

[1] EXCERPTS OF THE BOOK ON « SAINT PHILOMENA »

I present to you many excerpts of the book of Fr. Paul O'Sullivan, O.P. (E.D.M.), Saint Philomena the Wonder-Worker. You can obtain this book -ENG651- from Les Éditions du Priant, 109 rue Principale S., Montcerf-Lytton, Qc J0W 1N0 tel.: (819) 441-0990 or 1-888-246-7729 at the price 10.50\$ at: <http://www.priant.net/commande.php>

FOREWORD The writer of the following short sketch was himself at one time very little in sympathy with the « dear Little Saint », as the holy Curé of Ars loved to style St. Philomena. But after the erection of her statue in his church, it was the signal for a shower of graces bestowed not only on him, but on the members of his flock, who speedily became convinced by personal experience that St. Philomena was, in truth, a most amazing wonder-worker and a most generous protector of all who have recourse to her. Frequently as many as fifteen lamps were seen burning before her statue. When the same church was threatened with seemingly inevitable ruin, the Saint intervened and saved it from certain destruction in a truly wonderful way.

The kind friend who has undertaken to defray the cost of the publication is a soldier who under the protection of the Saint obtained "a happy marriage and a charming home". Throwing himself into the work of the war with the strenuousness of an ardent patriot, he covered himself with glory and rapidly rose to the rank of Staff Major. As a member of the artillery corps, he braved the greatest dangers. Finally, on leaving the army, he speedily obtained a lucrative position very much superior to that which he had so generously abandoned.

Chapter 1 – THE CATACOMBS The Catacombs are enormous in extent, and it is calculated that, if instead of being grouped around Rome they were stretched out in one direction, they should reach to a length of several hundred miles. Grave authorities tell us that six millions Christians were buried in the Catacombs. The number is not excessive if we calculate that these cemeteries were in use upwards of 300 years and that in these 300 years 10 bloody persecutions were waged against the helpless Christians. There is 60 Catacombs in the vicinity of Rome. The Catacombs, on the other hand, are sunk deep in the earth – 30, 40, or even 50 feet below the surface – and are reached by a steep stairway. The Catacombs, therefore, as we know them, were bored in the soft stone (tufa granolare) by the early Christians as places of burial for their dead, and for the living as places of refuge in time of persecution. The Catacombs were naturally abandoned when Constantin gave lasting peace to the Catholic Church.

Chapter 2 – The finding of the body of St. Philomena It was on May 24, 1802 that the vault was walled up with three terra cotta slabs on which were depicted in red the symbols of martyrdom. They bore the following inscription: PAX TE CUM FI LUMENA « Peace be with you, Philomena ». On the slabs, there was an anchor, two arrows, one pointing upwards and the other downwards, a lance, a palm and a lily, emblem of purity. Upon the opening of the tomb, the relics of a Virgin Martyr were found, with a glass vase containing a portion of her blood in a dried form. The bones, the ashes and the blood of the Saint were carefully placed in a wooden case, which was closed and sealed in three places. The skull was found to have been fractured. The bones were apparently those of a girl, and the doctors surmised that she was twelve or thirteen years of age. The relics have rested in the obscurity of the Catacomb of St. Priscilla for upwards 1700 years.

To Rome, three years later, in 1805, Dom Francisco di Lucia and his Bishop of Potenza were obtaining these precious remains to bring them to Mugnano. The rest of the journey to Naples was happily made. Our travelers lodged in the house of a good friend, where the relics were encased in a statue of the saint specially made for the purpose, and this in turn was placed in a casket of precious wood. The lady of the house, who was suffering from an incurable disease of long standing, proceeded with the help of others to robe the statue in precious garments. While they were thus engaged, the face of the statue was seen to undergo repeated changes of expression, and the relics exhaled a most delightful perfume. Before leaving the family which had given her so warm a reception, St. Philomena restored to perfect health the good lady of the house, to the great joy of her friends, who had entertained the gravest fears for her life.

