



Orthodox Christians in the kingdom of the Antichrist

Categories : [End Of Times](#), [Holy Fathers](#)

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By [GREGORY BISTRITA-SUNDAY, JULY 14, 2019](#)

(<https://www.facebook.com/notes/gregory-bistrita/orthodox-christians-in-the-kingdom-of-the-antichrist/469251980318745/>)

(Recent historical examples of how ALL Orthodox Christians MUST live at the end of days)

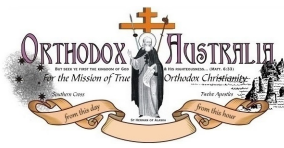


Sergius Denisov's (pictured on the left) son Gregory (pictured on the right) describes their life in the kingdom of the Red Antichrist:

"There was already no church to go to because the priests were renovationists (Sergianists). We began to gather in our homes and pray. We didn't go to the elections - that was a sin, and they didn't let us go to school because they taught atheism instead of the Law of God. We didn't go into the army because there was no point defending the atheists. We went to prison. We were arrested.

Many preachers who had been blessed by Vladyka (Saint) Varus were shot. And so we were without constant links with Orthodox bishops and priests until 1954, when we met (the catacomb priest) Fr. Michael Rozhdestvensky (who reposed in 1988) in the camp.





St. Varus, Bishop of Lipetsk

In 1936 our relative and neighbour came to us and said: 'Sergius Stepanovich (Denisov), get away, they've come from Ryazan to arrest you.'

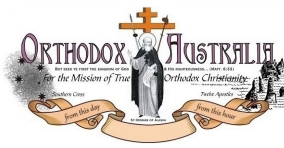
My father went to another village. They came in the evening. They arrested one brother from the fields, while he was pasturing the cattle, and the second in the evening, after work. They condemned them for struggling against Soviet power and said to them: 'Patriarch Tikhon was an antisoviet, and John of Kronstadt was also against communism, and you are with them.'

They were condemned to be shot.... But my father was in hiding from the authorities from 1936 until his arrest in 1944. There was a hole under the stove and he hid in it if any stranger arrived.

In 1942 they came again to make a search. They knocked, we were all sleeping. Father hid under the stove. They began the search. The children of the executed brothers were living in our house with their mothers. The NKVD man came up to my little brother as he was sleeping, shook him and said: 'Get up, behold, the Bridegroom cometh at midnight, Christ has arrived.'

Then he began to throw down the icons. He kept on throwing them down, and broke the lampadas. The brothers' wives, Tatiana and Euphrosyne, were arrested and later shot, while their little children remained, crying. In the morning they came to take the icons, but we managed to hide a good icon of St. Nicholas on the roof so that they didn't find it. And so we prayed with this single icon. We would take it out, pray and again hide it.

That same night they took my father's sister, she had two girls. They got up, and their mother was gone. When the NKVD agents left us, father said: 'We must go to my sister.' The girls were there, locked up in the house, crying. We took them, too, to our house, which became like a children's home.



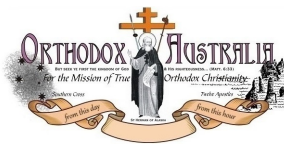
The young people in the village were stirred up against us, they came and broke our windows. We were even forced to fill up the windows with bricks. It was the same in other villages. If you had to find a believer, then you looked for windows blocked up with bricks - that meant they were believers.

Once the young people came to our house and began to throw everything out and break it, but then they calmed down and left. They dug trenches round our house. They said: 'This is collective Soviet land, and you don't have the right to go here.'

Well, we laid down planks and walked on the planks. Then they began to stop giving us anything in the shop. Then, one Saturday night just before the war, my brother shouted. Papa asked: 'What's the matter?'

He said: 'Just now it was as if I was standing in a church, and Nicholas the Man of God threw a sword among the people and the sword fell and began to thunder.'





St. Nicholas

Father wondered: what could this mean? Probably, there would be war. And he was right...

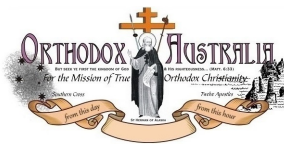
Well, the war came, and we had some alleviation. They gave us ration cards for flour. When the Germans began to smash the communists, their wives began to ask for crosses. More people came to the faith during the war. They sent us a letter from Metropolitan Sergius (Stragorodsky), he wrote that we had to defend our homeland. Well, this was dictated to him.

