

AA-1025

*Memoirs of the Communist
Infiltration Into the Church*

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Infiltration Into the Church*

by

Marie Carré

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NOTICE

From The French Edition

This book is a dramatized presentation of certain facts which are occurring in the Church and which are perplexing to many of the faithful.

All resemblance to persons or contemporary events are not to be considered as purely accidental.

TESTIMONY

It has been my privilege and pleasure to read three times the book written by Marie Carré, and whose French title is *ES-1025* and to compare it, line after line, with this English translation.

Therefore, I do hereby certify that this translation is accurate and gives the English reader a genuine knowledge of the contents of this valuable book. I also feel that it is my Christian duty to invite English-speaking Catholics to read this book if they wish to understand clearly what His Holiness Pope Paul VI meant when he warned Catholics not to participate in the “auto-demolition” of their Church, that is, its destruction “from within.” This reading will remind Catholics of their duty of faithfulness and devotedness towards their Church and its Chief, the Pope of Rome.

—*Rev. Ira J. Bourassa, D.P., B.A., D.Ph., D.Th.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTE ABOUT THIS BOOK

Marie Carré was a French nurse and a convert from Protestantism in 1965. She died in Marseille, France in 1984. In May, 1972 she had AA-1025 published by Editions Segieb in Freneuse, France under the title *ES-1025*, which stands for *Eleve Seminariste-1025*, or “Seminary Student-1025.” In 1973 the book was published in both French and English by Editions Saint-Raphael in Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada, the English edition of which had been printed seven times by 1988.

According to the publisher at Editions Saint-Raphael, the story as she tells it is essentially true and the way it happened; however, she did, apparently, do some slight editing of the text to make it more readable. Nonetheless, there is obviously a strong difference in style between Marie Carré's Prologue and her interjected editorial comment on pages 79 to 83, on the one hand, and the text itself, on the other, which is strong indication that the story was written by someone else. Also, there is evidence of authenticity in the Memoirs themselves, which discuss a matter that did not take place until approximately 1980 to 1983, namely, the adulation given to Martin Luther in various quarters in the Church—this especially leading up to the 500th centennial of his birth in 1983. It is not

reasonable to imagine that a nurse, or anyone else, for that matter, could have predicted in 1971 or 1972 that various people in the Catholic Church would, within ten years, be extolling Martin Luther as some sort of religious hero.

Even if this book were pure fabrication from beginning to end, nonetheless, what it claims to prognosticate has actually come true—unerringly so! Besides this, moreover, all the many profound and even revolutionary changes that have occurred within the Catholic Church since Vatican Council II (1962-1965) had to have been conceived in the minds of people intimately familiar with the workings of the Catholic Church and also had to have been promoted by such people through influential channels within the Church, or they would never have been accepted and put into place.

AA-1025 makes profoundly thought-provoking reading today, when we in our time have seen virtually all the changes discussed in this book come to pass.

PROLOGUE

How must one begin to write a book when not a writer, or rather, how can one explain that he believes it is his duty to publish memoirs—memoirs that are quite terrible (and precisely because they are so terribly disquieting)?

Then, let us say that these first pages are an appeal to Catholics of today in the form of a foreword or rather a confession. Yes, “a confession” (insofar as “poor little me” is concerned) seems to be the right word, although it is one of those words which no one wishes to use nowadays. Well, when I say “no one,” I only wish to designate those who believe that they give proof of intelligence by conforming themselves to the ways of today and even to the ways of the day after tomorrow.

As for me, I find only one commonplace word to explain my own position: I will say that the ways of today, the ways of so-called “meaning of history” have a taste of “ashes” to me. But, Lord, You well know that I firmly believe that You are the Strongest. Is it necessary to clarify this? Yes, in these present days. Yes, I believe it to be indispensable, because people now put their confidence in the power of man, a power that can launch rockets but allows people to die from hunger, a power that puts machines to work, but is also their oppressed

slave . . . a power that pretends to have no use for God, but knows how to trick people in discussing the creation of the world.

I must stop talking. I must calm myself.

All that precedes so far is only destined, by modesty, to delay the moment when I must introduce myself to the reader.

Well, I am only a mere nurse, who has nevertheless seen many persons die and who continues to believe in the Mercy of God, and who has experienced how the Will of the Invisible God reveals itself at the right moment.