From Naples to Mugnano, passing Cimitile the whole neighborhood was at this time suffering from drought, and the cry arose from the multitude that came flocking from all parts to welcome the Saint: "If she really wishes to show her power, let her get us the rain we so much need." Almost immediately, torrents of rain poured down, to the delight of the peasant-folk, who saw in the fact a manifest answer to their prayer. At this moment, a mighty whirlwind arose and came sweeping over the hillside. Still the wind shrieked and whistled in the most alarming way, approaching rapidly the spot where the relics were resting. Here it suddenly stopped, as if held at bay by an invisible power, and instead of sweeping past, as one would naturally have supposed, it mounted into the air and disappeared. All were amazed.

Chapter 3 – The marvels of Mugnano The night before the arrival of the relics at Mugnano, a poor man who had been compelled to remain in bed for several months, absolutely unable to work, hearing of the arrival of the remains of the Holy Martyr on the morrow, prayed fervently to the Saint during the night, begging that he might at least be able to see and kiss the precious relic. The Saint seemed deaf to his prayer, for the pains, far from lessening, became more intense. When, however, the bells announced the arrival of the sacred treasure, he dragged himself from bed in spite of his sufferings and made heroic efforts to go and meet the procession. On leaving the house, he was perfectly cured.

For nine days the crowds flocked unceasingly to the church to venerate the relics, the ninth day being marked by notable miracles. - A poor widow besought the Saint during Mass to cure her **crippled boy** who was unable to stand. At the elevation of the Sacred Host, the boy jumped up from where he was and ran to the urn of the Saint's relics to thank her for his cure.

[2] - A poor mother dipped her finger in the oil of the Saint's lamp and anointed the eyes of her **little child** who had lost his sight from smallpox and whom the doctors declared incurable. The moment the mother anointed the lids, the child recovered its sight.

- A **freethinker** was so profoundly moved at the sight of this new prodigy that he had the blessed light of faith restored to him. He declared himself a believer and gave large donations for the building of a church in honor of the Saint. - Some days later, a lady brought her **crippled daughter** to the Sanctuary and, cutting off the child's curls, hung them near the urn of the Saint's relics, making at the same time a generous offering to the Sanctuary. There was no apparent response at the moment, but on her return home the child, to the amazement and delight of all present, left the carriage and walked into the house. She had regained the perfect use of her limbs.

- A **blind man** came and gave a valuable ring as an ex voto offering, confident that he would be cured. Nothing happened in the Sanctuary, but on reaching home, he recovered the full use of his eyes. - A **blind girl**, twenty years of age, whom the Neapolitan doctors declared beyond the reach of all human aid, came to Mugnano. Entering the church, she declared that she would not leave it until she was cured. Her faith was put to a rigorous test, for all her prayers seemed in vain. She, on her part, only grew more persistent and refused to leave the church for dinner. In the evening, when the Sanctuary was being closed, she found herself obliged to seek a lodging for the night. Lo! As she was leaving the church, a faint glimmer of sight was given her. Next day she returned and remained the whole day in prayer. Again, on leaving at night, she saw much better, but still imperfectly. On the third day, about noon, she saw more clearly still. At evening time the sight was entirely restored so that she threaded a small needle with the finest thread.

- A young mother was suffering **intense pains when giving birth** to her child. Unfortunately, she was all alone. A beautiful young girl suddenly appeared by her side and asked if she could do anything to help her. Her presence itself proved enough to allay all pain. When the young girl took her leave, the poor woman asked her name, "I am Philomena; they call me Philomena of Mugnano."

- A distinguished lawyer of Naples, Don Alessandro Serio, who had a property near Mugnano, suffered for many years from a **dangerous internal illness**. He and his wife came to Mugnano to beg for his cure. They followed all the exercises of the novena which was being celebrated. The Saint, however, seemed deaf to their supplications, for on the 8th day of the novena, Don Alessandro was taken ill, and he had to be removed to his lodgings, where he speedily sank into unconsciousness, so that he was unable to make his confession. His wife, in the extremity of her grief, seized a picture of St. Philomena and called on the Saint for help. She only asked that the invalid might be able to confess, for she now despaired of a cure, which in all truth seemed impossible. She promised a marble altar to the Saint if this favor were granted. Scarcely had the prayer been made, when Don Alessandro regained his senses and began his confession, during which he was completely restored to health. Mindful of the promise, the altar was ordered to be made. A new wonder was in store for the happy couple. One of the masons, when giving the last touches to the table of the altar, struck it so roughly that, to the consternation of all, it was broken in two pieces, leaving between the parts a **large fissure** fully the width of a finger. The unfortunate workman tried to remedy the break with cement, but the Little Saint herself came to the rescue, and the marble became most perfectly joined, leaving only a line or vein as a mark of the prodigy. This wonder was testified to by many witnesses, and an inscription commemorating it was placed in the church.