Then they came at Christmas and began to make a search. They found the 'burial place' under the stove where father had been hiding. He was not there that time, he was in another place. They said to my brother Peter: 'Get ready.'

They wanted to torture him to find out where his father was hiding. They took him and went into a village where some bootleggers were having a drink. They gave my brother to an old man to guard, but he fell asleep, and my brother immediately crossed the River Don to another village where our believers were. Then the colonel gave his men a rocket.

Well, then came my turn. They took me. If some sorrow is about to happen, my heart always beats, and I cry. And now some kind of melancholy took hold of me, and sure enough, we woke up in the morning, read the prayers and were beginning to read an akathist when there was suddenly a knock at the door. We opened up, and three people came in: the president of the village soviet and two commissioners.

'Well,' they said, 'How are you? Who's offending you?' And they themselves began to make a note of the icons. Then they called me to arrest me, but my brothers pushed me, saying: 'Run'. So I rushed off down the hill, and they fired at me. I ran about five kilometres, sailed across the river in a boat, and ran to the house of my female relative. But they took my brothers off to a children's home. I went to live with my father, who was hiding with some people.



In 1944, at the end of the war, they exiled all the believers from Lipetsk and Ryazan regions, and gathered them at Lebedyanka station. They took the people out of their houses at five in the morning, they gathered up to 5000. They were praying and reading akathists on the station. As for us, it was just before my father was rounded up. We were hiding in the 'burial place'. We sat and watched as the next day was dawning.

Suddenly a friend of mine from the village of Beredikhino, Sergius Malkhov, who later became a Catacomb priest and has recently died, climbed down into our 'burial place', which he knew about, and said: 'Come out, they've already taken them all away.'

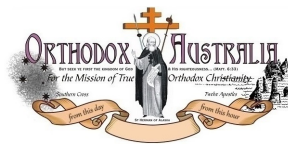
We climbed out. Then we went to live in another place, with the Pryadikhins in Orel region. At first we lived in a garret, but in the winter we moved to a pigsty. There was one piglet there and seven people. The president of the collective farm found us there and arrested us. The people gathered and bawled at us as if we were wild animals. We were taken away to prison in Orel. There were ten people in the cell, including priests. They began to interrogate me, then they released me because I was an adolescent.

But the others were put on trial. The investigator said: 'Well, say goodbye to your father.' Papa began to weep, and said: 'Pray to God, son.'

They gave all of them ten years, according to article 58-10. They were sent off to cut timber. I went to a relative, there they had also begun to pray in secret. A nun and an elderly priest came, and they prayed with us.

In 1947 I was arrested. The investigator said: "Look, you're a pilgrim, a sectarian, you don't go to church, we're going to condemn you.'

When they condemned me for the first and second time, they showed me a journal of the Moscow Patriarchate. Look, they said, Metropolitan Sergius recognizes Soviet power. They condemned me



and fifteen other people from our community.

We were accused of religious agitation and of being against Soviet power. The defence counsel asked grandfather Basil: 'Look, you, Basil Mikhailovich (Denisov), have named John of Kronstadt, and you spoke about some kind of beasts which came out of the sea?'



Grandfather Basil Mikhailovich (Denisov)



He said: 'I will not bow down to beasts like Karl Marx, Lenin and Stalin.'

