

Arrhythmia

By Mr. Stanisław [Barua](#)

Rhythm has always conveyed steadiness, familiarity. Rhythm is our primordial sense of pattern, our recognition of repeatability. Rhythm expresses personal and cultural attachment to what gives security. Rhythm brings us the hidden wonder of both constancy and expectancy. Like the beating of one's heart.

To break rhythm – say, in dance, in an ensemble, an orchestra, a choir, a communal task, in tradition – denotes a deliberate or an unintended rapture, and invites attention, if not enquiry. If rhythm, pattern, tempo, metre is broken intentionally, we have usually assumed positive, creative, restorative motivation; if done “by accident”, we've assumed inattention, carelessness, distraction. Malevolence has not been, robotically, the default, charitable assumption, has it? Until the other day, the originators and custodians of rhythm were trusted with our hearts, freely.

What happens to rhythm when freedom is bargained away for security?

Seminarians in crisp white cassocks and ugly black masks enter the large round chapel through several of its entrances. The beautiful grounds, in a lovely suburb of Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa, are resplendent in the airy, sunny light. A fair number of laity, including me visiting from Canada, one of my daughters visiting from Poland, my sister and her teenage children, have come for Holy Mass, on the last Sunday of the liturgical year. The *Novus Ordo* has the solemnity of Christ the King today. Unlike my extended family, my wife and I have been assisting at Traditional Latin Mass exclusively for two years now. In the initial quiet, reverent minutes, I notice no kneelers.

The concelebrating priests – assumedly teachers, professors at this Catholic institution of higher learning and priestly formation – process in, and touch their faces to the altar, kissing the insides of the masks distorting their faces. The choir, made up of masked seminarians, sings joyfully to the accompaniment of drumming and assorted instruments. I know this rhythm well. As Kenyans will tell me, “*Uko nyumbani*”, and Poles “*Jesteś u siebie*” – I am home. I attended the Catholic Parochial School adjacent to downtown Nairobi's modernist Holy Family Minor Basilica a decade after Cardinal Giovanni Montini (future Pope Paul VI) visited it. I'm an alumnus of the once-notable Saint Mary's School, Nairobi.

The sermon is about two thieves in the night, who decide to divvy their heist of bananas at the local cemetery. “So many are the bananas that two get dropped at the entrance to the graveyard”. The senior criminal proceeds to call out “This one is mine; this one is yours”, as the fruits are divided into two piles. A local drunkard passes by and, discombobulated, runs to awaken the local priest to tell him that Our Lord and the devil are divvying up souls at the cemetery, and that Father must see it for himself. So, both are at the gate to the graveyard. The thief still counts “This one is mine; this one is yours”. When the drunkard and Father next hear “Don't forget the two at the entrance”, they flee in terror. “Who do you belong to? Are you Christ's? Is Christ *your* King? Or do you belong to the fellow I shall not mention?”, asks Father Professor, as he finishes his Viva Cristo Rey homily.

ARRHYTHMIA

There is plenty of incense, and more rhythmic drumming. But nobody kneels before the tabernacle, which is innocuously to the side of the sanctuary. Optional bowing is the new norm here. The eight or so priests enthroned behind the altar join the congregation in clapping and swaying to the Lingala and Swahili hymns that reflect the languages spoken by many of the seminarians. At the *Sanctus* and Elevation, my daughter and I kneel; everyone else around us stands. Similarly, after the sung *Agnus Dei*, as more rhythmic music dominates instantaneously.

None of the many priests offer to hear confessions, there are no confessionals, and there is no distribution of the Most Holy Sacrament.; none of the Fathers stand by Our Lord present body, blood, soul, and divinity on the altar. Instead, all the priests sit. Shallow ciboria are placed at the four corners on the altar, and rows of masked communicants (seminarians, other priests, nuns, laity) in queues, walk up to them, pick up the Eucharist in one hand as they momentarily pull down their muzzles with the other. It is greatly disconcerting to me. I observe the “mandatory” sacrilegious “safety protocols”, from a pained distance; Saint Don Bosco watches from a banner above. Truly, Fathers, does not anyone proclaim – and believe – “The Body of Christ”, “Amen”?