- Louis of Mariconéoit, a Frenchman, married an English girl. The marriage proved to be an ideally happy one. But the joy was short-lived, for after six months, the young bride became seriously ill. She earnestly longed for **the happiness of being a mother**, but the doctors declared that her state of health made such a thing absolutely impossible. The young couple came to the neighborhood of Naples in the hope of a cure. Unfortunately, any little hope they had entertained was soon rudely dispelled. The patient's condition grew rapidly worse. Hearing of the marvellous cures wrought at Mugnano, she shut herself up one day in her own room and, falling on her knees, poured forth this short and fervent prayer to St. Philomena: "Since my condition is desperate, from the human point of view, and since I have no earthly hope left, I place all my confidence in you and trust that you will cure me, for you are powerful in Heaven and are good to all who seek your help. Despite my sufferings, I will go tomorrow to visit you in Mugnano, and I will ask you not only to restore me to health but to grant me the blessing of becoming a mother, and I will give my child the name of Philomena. Moreover, I promise to direct all the yearnings of its young heart towards God." The following day, she visited the Saint's shrine and made her prayer with great confidence. A year later, she returned in perfect health, the happy mother of a beautiful child.

- His Lordship, the Bishop of Lucena, was much in need of a professor of sacred eloquence for his diocesan seminary. The priest on whom his choice fell was Canon Vincent Redago. But the appointment was manifestly impossible, for the Canon was far advanced with **consumption** and already had frequent **hemorrhages**. His state was so grave that he was preparing himself for death, which he recognized could not be far distant. What was the good man's surprise when the Bishop announced his nomination! « What, my Lord! » he exclaimed, « have you the power to cure me? » « No, » replied the Bishop, « I have not, but there is someone else who has. See, I bring you a picture of Saint Philomena. Recommend yourself to her and you will get the health necessary to perform the duties I impose on you." The Canon took the picture and placed it lovingly on his breast. He was instantly cured and perfectly able to undertake the task placed on him by the Bishop.

- A young sculptor **lost the use of speech and hearing** for close to 20 years. Aware of the prodigies wrought by the dear Thaumaturga, he made a novena to her during Holy Week. It was in the year 1837. On Holy Thursday night, he seemed to see St. Philomena surrounded by a throng of heavenly spirits and smiling at him. Delirious with joy, he uttered a great cry – he was cured. Shortly afterwards he went to Mugnano to pour out his grateful thanks at the Shrine of his heavenly benefactress.

[3] – A good Irish lady was sorely tried by God. To her great grief, **four children, one after the other, were born dead**. When the fifth was expected, she was filled with consternation and begged her sister, a nun, to pray for her. Her sister replied by recommending a novena to Saint Philomena, in which she herself promised to join. Shortly afterwards, a beautiful child, full of life and health, was born. In accordance with her promise she called the child Philomena.

Chapter 4 – The great miracle of Mugnano of the sweet French girl, Pauline Marie Jaricot.

Pauline recounts in her own words her cure.

« Up to March, 1835, I was as a rule able to bear my pains in such a way that those around me had no idea of what I was going through. After the Revolution of 1831, however, the disease showed unmistakable signs of aggravation. As my malady chiefly affected the heart, in proportion as it increased, the **palpitations** became more violent, so that they could be heard at a distance. On these occasions, my sides heaved with the agony I endured. A slight movement or change of position was sufficient to send the blood rushing violently back to my heart, thus causing imminent risk of suffocation. My breathing seemed to cease and the beatings of my pulse became imperceptible, so that the most drastic remedies had to be applied to restore some degree of heat to my frozen limbs. The abnormal dilation of my heart compressed the lungs, and breathing became a positive torture. As a consequence, I was compelled to lie perfectly still, lest the over-charged blood vessels should burst.