I am only a nurse, and I saw—in a country that I will not name, in a hospital that must remain anonymous—I saw a man die following an automobile accident, a man without a name, without a nationality, I mean, without identification papers.

Nevertheless, he had in his briefcase documents I was forced to examine. One of these documents began by these words: “I am the man without a name, the man without a family, without a country and without a heritage.”

Apparently, this text of about one hundred typewritten pages could bring no clue allowing one to identify this injured man. But who knows.

Moreover, let me be honest and, since I have spoken of confession, let me be completely honest about it: I already had decided to read these intimate notes. So I gave in quickly to this temptation. I could not foresee that, by letting my feminine curiosity stifle my scruples as a nurse . . . that I should come upon a veracious document that

Prologue

would upset and overwhelm me.

As this text was too serious to be simply thrown into the fire, too “compelling” to be entrusted into anybody’s hands, [or it] seemed too truthful to me, especially to me, a former Protestant converted to the Holy Catholic and everlasting Church, to the Holy Church in which only it is required to try to practice a small or great but especially persevering holiness, that [as all this seemed to be true], I could not avoid giving precedence to the defense of my Holy Church above all other considerations. Oh, I know very well that God does not need to be defended, that He has no need of me, but I also know that He could in the past have left me in error, in the sadness of unanswered questions, in the atmosphere of a supreme presumption which, for example, has kept the Irish Catholics in ghettos for four centuries, where laws pretending to be legitimate and sacred acted as a barbed wire fence.

Not that I am Irish. Do not try to find out who I am; you will never do so. But the Irish, without being aware of it, have helped me to show some courage. At least may this humble testimony make up for what souls of great wisdom and of high standing forget to accomplish. But my injured patient was not Irish either. He seemed to be more or less a Slav. But this is not particularly important, since he could not speak.

Nevertheless, I tried to get some information from him by asking him to close his eyelids every time he wished to answer in the affirmative. At that time I had not yet read the document that he carried with him. But either he refused to answer my questions, or he did not have the

strength to do so. How will I ever know?

It is only after his death that I realized, in reading the text, that he must have suffered a thousand times more in thinking of these hundred pages that he should never have had the weakness of writing than he suffered from his wounds and fractures.

If I had only known the immense power, the unbelievable importance of this man, reduced to the state of a broken puppet, I might have found the words that he needed to hear. I might have been able to destroy the armor that he had invented to shield his spite (why not simply say his suffering?). An armor, even strengthened by years of work, can also be destroyed in a fraction of a second. God and the Saints know this.

But I was only occupied with my work as a nurse; no this is not quite true; as for me (and that is not to be found in my books, my courses nor my examinations), prayer is complementary to medical care. And I prayed for this man who, I was told, possessed no identification papers.

I gave him a name. I called him Michael, because this Archangel often helped me. This Latin word Michael consoled me for having to listen in our new religious ceremonies—as noisy as our streets, our stadiums and our radios—to all those new words to which was added the adjective vernacular to impress and silence us. For, all this is comedy, all those speeches by which we are invited to participate as adults (while Christ called to Himself little children) is but derision trying to disguise some kind of ironical and cruel authoritativeness, but

Prologue

[which is] apt to turn against itself.

Therefore, I prayed for that man, naming him Michael and without suspecting that he was one of our worst enemies. Had I known it, my Christian duty would always have been to pray for him, to urge others to pray for him with unequaled ardor.

Now I have had Masses offered for him, but it is difficult to find Masses that keep the absolute appearance of a thousandfold holy Sacrifice and that have not the pitiful aspect of a pleasant meal. Alas, thrice alas!

Michael had an unforgettable look in his eyes, but one which I could not read.

After having received knowledge of his confidences, I tried to revive in myself the power of that look in order to discover in it what he wished me to do with his memoirs.

But, first of all, why had he written them?

Was there not in this a sign of real weakness, maybe the only dangerous weakness to which he had given in? What was his aim? Was it one of domination or of consolation? Only God knows.

Today I met a girlfriend who wishes that this text be published.

But have I a right to do this?

My greatest sorrow consists in confirming that I could never wish to ask that question in Confession, as I would have done some years ago.

No, the very holy virtue of obedience is today the extremely powerful weapon that our enemies, who pretend to be our friends, make use of against what we were, to put up in its stead, what they have decided to have us become.

