty percent of plastic pollution in the environment comes from this source. "Thirty tonnes of microplastics from worn-out tyres are floating in the lake," says the communications manager.*

*In the Swiss city of Bern, Lorenzo Quolantoni, a spokesperson for the Federal Roads Office, explains the country's response to the problem: retention tanks for run-off water under motorways. These huge retention tanks capture waste and particles, which are then sucked up and evacuated.*

*"To treat road water, the Federal Roads Office is setting up technical 'systems for the evacuation and treatment of road water' (SETEC). There are 179 such systems along Switzerland's national roads. One of them is currently being built at the Vengeron intersection in Geneva, the first of its kind in the French-speaking part of Switzerland."*

*Backed up by studies, this spokesperson claims that these systems "can retain, among other things, 90% of the material produced by tyre wear". With retention rates so promising, will the system be rolled out more widely? "As far as SETEC's future plans are concerned, we can't say for sure, but the number of these devices has increased in recent years, and the trend is to install them wherever possible. SETECs cannot be installed everywhere, for reasons of space in particular.*

That report leaves us wandering and with a feeling of helplessness in view of the damage resulting from the use of plastic and its spread in nature. What can be done when this material is the size of micro- or even nanoparticles? How can they be detected and collected? Our engineers have come up with a number of solutions, and we have to admire their skills, but we have to admit that we haven't made life any easier for ourselves.

For a long time, plastic seemed like a wonderful material. It's everywhere, so much so that it's hard to imagine having to eliminate it. However, that may well

*Enchantment covers all,  
All quivers, all is throbbing  
To springtime's rousing call.*

Afterwards, Patrick checked his precious evangelist's literature bag to make sure there was nothing missing, and then he went out with his wife. The Sun, already much higher, caressed them with rays loaded with affection. The thought crossed their minds that approximately 657 tonnes of hydrogen were being transmuted every second by the Sun in order to ensure the well-being of the passengers the Earth was carrying. And to think you had to pay such a high price for a few kilowatts of electricity! Truly, men completely failed to understand the example set to them by the whole Universe!

Then, Patrick and his wife walked some way through town, through the increasingly deafening rumble which was the practical outcome of the scientific discoveries of our time.

Their steps brought them to a little meeting room where the brothers and sisters in faith gathered every morning to receive their instructions from the Heavenly Dew daily devotional. This put, in their hearts, the courage and the faith needed for standing up to "the hour of temptation" which had come over all the inhabitants of the Earth. Then, the collaborators departed for those areas of the town allotted to them for evangelizing, having, in mind, the enchanting prospects of "the world to come", in which the Kingdom of the true God will be established all over the world.

Good Friday and Easter were drawing near, the commemoration of the death and the resurrection of the Lamb of God, to whose voice Patrick had responded when he left the broad "ways of this world", for the narrow "road that leads to life".

Now, as he went, Patrick was thinking of all that, and these words and music from a

verse of a hymn they had been singing that morning, were running through his mind:

*I gather you midst Earth's confusion,  
God's mercy over all to shower,  
Peace, hope and light in great profusion,  
That those who sorrow hour by hour,  
Casting away their last illusion,  
Set their hope on the Ransom's power.*

Patrick, with his evangelist's literature bag in his hand, had now reached the highest area of the town, from which he had a splendid view over a vast lake, reflecting the blue sky in a framework of green fields, and enhanced here and there by isolated groups of trees.

Thus, Patrick was about to deliver his message to the well-to-do, to the poor, to the orphans and to bruised hearts of all ages, and his whole heart was in this mission!

For some time, he went on meeting with nothing but indifference, apathy and suchlike, when suddenly he came upon someone who

was responsive in a very unusual way. He was a corpulent man and very hot-headed, and refused to be evangelized a second longer. His red face became crimson with wrath, and he grabbed Patrick by his coat collar with the intention of throwing him down the stairs.

Patrick, perfectly master of himself, looked him straight in the eyes, perfectly calm and quite friendly, and the man's wrathful expression relaxed. A power, free of all violence, had taken over, and the man inadvertently lowered his arm as he analyzed the motive of his anger.