“In the part of my chest where the palpitations were most violent, a cavity was gradually formed, into which the food that I attempted to swallow lodged, causing still further danger of suffocation. The doctors now made two openings in my side, in a vain effort to check the progress of the disease and with a view to lessen the danger of suffocation. I was in consequence reduced to such a state of pain and exhaustion as made it evident that death could not be far off.

« During these **awful years of torture**, I had some short intervals of relief. The most appreciable of these was at the end of a novena made to St. Philomena. The body of this Virgin Martyr had been recently discovered in the Roman Catacombs, and the marvels wrought by means of her precious relics were so extraordinary that the name of Philomena was on every tongue. At the mention of this dear name, I experienced intense joy and longed to kneel at the shrine of this illustrious Virgin. I therefore elicited from the doctor the information that my state was so desperate that nothing I might do mattered much one way or another. This declaration set my scruples at rest. When I mooted the project I had at heart, I met at once with opposition. Though he was not aware of it, I heard the doctor say in a whisper: 'Let her alone, let her go, she will not go far.'

The preparations for the projected journey had been made in secret, so Pauline started immediately in a carriage for **Paray-le-Monial**, accompanied by her chaplain, a young lady friend and a confidential servant. The few who knew of her departure said: “She will not reach the first resting place alive.” Even those who accompanied her feared that every jolt of the carriage would cause her death. However, no such thing happened. “This first journey did not kill me, so let me go to **Rome** and get the Holy Father’s blessing.” In those days of coach-traveling over the Alps, the pains endured by the poor invalid were excruciating. When the party reached Chambéry, Pauline herself lost hope and resigned herself to die far from home and far from the Vicar of Christ. Her weakness was extreme, and she completely lost the use of her senses, remaining unconscious for two whole days. The pupils in the convent of the town made a novena to St. Philomena for her recovery, and at its conclusion, she was much better and the journey was resumed. As they reached the summit of Mount Cenis, as they gazed on this wondrous scene, **a beautiful child** suddenly appeared – no one knew whence he came – and approaching the carriage where Pauline lay, smiled on her sweetly and presented her with a beautiful white rose, which exhaled a delightful perfume. The guides had never before seen the child, who disappeared as quickly he had come. The little incident was a consolation for the travellers after all they had undergone. During this last stage of her journey, the attacks were frequent, and she arrived in **Rome** in an almost unconscious state.

The nuns of the Sacred Heart at the Trinitá dei Monti received her with the greatest affection. Her weakness was extreme, and it was simply unthinkable that she should leave the convent. Thus, after a long and perilous journey, in which she had braved so many dangers and even death itself, she had to halt at the very threshold of the Vatican. She could go no further. The Holy Father came expressly to visit her and he told his “dear child” how pleased he was with all she had done; he praised her great courage and ardent faith in coming to Rome, and blessed her most abundantly. Seeing how exhausted she was, he asked her to pray for him when she got to Heaven. “Yes, Holy Father,” she replied, “I promise to do so, but if on my return from Mugnano, I come back well and go on foot to the Vatican, will Your Holiness deign to proceed without delay with the final inquiry into the cause of St. Philomena?” “Yes, yes, my daughter,” replied the Pope, “for that indeed would be a miracle of the first class.” Turning to the Superioress, the Holy Father said in Italian: “How ill our daughter is! She seems to me as if she had come forth from the grave. **We shall never see her again**. She will never return.” Pauline understood what he said but only smiled confidently.

It was now August, and the heat was terrific. The little party started for Mugnano, but had to travel by night and rest by day. They arrived at the Sanctuary on the eve of Saint Philomena’s feast.

The miracle

The next day, the feast itself, when Pauline received Holy Communion near the urn of the Saint, she experienced such **frightful pains** all over her body, and her heart beat so violently that she fainted away. At the sight of what they thought was death, the crowds gave way to such cries and vociferations that it was thought safer to carry the chair on which Pauline was lying out of the church. However, she regained consciousness enough to make a sign to be left near the urn, on which she fixed her eyes with an expression of deepest affection. Suddenly, an abundant flood of hot tears burst from her eyes; the color came back to her cheeks; a warm, healthy glow spread through her benumbed limbs. Her soul was inundated with such heavenly joy that she believed that she was about to enter Heaven. But it was no death, it

[4] was life; Philomena, the beloved, had cured her, and she was preserved for long years of toil and labor, which were to end in a glorious though bloodless martyrdom.

