

# Ronald Reagan Presidential Library

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*Last Updated: 07/25/2025*

371712

PR007-01

Dec 85



*No 10/20/85*

United States Department of State

Washington, D.C. 20520

December 17, 1985

Dear President Reagan:

I greatly appreciate the opportunity for my meeting with you -- and, again, the honor to represent the United States as your Ambassador to Australia.

What was uppermost in both of our minds, of course, was the critical relationship between Australia, New Zealand, and the United States with our ANZUS Alliance. And, I know Bob Hawke will recognize that concern with your personal letter which I will deliver to him. A higher priority for my responsibilities that I know we both share, is to strengthen the critical bi-lateral alliance between Australia and the United States.

This issue has been well addressed in my briefings and, indeed, in my long background in the Pacific beginning with following the Alliance from its creation in San Francisco in 1951 -- and with many visits to both ANZAC countries over the years.

It was good to see Judge Clark, Cap, Bill Casey, and some of our mutual friends at my swearing-in. I was sorry that George Shultz, whom I have great respect for, was away. Jean was with me, and she regretted very much that she could not leave home earlier for our visit. She appreciates your Presidential stick pin as I do the cuff links.

Under separate cover, I am sending a copy of a beautiful book of art that Sunset published called Peter McIntyre's West. It really represents the spirit of the Western America that you and I both love. Jean and I hope you and Nancy will enjoy it at the ranch and remind you both of our great respect for you and your confidence in me.

The artist, Peter McIntyre, is a New Zealander and is one of the best friends the U.S. has -- very supportive of our position on ANZUS.

Again, thank you for the privilege to represent you and our country. I hope you and Nancy can come to visit us in Australia -- a perfect way to recognize your leadership in the Pacific and to recognize the Bicentennial of Australia as an increasingly critical ally.

Respectfully,

L. W. Lane, Jr.  
Ambassador-Designate to  
Australia and Nauru

The Honorable Ronald Reagan  
President of the United States  
The White House  
Washington, D.C. 20500

371712

End  
case  
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THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

12/18/85

Kathy:

The note is from Efrem Zimbalist and  
it includes a Christmas ornament his  
wife made for the Reagan's tree. I  
thought they might like to have it.

charley

To Mr. & Mrs. - Efrem  
Zimbalist Jr.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

TO: Biff Henley

FROM: KATHY OSBORNE -  
Personal Secretary  
to the President

DATE: 12-19-85

Please make copies for files and  
Gift unit and mail for RR. Thanks.

371493

67002

FROM  
THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Mr. and Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.  
4750 Encino Avenue  
Encino, California 91316

951219



RONALD REAGAN

Dec. 19

Dear Stephanie & Efrem

Bless you both - your very nice letter and lovely gift just reached us and we thank you very much. It was good to hear from you, and Stephanie your handiwork is already hanging on our tree. Which brings me to an observation: I still ride whenever I can - but I scratched jumping several years ago. Now & then I look at a rail fence or

✓ cc. Gift Hunt

a fallen tree trunk & picture myself  
having a go at it - but I don't. And to  
tell the truth I find trail riding very  
pleasant.

Of course it's high time I should express  
some sympathy and I will. Both Nancy & I  
were truly sorry to learn of your accident.  
Please heal quickly & take care of yourself.  
Come to think of it - that's an executive's  
order.

We wish you both the happiest of  
holiday seasons. - Merry Christmas!

Sincerely  
Ron

End  
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File

362005  
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THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

December 13, 1985

Dear Jack:

I was delighted to get your letter and the information about the progress made by the Economic Foundation. You have filled what I believe was the most glaring educational gap in our society. At every level we have suffered real economic illiteracy, even among the well educated. It isn't that people didn't know, it was that so many know so much that isn't so.

You labored and brought forth a benevolent giant. Thank you.

Nancy sends her love, and from both of us to Betty.

Sincerely,

Mr. Jaquelin H. Hume  
Suite 1000  
550 Kearny Street  
San Francisco, California 94108

JAQUELIN H. HUME  
550 KEARNY STREET, SUITE 1000  
SAN FRANCISCO 94108

December 10, 1985

President Ronald Reagan  
The White House  
Washington, DC 20500

Dear Mr. President:

The Trustees of the Foundation for Teaching Economics, after their meeting last Friday, presented me a thick book of tributes to the Foundation on its tenth anniversary. The first in the book was your warm letter of November 25th.

Your letter of congratulations on the progress of the Foundation means a lot to all of us. I remember telling you about plans for the Foundation when we had lunch together at the Fairmont Hotel in 1976 or 1977. Since it was not easy to create an academically acceptable textbook which taught in simple, concrete language how our economy works, it was the summer of 1979 before a textbook, the first product created thanks to funding by the Foundation, was finally published. I am pleased that we can say five-and-a-half years later that the book and other educational materials developed by the Foundation are being used by schools all over the country.

Best regards to you and Nancy.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Jack".

J. H. Hume

JHH:s

Mr. Jacquelin H. Hume 550 Kearny St. Suite 1000  
S.F. Calif. 94108

Dear Jack

I was delighted to get your letter and the information about the progress made by the Ec. Foundation. You have filled what I believe was the most glaring educational gap in our society. At every level we have suffered real ec. illiteracy even among the well educated. It ~~was~~ isn't that people didn't know, it was that so many knew so much that isn't so.

You labored & brought forth a benevolent giant. Thank you.

Nancy sends her love & from both of us to Betty.

Sincerely Ron

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November 25, 1985

Dear Jack:

I am delighted to participate in the 10th anniversary tribute being paid to you by the Foundation for Teaching Economics.  
Your contribution to America's youth through the Foundation will not only enhance their future opportunities, but will add greatly to the growth and betterment of our nation.

The insights and understanding these young people will gain through the Foundation's programs will also help to make them better citizens. When they have to vote for those who will form our country's economic policies, they will be able to make informed judgements. I wholeheartedly congratulate you on your dedication to this special effort on behalf of young Americans.

Nancy joins me in these warm wishes and our love to Betty. May God bless and keep you.

Sincerely,

RON [REDACTED]

Mr. Jaquelin H. Hume  
Chairman  
Foundation for Teaching Economics  
550 Kearny Street  
San Francisco, California 94108

RR/lm

EXPRESS MAIL TO:  
William M. Hassebrock  
President  
Foundation for Teaching Economics  
550 Kearny Street  
San Francisco, California 94108

851125

Mr. President:

I had hoped to save you time by having this letter to Jack Hume prepared. It's only a draft so feel free to change it if you want. After you have seen it (and if you approve it) I will have it done in final form on your stationery and have you sign it. We can send it out early next week.

Kathy

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*Director of Volunteers*

## FOUNDATION for TEACHING ECONOMICS

550 Kearny Street, Suite 1000  
San Francisco, CA 94108  
415/981-5671

November 8, 1985

The Honorable Ronald Reagan  
President  
The White House  
Washington, DC 20500

Dear Mr. President:

1985 marks the 10th anniversary of the Foundation for Teaching Economics.

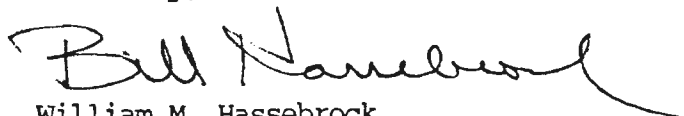
In recognition of this significant event, the Foundation for Teaching Economics is making plans to honor Jack Hume, our Founder and Chairman, and recognize his contribution to economic education. At their upcoming Board Meeting on December 6, our Trustees would like to present to Jack an album of letters and telegrams of congratulations from Jack's friends and those who have been involved with the Foundation and its programs, including students, teachers, economic educators, our corporate and foundation supporters, etc.

Consequently, we would like to invite you to send a letter or telegram for this occasion. Just express briefly in your own words -- and from your perspective -- how you feel about Jack's commitment to economic education and the work of the Foundation for Teaching Economics.

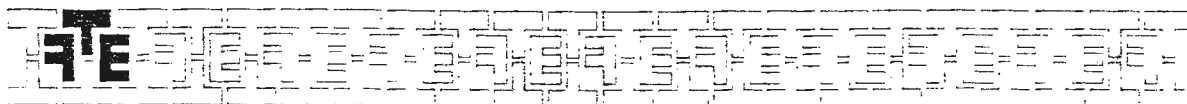
Please address your letter personally to Jack (Dear Jack or Dear Mr. Hume, as you prefer), but mail it to me directly in the envelope provided. If possible, we would like the album to be a surprise. We will need to receive your letter by November 22 to be sure that it is included.

