

An Open Letter to Novus Ordo Priests

Published by [Radical Fidelity](#), October 10, 2025

Dear Sons of the Second Vatican Council and its consequent false religion,

As difficult as it is to discern the charity in my tone, do know that this letter is soaked in Christian charity.

Charity for Christ. Charity for His Church. Charity for the Apostles and their true successors. Charity for the faithful who cling to truth, for the youth you have led astray, for the lost world you no longer call to repentance, for my own soul—and even, painfully, for you.

What follows are not minor quarrels or petty debates. We are in the theater of a cosmic war, where heaven confronts hell and the very gates of eternity tremble. And you—whether by ignorance or malice—march under the banner of Christ’s enemies. Therefore do not expect soft words. Do not expect the hollow comforts of the false “love” of your religion that you so love to peddle.

Forgive me if my voice is untempered, but this is not a contest of congeniality; it is a clash of eternal consequence. Souls hang in the balance. Eternity itself is at stake. There is no room here for polite smiles or empty reassurances. We are way beyond that.

Thanks for reading! Subscribe for free to receive new posts and support my work.

I write with grief. I write with fury. I write with a righteous anger born of witnessing the destruction you have wrought, or at the least ignorantly perpetuated. And I am not alone. Across the world, countless faithful Catholics burn with the same pain, the same outrage. We see what you have done. We hear the cries of those lost in your wake.

We are sad. We are tired. We are furious. Furious over, and with, and because of countless betrayals in the post-conciliar religion that parades as Catholicism—but most of all, we are furious with you.

We are sad because we dared to hope. We dared to look up to you. We expected shepherds. We expected generals. We expected leaders who would guide us through the storm, who would guard the flock, who would teach, protect, and exemplify the heroic integrity of our Faith. We expected courage. We expected spines. We expected warriors for Christ, not timid men bowing to the fads of this world.

And yet... what do we find? In most cases, nothing. Not guidance. Not courage. Not moral clarity. Not leadership of any kind. Instead, we find compromise, silence, and a timid conformity to the very forces of sin and immorality that assault the Church.

I must pause here to be precise. Not all of you bear equal guilt. Some are sincerely “good,” even devout. Some are “conservative” in name or instinct. Some bear the title of priest, reverend, or bishop with honor in other ways. And yet—listen carefully—these distinctions do not excuse you any longer. No. In the context of what has been unleashed upon the Church, even those who mean well are complicit. In fact, in some ways, their gentler pretensions make the betrayal more grievous.

It is black and white. It is wrong or right. It is heaven or hell. It is Christ or the serpent. It is the Catholicism of our Fathers or the false religion of the modernists. You need to choose. There is no third option. It is the one or the other. Stop your relativistic cowardice!

Your crimes? Oh, they are vast. You participate in an anti-Catholic religion disguised as Catholicism. You teach it to the children of God in Christ's Church, corrupting the very souls entrusted to your care. You refuse to call out the architects of this wickedness—the men who have imposed, and keep on imposing, this abomination upon the Church. You say the Mass as if you do not believe in the Real Presence of Christ. Do you still believe in it? You do not preach sin and its terrible consequence. You justify immorality and are silent about the moral law for which we hunger, and play fast and loose with Divine Law. And in your silence, in your unwillingness to confront evil, you become accomplices in the eternal ruin of countless souls. Souls condemned to hell—a reality that, tragically, too many of you no longer even acknowledge, or worse, deny.

We are tired. Exhausted. Spiritually battered by the relentless abuses of those who should be our shepherds, our guides, our defenders of the Faith. We are tired of priests who refuse the faithful their most basic rights as Catholics—priests who deny Communion on the tongue, who forbid kneeling, who strip the liturgy of its reverence and its sacred power, leaving the laity bewildered and wounded. We are tired of the slow, insidious erosion of tradition, of the deliberate dismantling of what has sustained the Church for two thousand years, one small compromise at a time. Tired of your denial of dogma, whether explicitly or implicitly.

We are tired of the homilies—oh, the homilies! Week after week, we sit in the pews, hoping for instruction in truth, for the nourishment of souls, for guidance in the ways of Christ. And what do we hear instead? Woke banalities masquerading as spiritual counsel. Eco-pagan propaganda. Pseudo-psychological chatter. Leftist Marxist ideology dressed in Catholic language. You preach this to the already battered, confused laity as if these worldly fads were divine revelation and could save us. You heap confusion on confusion, leaving the faithful to stumble blindly, asking: Is this truly the Church? Or a parody of it?

We are tired of your silence. Silence in the face of atrocities within the Church. Silence when scandal spreads like a pestilence, infecting the innocent and emboldening the guilty. Silence when sin parades openly, uncorrected, unrepented, unchallenged. Where is your courage? Where is your spine? Where is your fidelity to Christ? To speak truth in the face of evil is the duty of every priest, every bishop, every pastor. Yet you cower behind euphemisms and bureaucratic niceties, as if your timidity were a virtue.

We are tired of your allergy to penance, to mortification, to the Gospel's call to holy poverty. You have turned the sacred into the comfortable, the rigorous into the easy, the holy into the banal. You speak of God as if He were a friend to appease, a cosmic therapist to make us feel good, rather than the Lord of heaven and earth, the King of glory, the Judge of all souls. You preach comfort when these dark times call for endurance. You preach compromise when we long for unadulterated demanding truth. You offer soft indulgences while souls starve.