In short, this word “become” can be described, because it is known; it already has four centuries of existence, and it is called Protestantism.

There it is: We are invited bit by bit, little obedience by little obedience, from false humility to false remorse, from deceitful charity to deceptive ambiguity, from words disguised as a double-edged word, of which “yes” is “no” and “no” is “yes”—we are invited, I say, to pretend to remain good Catholics all the while becoming perfect Protestants.

This is a brilliant idea, but, after all, someone had to think of it.

Yes, such is the Christianity today that some pretend to make us love.

But history teaches us who is the most Patient, who is the Strongest, who is the most Faithful.

May Michael forgive me if I reveal his role, for it is for his good and ours also.

“Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.” [“To the greater honor and glory of God.”]

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CHAPTER I

HOW THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME IS WILLING TO REVEAL THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF HIS LIFE

I ask myself why I feel like writing my memoirs. It is rather strange. I believe that I write them because I do so every night in my dreams, whence a kind of complicity that forces me, I imagine, to continue during the daytime. But it matters not; no one will ever read them; I will destroy them in due time.

I am the man without a name, the man without a family, without a country and without heritage. I am one of those people whom bourgeois and bureaucrats despise. On account of this and of those who have wanted to be good to me, I have suffered stupidly. If only I had known what happiness would come from it! But I was too young to guess that from misfortune can spring up "rockets and suns."

I was at first the small boy without a name. I seemed to be three years old. I was crying and dragging myself on a Polish road. This was in 1920. Therefore, I can safely presume that I was born in 1917. But where and from whom? It seems that I could scarcely speak, that my Polish was very poor and my Russian still worse. I did not appear to understand German. Who was I? I could not

even say my name any more. For, after all, I had had a name and I had answered to the call of my name. Hereafter, I will have to be content with the name chosen by my adoptive parents.

Even today, after fifty years, a wave of anger, although much lessened, crosses my heart every time that I recall Doctor and Mrs. X—. They were good, they were generous, they were magnanimous. They had no child and they adopted me. They loved me more, I believe, than a child of their own. They loved me, because I had dragged them out of the despair in which sterility had plunged them.

I believe that they considered me as a gift from Heaven. For they had such a strong piety that they referred to God all that happened to them. Of course, they taught me, as if it were a game, to do likewise. Their virtue was so great that I never heard them speak ill about anyone.

At the time they found me, crying alone on a road, they were still young, about 35 years of age.

They were very good-looking and I was quickly sensitive to the almost exaggerated love that united them. When they looked at each other, then kissed, a pleasant feeling plunged me into delight. They were my father and my mother and I would say these possessive adjectives with a very juvenile ardor. My mother, especially, showed me such excessive love that I should have become unbearable. I do not know why it was not so. I was naturally calm and studious. I gave them no trouble. Not that I was girlish. I could fight quite well. To fight, it is not necessary to be violent or to be endowed with a bad

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character. My parents, especially my mother, thought that I had a good character, but they did not notice that, by a happy coincidence, my will agreed with theirs. I was very ambitious, and they approved of it. A boy does not ask for anything more.

In the year that I became fourteen years old, since I had achieved much success in my studies, it was decided that we would visit Rome and Paris. I was so happy that I tried to sleep less and less. Sleep seemed lost time to me, and I wanted to prepare for this trip. I read up on these two cities in advance, so to say.

One night, when my eyelids refused to obey me and to stay open, I imagined that my father must have some kind of medicine to keep sleep away. So I tiptoed to the parlor. They were in the adjoining room and were talking about me. They were worried about my passport, saying that I was not their son.

It was like a thunderbolt, do you know? At least that is what novelists say in like circumstances. But, I say that it is still worse and that human language simply has no word to express such abomination. And the pain that begins at that moment has the particularity of being immeasurable and as small as a newborn baby. Like a baby, it will grow and become stronger, but its victim is unaware of it.

I would have wished to die, and my heart seemed to go that way. How fast my heart beat while all the rest of myself seemed to be transformed into granite! When my heart came back to its normal pulse, I could again move. My body ached from head to toe. I did not know pain;

that is why its first visit seized me completely and it took command of my life for a certain time. My pain urged me to leave, and I did so at once, without bringing anything with me. I would even have liked to leave naked, so as to owe nothing to those people.