Many thanks for taking part in this special tribute to Jack. I know he will be very pleased and genuinely moved.

Cordially,



William M. Hassebrock  
President



End  
Case  
File

The President has seen 12/18

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

December 13, 1985

*Shankley*  
RECEIVED  
DEC 13 1985  
*RR*

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

FROM: PATRICK J. BUCHANAN *PJB*

Just two pieces here. An astonishing Friday column by Jack Anderson, and a long, but gripping piece on the life and death of Father Popieluszko.

# Buckley Is Dead, and Iran Is Responsible

10-10-68

From our intelligence sources, we have pieced together the gruesome details of Buckley's captivity and death, and can disclose the nation responsible: Iran. In fact, we can tell you more about the Iranian regime than you can find in any other source.

A brave and effective intelligence professional who had served earlier in Vietnam, Buckley was aware of the risks that were an inescapable part of his job. Friends say that's why he never married—he didn't want to cause suffering to a wife and children in the event of his death.

Ironically, Buckley devoted much of his time and energy to developing information that might prevent terrorist attacks on Americans in the Middle East. He did not hire local contract agents for missions of violence.

...to the eastern Bekaa valley, a Syrian-controlled hotbed of Iranian terrorists and revolutionary guards. One source at the CIA believed it was the Syrians who

██████████, who was given the true identity to his captors, ██████████  
██████████ (██████████) ██████████  
██████████, that Buckley was healthy  
██████████ over a long period. His appearance had  
changed shockingly in a videotape released by his  
captors last January.

B [REDACTED] y  
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fe [REDACTED]  
al [REDACTED]  
Gu [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

Th [REDACTED] The American agent's first place of captivity was a house on Fereshteh Street in a northern suburb of Tehran.

He required frequent medical treatment, which included at least one stay in a Tehran hospital.

In late March, an Indian police officer, a small  
 Street narrowly missing the house where Buckley  
 was being held. He was hastily moved to  
 a revolutionary guard camp named Chancha, just  
 the same holy city of Gorn.

It was there, probably between 1978 and 1980, that Buckley suffered a heart attack induced by torture and captivity. He was taken to a hospital in Tehran and died soon after.

Confidential - Release date: Nov 19, 1985

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Agnes - Will you  
Mark up for  
the President?  
Pat

64TH YEAR

## Reader's Digest

DECEMBER 1985

An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form

### SPECIAL REPORT

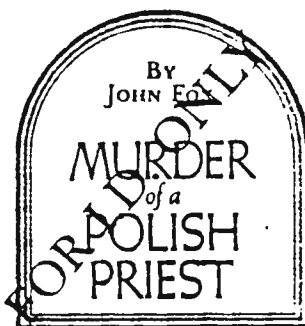
"Do You Hear  
the Bells,  
Father Jerzy?"

## MURDER of POLISH PRIEST

BY JOHN FOX



It is a story that echoes through 20 centuries. A man of God, abandoned by compromising elements of his own faith, faces torture and death at the hands of the state. The events related here took place in today's Poland, but the message is eternal: one individual, whose conscience and compassion for mankind leads to martyrdom, can still overcome evil with good.



AS HE HURRIED toward the event that would transform his life, the frail priest worried about the little things. What would he use for an altar, and who would sing the hymns? Inside the sprawling, strikebound Warsaw steelworks, the men had held out day after defiant day. From the Baltic shipyards to the Silesian coal mines, the nation's workers stood united. The Kremlin threatened, but Solidarity was born. By that last Sunday of August 1980, the Polish people had won the unprecedented right to free trade unions and other key reforms. In their hour of tense triumph, the steelworkers had made one more demand. They wanted to celebrate Mass. Other clergymen had refused to come. But Father Jerzy Popieluszko\* answered their call.

When the priest passed through the gate of the plant, he thought someone important must be right behind him—because of the crowds and applause. He was amazed at

the sea of faces, smiling and crying at the same time. In the middle of the factory square, the men had erected a large altar and makeshift cross. Then he knew that the tears and applause were for the first priest ever to enter the factory, and for the workers' new freedom to invite him in. And they sang more movingly than any choir.

Men in grimy overalls, tired beyond endurance, knelt on the concrete to receive Communion. From then on, Father Popieluszko would stay with them day and night, calming the hotheads and blessing long lines of men. "These people knew their strength lay in their unity with God," he said. The burly workers were surprised that his small, fragile figure could move so naturally among them. As they besieged him with new hopes and old fears, the foundry men were struck by his cheerful intensity. The peasant's son with the boyish smile clearly knew hard work.

But it was Father Popieluszko's straight talk that won the factory workers' hearts. He spoke simply,

\*Pronounced YEH-zhe Pohp-yeh-WOOSH-koh.

SPECIAL REPORT

December

about overcoming evil with good. His quiet voice cut through a lifetime of official lies and terror: "We are created to be free, free as God's children."

Soon the men were calling him Jerzy, without the usual "Father," and more affectionately, Jurek. From that day on, the young priest said, he could not forget the tears of those strong men. By the time the exhausted thousands poured out of the mill at the end of their historic strike, Father Jerzy had made a vow: "To stay among my workers as long as I can."

For the lowly cleric it was a fateful choice. Honoring it would make him the most popular priest in Poland, a favorite of the Pope's, and the spiritual patron of the Solidarity movement—a figure so charismatic that Warsaw and Moscow would soon move to destroy him.

No Time to Rest

SUFFERING WASN'T NEW to Jerzy Popieluszko. When he was born to poor farming parents in 1947, his whole body was covered with yellowish ulcers. His mother had worked too hard during pregnancy, the doctor said. The devout parents lived with their four children in a meager two-room house, with just a stove for heat. It was an event when a stranger passed through Okopy, their poor hamlet in eastern Poland, only 20 miles from the Soviet border.

JOHN FOX, author and journalist, traveled to nine countries preparing this special report.

Jerzy never complained about his frequent illnesses. A determination was growing in the boy that astonished even his family. Once, while he was making toys with his brothers and sisters, a nail pierced his palm. He clenched his fist and said nothing. Only later did one of the children notice blood dripping from his hand and tell their parents. Jerzy hadn't wanted to bother anyone.

Friends recall Jerzy as self-effacing, always doing things for others. Every morning before school, he would rise at five o'clock and walk three miles to serve as altar boy at the nearest church. He loved these walks alone, along the last of the primeval forest that had once covered Poland.

Jerzy became so much the loner, caught up in his own thoughts, that villagers nicknamed him "the philosopher." He loved the Polish history that both Germany and Russia had long tried to suppress. Even in the state-run schools, he spoke his mind. The boy was deeply influenced by the example of Maximilian Kolbe, a priest who gave his life to save another prisoner at Auschwitz. Jerzy so admired the martyr's self-sacrifice under tyranny that he chose to go to a seminary in faraway Warsaw, to be close to the monastery that Kolbe created. But he told no one, not even his parents, of his decision until after his high-school graduation. That way the authorities could not alter his examination results or pressure the family to keep him out

1985

MURDER OF A POLISH PRIEST

of the seminary, as they often did.

A happy first year at the Warsaw seminary ended harshly for the easygoing novice. Still in his teens, Jerzy was drafted into a special army-indoctrination unit in 1966 along with the rest of his class. In violation of a church-state agreement, the regime often punished the most outspoken church leaders (including future Pope John Paul II) by targeting seminarians for this two-year term in cruel conditions.

Popieluszko quickly became spiritual leader of his unit. He led prayer services—and was assigned extra hard labor. He recited the rosary to specialists in brainwashing—and was forced to crawl around the camp like a dog. One day an officer found him with a rosary. "Tread on it or I will tread on you," he ordered. But Jerzy refused to renounce his faith. He was beaten severely, then locked in an isolation cell for a month. He wrote to his father of the ordeal: "I turned out to be very tough. I can't be broken by threats or torture."

Jerzy's spirit had prevailed, but his health was ruined. Major surgery and almost a year in a hospital could not repair two years of brutal treatment that had weakened his heart and kidneys. A seminary master worried about the effects of his ordeal. "You were heroic. Now you must take a rest."

"One doesn't suffer when one suffers for Christ," the young novice answered.

In 1972, Father Jerzy threw him-

self vigorously into the priest's life, quickly winning the affection of people of all ages. Later appointed chaplain to Warsaw's medical students and nurses, he moved even staunch atheists by his readiness to be with people in all circumstances. The students called him "The Boss," and became his closest friends. Said one, "He worried more about me than I did about myself."