Idolized by the people, Pauline tarried in Mugnano for some time, her soul overflowing with joy. She passed long hours in sweet colloquy at the feet of her heavenly benefactress, and great were the graces she received, more even for soul than body. At last, when the day of departure arrived and she had to tear herself away from the Sanctuary, she took with her **a great relic of St. Philomena**, which she placed in a life-sized statue of the Saint. This was clad in royal robes, given the seat of honor in the carriage and was hailed by all as the "Princess of Paradise."

Rome again

« Is it really my daughter? » said the Holy Father. "Has she come back from the grave, or has God manifested in her favor the power of the Virgin Martyr?" "It is indeed I, most Holy Father," she replied, "whom Your Holiness saw so recently at the very door of death and on whom St. Philomena has looked with pity. Since she has given me back my life, deign, Holy Father, to give me permission to build a chapel in honor of my benefactress." "Most certainly," replied the Pope, in accents full of joy and affection. Then he insisted on hearing from her own lips the details of the cure. In his delight and wonder, he ordered her to walk up and down in his presence. "Again, again, quicker, quicker!" The Sovereign Pontiff now ordered Pauline to remain in Rome for a whole year, that the miracle might be thoroughly investigated, during which time he conferred on her many and great privileges and gave orders for an immediate inquiry to be made into the cause of St. Philomena. At the close of the year, with the blessing of Christ's Vicar, Pauline returned to Fourvière in France.

Chapter 5 – A visit to Mugnano In 1909 I (Fr. O'Sullivan) had the happiness of visiting the Sanctuary of St. Philomena. The good nuns, to whose care the Sanctuary received me for nine full days.

The blood of the Saint

The blood is not in a liquid state but quite dry and in appearance resembles ashes. It is preserved in a small crystal vase which allows the visitor to see it as perfectly as though it lay on the palm of one's hand. Each time, without fail, I saw the blood change most marvellously, and the transformation was so clear and distinct as not to allow room for the smallest doubt. Precious stones, rubies and emeralds, pieces of gold and particles of silver appeared mingled with the blood. One might shake the reliquary, and again the precious stones appeared, not always in the same way, but still clearly and distinctly. At times, too, small black particles appear, which are supposed to presage some cross or affliction or foretell impending evils.

The special sign

One of the sisters of the Sanctuary approached me and said quite simply : « Father, have you seen the sign? » "What sign?" I asked. « I have seen so many wonders during the days I have been here. » « Oh! » she said, "you haven't got the sign? » Saying this, she pulled me gently towards the altar where the urn containing the miraculous image is placed. She had not given me the slightest idea of what this sign consisted of. We knelt in front of the urn and began a short prayer. Suddenly, a sharp report rang out, as if the crystal glass had been struck sharply by something hard. The little sister jumped up, radiant with smiles, and said to me: "Now you have got it." This knock is a well-known sign given from time to time to clients of the Saint and is, I am happy to say, looked upon as a special mark of her good pleasure. And surely it was a harbinger of good for me.

The multiplication of books

The good priest, Don Francisco di Lucia, who had received the relics, wished to make known the wonders worked by them. For this purpose he wrote a short narrative of the principal events connected with the history of the Saint. This book was being sold rapidly, and the author, wishing to retain some copies for private distribution, sent to Naples for those that remained. They were in all 221. He placed them on the table in five little piles, four of which he covered so as to protect them from the dust. The fifth pile he left uncovered, as the book was in constant demand. For five or six months, he continued to distribute the book freely (to the number of several hundred), always taking them from the uncovered pile, without adverting to the fact that he was taking many more from the pile than it originally contained.

On his return to his house one evening, he was greatly astonished to find the floor of his room, which had been locked, covered with books. As there was no human explanation forthcoming, the good priest thought that it was St. Philomena who had scattered the books as a sign that they were not pleasing to her. However, on examination, he found that of the books on the table, those under cover were just as he had placed them, being forty-five in each group. In the fifth pile, from which he had already taken so many hundreds, quite unconscious that they were being multiplied, there were still nineteen copies left. He now looked over his accounts and found that from this pile he had taken more than 500 books. He next counted the books on the floor and found that they were seventy-two. Other miraculous multiplications took place several times, not only in Mugnano, but in other places as well. These were followed later on by multiplication of the Saint's pictures.

