

P. Felix Wiercinski SJ

† January 20, 1940 to Blasendorf (Romania)

Father Wiercinski comes from a well-Catholic, large family from Putzig, Gdansk. Concerning the spirit prevailing in the parents' home, a note in the family chronicle nicely reveals: "In memory of the parents Carl and Louise Wiercinski with the request to commemorate their souls in prayer In the year of the Lord 1857 on the 6th of October I received with my dear wife Louise, née Klotz, the holy sacrament of marriage, May the Blessed God grant us the grace of the Blessed Sacrament until the late age, and thus in working for heaven together in the year 1858, August 20, 3 In the afternoon, God blessed us with a son, who in the Holy Baptism on the 23rd of the month named Felix 20/12 (NB: must be called 20/11), Bernard 20/8, Joseph 19/3 Govatter Joseph Klotz, Louise Wiercinski, O Lord!

Early on, little Felix spoke of the spirit of faith. When he was about six years old, he one day went to the cemetery with his mother. Old tombs have just been dug up. Felix takes a bone and looks at it with great awe. The mother forbids it. But Felix says: "You can not know if this dead man already dwells among the transfigured in heaven." Often the parents drove to a neighboring village, where there was a church without a tower. Then the little one said: "When I grow up, I want to become a pastor, and then I have a tower built on top of this little church." He was a good student during his studies, skipping a class at high school and receiving what was then rarely happened, a book as an award.

After a year of philosophy in the Germanicum Felix entered on June 18, 1878 Starawies in the Galician province. In his old days, he liked to talk about brothers who had known and been educated by the White Russian Fathers. On June 21, 1885, he received holy ordination. After completing his theology in Cracow, the wandering life began in the spirit of the Second Rule of the Summarium.

On July 12, 1887 he became prefect and teacher at the newly founded seminary in Jassy (Romania), on 7 August 1894 its rector. In 1897 he teaches Dogmatics in the Monastery of the Uniate Basilian in Christianopol and contributes to the reform of the Ukrainian religious. After a year we find him again in Jassy, as a prefect. On July 27, 1900, as the last rector of ours, he returns the leadership of the monastery to Christianopol after complete reform back into the hands of the Basilian. He has contributed much to the spread of Sacred Heart worship among the Uniates. In 1901 we see P. Wiercinski as a dogmatic professor in Krakow. In 1902 he became pastor of Botoschani in Moldavia (Romania). On October 23, 1903, he was sent to Russia as a missionary. With a heavy heart, he says goodbye to Romania. This is shown in a letter from 1909: "With deep sorrow I have separated myself from my beloved Rumanian people, I can not forget it, I have with me a piece of linen, which was given to me in Tamascheni Dedicated to altar cloth, and as often as I can, I bring with me the sacred Mass offering with special comfort. So I have something Romanian with me. " People told him, "Father, your heart is in Romania."

In Moscow, P. Wiercinski learned the Russian language. In the first time he worked in secret. Not even the Catholic lady with whom he lived, and in whose house he read Mass, had a hunch that she was hosting a Catholic priest.

When Tsar Nicholas issued the Edict of Tolerance in 1905, Father Wiercinski began to work in public. During the eight years of his stay in Moscow, he has brought about 500 converts to the church. In 20 high schools he gave about 300 children Catholic religious education.

Since it became known that he was a Jesuit, he had to leave Russia. From April to August 1911 we find him in Denmark and Sweden. He is a short time professor of dogmatics and apologetics in the

seminary of Vilnius. From 1912 to 1914 he worked as a missionary in Germany, Denmark and Bukovina. During the World War he was a connoisseur of the Russian language and relations advisor to the German General Staff.

When the company was allowed to return to Germany, he asked for admission to the German province. In 1922 he came to Wroclaw. He spent more than a year as camp pastor for the German refugees from Poland. In 1924 he holds a series of Polish popular missions in Estonia. On May 25 he comes to Bessarabia, which at that time belonged to Rumania, holds several missions and represents the pastor of Kishinev, Monsignor Glaser, Germanic and friend of the society. On November 17, 1926 he became spiritual and professor at the seminary of Bucharest. In 1929 he came to Oradea in the same capacity. From August 3, 1930 to July 25, 1932 he is again rector in Jassy. From 1932 to 1933 he teaches the Junior Rhetoric and the Polish language in Mittelsteine. In 1933 he was given the sacred death sacraments at the Hedwig Hospital in Berlin. January 1934 he goes to Estonia for the third time. At the age of almost 80, he still learns the Estonian language. He occasionally preaches Estonian, German, French, Russian, Italian, Polish and English. "Romanian," he writes in a letter, "I preach only to myself, preparing daily the points of view in Romanian, so I do not lose the ease in using the language dear to me."

From then on, the numerous letters - several in some months - that tell me that I would like him to return to Romania and close his eyes. My heart said "yes", my mind but because of the difficult conditions "no". Finally, the heart won. I said to myself: "I still want to give pleasure to a deserved old priest, who is near the tomb." He said he could work for another ten years. Thus, on 4 November 1938, P. Wiercinski returned to his beloved Rumania. Although the long journey was very exhausting for the over 80-year-old, he agreed to hold a double triduum - in German and Romanian - in honor of St. Andrew Bobola from 6 to 8 November.