A procession with the Most Sacred Sacrament is announced at the close of Mass. We process through the grounds, as the vigorously drumming and joyfully singing choir of Congolese, Angolan, Kenyan and other gyrating seminarians – one seminarian keeling over completely as his backward lounges prove over-indulgent – precedes Father and the monstrance. I try to recall the last time I participated in an outdoor procession with the Blessed Sacrament after any *Novus Ordo* Mass in my nook of Canada and have trouble recalling such.

My Zambian friend – Mushota – had to have his heart checked out not too long ago. At a hospital in Markham, he joked that he is the only African he’s ever heard of that had been told he has no rhythm. Arrhythmia.

I imagine the rhythms of peoples millennia ago, converting to Catholicism from paganism. Saints Paul, Thomas, Remigius, Patrick, Adalbert-Wojciech all encountered – and broke! – inappropriate rhythms, false patterns, wrong accents. Rhythm can be a powerful mask, a potent detractor, a fast escape from “the burden of wretchedness”, to quote Saint Ambrose¹. I ponder past and present enculturation of anti-Christian approaches to silence, joy, awe, sorrow, celebration, sacrifice, communion as encountered by Catholic, Latin-speaking missionaries, saints, martyrs. The reorientation of pagan ties and rhythm does need stressing where idolatry and sorcery *are* an unspoken danger to liturgy and theology, especially as “synodality” is thrust on communities burning witches, yes, even in Kenya today.

Rhythm can foist and spread the gross concupiscence of distant lands anywhere; rhythm’s slick din can and does cover ill-measures thrust on the fading Kenya of Servant of God Maurice Michael Cardinal Otunga, onto the glib, Metaflixed Kenya of Lupita Amondi Nyong’o. The Irish Holy Ghost Fathers and Loreto Convent Sisters who took upon themselves the evangelization and catechization of Kenyan souls at leading Catholic schools across the land have produced a horde of brilliant experts who dominate local business and government; a throng that effortlessly fits into any global body – *except* the Church, where its limp contribution is oft rendered trifling.

Mushota alludes to a stereotype that manifests itself, perhaps unquestioned, at today's Mass and Eucharistic procession. Over the decades, many of my Kenyan schoolmates tore off their Christian, Biblical names; few even looked to sanctify ancestral names by doing so. In their "decolonizing" rejection, my friends shed a patron saint, a Catholic Feast Day. In that false liberation, they discarded an appreciation for a vast, beautiful, catholic, universal heritage, a cultural, intellectual, emotional and religious wealth that includes their – our, your – own. Roman, Latin, Western, Catholic liturgy so assaulted since the 1950s and 60s by non-Africans, especially Germans, Austrians and Latin Americans² has – ever more openly – enemies among others who have spent years imbibing Liberation Theology, socialism, anti-Christian Critical Race Theory much closer to home, hitherto disguised as "freedom fighters" – a veritably vile fifth column. The resultant deathly spiritual arrhythmia, the untold personal and communal trauma, gnaws at so many of Kenya's "educated", celebrated, uprooted, globalized, TED-talking, Safari Boot-licking, Suharto/Mandela/FFP2/KN95/N95-shirt&mask-wearing, Gigiri Complex-loving glitterati. The sovereignty of Christ is denied ever more fervidly, rhythmically, foolishly, not just personally, privately, parochially, publicly, but nationally, internationally - *diversly*. Don't they know that Christ Jesus is King of *all* nations and societies? The unmentioned "fellow" *does* know, Father.

Kenya has suffered multiple, brutal, unprovoked, shocking, deadly attacks by foreign and local Muslims (described as "Extremists") who have targeted and murdered non-Muslims – especially Christians. Since the first bomb blasts in Nairobi's downtown in 1975 maimed and killed over 40 Kenyans, some 5,648 were thus murdered, raped and/or injured by 21st November 2021. "Terrorism" has been the repetitive, pacifying, all-encompassing 'explanation'. The governmental and corporate response to this carnage has been to target Kenyans' civil liberties progressively and drastically. The introduction and enactment of laws and orders, culturally and juridically, follows precedent, pattern, even rhythm. Thus, covert and overt invigilation, compulsory body, metal, and car searches at mall entrances, new mandatory individual digital ID (*Huduma Namba*) for all civic services' access, involuntary video recording and obligatory nighttime flash photography of vehicles on Kenyan highways (courtesy Communist China's discreet military counter-intelligence agencies), precede physical muzzling, fetishized (laced?) "disinfection", spying, denouncing, temperature pistols to the head, online parish registration and passes for admittance to Holy Mass and Holy Communion. An overarching rhythm injected.