The young curate's courage astonished even those who knew him well. On Pope John Paul II's first return to his homeland, long lines of people waited to offer special gifts to him. Beyond a rope barrier, the secret police were checking every gift. Three young girls approached the altar, bearing only a letter. Police seized it. In a flash Father Jerzy was over the rope, with fearful onlookers hailing him to stop. He tore the letter from the hands of startled security agents and returned it to the girls, just before they reached the Pope.

But the young priest's spirit outran his weak body. Though Father Jerzy tried to hide his growing illness, the fainting spells became harder to explain away. Still he would work himself to total exhaustion, unable to rest until every need of the parish was taken care of. One day he was celebrating Mass, while a fellow priest heard confessions nearby. Father Jerzy's voice faltered, then suddenly stopped. The priest looked up to see Father Jerzy lying at the altar, unconscious.

He endured another long hospital

SPECIAL REPORT

say the second time illness had threatened his life and trusted friends learned that Father Jerzy suffered from a serious blood disorder. He would need transfusions with each recurrence of the disease. Only a quiet life and special diet would help prevent further deterioration. In June 1980 he was shifted to a post normally reserved for retired priests. He planned to rest and spend more time with his beloved students when he arrived at the parish of St. Stanislaw Koska, not far from the huge Warsaw steelworks.

Then came the call that would give him no rest. The August 1980 factory Mass, a fellow pastor said, "gave him wings."

Beautiful Faces

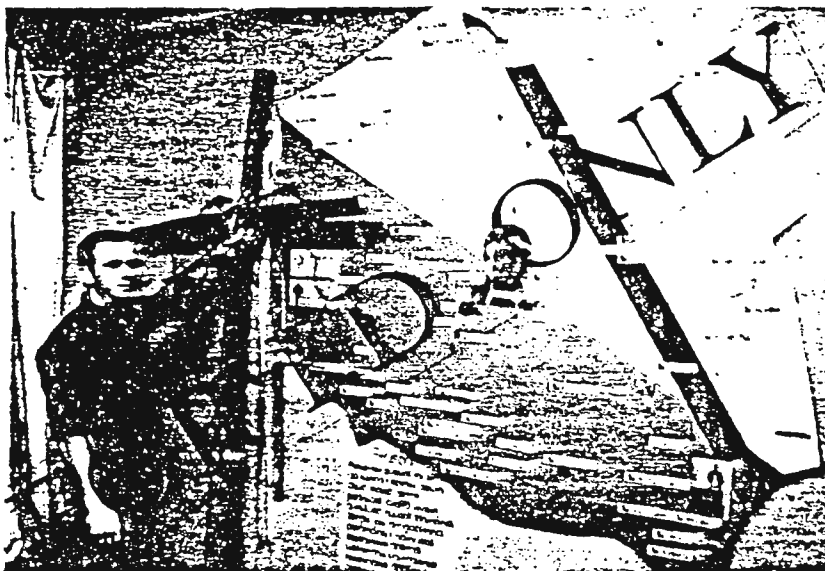
NEW HEALTH seemed to infuse Father Jerzy as he plunged into helping people build a normal life through their new-won free trade union, Solidarity. He spoke with feeling about "the honor of the workers." He wanted them to recover what the state had denied: "My whole strategy is the dignity of human labor and the struggle with hatred." Father Jerzy showed them how even their drinking was part of their oppression: alcoholic absence or mistakes at work could be used to blackmail them. Alcoholism among the workers dropped dramatically. "Somehow we felt they owned us," said one foundryman. "You become a slave. He changed that."

Father Jerzy loved the steel mill

and spent hours learning its operations. The workers asked him to be the factory's first chaplain and made him an honorary member of their Solidarity presidium. They wanted him to witness their negotiations with the government, they said, because they had been tricked too many times before. The more he tore down old barriers between worker and priest, the greater was the avalanche of conversions, weddings and baptisms that brought him so much joy.

During Solidarity's 17 months of partial freedom, the secret police constantly shadowed Father Jerzy. He was already receiving official demands and anonymous death threats, warning him to break contact with the workers. The authorities had tried hard to prevent just such links. In a period when many observers hoped that Solidarity's success meant a basic change in communism itself, Father Jerzy expected official vengeance. He maintained, "Truth that costs nothing is a lie."

By autumn 1981, the regime still refused to implement its agreements with the workers. Solidarity was clearly on a collision course with Warsaw and Moscow. Father Jerzy was in the United States that October for the funeral of a favorite aunt. Like so many Poles, he loved America. Some of his few carefree days had been spent there in recent years. Friends pressed him, "Why don't you stay here and take political asylum?"



*Father Popieluszko with map showing prison camps  
where Solidarity activists were detained*

"My people will be in danger if I abandon them. They need me, and I need them." Right after the burial, he flew back to Warsaw.

When the communist regime declared a "state of war" against the Polish people on December 13, 1981, it was as if Father Jerzy had prepared for it all his life. The Solidarity movement was forced underground after savage attacks by security forces on factories and demonstrators. Warsaw steelworkers who escaped arrest were surprised to find one another turning up at Father Jerzy's rectory apartment as soon as martial law was imposed. Said one, "It was a reflex—when in trouble, see Jerzy."

They came because he was not afraid. On one wall of his apartment was a huge map of Poland;

marking every known prison camp for Solidarity activists. A visitor asked, "Aren't you afraid to make that map?"

The priest replied, "The authorities made these camps, and they filled them—they are afraid."

The condition of his people was not a matter of politics for Father Jerzy, but part of the priesthood. He had been with them in their "days of triumph," he said. The challenge was "to be with them in their days of trial." He always carried a verse from Luke that he had chosen to sum up his calling when he was ordained. The Lord sent him, it read, "To let the oppressed go free."

Church colleagues felt that his own physical pain made Father Jerzy especially sensitive to the suf-

PHOTO: LASKI/REPA PRESS

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SPECIAL REPORT

ferings of others. After martial law was imposed, he put up a recent photo of his parents. His mother objected to the choice: "You know how we all look now, so drawn and suffering."

"Yes," her son said. "These faces are the most beautiful of all."

People remember his radiant vitality from this time, and the hands, very large and rock-hard, that seemed out of place attached to his delicate frame. He made the rounds of the parish day and night, seeking out those who did not come to him. One young mother had just given all her family's money to her husband when he went into hiding to organize underground printing for Solidarity. For the first time in her life she needed help, and didn't know where to turn.

Father Jerzy appeared at her door. Till then, all she knew about this priest was that her neighbor's nine-year-old daughter invited him to her birthday parties.

The woman was reluctant to accept charity—surely others needed it more. "How can I take help from the church? My husband and I aren't even believers."

"That doesn't matter now," he answered. "We are divided only into people who need and people who can give."

Before long, everyone she knew had gone to him with at least one problem, from the lack of baby shoes to the murder of relatives by the secret police. Said the woman, "After his first visit, I understood

the meaning of human solidarity—I didn't feel alone anymore."

Solidarity leader Lech Walesa said of Father Jerzy, "He really didn't care about himself." The priest gave away tons of clothing, while his own garments fell to pieces. More than once he was mistaken for a pauper. Friends would send clothes specially for him, but he always managed to give them away to somebody more in need. He'd been tripping over everything in sight for weeks when a friend noticed that his sandals were several sizes too big. Father Jerzy couldn't understand the fuss about accepting a pair his own size. He would just cut a piece off the ones he had, if it was necessary.

People came from distant parishes and abroad to give Father Jerzy aid for the victims of repression. He astonished relief workers by quoting long lists of parishioners from memory, giving details of their latest family needs—though he wrote nothing down. A leading ex-Party journalist dubbed him "our saint-friend from St. Stanislaw's." From the rectory, he ran the center that distributed medical aid to all of Warsaw. In turn, the secret police persecuted the students, doctors and lawyers who worked with him. That only brought him more volunteers than before.

Overcoming Evil

THE PRIEST KNEW that his rectory apartment had been "fully electroni-

(Continued on page 217)

## MURDER of a POLISH PRIEST

(Continued from page 72)

cally equipped" at state expense—and a directional bug planted in his car. Police agents infiltrated his charitable relief center to see where the aid was going. The authorities were also harassing his parents and trying to isolate the rest of his family from friends and neighbors in their remote village.