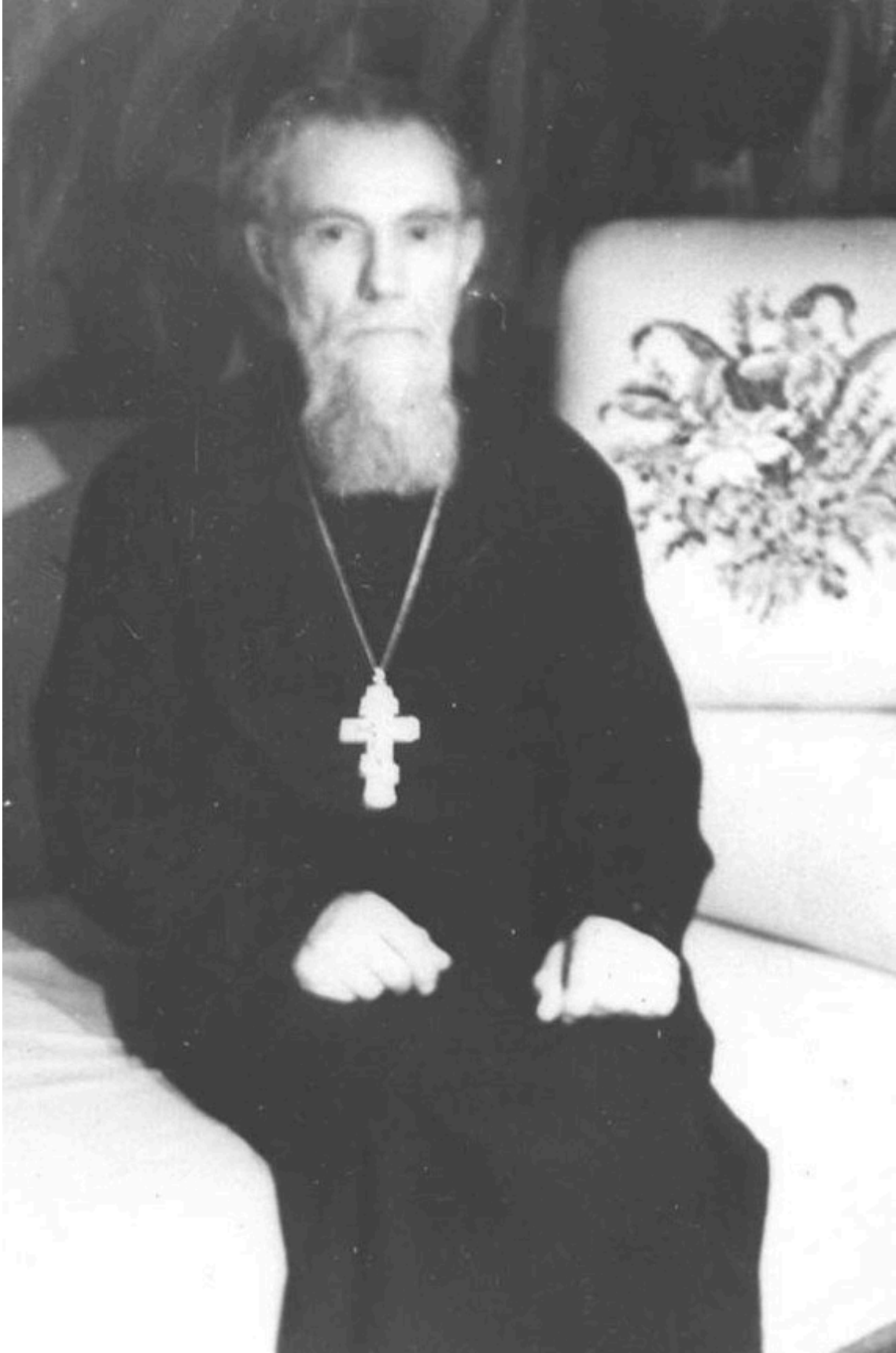
After a consultation the procurator said that Basil Mikhailovich should be shot, but they gave him 25 years, and me - 8 years. They also gave many years to the others, but one of them said: 'I'm not with them.'

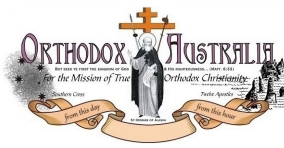
They asked him: 'Are you for Christ?'

But he said: 'No. I ask for forgiveness.'

Well, they still gave him 8 years, for God is not mocked.

We were sent off in convoy. But my father had already been taken to Abex. When Papa was being taken in the convoy he prayed and crossed himself. And Priest Michael Rozhdestvensky, on seeing him, said: 'I am a priest.'