Lest we be despondent, the "Fear not!" that Pope Saint John Paul II repeated every time he returned to Nairobi's Uhuru Park is luminous in Saint Ambrose's "On the Death of Satyrus":

"We should have a daily familiarity with death, a daily desire for death. By this kind of detachment our soul must learn to free itself from desires of the body. It must soar above earthly lusts to a place where they cannot come near, to avoid the punishment of death. The law of our fallen nature is at war with the law of our reason and subjects the law of reason to the law of error. What is the remedy? *Who will set me free from this body of death? The grace of God, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.*"³

I reflect on this, on thieves, error, on the sacrifice of the Holy Mass taught via the baffling example of those who (de)form at seminaries such as this, no older than a couple fragile

generations; on theology and mentality that directs Catholics to allow ourselves to look and behave the way I witness here – even as we purport to have Christ as King, to be Christ's alone.

Where irrational fear – of contamination, of death – becomes an excuse to feign reverencing the altar, neglect kneeling at Mass, at the Transubstantiation, at the Elevation, to essentially desecrate Holy Communion, then phobias – of quiet meditation, of perennially Catholic music, of Catholic adoration, of uncovered faces – turn the *Ritus Romanus* into a repaganized spectacle. The law of error does beget ersatz rite wherever *we* prevail over the law of reason. Father Professor – with all due respect – No! Satan *does* need “mention”; after all, the word from the cemetery is, really, “Surrender your freedom and I shall define and grant you *my* security”.

With, mercifully, a very low uptake of so-called “vaccinations” for the Wuhan virus in Africa⁴, with Christmas fast approaching, Clinton-Obama-Biden Catholic *apparatchik* Antony Blinken is also in Kenya, to meet Catholic Kenyan President Uhuru Kenyatta – a Saint Mary's School alumnus – yet again. Immediately, Kenya's Health Secretary unrolls the latest fantastical⁵ Covid directives; the fright of “a dangerous new African variant” is meant to bludgeon Kenyans into stupor and absurd compliance – maybe contemplate Australian detention cells – “for everyone's health”. In numerous other jurisdictions, the obscene, counter-scientific, counter-cultural, counter-religious, ‘mandatory provision of health’ results in calls for Nuremberg⁶ 2.0 trials.

Dr. Nevers Mumba says his country *will* be a banana republic if strenuous verification and validation of “vaccines” is not done before imposing them on Zambians. The heroic and viciously maligned Kenyan Dr. Stephen Karanja⁷ and Dr. Wahome Ngare of the Kenya Catholic Doctors Association said as much about Kenya years ago, when local women were being sterilized under the guise of WHO-led inoculations and vaccinations. It took the unapologetically Catholic Polish lawyers of The Ordo Iuris Institute of Legal Culture, the brilliant Warsaw foundation that defends human dignity and rights, to halt a related onslaught on life and freedom at the brazenly misnamed 2019 International Conference on Population and Development (25th anniversary) Summit in Nairobi run by a cocktail of some of the planet's most anti-life sponsors, all hosted by President Uhuru Kenyatta and Crown Princess Mary of Denmark⁸.

HEK-293; PER.C6; mRNA; myocarditis; PCR; terrorism. 2019's “non-binding” *Nairobi Statement*, “after global consultations”, listed “promises” and “reaffirmed commitments” to a pattern, a rhythm, an Agenda now in full view.

Will we have Catholic shepherds who are authentically Christ's, who do not ape drunkards and other evildoers at (to!) graveyards?

Some arrhythmia has no symptoms. Other arrhythmia results in sudden, even televised death.

Rhythm can and does make us feel good, confer tranquillity, resonate with us – not because the cosmos, particular MHz frequencies or pagan naturalism auto-tranquilize, but because we are the only creatures on earth that understand that pattern, measure, cadence, ultimately connote order or disorder. Humans, astonishingly, *decide* “to fall into a groove” even when we choose disorder. Yes, there is repetition – such as in liturgy, in design that is intrinsically good. There also is recurrence, scheme that is foul – even when it is disguised, camouflaged. The rhythm in song

and dance are extrapolations of metre plain, but also frequencies hidden. Order and disorder manifest motivation, plan, agenda, choice – for better or for worse. We “fall into rhythm” once we order free will accordingly. Nature’s course, in its awesome – some wrongly say inadvertent, brutal, inanimate force – post-Genesis3 trajectory mirrors personal choice. Fallen nature would be irredeemable were it not for God, the Creator of all things visible and invisible (2 Corinthians 5:17-19; *Credo*). What seemed hidden, creation’s longing to be *set free*, is hidden no more. So, choose, believe, and trust. Accepting the truth of what is and trusting in the goodness of what is to come – in other words a right rhythm, true religion – distinguishes life. *Logos* is God’s very gait, as it were. Each person’s gait speaks of our cares, it betrays us – and reveals how heavy or light the yoke is on our shoulders (Matthew 11:28-30), *processing* in the rhythm of our prayer.