But Father Jerzy purposely showed trust toward state security personnel, trying to stir each conscience. Defying the regime's curfew on the first Christmas Eve of martial law, he set off alone through the bitter night, stopping at the units of special security troops posted every few blocks across Warsaw. He could have been shot on sight. In the past 12 days this strike force of official terror had won the hatred of the nation. As he approached their machine guns with the traditional holiday wafer, many men turned away in anger or fright. Others accepted the bread and his wish of Christmas peace—some in tears. Most would never know who he was.

Martial law had silenced millions of Poles, but Father Jerzy kept speaking out. The political trials of his workers inspired him to launch a monthly "Mass for the Homeland," dedicated to all victims of the

regime. "He wanted to restore meaning to suffering," said a Warsaw human-rights activist.

One group of miners from southern Poland was so moved to hear about these special Masses that they dared set off at once for Warsaw. But when they laid eyes on the thin, nervous figure at the St. Stanislaw's altar, they felt cheated. He didn't look like a hero at all. And when he rose to preach, the first words were far from rousing.

But as Father Jerzy spoke, his soft voice became the most powerful they had ever heard. He said openly what they really felt, but could not say. They would "rise again after any humiliation," he told them, "for you have knelt only before God." The regime had banned the mere mention of Solidarity, but this priest declared, "Solidarity means remaining internally free, even in conditions of slavery: overcoming the fear that grips you by the throat."

The young pastor's passion for plain-speaking became legendary. "Your voice is our voice," the steelworkers proclaimed to the St. Stanislaw's congregation. He gave "extraordinary, heartening moments of hope to the people of Warsaw," said leading Polish writer Adam

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Michnik. The Mass for the Homeland grew into a national event, with people coming from all over Poland to attend. The cream of the country's actors vied to read at the service. Factory workers and intellectuals alike overflowed into the streets around St. Stanislaw's to catch the words of this simple priest.

At his Masses, security forces circled the church as police agents tried to incite the congregation. But Father Jerzy watched over the faithful, repeating, "Overcome evil with good." Thousands emerged with a new feeling of calm and unity. The preacher received hundreds of letters from Mass-goers, thanking him for restoring their faith. "I am a free man for two hours," one worker wrote. "We feel safe with him," another said. The many conversions that followed made him happiest of all. They included ranking communists who dared not go to anyone else. They trusted Father Jerzy.

The secret police were hard-pressed to intimidate the growing numbers who flocked to the Masses for the Homeland. Nor could authorities stop the flood of cassettes and reprints of Popieluszko sermons from spreading across the country. (Church officials had refused to allow printing of these sermons, so Father Jerzy ran his own underground print shop to help keep up with the demand.) His acclaim grew so great that some Warsaw police even refused

to take part in actions against him. Men from elsewhere in Poland had to be used. The steelworkers soon said to him, "Jurek, you're not a private individual; you're a popular cause."

As his flock suffered, so did he. The more popular his Masses, the more threatening letters he received—all unsigned. The harassments and provocations were now constant. But he had always believed that priests "must follow the truth to the very end." He knew no other way to live. After a particularly vicious death threat he told a worried friend, "The more they can do to kill me."

Yet the first attempt on his life still shocked the priest. He had just collapsed into bed at 2 a.m. on the first anniversary of martial law, exhausted from preparing Christmas parcels for the children of Warsaw's hospitals. The doorbell rang, but this night he was too tired to get up. A moment later a bomb crashed into the next room, blowing out the windows where he would have been standing.

Father Jerzy couldn't get over the hatred behind this attack. Till then, he always thought that he would be exiled to Siberia—like generations of Polish priests before him. He'd even kept up on his Russian so he could "preach the good word in the camps." Now he confided to a friend that he began to feel real fear. But nothing would separate him from his flock, because for a believer, "there is a

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Three key figures in the Solidarity movement: (from right) Lech Walesa, Father Popieluszko and Father Henryk Jankowski, a close friend of Walesa's

dimension beyond fear. Arrest, torture, even death itself are not the end of the story."

Finally Father Jerzy agreed to accept the protection that friends and fellow churchmen had long been urging. Since the beginning of martial law, scores of Solidarity supporters had died from beatings in police custody, mysterious accidents and arranged "suicides." Following the attack on Father Jerzy himself, teams of brawny steelworkers guarded him around the

clock—"like a treasure, like a brother's brother," said one.

Frame-Up

A STEELWORKER came to Father Jerzy one day in despair. Under threats and blackmail, he had signed a document agreeing to become a police informer. He couldn't live with himself: "If I inform, nobody will have anything to do with me. If I don't, the police will come for me."

"In order to help you I'll have to

PHOTO: THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, LTD., LONDON

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use your name," Father Jerzy told him.

Breaking the police demand for secrecy, the man agreed. Father Jerzy used his story to illustrate a sermon about loyalty. He called on the congregation to protect the man and join him in refusing all moral compromise—to "conquer oppression by conquering fear." Once the case became publicly known, the police did not pursue it.

Such boldness enraged government officials. When he preached against fear, Father Jerzy threatened the state's most effective weapon. Silencing him became a top priority.

The security service was instructed to collect as much compromising material as possible against him. The cleric's movements were being followed at the top level of the Ministry of Internal Affairs, with major decisions on the case taken by the minister himself. At special meetings with church officials, the regime demanded that "an end be put" to Father Popieluszko's activities.

By late 1983, authorities stepped up their campaign of intimidation. The state media launched propaganda attacks against Father Jerzy in an unrelenting effort to smear him with vice, violence and corruption. The Ministry of Internal Affairs was coordinating the nationwide police investigation of the priest, even deciding the state prosecutor's role in the case. Hearing that he was to be arrested, Father Jerzy's

parishioners blocked police attempts to take him away for interrogation. But church officials soon reached agreement with the regime: the priest would submit to at most an hour of questioning.

As Father Jerzy's parishioners suspected, the police summons was a pretext. The prosecutor drew out the interrogation until she received an expected phone call: his Warsaw apartment was "prepared" to be searched. Father Jerzy was unconcerned. He rarely used the apartment—a gift of an American aunt—and knew it contained nothing incriminating.

When the official search party arrived with Father Jerzy at the apartment, a Polish television van and police camera crew were already there. Once inside, the police did not need to search. Within three minutes they "found" grenades, explosives and ammunition, as well as leaflets calling for armed uprisings.

Father Jerzy declared that the officers knew just where to look because they had planted the material. He was taken off to spend the second anniversary of martial law in prison. People filled St. Stanislaw's church and kept vigil all night, laying a cross of lighted candles. His close friends knew that without his medicines and diet Father Jerzy would quickly fall ill.

He was thrown into a cell with violent criminals, including a murderer. Though weakened, he did not collapse from the ordeal as

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police expected. He quickly gained the respect of his cell mates, and the murderer began to open up to him. The two men talked through the night. After several hours the priest said, "You can save your soul, even here." Slowly, he saw the killer begin to change. Near dawn and in tears, the man confessed. Father Jerzy couldn't give Communion there, so he blessed a piece of prison bread for him.

The priest was released that morning, after more church-state negotiations. He told the murderer he was glad for that sleepless night: "Next time, we'll share a meal."

THE POLICE later admitted that the investigation and "sensational discovery" in Father Jerzy's apartment were designed to influence the priest's superiors and discredit him with the public. In fact, the state's own records prove that it was falsely accusing Father Jerzy. According to secret documents—compiled by the state prosecutor's office and smuggled out of Poland—constant police surveillance showed that "no [suspicious] activities were ever noticed in the apartment."

But the incident did damage Father Jerzy in the eyes of Josef Cardinal Glemp, the Primate of Poland. Cardinal Glemp had never been warm to Father Jerzy's work. His priority was to preserve church-state "dialogue"—not the spirit of Solidarity—seeing his accommodating approach as the only path to social peace. For Popieluszko, the

fate of the church and its people could not be separated. Respect for human rights had to be the basis for good relations with the regime.

Now Popieluszko's name led a list of 69 "anti-socialist" clerics the regime had just given to the Primate. He was warned to silence the priests or the state would take action against them.

Cardinal Glemp chose to do just that. He publicly ordered priests "not to deal in politics." ~~Keep anti-state clerics were moved to remote parishes or otherwise censored. There were reports that the Primate was preparing to transfer Father Jerzy, and had even suggested privately that the priest had allowed his apartment to be used for storing weapons. The young curate was anguished by his Primate's strong disapproval.~~

Then two messages arrived from Rome. The Pope sent Father Jerzy a special rosary and his blessing: "Tell him I am with him, with all my heart." And for the Primate: "Defend Father Popieluszko—or they'll start finding weapons in the desk of every second bishop." By the time Cardinal Glemp did call Father Jerzy in, his attitude had completely changed. He even praised the young priest as "an example for the Polish clergy."