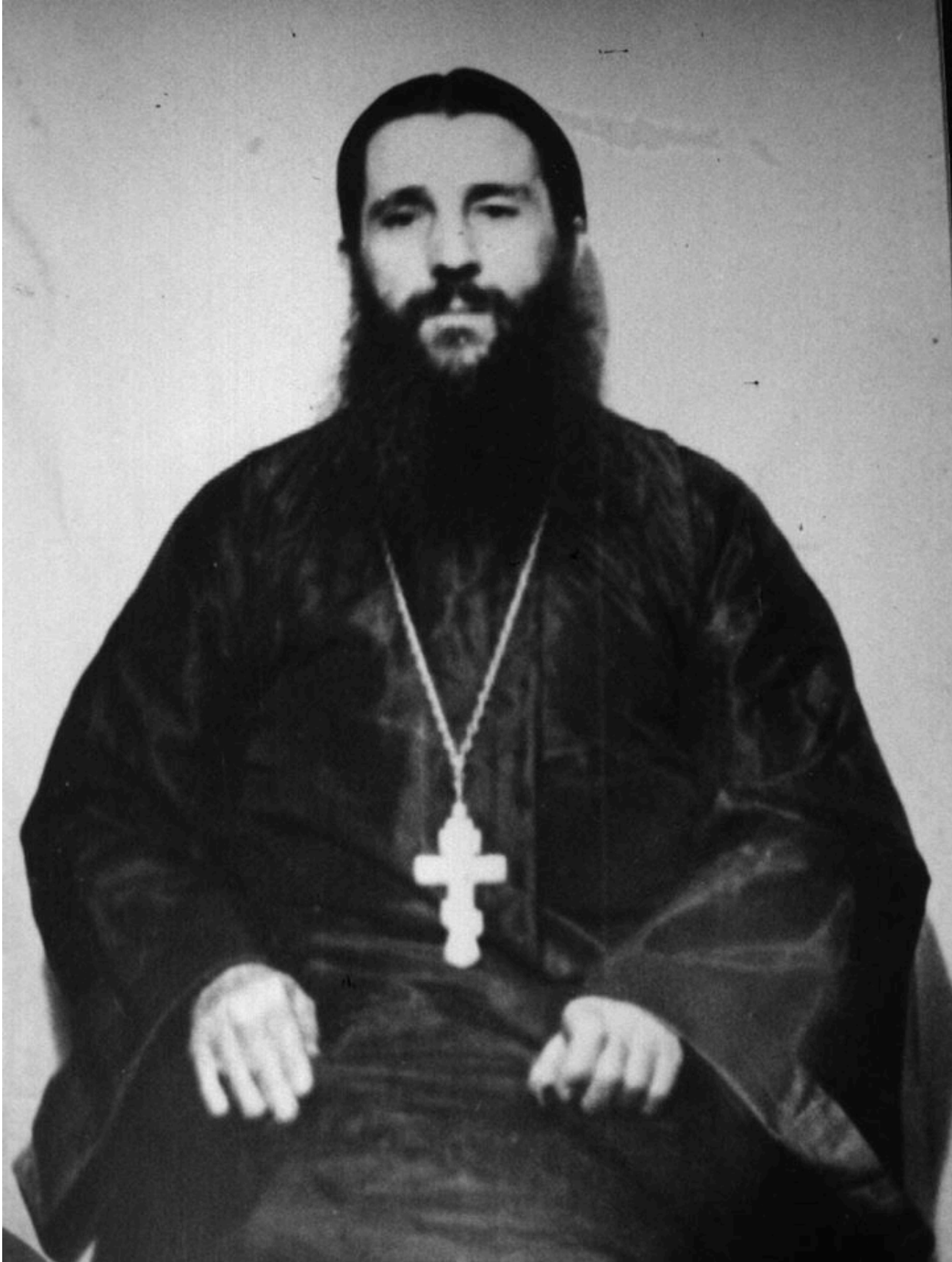
Fr. Michael Rozhdestvensky

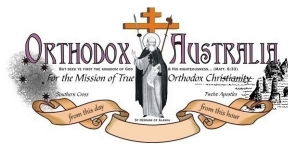
The Lord counted him worthy to be with him in the camp, and then we were looked after by him in freedom. Fr. Michael also said:

'It is wrong to go to the Soviet church because they have signed the declaration.' Fr. John from St. Petersburg was also in prison with us, then a True Orthodox priest from Ufa. He was Hieromonk Mark, he is already dead. Later, in freedom, we also had Hieromonk Elias (Kuznetsov), we went to him. In the city of Bogulma. Then the Tatars beat him up badly, and Fr. Michael went to give him Holy Unction. When I was in camp in Vorkuta, Hieromonk Eugene (Ushakov) was there. He was given five days in the punishment cell for confessing the Trinity there in the camp, and I was given five days in the punishment cell for not going to work on feast days... Nicholas Agathonych had his beard forcibly shorn off by soldiers; in accordance with Orthodox custom, he had refused to shave it.