He was in distress. He had serious worries which kept him awake at night, and when he was able to get to sleep, he was haunted by nightmares. Everything had gone wrong, and to make things worse, he was now being badgered with things that couldn't possibly mend matters. The first who had bothered him were two very young lads, quite polite,

happen. Firstly, because most of it comes from oil, and oil is not inexhaustible. On the other hand, we are now faced with a fact that cannot be denied: plastic is a source of serious environmental pollution when it finds its way into the food chain and we ingest it, among other things, in the water we drink. It is difficult today to estimate and quantify the consequences of this pollution on public health.

Faced with such a situation, solutions do not seem easy to find, and the cost of eliminating plastic will certainly be very high, especially if we consider the volumes of this material that are released into nature. A list is given at the end of the above report, with the following figures for Switzerland:

Every year 14,000 tonnes of plastic are released into the soil and water of Switzerland. More than half of this, some 8,900 tonnes, comes from tyre wear. In the other half, around 2,700 tonnes come from litter, which is thrown away somewhere or carried off by the wind.

Plastic, which degrades slowly, will remain in nature for several centuries if it is not disposed of.

Every year, 1 million tonnes of plastic is used in Switzerland to manufacture products with a very long service life, such as window frames and car-body parts, and products with a short service life, such as packaging and tableware.

Each tyre produces 2 kg of microplastic. 30 tonnes of tyre-wear waste is floating in the lake. Along with 570 tonnes of plastic still in the lake.

With more than 14 million tiny pieces of floating debris, the lake has a pollution rate (129g/km<sup>2</sup>) that is comparable to that of the oceans (160g/km<sup>2</sup>).

These microplastics — which break up under the effect of sunlight, water and time — are increasingly numerous.

Those facts are not new, but it's time to be aware of their consequences for public health and the environment. What are the effects of plastic on fish and humans? Is it easy to get rid of, or does it stay in the intestines for long periods? And if so, what diseases can it cause? All these questions are difficult to answer, especially because the composition of plastic is so diverse, which makes studies of its impact on humans and animals, all the more complex.

From a human perspective, solutions are not easy to find, but for God, nothing is impossible (Luke 18: 27). Why not turn to Him and confess our distress? He's only waiting for that. In any case, sooner or later, as Apostle Paul said so well to his listeners in his speech to King Agrippa, we will all become like him (Acts 26: 29), that is, we will all be won over to God's cause.

Greater than the problem of plastic pollution is the problem of the reconciliation of humankind with their Creator. God Himself has solved this problem. Our dear Saviour came to take the place of the guilty by paying for them. By virtue of his Sacrifice, the Restoration of All Things, announced by the prophets and by Christ (Acts 3: 21), has already begun, and we can participate in it, if we wish. An honourable collaboration is offered to us and all people of goodwill, to restore the Earth and make it Paradise again, where everyone can live happily.

## Touching devotion

We received the following touching animal story out of a newspaper, which we don't have the name of:

### How "Rosie" the duck raised three kittens

*On a cold autumn morning, a young cat, sitting at the end of a hedge surrounding a farm in the region of Innsbruck, Austria, was meowing miserably. She was shivering with cold and exhausted, when the farmer, named "Görgel", took her in his arms.*

*He brought her home. Lisa, his three-year-old daughter, brought her a saucer of milk, and the farmer pre-*

*pared a basket for the cat, which was named "Mowzi". It didn't take long for Mowzi to feel like part of the family and to immensely enjoy herself on the farm.*

*One spring day, as the first ducklings were taking a short walk in the courtyard, Lisa suddenly saw Mowzi suddenly pounce on to one of the little ducklings that had just fallen over. Was the cat going to eat the duckling? No need to worry! With great care, the cat picked up the duckling with her mouth, and put it back on its feet.*

*Mowzi formed a deep friendship with that duckling. Even when the duckling, which Lisa called Rosie, grew up, these two animals remained inseparable.*

*At night, Mowzi no longer slept in her basket in the kitchen. She would curl up right next to her friend in the duck house. During the day, however, the two animals almost always slept together in Mowzi's basket.*

*But one fine morning, there was no more room in the basket for Rosie the duck. The space was occupied by three kittens and their mother.*

*The duck took a long look at her friend's newborn babies — all tiny, naked and blind — and then began to quack enthusiastically. She watched with amazement as her friend licked her kittens, and then brought them under her tummy to warm and feed them.*