"Primate of the Workers"

POLISH OFFICIALS well knew that Father Jerzy was a favorite of the Pope's. The two men shared deeply in Solidarity's nonviolent "moral revolution." The priest often

Note

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quoted his Pope, bidding Poles to take up John Paul's vision of the "Solidarity of Hearts" in the face of communist oppression.

The Pontiff maintained a keen interest in Father Jerzy's work and was eager for news of him. He admired the priest for drawing together all parts of Polish society in a bold moral challenge to communist power—as the Pope himself had done. In the wider Vatican-Kremlin struggle, Father Jerzy's spirit cheered his Polish Pope.

Warsaw had done its best to keep these two Catholics apart. They were expressly kept from meeting during the Pope's trip to Poland in 1983. And Father Jerzy was forbidden to fulfill his dream of going to Rome for the canonization of his beloved Maximilian Kolbe. These punishments made the young priest cherish his papal blessings and gifts all the more, including a specially inscribed copy of the encyclical that praised the solidarity of workers.

Warsaw and Moscow soon responded to Father Jerzy's papal protection. In May 1984, Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski met with top Soviet officials, including now General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev. A major Kremlin complaint reportedly involved the activities of Father Popieluszek and like-minded priests. The soft-spoken worker priest was a dangerous symbol in a Soviet empire bubbling with unprecedented religious ferment.

*(Continued on page 225)*

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After Jaruzelski's return from Moscow, increasingly sharp attacks on Father Popieluszko and other "extremist priests" appeared in the official Polish press. And the death threats by phone and letter against Father Jerzy grew more numerous and alarming. Wherever he would preach, the secret police would distribute inflammatory leaflets and try to provoke the crowds to violence. To cheer him up, Warsaw students had given him a little black puppy. He named the dog "Tatniak"—Polish for "secret agent"—because it followed him everywhere.

Constant interrogations—13 in the first half of 1984—were staged to terrorize him. A throng of supporters always accompanied their pastor to secret-police headquarters. They would wait outside, chanting hymns and prayers until the end of the ordeal. Inside, Father Jerzy would sit with hands behind his back, fingering the rosary beads the Pope had sent him—to avoid the "evidence" that police wanted him to handle. He would answer their relentless questioning just as he had in the indoctrination unit years before, by reciting the rosary again and again. Furious, the authorities would finally release him.

Friends said that one of Father Jerzy's greatest tests of faith was the unbridled hatred of his interrogators. State functionaries who were not aggressive enough toward him would be disciplined, like the one who was fired for showing him the way out of a government building.

But Father Jerzy actually looked forward to the prosecution the regime was said to be preparing for him. He believed that if his trial were open to foreign coverage, the regime's cynical strategy toward the church would be exposed at last.

But just as Moscow and Warsaw turned up the heat, Father Jerzy lost Cardinal Glemp's support. At his May 1984 Mass for the Homeland—attended by 10,000 people—Father Jerzy incensed the Primate and his advisers. Eleven top Solidarity leaders had just rejected a deal that representatives of the Primate and the regime had pushed them hard to accept: release from prison if they would drop their Solidarity activities. Father Jerzy praised the prisoners' courage for not "betraying their and our ideals." When people "support the mechanisms of evil," he added, they become responsible for their own slavery.

By defending this point of honor, Father Jerzy became more "political" than he knew. For the 11 celebrated prisoners held the key to secret "normalization" negotiations between the regime, the Primate's office and some officials in Washington. Warsaw would get the lifting of U.S. economic sanctions, and the church was promised concessions—if only the prisoners would deal a major blow to their own cause.

From that point on, the Primate's negotiators dealt directly with secret-police officials over Fa-

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ther Jerzy's silence. They reached an agreement with the authorities to muzzle him, but could not enforce it. Father Jerzy was determined to preach. "If I shut up, it means they have won," he told an Italian journalist. "To speak out is precisely my job."

Father Jerzy's example and the Pope's support had moved many clerics to take up their own Masses for the Homeland. When Cardinal Glemp preached, he was often nearly alone. Father Jerzy was swamped by requests to preach around the country and drew huge crowds. In the factories they were calling him "the Primate of the workers."

## "Expecting the Worst"

IN SUMMER 1984, church and Solidarity sources learned of secret police plans to kill one of three leading "anti-state" priests—who included Father Popieluszko. Polish church circles knew that since the imposition of martial law, an outspoken bishop, Kazimierz Kluz, and a popular monk, Honoriusz Kowalczyk, had already been killed in car accidents involving the secret police. Twice already in 1984, Father Jerzy's own car had barely escaped a similar accident. A papal chaplain, Wacław Schenk, had also died in a mysterious car crash in Silesia in 1982, and several other pro-Solidarity clerics narrowly escaped a similar death. Even more troubling to many clerics, Polish church officials chose to

keep these and other killings quiet rather than protest them.\*

The workers redoubled their guard on Father Jerzy. More state security cars circled the rectory, and a militia van parked outside his window. His little apartment no longer stood open to the troubled and needy; it was barricaded beyond reach of all but the most trusted friends. Father Jerzy rarely went out alone now, and avoided giving rides to friends, fearing that police had "fixed" his car. Feeling like a cornered animal was a severe strain on the open-hearted priest. At one Mass for the Homeland, a Western visitor worried about the danger: "Does he really need to hold this Mass?"

A worker from the steel mill spoke up: "You don't know what it means for us. We need it more than bread."

At the July Mass for the Homeland, 15,000 people paid extraordinary tribute to Father Jerzy after the Primate had restricted his preaching. The St. Stanislaw's rector vowed the Masses would con-

\*Murder and fatal accidents menace priests throughout the Eastern bloc. Though such cases are by nature difficult to document, the U.S. Helsinki Watch and other human-rights groups have reported the "suspicious" deaths of at least 15 additional Catholic priests and a nun, as well as many active laymen, in the Soviet bloc during this papacy—with many more killings attempted or suspected. An even greater number of Protestant ministers and lay leaders have died in suspicious circumstances in the same period. U.S. State Department and human-rights experts view the Popieluszko case as part of a major new offensive against religion—especially the Catholic Church—throughout the Soviet empire.

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tinue, adding, "All of us pray night and day that no one in Poland will ever harm him."

Two days later, chief regime spokesman Jerzy Urban—one of General Jaruzelski's closest advisers—publicly warned Father Popieluszko, "Such activities *cannot be tolerated*. We do not toss around such phrases lightly."

Urban and other officials feverishly charged the priest with inciting the public to violence. Father Jerzy meanwhile worked hard to calm people's anti-regime anger through faith and prayer. He was proud of Solidarity's record of non-violence, and told crowds, "You conquer people with your open heart, not with a closed fist."

Father Jerzy was in a great hurry now, but deeply tired. He was often the first to visit the family of an imprisoned worker, or a Solidarity member just purged from the factory. Newly freed prisoners came to his Masses even before going home, some still clutching their bags. He was working urgently at his great dream of uniting the workers of Poland in a vast pilgrimage—just as the people of Warsaw had come together at his Masses in the "Solidarity of Hearts." So great was the workers' trust in Father Jerzy that he was reconciling even the most bitter rivals within Solidarity—to the alarm of officials in Warsaw and Moscow.

Growing more frail by the month, Father Jerzy continued to bring aid and cheer at all hours to

Warsaw's rising numbers of sick and poor. One parishioner was startled to see the priest leaving the sixth-floor walk-up apartment of her elderly mother, one of the poorest members of the parish. The daughter knew Father Popieluszko only as a national celebrity. Her mother, too sick to go to church, knew him only as the humble parish priest who visited regularly to give her Communion.

He hardly slept at all. Many nights he would wake in a sweat. He was at the center of events he couldn't have imagined only a short time before. ~~He tried to appear calm, but his foreboding was so strong that others felt it too. The old cheerfulness was gone.~~ Friends felt that all the pressure had brought him to the breaking point. After the usual prayers at one service, Father Jerzy turned to the surprised congregation: "Now I need your prayers."

