

## THE BLACK BOX TREASURES (#46)

There is an interesting term called the "black box theory". It speaks about an object which can be analyzed in terms of its input and output, but there is no knowledge of its internal workings. Many of us probably don't know that in our Archives here in Rome we have more than 200 black boxes. Some of those treasures have seen the light of day in many publications, but there are still others waiting to been seen...

## (Late but honest - Merry Christmas! #46)

Even though people have been sending Christmas greetings to each other for hundreds of years, is not easy to find a Christmas card from our Founders' time. However, there is one exception... A certain gentleman from Cracow sent special Christmas greetings to Fr. Jerome Kajsiewicz, C.R. in 1869. It is not so important that he

misspelled the last name of the General addressing it to KCYZIEMICZ instead of KAJSIEWICZ, but the content of his wishes is rather unique and funny. It was not easy to translate his rhymed poem, but I decided to do so. It is not a strict and complete literal translation, rather, I tried to be faithful to the spirit of those greetings... Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

My heart goes out to you, dear Father let it fly from Cracow and into Rome gather. May the Vistula River, My dearly beloved say to the Tiber, let your force be uncovered. Let it rise up and be joined with you, May all know that Jesus is born for you too. Those wishes are sent from a Cracovian, a Pole who prays that faith will fill his humble soul. May God be gracious and may His providence help the Holy See gain ultimate dominance. I wish you the following my Dearest Father... May Jesus who is born, your Congregation gather May all our members enjoy God's blessing and that by all a true faith confessing. May God bless the intentions of the Pope, and to our world be given much needed hope. Let truth prevail and falsehood crumble, May the heretics see that they must be humble and may all testify that only God is Lord, Let them know that Love is the way, not the sword!



Verce do liebie spierry cny Traffamie Niech leci z Mrahowa i niech w Reynnie stame. -Wisto Ty moja droga whochana Lowieda do Tybru niech waniesie batwana Niechaj sie waniesie i a lobe relacrong Niesie rycrema gdy Bog narodrong Od Mathowiaka, polaha co swiety Wiarg dusta jego jest zawre przejeta -Niech Bog taskawy z Opakrzusci swojeg I folice swietz w tashi swoje stroi, Niech sig bogaci niech Kruszy balwany Thore sig sroig na na hraj nasz hochany. Tobie preenacry Relitorse haptomie Niech Chrystus narodrony a dary swemi stanie I zgromadzeniu niechaj blogoslawi Pomiathe narodrenia sam sig jui postawi A tak rablysnie Jego gwiarda bloga, Co provadzila pasetuszhoro do Bogal I stanie sig dobre i to co igdane Bedrie od Jerusa matego restane. Wiech cate hatolichie Panstwo i Holica Onym się darem od Boga zaszczyca .-Nie przemogą Mu izadni przecionicy. Zo narodreniem Chrystusa swict się nowy robiis umply burchive & materi pogodrit I wiehi prremijaja Chrystus się wciar rodri swim narodremion famiathe norm stori. Jaha radose, pociecha plyme z narodrenia To goine hatolika, polaha unacrema. Catego swiata, co chreet przyjest mile da Chrystusa stury w catej sile.

Wiech

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Niech wspiera Bog zamiary i Ojea swielego satego Sobora Kgromadzenia tego Which sig rosleje balsam po tym swiecie na surieci poquiecie. I Manustur os szcrepiehow Wiech prawder gore, a false zgrucho. Ladwinderg ze Bog jednym jest Pomom nad Vany. Ojen swietenn daru Bog wriela Tratatow Rrymshich w tastig muesela Siech wrystho co sig do Moseida godze vryjdrie na ten swiat, gdy się Chrystus rodri!