*"It was as if the kittens had two mothers," the farmer later said. If Mowzi was absent for a moment, Rosie would try to feed the kittens, which were finally able to see. She would persistently shake her beak in the bowl of milk, and then try to attract the kittens with her quacking and wait for them to imitate her.*

*One day, however, when the young cats had reached the most beautiful age for playing, a shadow was cast over this charm. Mowzi and Rosie were resting in the sunny courtyard while the kittens frolicked joyfully. Lisa, who was now four years old, was playing on the other side of the street with a friend her age. She called Mowzi. The cat jumped up, ran on to the street...and was run over by a big truck driving down the road.*

*Lisa and her friend burst into tears in front of the poor animal's body. Meanwhile, Rosie waddled impatiently back and forth in the courtyard because Mowzi did not return. When the three kittens began to meow with hunger, she led them, with her duck-like waddle, to the bowl where she once again showed them how to drink the milk.*

*When the farmer, his wife and their little girl went out into the courtyard to find a place to bury Mowzi, they witnessed something absolutely touching.*

*Rosie, laying in the shade of an old birch tree, had spread her wings, under which the heads of the three kittens could be seen taking their midday nap in the comforting warmth of the duck's feathers.*

*When Rosie finally realized that Mowzi wasn't coming back, she took charge of the three orphans and looked after them as best as she could until they had grown up. Also later, they always returned to their adoptive mother, around which they would sit and meow.*

The above experience, like so many others, is highly instructive regarding the moral relationships in the lives of animals. It movingly demonstrates the extent of intelligence and adaptability in animals. It also compels us to see them as the work of the divine Creator, as the Bible mentions in the Book of Genesis, because the devotion and care expressed by the cat and the duck mentioned above, are feelings of divine origin. Although animals do not have language like us to understand each other, there is nevertheless among them an understanding and a spirit of mutual assistance, which are undoubtedly the result of good intelligence.

Everything that is subject to the divine influence is pure, good and devoted, and sustains life. Animals are also capable of noble impulses and thereby prove that they are creatures of God. If the law of Moses contains the commandment to not kill, it is not difficult to understand that this commandment also applies to animals.

As the Prophet Isaiah predicts in chapter 11 of his

book, there will be no harm done in the coming Kingdom of God, and no killing in any way, because everything there is designed to preserve life, and all living things will be filled with kindness and benevolence towards each other. This noble spiritual disposition is a source of infinite joy, indispensable to the preservation of human life.

The goodness that will emanate from the human heart will undoubtedly find a very deep echo in the animal world. If indifference or even enmity and hatred presently prevail among humankind, it is because the selfish and worldly spirit currently animates the heart of humankind, making them an enemy of God, an enemy of themselves and an enemy of the animals, to which they transmit this unfortunate influence. On the other hand, as soon as humankind return into harmony with God, in Whom grace and mercy abound, they will radiate this beneficial influence on to all the animals. And how grateful animals are to their masters who treat them with even a little kindness!

## "Bless those who curse you" Luke 6: 28

That is what our dear Saviour recommended to his listeners. That is what the French lady Noëlla Rouget did after she was deported to Germany during the Second World War. Her story was reported in the French newspaper *Le Dauphiné libéré* on the 9th of February 2020. Here it is:

### Noëlla Rouget, the deportee who saved the life of her torturer

*In 1966, Noëlla Rouget saved the life of the man who sent her to a concentration camp because she belonged to the French Resistance [during World War Two]. On Friday, France awarded its highest honour to this exceptional 100-year-old woman, who never stopped bearing witness...*

*"I am one of the last survivors of hell, and I have been able to keep the promise I made to our dead, to bear witness as long as it has been possible for me to do so." At 100, words and memories inevitably fade. But not this Friday. At the residence of Patrick Lachaussée, the French consul in Geneva [Switzerland], Noëlla Rouget read her text in one breath, and her emotions were as great as her story that she told. "She is a heroine and an example for all generations!" exclaimed General Benoît Puga, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, who presented her with the Medal of the Grand Cross of the National Order of Merit, and these words did not seem empty.*