The state made Father Jerzy a final offer of amnesty for his "crimes"—possessing explosives and "abusing freedom of conscience." But he would have to give up the Masses for the Homeland. On August 26, 1984, he gave his reply before the largest congregation of his life: "We must fear only the betrayal of Christ for a few silver coins of empty peace." Looking ghostly pale but determined, he proclaimed that Solidarity would live on, because it is "the hunger in the heart of man, the hunger for love, justice and truth."

The regime warned that church-

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state diplomatic dialogue would be threatened if the church protected such "extremist priests." The issue was coming to a head in meetings of top Communist Party officials. By now Popieluszko, always the main target, had been chosen from the official list of outspoken priests for a terrorizing "final warning." Security chiefs feared that if they struck first at another cleric, Father Jerzy's worker guard would be strengthened until he became "untouchable."

Cardinal Glemp and the regime had already agreed that Father Jerzy should be sent to Rome for prolonged studies. But the priest repeatedly refused the emphatic offer, according to Polish and Vatican sources. He would go to

Rome only if personally ordered by the Primate. But such a decision would trigger strong popular and papal disapproval. The order never came.

As authorities closed the ring, Father Jerzy went back to his family village. He was "expecting the worst," he told the village priest, "but a man should fear only betrayal." Unlike his normal lightning visits, he lingered in each corner of the house this time. He invited his elderly parents to his famous Warsaw Masses, which they had never seen. Then his mother watched him walk the farm and fields, as if saying good-by to all of it.

Father Jerzy with Danuta  
Walesa (wife of Lech Walesa)  
and Josef Duriasz, a lead-  
ing Polish actor



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"Beautiful Accident"

On September 12, Soviet *Izvestia* launched an extraordinary attack on Father Popieluszko. Moscow accused him of close collaboration with "counter-revolutionaries who haven't learned their lesson." Singling out the August 26 Mass at which he told Poles not to be afraid, *Izvestia* demanded that Father Jerzy be silenced: "The priest himself, by all accounts, is not afraid."

On September 17, Poland's Minister of Religious Affairs wrote to church officials in similar language. He called on the church to "liquidate" an alleged nationwide "illegal counter-revolutionary organization" led by Father Jerzy. The official warned that failure to quell the priest immediately would "cast a deep shadow on church-state relations."

Regime spokesman Jerzy Urban followed two days later with a furious attack in the official press. He called Father Jerzy a "political magician" who held "séances of hate," and "sessions of political rabies" in church. He added, "Even though there is no such thing as a human soul, the struggle for power over it is real."

At secret-police headquarters next day (later testimony revealed), the officers on Father Jerzy's case excitedly discussed their new orders: to go beyond the intimidation that had failed so far. The priest could be pushed off a moving train, or have a "beautiful traffic accident" on the road. They could kid-

nap and torture him until he revealed his Solidarity contacts, or his weak heart gave out. As in the cases of several score other Solidarity supporters, officials planned to blame the death on "unknown perpetrators." A specially picked team would have unlimited resources and nationwide clearance for the job. Whatever the means, the orders were clear and "from the very top": silence Popieluszko once and for all.

By early October, church officials assured the regime that the "Popieluszko problem" would soon be resolved to their liking. Cardinal Glemp was handling the case personally. Churchmen said that the Primate's increasingly harsh rebukes—for endangering the interests of the church and worse—left Father Jerzy shattered. Friends remember seeing him sobbing uncontrollably just after he'd come from a meeting with the Primate.

Pope John Paul II watched events in Warsaw with mounting distress. He was afraid for Father Jerzy's life. "One must suffer for the truth," the young priest had written to him. "That is why I am ready for anything." In response to Cardinal Glemp's fresh accommodation with the regime, the Pope sent a special blessing and crucifix for Father Jerzy. In Rome, John Paul demanded, "Why don't they defend him!"

THE PRIEST would have to be kidnapped outside Warsaw, because of

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his strong worker guard. Police even hoped to force Father Jerzy to travel alone. Waldemar Chrostowski, the volunteer driver who doubled as his traveling bodyguard, was interrogated many times and pressured to "cease the friendship." When he ignored the warnings, his apartment was gutted by a powerful firebomb. Though Chrostowski was a Warsaw firefighter, authorities halted the investigation of the explosion.

At a flurry of high-level meetings, senior officials in the Ministry of Internal Affairs—some of them the same ones Cardinal Glemp and his aides were negotiating with over Father Jerzy's fate—pressed for speedy action. On October 9, according to later testimony, the orders took their final form: Father Jerzy was to be killed without fail, but security agents should first try to "extract" information from him in a wartime Nazi bunker in the forest. If others were traveling with him, they would be murdered too.

Just before midnight on October 13, 1984, a special squad waited on the Gdansk-Warsaw road to arrange Father Jerzy's "beautiful accident." He was returning from a Mass for the Homeland, together with Chrostowski and a prominent Solidarity leader from the Warsaw steelworks. But thanks to Chrostowski's quick reflexes, they eluded the secret-police ambush. When the death squad returned to headquarters, a superior remarked, "What a pity—it could have been a

bigger accident with so many involved."

Yet for Father Jerzy, an unbearable tension had lifted. The day of the attempted ambush he told a friend, "I don't know why, but I'm not afraid anymore." A colleague who was with Father Jerzy that week said, "He went straight for what was coming to meet him."

A few nights later, Father Jerzy noticed that a secret-police car had been stationed outside his window for several hours in the icy cold. "They must be freezing," he told Chrostowski, and sent him down with a message: "You've been on duty for so long—Father Jerzy wants you to have a cup of coffee." The officers looked annoyed and turned away.

Kidnapped

WHEN HE TRAVELED, Father Jerzy liked to dress casually. But on Friday, October 19, he put on his priest's robes. As always, he took along the papal rosary that was his greatest treasure.

The priest who had invited him to the provincial town of Bydgoszcz that day was threatened by police with "serious consequences" if Father Jerzy spoke. But at a special Mass for the Working People that evening, he went ahead with his sermon—"Overcome Evil with Good." Secret agents waited outside, wrapping their wooden clubs with rags three times apiece. Father Jerzy spoke his last words to the congregation, "Most of all, may

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we be free from the desire for violence and vengeance."

Parishioners urged him to return to Warsaw the next day. But he insisted on going back the same night. Though he was very ill and barely able to speak, Father Jerzy didn't want to trouble his fellow priests at St. Stanislaw's to take his early Mass next morning.

Father Jerzy's friends had spotted a strange Fiat waiting outside the church in Bydgoszcz. In it was the officer in charge of the long-running Popieluszko investigation, Capt. Grzegorz Piotrowski. One of the most brilliant and trusted officers in the Polish secret police, he had been chief of the Pope's personal security on his 1983 visit to Poland. With Piotrowski were two

other highly decorated officers from the security service's Fourth Department, responsible for religious affairs. The same team had tried to ambush the priest six days before. On the road to Bydgoszcz this time, the officers argued about selling the priest's car afterward for spare parts.

Parishioners offered to escort Father Jerzy by car back to Warsaw. But the priest was used to being followed. And it was late. He and Chrostowski would go alone.

The secret police overtook them on a deserted road about a half hour from Bydgoszcz. They held Chrostowski at gunpoint. Captain Piotrowski dragged Father Jerzy by the cassock to the Fiat.

"Gentlemen, what are you do-



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DATE OF MOVE

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ing!" the priest protested. "How can you treat someone like this?"

In a cold fury, the kidnappers beat him with fists and clubs, smashing his skull and face. Unconscious, he was bound, gagged and thrown into the trunk.

As they headed for a lonely stretch of woods, Chrostowski, an ex-commando, hurled himself from the Fiat in a desperate escape. He made it to a nearby workers' hostel and quickly raised the alarm.

When he reached the Torun hospital emergency ward, another squad of secret-police officers (and a state prosecutor who was later assigned to investigate the case) were waiting to take him away. But for the authorities, it was too late. Chrostowski had already alerted the church.

The secret-police Fiat sped on with Father Jerzy in the trunk. Captain Piotrowski's men were arguing now, and downing quick  
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~~shots of vodka.~~ One young officer  
~~vowed the fear that if Chrostowski~~  
~~had recognized him from a previ-~~  
~~ous encounter, the kidnappers~~  
~~would be exposed and "thrown to~~  
~~the lions."~~ Shouldn't they leave the  
priest in the woods, terrorized but  
alive? Captain Piotrowski was ur-  
moved. He had strict orders: "Po-  
pieluszko must die."

