



Christian Anti-Communism Crusade

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Dear Friend,

Now that the punishing pain of shingles has given way to a mere soreness accompanied by a fiendish itch, I thank each of you who thought of me, prayed for me, and sent your wishes and prescriptions for the restoration of my well-being. I am looking forward to the activity of fully restored health.

Dr. Fritz Kraemer, who served as the Pentagon expert on communism for many years, and who is a fine Christian and warm personal friend, honored me and electrified the audience with his rare eloquence and remarkable knowledge as he spoke in Washington, D.C. on June 2 and accepted the award of the Council Against Communist Aggression in my place.

I had given some thought to what I intended to say, and I had hoped to present evidence on the absurdity of Marxism from the personal lives of two of the awardees, Victor Herman and myself. In many ways our lives have been very different. Victor has written the book, "Coming Out of the Ice," which is an epic story of the monumental, insane cruelty of communism and the remarkable reserves of courage and endurance that abide within the human body and spirit. He literally endured unbearable agony for a very long time and his survival is a miracle.

By contrast, my personal suffering from the communist enemy has been minimal. My life has been enriched by the loyalty and friendship of so many who have stood with me in this battle.

Both of our lives proclaim one clear message, "An enduring loving family is God's great gift." The strength of family love shines through Victor's story. His father was a worker and a fervent communist, but he loved his family and Victor loved him deeply.

My father left Austria when he was a boy and migrated to Australia via England. He was raised in a Jewish family but became a Christian when he was fifteen years old. In Australia he met and married my mother, an English girl, Phoebe Smith, and together they raised a family of 11 children. We were desperately poor. During the first World War (1914-1918), my father's German name and foreign accent made him an object of suspicion and derision. He managed to provide the minimal requirements of life by work as a fishmonger and later as a stevedore. Thus, my class of social origin was, like Victor's, pure proletarian. Both my father and mother loved every member of their family with every breath of their being. They lived in and for them.

And we read the incredible and contemptible nonsense written by Karl Marx in "The Communist Manifesto":

"On what foundation is the present family, the bourgeois family based? On capital, on private gain. In its completely developed form this family exists only among the bourgeoisie. But this state of things finds its complement in the practical absence of the family among the proletarians... All family ties among the proletarians are torn asunder and their children transformed into simple articles of convenience and instruments of labor."

The life experiences of Victor Herman and myself cry in protest, "Marx, you lie."

My recent experience with the shingles has reminded me again of how dependent I am upon you, my friends and supporters. Truly, as St. Paul reminds us, "We are members of each other." Without the strength that comes from our association, I am weak indeed.

Progress towards the \$60,000 we need is steady but slow. This sum was spent in a successful fight to stop the communists from taking control of 55 million people in an Asian country. Please continue to send your gifts. Communism must be exposed and opposed, and it can be defeated.

With Christian love,

Fred Schwarz