*A rare distinction — only 150 have received this award — which is usually presented by the president of France in person. "We wanted to save her the long trip to Paris," said General Puga. Her life has been a long journey of incredible moral uprightness. It is taught in schools in the areas of Haute-Savoie, Ain [both in France] and Geneva. Noëlla Rouget told her story there. That of a child from the area of Anjou [in France], brought up in the Catholic faith and who saw her 20th birthday crushed by the boots of the occupying forces.*

*"I did not know how to express my revolt, so I started distributing leaflets for a Resistance network," she told us four years ago. About to get married, Noëlla saw the young man she was about to marry, disappear, arrested by the Gestapo in June 1943. Two weeks later, it was her turn: Noëlla ended up in Ravensbrück Nazi concentration camp in January 1944, and her deportee number was: 27,240. "It was horror, total dehumanization. Even the children of the SS threw stones at us." Between 70,000 and 90,000 prisoners died there, many in the gas chamber. Not Noëlla Rouget. She kept going, thanks to her evening chats. "We talked about culture and faith. Behind a sheet, we organized prayer vigils, while other prisoners kept watch. An inextinguishable friendship developed with Geneviève de Gaulle-Antho-*

who had come all the way from Utah, in the Unites States, to tell him that he would never be able to understand a thing about life until he was baptized into the Latter-day Saints!

He had soon sent them about their business, shutting the door on them.

The next lot had exasperated him much more by sermonizing him, Bible in hand, and punctuating their remarks with a raised forefinger, giving him long lists of reasons for which he should believe them on pain of severe punishment, as pointed out in this or that Bible text.

Once again, he had shut his door in their faces, and then this third importunate fellow had come along with his Universal Law.

"By the way, what do you mean by Universal Law?" he asked.

A current of friendliness was set up, and when they eventually had to part, there was a light of gentleness in the eyes of the formerly irritated man, thanks to the Universal

Law itself. And there was nothing to wonder at in this, seeing that it is this law that makes the stars shine so brightly, the brooks bubble along, and covers the hills with flowers.

Patrick's thoughts were sparkling with joy in wave after wave of gratitude for the mission to which he had been called. How wonderfully the words of the Good Shepherd were confirmed every day in that same verse of a hymn!

*I gather you midst Earth's confusion,  
God's mercy over all to shower,  
Peace, hope and light in great profusion,  
That those who sorrow hour by hour,  
Casting away their last illusion,  
Set their hope on the Ransom's power.*

Later, a few doors further on: "What a magnificent surprise! Please come in, you are most welcome!"

The young woman who had greeted him with those words, was an expert in the prin-

ciples of the good Universal Law, thanks to which, "the disaster of her life" had been averted!

When Patrick had knocked on her door ten years ago, he had discovered Mrs Bright on the verge of disaster.

She had come from the European countryside where the Rhône River runs between vineyards and lofty mountains. Still young, she had left a sunny village to enter a boarding school. She had learnt secretarial work and then went to nursing school, and all this had finally brought her to the city of Lausanne, on Lake Geneva in Switzerland, where she met the man she would marry. She was Catholic and he was Protestant.

This marriage had met with a deal of opposition from members of her family, but in spite of all their efforts, they had failed to prevent it. Religion had set up very powerful barriers that could not be disregarded with impunity. The spirit that prevailed around

the newlyweds had unknowingly placed hindrances in the way of their joined lives running smoothly. They had an awkward start, and as the years went by, matters became worse instead of better, and after eight years of mostly uneasy going, it looked as if disaster was inevitable. A Catholic priest had advised her to leave home with the two little girls. And, in spite of all his theological learning, a Protestant pastor had found no better solution. In despair, Mrs Bright had already packed her bags and was contemplating, for the last time, this page in her wasted life, which she was about to turn, when a discreet knock on the door made her jump.

Without quite knowing why, she had invited "the evangelist of peace" to come in. She had explained, to him, the break-up that was about to take place.

Patrick had listened to her, had clearly understood the trouble she was in and its causes, and had penetrated the mystery, in

noz and with Germaine Tillion, who wrote her operetta *Le Verfügar aux Enfers*, which was hidden by other women. Noëlla survived. She later went to the area of Château-d'Oex in Switzerland, where deportees found a normal life after the war. She married André Rouget from Geneva, and had two children.