A far different kind of miracle occurred with regard to her relics. Some of those who had received relics did not treat them with sufficient love and respect. What was not their amazement when, on examining their reliquaries, they found that though these were sealed, the relics had disappeared – to be discovered in the urn containing the bones of the Saint when next this was unlocked.

Chapter 6 – The Curé of Ars and St. Philomena Pauline Jaricot went to visit her dear friend, the venerable Curé of Ars. Intense was his joy when Pauline offered him a part of the precious relics which she had brought with her. A chapel was immediately erected in his church in honor of the Virgin Martyr, where the relic was duly placed. This chapel soon became the scene of innumerable cures, conversions and miracles. M. Vianney dedicated himself by special vow to Saint Philomena, and a marvelous intimacy became evident between the good priest and her whom he now considered his

[5] Celestial Patroness. He did everything for her, and she did everything for him. She appeared to him, conversed with him and granted everything in answer to his prayers. He called her by the tenderest names, and she delighted in bestowing on him the most wonderful favors. His gift of miracles was extraordinary; yet far from producing in him the slightest notion of vanity, it was the greatest cross he had to bear. He was wont to throw all the "blame" on St. Philomena. "It's St. Philomena. I wish she would work her miracles away from here," he would say with a laugh.

It was in the beginning of May, 1843. Never had such multitudes been seen in Ars. The servant of God succumbed to the awful fatigue. In addition to the ordinary devotions, it was his wont in the month of May to drag himself from the confessional and mount the pulpit to address the crowds. On the third day this year, he was forced to stop in the middle of his exhortation. In vain he attempted to replace the discourse by the reading of a lecture. He could not continue. Then he tried to recite the usual prayers, but it was in vain. His voice and strength utterly failed him. With difficulty he descended the steps of the pulpit and gained his humble room, where, completely prostrate, he laid himself on the poor couch which served as a bed. Alas! It would seem that the end had come. The doctor from the very first saw that the case was extremely grave. Daily his condition became more alarming, so that on the fifth day the malady had reached an acute stage. Three eminent doctors were called and were obliged to use powerful remedies to check the illness, but it seemed all useless.

Every moment threatened to the last. Fainting fits and synopes succeeded each other in rapid succession. The violence of the fever was unabating. No hope remained.

Finally, the danger became so imminent that the Curé's confessor resolved to administer the Last Rites of the Church, which the dying priest received with intense devotion. When asked: "*Do you pardon your enemies?*" he answered sweetly: "*I never wished evil to anyone.*"

All that night the alarm of the populace was at its height; their venerable Curé was, alas, going to leave them! As the morning brought no improvement, M. Vianney begged that mass should be offered for him on the altar of dear Little Saint. Before the Holy Sacrifice commenced, a strange fear seemed to come over him, some extraordinary, terrible anxiety; signs of a most unusual trouble were visible on his countenance. His faithful nurse believed that death was at hand. Scarcely, however, had the Holy Sacrifice begun when the trouble vanished and in an instant he became perfectly calm.

He seemed to have seen something very pleasing, for as Mass ended, he exclaimed to his faithful attendant: "*My friend, a great change has come about in me; I am cured!*" No doubt his dear Little Saint had appeared to him, for his nurse heard him murmur several times, as if speaking to someone present, the beloved name of Philomena. When someone remarked later in his presence that his cure had been miraculous, he added, "*Miraculous – well you may say it.*" Evidently he had no doubt that owed his recovery to **Saint Philomena**. His convalescence was rapid. Impatient of restraint, though still extremely weak, he had himself borne to the church where, falling on his knees before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, he poured forth his soul in acts of burning love and adoration. Then rising up, he made his way to the altar of St. Philomena, where he prayed for a long time with immense joy and consolation. St. Philomena had indeed appeared to him and, in her mysterious colloquy, had revealed to him secrets that were to fill him with joy until his dying day.