#### Savage Violence

THE NEXT EVENING, Father  
Jerzy's mother couldn't sleep. On  
impulse, she switched on the TV.  
Hearing just the name Popie-  
luszko, she fell to her knees and  
prayed to the Pope. Instead of a  
black shawl, she would wear a red  
one; she felt her son was "still alive,  
being tortured somewhere."

With Chrostowski's escape,  
news of the abduction had swept  
across Poland. Shock and outrage  
were nationwide. St. Stanislaw's  
overflowed with thousands of peo-  
ple. Every night, larger crowds  
turned out at Masses, praying for  
Father Jerzy's deliverance. Massive  
security forces surrounded the War-  
saw steelworks, where the men were  
praying at work. Thousands  
marched for Father Popieluszko's  
release and filled the nation's  
churches in 24-hour vigils. Throughout Poland, there were  
mass meetings in factories and  
spontaneous prayers in schools.

As other priests and their worker  
guards received new death threats,  
the national crisis mounted.  
Groups of workers patrolled the St.

Stanislaw compound after threats  
and attacks. Secret police turned  
their "investigation" of the crime  
into an assault on Father Jerzy's  
friends. Days after the abduction,  
secret police twice interrogated Fa-  
ther Jerzy's doctor about the  
priest's illnesses and the kind of  
medicines he took.\*

Other churchmen denounced  
the abduction, but Cardinal Glemp  
refused to comment. Instead he went  
ahead with a three-day vigil in East  
Berlin, where he was received by the  
Polish ambassador. The same day in  
Rome, Pope John Paul II declared  
himself "deeply shaken, condemn-  
ing the shameful act" and appealing  
for Father Jerzy's immediate re-  
lease. "He really lived through it  
every day," said a papal confidant.  
"When you hit Popieluszko, you're  
hitting at the Pope."\*

Facing the greatest public pas-  
sion in Poland since the birth of  
Solidarity, officials rationed details  
about Father Jerzy's fate. But  
Chrostowski and others had al-  
ready told too much to permit a  
simple cover-up. Working round-  
the-clock from Father Jerzy's room  
at St. Stanislaw's, a group of the  
priest's supporters launched an ap-  
peal for information on the kidnab-  
ping. But Cardinal Glemp soon  
kicked them out after the regime  
officially denounced the group.

The nation's patience ran raw  
after ten days of waiting. The re-

\*The Pope's last blessing and crucifix for  
Father Jerzy reached Warsaw a day after the  
abduction.

Note

gime feared a popular explosion. Warsaw steelworkers were preparing strikes with other factories if "the Primate of the workers" was not returned to them. In the universities, police were already beating restive students. Authorities dispatched large security forces and imposed emergency measures in many cities and towns.

The last Sunday of October, a record 50,000 people engulfed St. Stanislaw's at a cold, outdoor Mass for the Homeland. From loudspeakers they listened to a tape of Father Jerzy's last sermon in Bydgoszcz. They hoped against hope to see him again.

When smiling security officers pulled the battered corpse of Father

Jerzy from a reservoir on the river Vistula, about 80 miles northwest of Warsaw, it was tortured beyond recognition. A sack of rocks hung from his legs. His body had been trussed from neck to feet with a nylon rope so that if he resisted he would strangle himself. Several gags had worked free and lay across his clerical collar and cassock, soaked with the priest's vomit and blood.

Officially, the priest spent less than two hours in the company of his assassins—most of it in the trunk of the speeding Fiat. But his torture was much too extensive and systematic to have been inflicted in that brief time.

Family members and sources present at the autopsy described a

MURDER OF A POLISH PRIEST

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*Note*  
body covered head to foot with deep, bloody wounds and marks of torture. His face was deformed; and both hands were broken and cut, as if the priest had been shielding his face from the blows. His eyes and forehead had been beaten till black. His jaw, nose, mouth and skull were smashed, his fingers and toes dark red and brown from the repeated clubbing. Part of his scalp and large strips of skin on his legs had been torn off.

The autopsy showed a brain concussion and damaged spinal cord. His muscles had been pounded again and again until limp. Internal injuries from his beatings had left blood in his lungs. One of the doctors who performed the post-mortem reported that in all his medical

practice, he had never seen anyone so mutilated internally. The kidneys and intestines were reduced to pulp, as in other cases of prolonged police torture in Poland. When Father Jerzy's mouth was opened, the teeth were found completely smashed. In place of his eloquent tongue, there was only mush.

*Note*  
A group of priests tried to identify the body, but could not recognize their friend. Identification finally had to be made by Father Jerzy's brother from a birthmark on the side of his chest. Even making the full autopsy report public was deemed too explosive by regime and church officials who continue to suppress it. Church and independent sources familiar with the report have said it details an even more

# MURDER OF A POLISH PRIEST

"horrifying" picture of the final torture suffered by the defenseless priest.

## A Mighty Shrine

"THE WORST has happened," declared Lech Walesa at word of the murder. In Rome, the Pope reacted with shock, and followed news reports late into the night.

Panic and grief swept through a packed St. Stanislaw's vigil on October 30 when the news broke. A priest began to speak, but his words were lost in the uproar. He carried on in a firm voice with the Lord's Prayer, barely rising above the cries and sobs. Reaching "as we forgive those who trespass against us," he stopped. The congregation was not with him. He repeated the line.

Choked and crying, people still would not speak the words. His own voice breaking, the priest directed, "Repeat after me," and recited the line a third time. At last the congregation joined in, calling out the words with enormous force.

Jerzy Urban and the state media first suggested that the crime was a "carefully timed provocation against the regime" carried out by the Solidarity underground. But when the role of the security services became public, Urban and other regime spokesmen added another Orwellian twist: the killing was really the act of an isolated secret police cell against the communist regime itself.

Murder could not settle the regime's "Popieluszko problem." Just

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Write: Reprint Editor, Reader's Digest, Box 25, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570.

REVISE

*December*

as the assassins feared, they were "thrown to the lions" to protect higher-ups and defuse a national uprising. The state held an unusual trial that showered abuse on Father Popieluszko and sent members of the death squad and a mid-level security official to jail, leaving their superiors untouched.

The stage-managed trial raised more questions about the murder than it answered. The official version claimed that police struck about 15 blows against Father Jerzy before dumping him in the reservoir. By this account the sickly priest—though beaten unconscious and bound hand and foot—somehow escaped the trunk of the Fiat and repeatedly ran from his killers, who were forced to subdue him again with clubs and fists.

An official smoke screen on the case has failed to obscure other gaps in the state's account of Father Jerzy's brutal end. State doctors said that the priest bled profusely, and the gags on his mouth were drenched in blood. But no traces of blood were found in the trunk of the secret-police Fiat, forensic experts testified. Father Jerzy clearly suffered his final sickening torments at a still-undisclosed location.

The state was also vague about when Father Jerzy died. Sources who examined the body and experts working from photos doubt that he was in the reservoir for anything like the 11 days authorities reported. Where the priest's hands should have been swollen

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MURDER OF A POLISH PRIEST

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after so long under water, for instance, they were not. An eyewitness reported that undissolved mints and lozenges were found in the priest's pockets.

Nor is it clear when Father Jerzy's body was pulled from the reservoir. Police frogmen left the spot where the body was recovered at least 24 hours before the time the official news media claimed the body was found, according to workers at a nearby factory.

Afraid of the priest's symbolic power in a land that lives by its martyrs, authorities pressured Father Jerzy's parents to bury him in their distant village. The faithful demanded a huge Warsaw funeral at St. Stanislaw's. Overnight, they collected thousands of signatures

on petitions to Cardinal Glemp. The Primate was not swayed. But Warsaw workers felt so strongly that they vowed to dig up the grave and remove the body to St. Stanislaw's if necessary.

Wearing her black shawl now, Popieluszko's mother went directly to the Primate with a delegation of workers. They all knelt and she pleaded, "The shepherd should be where his lambs are." Thanks to her, Father Jerzy would rest at St. Stanislaw's.

On Father Jerzy's funeral day, it was as though a truce had been called in Warsaw. Ten thousand steelworkers in hard hats marched past secret-police headquarters, chanting "We forgive," "Greetings from the underground," and "No

## MURDER OF A POLISH PRIEST

freedom without Solidarity." Half a million people filled the streets leading up to St. Stanislaw's. Scattered throughout were the forbidden Solidarity banners of factories, schools and offices from every corner of Poland. One read, "A strike at the heart of the nation." Another proclaimed, "But they can't kill the soul."