#### "Her friends in Angers did not understand this step"

Then came the 1960s. The camps were a long time ago! But one never really escapes from them. Then, one day in 1962, the news broke: the Gestapo agent who sent her to hell, had been arrested. He was a Frenchman called Jacques Vasseur. He was not one of those people who collaborate with the occupier out of cowardice or opportunism. He was a real sadist, who later disappeared in Germany by hiding in Nazi luggage. He was sentenced to death in absentia in 1945, being held responsible for the deaths of 230 people. Vasseur personally tortured people and criss-crossed the area of Anjou, pretended to be a Resistance fighter and shot brave peasants who gave him shelter...

#### "To all the young people, with tears in their eyes"

His trial in 1965 ended like the one in 1945: with the death sentence. Noëlla Rouget wrote: "Because I believe in God, Who is the only Master of life and death, because I believe in my country, because I believe in you, general, whom I followed so enthusiastically 20 years ago in the ranks of the Resistance, and perhaps also in the name of the great affection that binds me to your niece [Geneviève de Gaulle-Anthonioz], I ask you to pardon Jacques Vasseur," she wrote to General Charles de Gaulle [the then president of France].

He granted her request, commuting the sentence to life imprisonment, contrary to the climate of vengeance

that prevailed against the torturer. "Her friends in Angers [a city in western France] did not understand this step at all, but Noëlla certainly did not want to repeat the horrors she had experienced during the war," explains historian Brigitte Exchaquet-Monnier, who, with her husband Eric, published her biography, with the French publishing house Tallandier, on the 7th of May 2020.

She even corresponded with Vasseur, who was responsible for the death of her first fiancé in 1943, and who would never deny his crimes. At the same time "this generous woman, who loved good food and fine wine", according to Brigitte Exchaquet-Monnier, continued to teach young people to reject hatred of others. And she is committed to her cause, signing the Thorens-Glières Appeal in 2011, which called for the principles of the National Council of the Resistance to be applied, against the policies of former president Sarkozy.

"How could I have imagined in 1945, when I weighed 32 kilograms and suffered from tuberculosis, that I would still be alive 75 years later and that I would turn 100?" Noëlla Rouget asked on Friday. "I owe it to my family — to my companions in the National Association of Former Resistance Deportees Internees [ADIR] with whom unbreakable bonds developed on straw mattresses in detention, and endure beyond death — and to all the young people, with tears in their eyes, who came to talk to me after the testimonies." And, of course, although she didn't say it, to her overwhelming humanism...

A moving testimony from a woman of deep convictions who was able to express them and put them across. We can put ourselves in her shoes: arrested at the age of 23, about to get married and deported to Ravensbrück, where she shared fate of thousands of prisoners. Re-

markably, she and others found the strength and moral energy to meet in the evenings, without the enemy knowing, to talk about culture and faith, and to organize prayer vigils. It's easy to understand why she was able to form genuine friendships with her companions in misfortune.

We are not told how long she was held in captivity. We only know that she weighed 32 kilograms and suffered from tuberculosis. She escaped the death penalty and found freedom in Château-d'Oex, in Switzerland. She married and gave birth to two children. A few years later, she learnt that the man behind her arrest had himself been found, arrested and put on trial. He was sentenced to death, but that's where Noëlla Rouget came in. Against all expectations, she decided to write to General de Gaulle and ask him to pardon the condemned man. And she obtained it! The general commuted the death sentence to life imprisonment.

Goodness had to be written deep in his heart. Because it would have been easy to let justice take its course and think that the condemned person deserved the death penalty. Noëlla Rouget, on the other hand, wanted to intervene with the president of France, and ask for clemency for the man who, some 20 years earlier, had been the cause of her misfortune. Not only did she forgive her tormentor, but she also returned good for evil, an admirable gesture, proving that the wrong done to her had not weakened her faith.

That anecdote speaks enormously to us, and it leads us to ask ourselves some personal questions. What would we have done in such circumstances? We who have received the Gospel of Christ, and profess it. There is no doubt that Noëlla Rouget will receive the equivalent of her generous gesture in due course.

the light of the Universal Law, which is the answer to all difficulty.

