

MY NAME IS
PHILOMENA

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To anyone who is now,
or ever was,
or ever will be,
a novice of Saint Michael's Abbey.



And to my mom and dad.



My name is Philomena,
A daughter of the light.
A princess very long ago,
Though raised in wealth and earthly show,
God was my one delight.

My father was a Grecian Prince,

My mother noble too.

Surrounded by the goods of earth,

They were deprived of peace and mirth

In the pagan faith they knew.

To make things worse, they could not bear

A child, though they tried.

With sacrifice they begged their gods,

Who with them seemed to be at odds.

Their prayers were all denied.







One day my father's doctor saw
Their fruitless sacrifice.
And so he shared the remedy
Which heals a heart and sets it free:
The true God, Jesus Christ.

They listened to the doctor's words,
For he their hearts did soothe.
And so, in Christ, they ceased their search,
And, baptized in the Catholic Church,
They found both joy and truth.



Then shortly after, I was born,

Much to their great surprise.

And since I made their lives so bright,

They named me Lumena, “the Light,”

Which dried their tear-soaked eyes.

And baptizing their babe they chose

To give me a new name:

“Now Philomena it will be,

A daughter of the light is she,”

They said with hearts aflame.