“We have a doctor to heal us; let us use the remedy he prescribes. The remedy is the grace of Christ, the dead body our own. Let us then be exiles from our body, so as not to be exiles from Christ. (...) What more need be said? (...) By the death of martyrs, religion has been defended, faith increased, the Church strengthened; the dead have conquered, the persecutors have been overcome.”⁹”

That’s Saint Ambrose, enemy of Arianism and of today’s Modernism. The prophet Nahum, “the consoler”, bolsters us also:

“The Lord is good, a stronghold on a day of trouble. He protects those who take refuge in Him, but with an overwhelming flood He will make a full end of His adversaries, and will pursue His enemies into the realm of darkness.” (Nah.1:7-8)

As Kenya attempts to joyfully observe its 58th Independence Day on December 12th A.D. 2021 – on *Gaudete* Sunday, no less! – note that *uhuru* is Swahili for freedom. And, yes, we know and remember well the words for tyranny, complicity, contempt, coercion, unworthiness also.

May Our Lord make light our yoke, grant us the strength to wield our liberty and embrace our crosses. God give us courage to overcome our error and fear. May I be ever thankful for the rhythmic rows of kneelers, for the beads of chaplets and the rosary, for a godly rhythm.

1 St. Ambrose “On the Death of Satyrus”, Book 2, no.47

2 Helder Camara, Bernardo Johannes Bahlmann, Erwin Kräutler, Paulo Suess, Leonardo Boff, Jon Sobrino, Carlos Alberto Libanio Christo, Gustavo Gutiérrez, Karl Rahner, Markus Bükler, Pirmin Spiegel, Cláudio Hummes, Fritz Lobinger, Walter Kasper, [et al.](#)

3 St. Ambrose, *op. cit.*, Book 2, 40, 41, italics in original

4 Below 2% in half of the 54 African countries (Burundi 0%, Democratic Rep. of the Congo 0.1%, Chad 0.4%, Cameroon 0.7%, Guinea-Bissau 1.0%, Sudan 1.3%, Burkina Faso 1.5%, United Rep. of Tanzania 1.6%, Mali 1.6%, Nigeria 1.7%, Madagascar 1.7%, Uganda 1.9%, Kenya 5%); highest in: Rwanda 22.6%, South Africa 23.8%, Lesotho 26.5%, Comoros 29.4%, Cabo Verde 44.1%, Tunisia 42.5%, Morocco 60.8%, Mauritius 71.8%, Seychelles 78.8%; sourced from “WHO Africa COVID-19 Dashboard” website

5 According to Government of Kenya statistics, well over 20.35 million “unvaccinated Kenyans” are to be denied government services by 21 December 2021, when the “disproportionate, unrealistic, unreasonable and unjustified orders” (as described in a [case](#) filed against Kenya’s Ministry of Health and Kenya’s Attorney General at the law courts in Kenya’s 2nd largest city, Mombasa) are unconstitutionally forced on Kenyan citizens.

6 The Nuremberg International Military Tribunal of November 1945 – October 1946 prosecuted and hanged 12 German National Socialist German Workers’ Party (Nazi) officials, including for the crimes of forced medical procedures on consenting individuals. See “Nuremberg 2.0” [here](#) and [here](#).

7 Dr. Stephen Karanja died at Mater Misericordiae Hospital of an undisclosed illness 21 April, 2021. Local and international media gleefully and cruelly asserted that he “had died from corona”. See interviews [here](#), this [academic source](#), and reports from [African Globe](#), [Washington Post](#), and [CNS News](#).

8 See this Polish PCh24.pl [interview](#), and the analysis from Ordo Iuris ([here](#) and [here](#)) as well as [LifeSite](#).

9 St. Ambrose, *op. cit.*, Book 2, 41, 45