"You have made a deal of effort, Madam. That is evident. You have taken great pains, in very truth, but you've been beating the air. And pride has been playing havoc with your good intentions! Great pride, I must say, has put a spoke in the wheel of your best efforts, cut at the root of your strongest desires, and even watered down your hopes. However, nothing is lost, for I have brought you the Universal Law, with whose assistance, evil can be overcome with good. You will need time and a deal of goodwill. Cheer up, the God we are serving can pull you through!"

Mrs Bright had grasped the hand that Providence was holding out to her. In the mirror that Patrick had offered her, she had clearly recognized herself exactly as she was, for the first time! She made up her mind at once, she unpacked her bags, and when her husband came home from work, she told him all about it. She told him her intention to apply the principles of the Universal Law, which is able to bring together those who disagree. He felt this would be wonderful and also promised to do his best.

For six months, the outcome remained uncertain, and setbacks had not discouraged them. "The God Whom Patrick serves can pull us through," Mrs Bright kept reminding herself. Gradually, through practicing self-denial, the atmosphere had cleared, "the sun of righteousness" had shone out between the clouds, the religious influences had retreated and finally been utterly dispelled, and peace had come to stay in this little family. "It is Patrick's God Who has pulled us through," Mrs Bright would often think.

Ten years had gone by since Patrick's first visit. The little girls who had grown in this climate had been greatly influenced by it, and the good dispositions of their hearts were their parents' reward for the efforts they had made.

*The Monitor*... maintained this climate with its exposition of the supreme law that governs all things, and this law had never let them down, as was confirmed by Mrs Bright's most recent experience:

Returning home, one day, from a journey, she walked across the large entrance hall of the train station, crowded with travellers coming and going. Being in a hurry to get home, she decided to take a taxi and went to the rank where people were queuing up. She didn't have to wait long to get to the front of the queue. And the driver of the next taxi which came along had already opened the door for her, when she was hustled to one side, and the woman who had done this glared angrily at her.

"I must remind you that I was the first in the queue," Mrs Bright said in gentle tones.

The woman slapped her face with force to put her in her place after such audacity!

A murmur of indignation arose from the queue behind them, and a gentleman walked up to her, saying: "Here is my card, Madam. Sue her, and I will be your witness."

"Thank you very much indeed," she answered, "but I shall forgive her." Then, the vindictive woman, taking advantage of the general astonishment, drove off in the taxi.

The next taxi in the line stopped for her. The driver had witnessed the whole scene and had heard every word, and as they drove, their conversation dwelt on the subject of good and evil, and on the ideal of life, and everything that today makes it almost impossible.

In front of her house, Mrs Bright took out her purse in readiness to pay her fare. But the good fellow refused to be paid: "What you did back there made a deep impression on me. So, this evening, I also intend to do something in the right direction."

"Well," she answered, "I must say, you have a good heart!"

"From time to time," the man said, "I drive a middle-aged lady who is very gentle and very generous. She always leaves with me a paper from which I am learning some very good things. Well, I'll tell you, it's *The Monitor of the Reign of Justice*."

On hearing this, the young woman felt a wave of gladness sweep over her, and the good taxi driver was no less happy on learning that she was obtaining, from the same source, the elements which contributed to her forgiving character.

Thus Patrick, listening to Mrs Bright's tale, would have willingly listened to her much longer. He remembered that ten years earlier, he had also listened to her, but in those days, she did not have such a radiant face in front of him.

As the Lord's parable relates, he was the sower who had gone out to sow.

He had found ground in varying degrees of readiness for receiving the good seed. And here, where there had previously been an abundance of tears, there was now sunshine and joy in the young woman's heart, which was shared by Patrick the kind-hearted evangelist, and which we can also share with those who have the pleasure of reading their story.

#### News in brief of the Reign of Justice

On the 7th, 8th and 9th of September, the Family of Faith had the joy of meeting in the city of Lyon, France, to receive the exhortations that the Faithful and Wise Servant of God gave in his time. On the Saturday, the *Heavenly Dew* Bible text was: "Knowledge puffs up, but love edifies" (1 Corinthians 8: 1). Following are some extracts from this exposé:

"Knowledge of divine ways transports us into the Kingdom of God. But if this knowledge does not find circulation through deep

gratitude in us, instead of being a blessing, it becomes a misfortune. Why? Precisely because knowledge puffs up as soon as it is not followed by the action that it should produce, which is shown through gentleness, humility, kindness, love, etc. ...