The country stood united again around its fallen young priest. Eulogies poured forth from the simple and the famous at a three-hour Requiem Mass. To thunderous applause, a fellow cleric said that for love of "God and freedom," a simple country boy had become a "new national hero." Deafening chants of "Solidarity! Solidarity!" and a sea of hands rose in the V-for-victory salute as Lech Walesa declared, "Solidarity lives, for you have given your life for it."

Father Jerzy knew that his death could have immense power. "Living, I could not achieve it," he told a friend shortly before his kidnapping. Overnight, St. Stanislaw's became a mighty national shrine: Now an unending river of pilgrims flows past Father Jerzy's grave. The great mounds of flowers placed there have to be moved often to make way for more. Emblems from hundreds of schools and scout groups crowd next to signs from even the smallest of Poland's factories. Thousands arrive every day in buses and factory cars on official outings which go instead—Party members and all—to the grave of

Father Popieluszko. One worker explained that he used to come to the priest when he had a problem. Like many others, he said, he still comes for counsel to Father Jerzy.

The people fear that the regime will destroy their new religious and patriotic sanctuary.\* A 1000-man volunteer force guards the churchyard around the clock in teams armed only with buttons picturing Father Jerzy that say "Overcome Evil with Good." A patrol of workers and students announces: "This is one piece of free Poland we're going to defend."

## Undying Spirit

SINCE THE NIGHT Father Jerzy disappeared, new converts have poured into Poland's churches. Many lapsed believers have come back too, saying that his death shook them to new faith. Larger crowds than ever come for the Mass for the Homeland, held close to Father Jerzy's grave. "He wanted to transfer to us a fragment of his faith," a Solidarity leader wrote from the underground. Many are ready to give what Father Jerzy asked of them, now that he is gone.

Far from quelling the clergy, the murder has emboldened hundreds of priests across Poland. Churchmen report that his example is inspiring a new generation of vocations to the priesthood. The same

\*Last August the stonemason who built Father Jerzy's tomb was kidnapped and pushed out of a moving truck after he refused to give technical details of the vault to "unknown assailants."

MURDER OF A POLISH PRIEST

state officials who attacked Father Popieluszko now blame his killing for the sharp rise in the number of anti-regime clerics.\*

The priest's sacrifice has also sparked an upsurge in underground Solidarity activity, and new courage among human-rights activists. Citizens' Committees Against Violence have sprung up in cities across Poland. Though immediately outlawed, they mark the first attempt since the declaration of martial law to mount above-ground activity against the regime. Despite increasing repression, people have been more willing to expose official violence since Father Jerzy's death.

His undying spirit has grown too strong for even foreign governments to ignore. Visiting dignitaries have paid homage at Father Jerzy's grave—an act without precedent in the Soviet bloc. Even though the regime has keenly courted international contacts, it refused the visits of several other diplomats who

\*Despite Western hopes that the trial of Father Jerzy's killers might mark a change in official policy, persecution of priests has only intensified. Torture and unexplained deaths of priests have also continued. Grazyna Sikorska, Polish-church analyst at Keston College, England, and other Western sources report that Jan Wazroba, an outspoken vicar, and Piotr Poplawski, an Orthodox priest, have both died in suspicious circumstances in recent months.

wanted to follow suit. The authorities are outraged—and the Polish people elated—at any official Western recognition of the national longing for freedom.

The regime defames Father Jerzy's memory and persecutes his followers, but the people of Poland have beatified him. Around his calm and crowded grave, they speak of Solidarity's patron saint, and Poland's greatest martyr since Maximilian Kolbe. But the people Father Jerzy died for knew him first of all as a friend. And they made their own good-bye to the priest who stayed with them as long as he could.

At Father Jerzy's funeral, the Warsaw steelworks Solidarity chairman, an ex-Party member, stood praying over the coffin. The marks of the priest's torture were so shocking that the coffin had been closed. Inside, Father Jerzy's battered hands clasped the rosary the Pope had sent him. "Jurek, do you hear the bells of freedom ring?" the steelworker called out across the courtyard in a firm, low voice. Half a million celebrants and a whole nation were with him now. "Stay with us, watch over us. Your ark, the 'Solidarity of Hearts,' sails on, with more and more of us on board every day—Jerzy, our chaplain, farewell."



*Light of the World.* Someday after we have mastered the air, the winds, the tides and gravity, we will harness for God the energies of love. And then for the second time in the history of the world man will have discovered fire.

—Teilhard de Chardin

End  
Case  
File

Received 55  
DEC 18 1985 11:19THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

December 17, 1985

## MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

FROM: FRED F. FIELDING *FF*  
SUBJECT: Philip F. Werner

In his attached November 1, 1985 letter to you, Milan Bish asked that you grant a pardon to Philip Werner, who was convicted of mail fraud and sentenced in July 1982 to 60 days in jail, probation for five years, community service, and a fine of \$25,000. Your handwritten note on my November 13, 1985 memorandum transmitting Mr. Bish's letter to you states "This sounds as if a pardon might very well be in order."

I contacted the Pardon Attorney regarding this matter. He advised that although they have received a copy of Mr. Werner's petition, they have not received the original. Since they have been waiting over a month, they will now go forward and process the copy. They will notify Mr. Werner that because of rules imposing waiting periods before petitions may be considered, he is not yet eligible to apply. He will be further advised, however, that he may apply for a waiver of the waiting period.

I will keep you advised of any significant developments. However, you should be aware that this case will take some time to be processed, unless you wish us to request expedited treatment.

I will await your advice.

*Fred I'm willing to OK expedited treatment if you think it is appropriate considering all the circumstances.*

Request expedited treatment RR

*RR*

Let case proceed at normal pace \_\_\_\_\_

Comment:

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Dear Milan:

Thank you for your letter of November 1, 1985 in support of the pardon petition of Philip F. Werner. I appreciate receiving the benefit of your thoughts on this matter.

Be assured that Mr. Werner's petition and your supporting letter will be given every consideration by the Pardon Attorney and, in turn, the White House.

Again, my thanks. It was good to hear from you.

Sincerely,,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Ron".

Mr. Milan D. Bish  
Post Office Box 2156  
Grand Island, Nebraska 68802

MILAN D. BISH  
P.O. BOX 2156  
GRAND ISLAND, NEBRASKA 68802  
308/382-2083

November 1, 1985

352315 44

The President  
The White House  
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue  
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Mr. President:

Because of our past relationship, you know that I am reluctant to ask for any personal attentions. However, this is one time I feel so strongly about an individual and his welfare that I am asking your personal consideration.

This week a Petition for Pardon will be filed with the Justice Department for Philip F. Werner of Hastings, Nebraska. I won't trouble you with the details. I will simply state that Philip is one of the most decent and honorable men I have ever met. He is respected by everyone that knows him. This can be attested to by the letters of recommendation for Pardon sent to the Justice Department. For example, one of them is from United States Senator James Exon who is of a different political philosophy than Mr. Werner's.

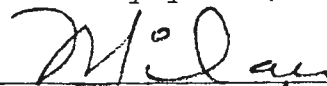
Although Mr. Werner has paid his debt to society without any complaint, I have personally observed the emotional toll it has taken. Although his medical problems have caused no immediate life threatening conditions, his heredity does not lend itself to a long life.

I respectfully ask that his Petition be reviewed as soon as possible. Not only will the validity of the pardon request be recognized, but it would also restore the confidence he needs to continue to make civic and philanthropic contributions to his community and country.

I would not ask this of you if I did not sincerely believe it is right and just.

Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely yours,

  
Milan D. Bish

MDB:tr

End  
Case  
File

372170  
PR005-01

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

TO: Biff Henley

FROM: KATHY OSBORNE  
Personal Secretary  
to the President

DATE: 12-19-85

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

This should not be sent out - - he  
re-did this. You may want to have  
in handwriting file.

Thanks.

Mr. President:

Kathy O.

Mike Deaver asked if you  
please sign this for

Ambassador and Mrs. Gottman  
for their anniversary on Friday

To Sondra and Alan....

Oh!! I slipped & did  
it wrong. Should I do  
another? RR



To Ambassador & Mrs. Little - Happy  
Anniversary & Very Best Regards.  
Ronald Reagan

End  
Case  
File

372192  
176005 01



To Marty Ball - With every good  
wish & Very Best Regards.  
Ronald Reagan

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

Send this to  
Marty Bell

C/o Mr. William Weinan  
1251 Tower Grove Dr.  
Beverly Hills Calif.  
90210

End  
case  
File