

## The Feast of Blessed Philippine

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The Rosary, 1976

*A tree hath hope: if it be cut, it growth green again*

*and the boughs thereof sprout If its roots be old in the earth and its stock be  
dead in the dust,  
At the scent of water it shall spring forth leaves'  
as when it was first planted.*

Heart of oak, we say of Philippine, and we forget the tender sapling from which it sprang ---the vivacity and charm of her French youth laid gladly at the feet of Christ for whose love she climbed Ste. Marie. She had run and laughed on these slopes. Her life would be rooted and uprooted here ---cut by her father's anger, tom away by the Revolution, only to grow in secret and sprout again when the storm had passed.

*At the scent of water it shall spring forth.* Long slow tears of waiting ---waiting so difficult for her high-spirited soul--- gave way to brimming tears of joy. His Heart was faithful. She drew waters of joy from her Savior's fountain flinging herself twice at the feet of Madeleine Sophie to give herself first to this little society and then to us. This second seedling she carried to the very earth on which we stand.

*A tree hath hope.* Against all but her gallant hope, she came and knelt to kiss our delta dust.  
*And the oak began to bring forth leaves as when it was first planted.*

*If its roots be old in the earth* ---in frontier soil and frontier toil, in visible failure of success and unseen success of failure, in change that challenged courage and cut at the tree ---*At the scent of water* flowing from the Pierced Heart of Christ in prayer and Eucharist, the tree could always grow again.

Philippine, remind us of the green and growing moments. Take us with you beyond the pain and winter cold to see you always young in heart. Let us stand with you against the night, sure as you are ---as you were --- that the kingdom is near, that souls are being won for Christ, that NOW is the acceptable time. Show us your gallant spirit that kept its youth to the very end, that ran lightly as a girl to the God of your joy with a smile filling the words you leave us as our heritage ---*I give You my heart, my soul and my life --oh, yes, my life -- gladly.*

Make us, Heart of Jesus, daughters of such a mother --supple in spirit, growing in hope, thirsting until you touch the heart of young America. At the scent of the water may the oak spring forth with leaves as when it was first planted, until tender saplings thrust fresh roots deep into the new Society and there is a real greening of America --as when Your Heart was planted here in the strong young heart of Philippine.