Knowledge according to 'the spirit of the world', makes everything wrongly understood. It leads humankind to a love that causes them to suffer and die. It contains all types of lamentations and moral sufferings, and torments and tears. ...

Divine love is the greatest of all sciences. The Almighty's infinite wisdom is revealed in love and combined with justice. ...

How did our dear Saviour love us? In the most wonderfully noble way that one could imagine. It is a love that surpasses all understanding, a love that allowed him to achieve the complete elimination of himself, his glory and his spiritual nature, in order to save humankind. He gave up everything in order to come and serve humankind, even in 'the land of oblivion', to bring them out of it through the Resurrection and to give life back to them. ..."

On the second day, the Bible text that we contemplated was this exhortation from Apostle Paul: "Therefore, beloved, since we have these promises, let us cleanse ourselves from everything that defiles body and spirit" (2 Corinthians 7: 1). The dear Messenger's commentary said:

"That is an immensely encouraging and, at the same time, very profound word from Apostle Paul. God's promises are ineffable. They communicate wonderful impressions to us, and give us an unshakable assurance of happiness and eternal life, when we live according to the conditions attached to them. ...

We will benefit from these promises. They depend on the condition that Apostle Paul mentions in this Bible text: to 'cleanse ourselves from everything that defiles body and spirit'. It is the Good Fight of Faith that must be fought faithfully until full transparency is obtained.

That represents the complete stripping away of 'the old man' and his works, by putting on 'the new man', as the same apostle mentions to the Colossians. The burning question is therefore the achievement of this complete stripping away of the old man. What is the old man made of? Of habits acquired in contact with the Adversary. ...

The path that leads to healing is purely and simply called 'renunciation'. It is the only thing that can remove the cancer called 'selfishness' from our hearts. ...

We must especially be honest with the conditions that make the promises valid. Those who take shortcuts or detours, will, one day, find themselves facing breaches, weaknesses or inabilities that will return the true state of

their heart. It is therefore essential to judge ourselves with sincerity. ...

Today, we are preparing for the fight that will overcome the world. Now, Apostle John tells us: 'The victory that overcomes the world is our faith.' This faith must be genuine. For this, it is essential that God's Spirit can come on us. ...

We must especially overcome lukewarmness at all costs. Our dear Saviour said to Laodicea: 'Because you are lukewarm...I will spew you out of my mouth.' ..."

The Bible text on the last day of our congress was: "In the world, you will have tribulation. But take courage: I have overcome the world" (John 16: 33). Here is a brief summary of the talk from that day:

"It was during the last and memorable evening that he spent with his disciples, that the Lord, among other instructions of infinite depth and power, spoke the words of our text to them. ...

We have the Salvation of humanity in our hands. It must be more important to us than anyone or anything in the world, more important than our comforts, our conveniences and our personal satisfactions, and everything else. If not, then we are not worthy of the trust that the Lord has placed in us, and we will not reach the goal of our ministry. We certainly can reach it, but we must have sufficient appreciation. ...

The more we live the Truth, the more our assurance of God's ways increases. But we must live it. We are not here to make accusations, but to repair breaches and to correct what has been done wrongly. To those who come to tell us about the faults of others, we respond: 'Have you improved the situation? No. Well then, how are you achieving your collaboration on the Kingdom of God?' ...

What the Lord desires from us is that we become sensitive beings, capable of understanding and practising God's love. We must feel all our poverty, and, on the other hand, we must appreciate the cost and the value of the forgiveness of sins, and of the peace it produces in our soul. We must also feel what the continual deletion of our sins, means to us, through the power concentrated in the blood of Christ, shed on the Cross. Then, gratitude is born and grows in our heart, and attachment is produced. This is spiritual medicine, the supreme elixir, that ensures our healing. It is spiritual nourishment that is essential for us. ..."

We would like to thank our dear brothers and sisters who devoted themselves to organizing this congress and welcoming us. We wish everyone all of the Lord's support in the Good Fight of Faith.