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Hieromonk Elias Kuznetsov

When Stalin died, the mine boss began to weep, but the prisoners shouted: 'Hurrah! Hurrah!'

My father was released in 1954, and I - after that. I found my father in Unta (Komi), he was in exile there. We went to live with relatives. Very quietly, links between the surviving Catacomb batyushkas began to be established. We were looked after by Fr. Ignatius in Voronezh; some of his nuns live there now. Fr. Nicetas was in Tambov. There was another Fr. Nicetas in Kharkov. We sent our confessions to Fr. Michael. A nun went to him, and he sent back the Gifts. Fr. Nicetas of Kharkov sent the Gifts into the camp. He said: 'Commune on such-and-such a feast, and I will read the prayers of absolution here.'



Fr. Ignatius Sklyarov of Voronezh



Fr. Nicetas Lekhan of Kharkov

Fr. Michael Rozhdestvensky said to us: 'While I am alive, stay with me, but then, if the Lord prolongs the time, He will send you an Orthodox priest.'

Fr. Michael said about our life before we met him: 'Your podvig was very good, like a monk's. There was love. Only you didn't have enough priests.' He also said: 'There, in the Soviet church, you will perish, but here you will be saved, because he who goes to the Soviet church from ignorance may perhaps receive grace, but he who knowingly receives communion will receive it to his condemnation. But not all those there will perish, and not all those here will be saved. At the judgement our works and our love will be examined.'

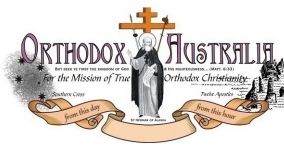
In the 60s a commissioner came and offered me to become a deacon in the Soviet church. But, of

course I did not go."

Regarding Gregory's father, Sergius Denisov, it is written that he "lived to be 90, without once being united with the authorities or crossing the threshold of the sergianist church. He lived a special, different life, even refusing to have a Soviet passport."



Sergius Stepanovich Denisov was a follower of the holy Catacomb bishop St. Varus of Lipetsk - who was martyred for his Orthodox confession in 1938. He attended services at the monastery



where Vladyka Varus served before his arrest and execution.

Sergius was in hiding from the authorities from 1936 until his arrest in 1944. Sometime after 1944, and while he was in a Soviet death camp, the following miraculous event occurred:

"The incident took place in the prison. He (Sergius) was sitting in a cell. The day before he had received a parcel from believers. The parcels were distributed by an escort who had the fear of God and therefore sympathised with those in prison for their faith and helped them.

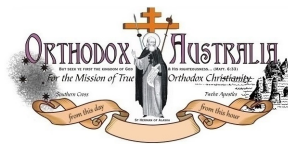
He quietly whispered to (Sergius) Denisov that a parcel had arrived. For if he had declared it at the morning roll-call, the young children or the slightly older criminals would have caught the lucky man [to steal the parcel]. In short, there was little chance that even half of the parcel would arrive at its destination.

Seryozha (Sergius) climbed up to his place and began to look carefully through the contents. Finally he found it: in the middle of a little bag with some buckwheat he carefully pulled out a silk sachet. [It was] the Reserved Gifts! In the last letter he had been told that they would be in the parcel. His confession was on its way to batyushka, also by letter.

Having received the Gifts, Sergius Stepanovich stood in the corner with his face to the wall, prayed for a while and consumed them! Suddenly an orderly who used to clean the barracks came up to him and asked:

'Sergius Stepanovich, is this a dream or did I see it with my own eyes? When you were praying, some kind of fire suddenly rained down on you, just like tongues. I was really astonished - some kind of fire...'

Sergius Stepanovich then guessed that it was the Gifts that he had received. I was told this incident



by Sergius Stepanovich himself."

-This is the testimony of Alevtina Vladimirovna Belgorodskaya.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8JJC53C39Fc>