The father was seen to be pleased when he was asked to do a job. When I got a younger strength about a year later, it hurt him that I did not give him so much to do. But he also worked a lot like that. He gave several hours a week of religious instruction. He knew how to keep discipline and order among the children, so that sometimes I was completely ashamed. Every Sunday and holiday he preached at least once. He regularly gave lectures to the nuns. He gave retreats to the seminarians of Jassy and the Uniates of Blasendorf. In the cold winter months he gave two popular missions. He also gave about four retreat courses for nuns. He was ready for every job. Sometimes I asked him to take a lecture at the last moment. He always said. And he always understood how to pack people. In May 1939, when we celebrated the 50th anniversary of the Marian Congregation of the Blessed Virgin by a triduum, I was able to say in full gratitude that "in his lectures Fr. Wiercinski combined youthful enthusiasm with the maturity of old age." Several years ago, when several confreres from other provinces stayed with us, he gave us the Exhortatio domestica in Latin several times.

Tirelessly, the father worked as a writer. In the voices of the time, in the messenger, in the Eucharistic League of Nations, etc. quite a few essays appeared from his pen. He regularly contributed to at least seven Romanian journals. He also supported our newly founded children's magazine "Raiul Copililor", ie "Children's Paradise". It can be said that he exploited every minute. In the recreation he liked to talk about his activities in different places. He has worked for the salvation of souls in 16 countries and 12 languages. At his death, a priest said: "It is tragic that such a man can not leave his experiences to another."

He loved the holy poverty. His shoes were patched together so I just took them away. You could hardly give them to beggars. He regularly collected all permits.

In the booklet in which he recorded his intentions in reading, there was also a list of the names of former students. Then one could clearly see the effect of excommunication: a fallen priest has been struck out.

In particular, Fr. Wiercinski attached great importance to uniting separated brothers with the Catholic Church. When one came to speak of her, he often said, "The poor people." For her he has worked most of his priestly life. I mean that his death is a reward for his love.

Probably not even in his wildest dreams did he think that his last work would be at the center of the Union in Romania, in Blasendorf, where our priests 240 years ago initiated the unification of Romanians with Rome. He gave the united nuns retreats, and participated in the water ordination at the Epiphany. - This is one of the most solemn ceremonies among the Uniates. He probably had a bad cold. After a unified rite he received the holy sacraments of the dead. On January 20, 1940, the tireless one was recalled to receive the reward for his loyalty. It was in the middle of the World Prayer Octave. He sacrificed his life to God so that the Savior's wish might come true: "That all may be one" (John 17:21). The Greek-Catholic cathedral chapter has solemnly guided him to the final rest. Now his remains rest in the "Little Rome" in the midst of the Uniates, to whom his special love was.

I am fortunate that here in Bucharest I have been able to work together for some time with two well-deserved fathers. Fifteen years earlier - on July 21, 1925 - the well-known convert P. Augustin Arndt SJ had died in Bucharest. I owe many suggestions to my brothers and sisters. Besides him, another member of our order is resting in the cemetery of Bucharest, the apostle of Bucharest, Fr Joseph d'Ester. He was a novice under P. Meschler, but had to resign because of illness. Throughout his life he has preserved a grateful love for society and was allowed to take the devotional vows on his deathbed. May he, too, be given a little commemoration here! Therefore, I enclose the spiritual testament left by this truly apostolic man.

"Last farewell to all my children in Christ!

When you read these few words, I am already resting in cool earth. From eternity I send you all, my dear children, my last greeting. O hear once more a last word from your soul-father, who wrestled so much for you. prayed, hoped and wished! I can say that all my thoughts and senses have been heard by your souls and your institute. It will be hard for me to say what I feel. But I can not hide one thing. Children who love! Nothing else is necessary in life than love, as the love of God; Everything else is self-evident when love fills our hearts. O seek, strive, wrestle and fight for the one thing that you can love God above all else, you need not strive for anything else! Go to the source of love, to the Holy Eucharist, there you will find this love, which alone is necessary! The tabernacle, o never leave it and never! There have been many bitter, difficult hours in my life. I survived victoriously in front of the tabernacle. In my life there were hours of enthusiasm, noble joy; before the tabernacle they were completely deified. In my life there were hours of doubt, of darkness, yes I would like to say despair. Children, in front of the tabernacle, I have pierced through them with bloody tears of my heart, praying through it and enduring it. In my life there were hours of bitterest disappointment, misjudgment, slander. Woe to my heart, but before the tabernacle these hours have become exceedingly dear and precious, and now that I look back on everything, I thank God that He has found me strong enough, Let me sip on this cup a little. Children, in my life there were hours of loneliness, of abandonment, but at the tabernacle I found the one who is more than friend and father and mother, there I found the Eucharistic Master, who replaced everything. And one more thing: in my illness there were hours of terrible anxiety and worry. Hours of dread, but a look at the tabernacle brought light and courage and strength to the last fight of life. O Holy Eucharist, the sun of my life, shine on the paths of life for all my children, so that they may all come to you one day and

we will see you united face to face! There I found the Eucharistic Master, who replaced everything. And one more thing: in my illness there were hours of terrible anxiety and worry. Hours of dread, but a look at the tabernacle brought light and courage and strength to the last fight of life. O Holy Eucharist, the sun of my life, shine on the paths of life for all my children, so that they may all come to you once and we see you together face to face! There I found the Eucharistic Master, who replaced everything. And one more thing: in my illness there were hours of terrible anxiety and worry. Hours of dread, but a look at the tabernacle brought light and courage and strength to the last fight of life. O Holy Eucharist, the sun of my life, shine on the paths of life for all my children, so that they may all come to you one day and we will see you united face to face!

Dear children! Take these last words of your departed father, and let them go with you through life, then we all find ourselves once with the one whom we alone here on earth love, for whom we sacrificed and surrendered all we have sought and longed for alone, where your father awaits you to enjoy God forever with you. Pray, pray, pray a lot for me as I pray a lot for you! ... "

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P. Otto Canisius Farrenkopf SJ

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