We are tired of a religion stripped of its power, its authority, its terror, and its grace. We are tired of clerics who have forgotten that their office is not a platform for social commentary, for personal ambition, for fleeting applause from the world. We are tired of priests who have become functionaries, managers, entertainers, and counselors—but not shepherds. You have traded the Cross for

convenience, the Altar for applause, the eternal for the temporal. And in this desert you have created, the faithful wander, lost, wounded, and bewildered, desperately seeking the true presence of Christ that your reforms have obscured.

Yes, we are tired—but we are also indignant. We are furious. We will not accept the corruption of the sacred. We will not endure the erosion of the holy. We will not remain silent as the Church—the Church of Saints and Martyrs, of Apostles and Prophets, of Christ Himself—suffers at the hands of men who have forgotten who they are called to be.

We are tired—but our weariness is the fire of vigilance, the coals of resistance. And let it be known: this fire will not be extinguished, this voice will not be silenced, until Christ is restored to His rightful throne in His Church, until His commandments are honored, until His sheep are shepherded, and until truth and holiness reign once more in the house of God. Until such a time we will be a relentless thorn in your side.

You were supposed to guard us. You were supposed to stand firm at the gates of Christ's Church, unwavering, vigilant, courageous. And instead? You have failed. You have turned your backs on the sheep, traded the staff of the shepherd for the comfort of conformity, the applause of the world, the shallow adulation of the moment. You are ignorant of the very Faith Christ entrusted to the Apostles, spiritually slothful, blind to the dangers you were sworn to repel, and in some cases, actively hostile to the Faith you pledged to defend.

Your betrayal is not abstract. It is tangible. It is lived, felt, experienced by the faithful who sit in your churches week after week, seeking nourishment, guidance, and protection—and finding emptiness, confusion, and compromise masquerading as mercy. You have allowed the sacred to be profaned, the holy to be trivialized, the eternal to be buried beneath the transient fads and whims of the world. You have become strangers to the very Gospel you vowed to serve.

And if there remains even a spark of faith, even a faint hope that you are sons of Mary, the Mother of God, you must know this: she weeps. She weeps over your failure, over your indifference, over your treachery. She weeps because the hands to whom were entrusted to shepherd her Son's Church have been found wanting. And Christ Himself—the King, the Judge, the eternal Shepherd—will not look kindly upon your treatment of His Mother. He will not look kindly upon the priests who trample her heart with their apostasy and heresy, who silence the truth, who abandon His flock. Or do you think this is mere superstition? That we are but lowly spiritual peasants who should be enlightened with your new damnable synodal religion which has Man as its God?

Forgive me my harsh tone—if indeed you still sees it as harshness rather than truth. I do not speak to wound, but to awaken. My words are meant to pierce the fat that has grown around your hearts, to cut through the spiritual calluses that now muffle the voice of conscience. Do you not see? Do you not understand the hour in which we live? The hierarchy has, almost wholesale, deserted the faithful. The Church, as Christ left it to us, is being dismantled before our eyes. The Faith of millions has been corrupted, diluted, and destroyed. Souls—precious, immortal souls—are staggering toward hell, and yet so many of you stand silent, passive, paralyzed by fear or comfort or obedience to men who have betrayed their office.

But you—you who still bear the mark of Holy Orders—you are not helpless. You are not mere spectators. You are the ones who can turn this ship around. You are the ones who can stem the tide. We need you to return to the Catholic Faith—not the shadow, not the post-conciliar counterfeit, but the true Faith of the Fathers, the Faith of the Apostles, the Faith that built Christendom and crowned martyrs and saints. We need you to reject the hollow novelties and the poisonous “renewals” that have emptied our churches and souls alike.

We need you to teach the old Catechisms again, to hand down the undiluted truths of the Faith without compromise, without mutilation. We need you to lead Rosaries with your people—not delegate them to the faithful old women who have kept the flame alive while you hesitated—but to take your rightful place as spiritual fathers and generals of prayer. We need you to be examples of mortification and penance, not managers of programs. We need you to fast, to sacrifice, to show us how to live as Catholics again—not in words but in deeds.

Most of all, we need you to rediscover the Holy Mass—not the fabricated liturgy of committees, but the Ancient Mass, the Mass of our ancestors, the Mass of the Saints and Martyrs. Learn it. Love it. Offer it. Turn your back to the people and face God as our fathers did. Lead us once again in the worship that formed civilizations, inspired missionaries, and sanctified the humble and the great alike.

The time for obeying heretical bishops who have apostatized is over. If you lack the courage to act openly, then act in secret. Offer the Traditional Mass in garages and basements if you must. Teach the Catechism of all ages behind closed doors if that is what it takes. Become, at last, the saints and martyrs you were ordained to be. Remember your priestly vows. Remember why you put on the collar. Remember the God before whom you will stand in judgment, the God whose sheep you swore to feed.

And the God who judges all will demand accountability for every soul lost, for every scandal unrebuked, for every moment of weakness in the face of the holy duty entrusted to you.

Dear Priests, sadly you currently find yourselves on the wrong side of salvation history, but it is not too late.

Come out from the spiritual whoredom over which you now preside and lead us once again in being Catholic.

In being really Catholic.

We implore you. We need you to return to your first Love.

Before it is too late.

Yours sincerely,

Devotissime in Iesu et Maria,

The Faithful.