Conversions at Ars and what St. Philomena had to do with them

A distinguished savant from Lyons, Monsieur Massiat, set out on a scientific exploration in the mountains. A fellow traveler, an old friend who was going to Ars, said to him: "*Come to Ars and I will show you a Curé who works miracles.*" "*Miracles, my friend!*" he said laughing, "*I don't believe in miracles.*"

"*Well, come, and I promise that you will see and believe.*"

"*If you could make me believe, that would indeed be a miracle. But as Ars is not far from the scene or my explorations, I don't mind if I do go.*" The rest of the story we shall leave M. Massiat to tell in his own words:

"Arrived in Ars, my friend put me up at the house of the Widow Gaillard, where we both shared the same room. Early in the morning he called out to me: "*Massiat, will you do me a favor? Will you come to Mass with me?*"

"*Go to Mass? Why, man, I answered, I never went to Mass since my First Communion. Ask me something else.*"

"*You'll come, old friend, just to do me a favor. It is there you can see and judge the Curé for yourself. I only ask you to use your eyes. I will get you a place where you can be at your ease.*"

"*Well, frankly it's not much to my liking,*" I replied, "*but I will go simply to please you.*"

"We got to the church. My friend put me in the seat facing the sacristy. Shortly afterwards the door opened and the Curé, vested for Mass, made his appearance. His eyes met mine for one instant, but that glance went right to my heart. I felt myself crushed beneath his gaze. I bent my head and covered my face with my hands. All during the Mass, I was immovable. When it ended, I attempted to lift my head and got up to leave the church. Just as I passed the sacristy door, I heard the words, "*Get out, all of you, all out,*" and a long bony hand rested on my arm, and felt myself drawn irresistibly into the sacristy, as by an invisible force. The door closed on me. I felt myself again beneath that gaze that seemed to crush me, I blurted out a few confused words: "*Reverend Father, I have a burden on my shoulders that weighs me down.*" Then I heard what seemed an angelic voice, such a one as I had never heard before, so sweet that it did not seem to proceed from mortal man.

"*You must get rid of the burden at once. Go on your knees, tell me your poor life. Our Lord will take the burden, my friend.*" Then I commenced my Confession, it was the story of all my life since my First Communion. Little by little, I felt relieved, then consoled, and finally completely at rest. When I had finished, the saintly priest added: "*Come back tomorrow, but now you will go to the altar of St. Philomena and tell her to ask of God your conversion.*" I did not weep in the sacristy, but I confess that I wept abundantly at the altar of St. Philomena."

[6] This conversion was one of the most striking that occurred at Ars. M. Massiat lived thenceforth a most fervent life, which was crowned by a most happy death.

Chapter 10 – What was St. Philomena?



Here is the revelation that made to Mother Mary Louisa, Superior General of the Congregation of the Dolours of Mary, who died in the odor of sanctity in the year 1875.

St. Philomena's story

"My dear Sister, » the Saint revealed to her, « I was the daughter of the king of a small Grecian state. My mother too was of royal blood. As they had no children, my parents continually offered sacrifices and prayers to their false gods to obtain the blessing of a child. There was at that time with our family a Roman doctor named Publius, now a Saint in Heaven, though he did not suffer martyrdom. Touched by their blindness and moved by their sorrows, he was inspired by the Holy Ghost to speak to them of our faith and assured them that their prayers would be heard if they embraced the Christian Religion. His fervid eloquence touched their hearts, and their minds were at the same time enlightened by divine grace. After mature deliberation, they finally received the holy Sacrament of Baptism.

"I was born at the beginning of the following year, on January 10th, and was called "Lumena" or "Light", as I had been born in the light of the Faith, to which my parents were now ardently devoted. They gave me the name of "Philomena" at Baptism, that is, "Friend of the Light" which illumined my soul by the grace of this Sacrament. Divine Providence permitted that the epitaph on my sarcophagus should be explained in this very sense, though the interpreters were not aware that it was the exact thought in the minds of those who had originally written it.

" My parents lavished every affection on me, and my father could not bear to have me out of his sight. For this reason, I accompanied them to Rome at the close of my thirteenth year. This journey was undertaken in consequence of the declaration of war unjustly made on us by the proud and powerful Roman Emperor. Realizing his weakness, my poor father started for Rome in the hopes of making peace with the Emperor. My mother and myself went with him and were present at the audience he had with the tyrant.