For surely they were and are always “those people.” The hatred that I feel for them matches the love that they showed me. For they always lied to me, even if they really loved me. That I will never forgive them for; I forgive nothing, by principle. If I were logical, I would be grateful to them. It is thanks to them if I am today one of the most redoubtable secret agents. I have become God’s personal enemy, the one who has decided to have taught and proclaimed in the whole world the death of a God who in fact has never existed.

My pain urged me to run as far as Vladivostock. And I started out. But after a few thousand minutes, although I was a husky boy, I had to lean against a wall to regain my breath. The wall became a cloud to me, and I slid to the ground, stunned; at the same time, a far-off voice was saying, “Oh, he is a poor boy!”

I turned around with the intention of strangling the woman trying to show me some kind of maternalism.

My homicidal project was checked by disgust. I would never touch, even with the tips of my fingers, the skin of such a hideous person. I tried to speak, but I choked. Two women were trying to make me drink alcohol. I spat it out and immediately fell asleep. Broad daylight woke me up. A woman sitting at the foot of my bed was looking at me. Thence she had carried me. She might have been

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the same woman, but she no longer had make-up on her face. I said to her: "You are less disgusting than you were last night." She answered calmly, "Than the day before yesterday." That was why I was so hungry. I asked for something to eat, because women are destined to feed men. Might as well let her know at once that I would ask nothing else of her. I must say that she brought me heaps of good things.

I was beginning to soften when she said to me, "You have run away from home. You are 'so and so.'" I answered nothing, waiting for what was to come next. She added, "I can help you to cross into Russia." "How do you know that I wish to go to Russia?" "You spoke in your sleep." "So that is how you have learned my name?" "No. It was in the newspaper. Your parents beg you to return. They promise not to scold you." "I have no parents."

She must have understood that I had decided not to return because she said, "I have relatives in Russia. I can help you, help you to cross the border."

It was like a flash of light for me. So I asked her if she would agree to carry a letter to a comrade of mine, who would return from class at noontime. She seemed pleased to be able to do something for me. I prepared a short note in code. Happily, we had this habit to amuse ourselves and no one ever knew anything about it. In this dramatic circumstance, I could therefore make use of what had seemed to be just play for us. The pal in question was rich, and his parents were spoiling him outrageously by giving him much more money than he needed. I hoped that on this day he had some substantial savings destined

to buy something completely useless. I knew that the friendship he felt for me—I mean that we felt for one another—would pass before anything else and that he would send me all the money that he could spare, all the more so because I did not hide from him my intention of crossing secretly into Russia, a country that he admired for its audacity. In fact, as he did not get along well with his father, he preferred Russia, his mother's country; and I knew that, although he envied me, he would have died rather than admit that he had some information about my running away. I even remembered that an uncle of his was a civil servant, at Leningrad, I believe. I asked him the address of this uncle and a word of recommendation. At the moment the woman was about to leave, I quickly added a *post-scriptum*, saying, "I want to enter the Party and to become someone great in the Party." It was to be my vengeance. The woman waited in front of my friend's door until he would return from school. She was lucky, because that day he returned at two p.m.

My friend recognized her and gave her a parcel. It contained a long coded letter for me, a letter in regular wording for the uncle, and a nice bundle of money. A real good guy!

I will not divulge, for reasons easily guessed, how I came to pass the border and to end up at Leningrad.

But, on the other hand, my first visit to the Uncle had something of an unforgettable character, since I know it by heart and I amuse myself at reliving it periodically.

I ignored what position the Uncle occupied in the Russian administration, but I decided to be frank with him.

Chapter 1

If I wanted to reach the rank that I had set for myself, I thought it better to play the game of frankness with this unique man.

I think that he understood me very well at this very first visit and that I pleased him.

The Uncle told me that I would have to study first of all the doctrine of the Party and languages.

All would depend on the quality of my studies. I answered that in everything I would always be first, and that I would soon know more than my professors.

It is agreeable to have someone with whom you can show your true self. He was the only one. I told him so. He was flattered, although he answered me with a slightly ironical smile.

At that moment, I undoubtedly was stronger than he, and I felt a wave of joy invading me, the first since I had run away. It did not last long, but it seemed to me a good omen, just the same.

I studied ferociously for six years. My two only joys were my trimestrial visit to the Uncle and my hatred for God, with the certainty of becoming the unquestioned Chief of Universal Atheism.