How wonderful is destiny! Who should have guessed mine? While my father earnestly pleaded his cause and sought to justify himself, the Emperor kept glancing at me and replied :

"Do not trouble yourself further; you may be perfectly at rest; there is no cause for anxiety. Instead of attacking you, I will place the forces of the Empire at your disposal on condition that you give me the hand of your fair daughter Philomena in marriage!" My parents agreed to his request, and on our return home sought to convince me that I should be, indeed, happy as Empress of Rome. I rejected the offer without a moment's hesitation and told them that I had made myself the spouse of Jesus Christ by a vow of chastity when I was eleven years old.

My father then endeavored to prove that a child of my age could not dispose of herself as she pleased and exerted all his authority to force me to obey. My Divine Spouse, however, gave me the necessary strength to stand by my resolution.

When the Emperor was acquainted with my answer, he regarded it merely as a pretext for breaking faith with him. *"Bring the Princess Philomena here,"* he said to my father, *"and I will see if I cannot persuade her."*

My father came for me, but seeing that my resolution was unshaken, both he and my mother, casting themselves at my feet, implored me to change my mind. *"O daughter! They exclaimed, "Have pity on your parents! Have pity on your country! Have pity on our Kingdom!"* » I answered that my virginity must take precedence of all else.

Nevertheless, we had to obey the Emperor and present ourselves at the Palace. At first he used promises and blandishments of all kinds to induce me to accept marriage, but all in vain. He then had recourse to threats, but with no better result. At last, in a fit of fury, inspired by the demon of impurity, he ordered me to be thrown into a dungeon beneath the Imperial Palace. Here I was bound hand and foot and loaded with chains in the hope of compelling me to agree to marry this man in whose soul the spirit of evil alone held sway.



Daily, the Emperor came in person to renew his attentions. He had the irons removed so that I could take a little bread and water, but seeing that his efforts were in vain, he would renew my torments. All this time, my Divine Spouse supported me. I recommended myself unceasingly to Jesus and to His Blessed Mother.

These scenes had lasted for thirty-seven days when the Queen of Heaven appeared to me surrounded by a dazzling light and bearing her Divine Son in her arms. *"My child,"* she said, *"you will remain three more days in this dungeon and then, on the fortieth day of your imprisonment, you will leave this place of sorrow."*

On hearing these words of comfort, my heart beat for joy.

[7] *"When leaving it,"* continued the Blessed Mother of God, *« you will undergo cruel torture for the love of my Son. »* These new tidings filled me with fear, and I felt as it were all the bitter agony of dying.

"Courage, beloved daughter," added the Queen of Heaven, *« beloved above all others, for you bear my name and the name of my Son. You are called Lumena or Light. My Son, your Spouse, is called Light, Star, Sun, And am I not likewise called Dawn, Star, Moon, Sun? I will be your support. Now is the hour of human weakness and humiliation, but when the moment of trial arrives, you will receive strength and grace. Besides your Angel Guardian, you will have at your side the Archangel Gabriel, whose name signifies, "The strength of the Lord" When I was on earth he was my protector. I will now send him to her who is my beloved daughter.*" These reassuring words restored my courage, and when the vision disappeared, a refreshing perfume remained in the dungeon.

The Emperor, despairing of inducing me to accede to his desires, had recourse to torture in order to terrify me and induce me to break my vow to Heaven. He ordered me to be tied to a pillar and scourged mercilessly, to the accompaniment of horrible blasphemies.

"Since she is so obstinate as to prefer a malefactor condemned to death by his own countrymen to an emperor like me," he said, *"she deserves condign (fitting) punishment."*

The tyrant, seeing that though I was one gaping wound, my determination was unaltered, ordered me to be brought back to prison to die in agony. I was looking forward to death to fly to the bosom of my Spouse when two bright angels appeared and poured a heavenly balm on my wounds. I was cured. The following morning the Emperor was astounded on hearing the news. Seeing me stronger and more beautiful than ever, he endeavored to persuade me that I owed this favor to Jupiter, who destined me for the imperial diadem.

The Holy Ghost inspiring me, I rejected his sophistry and resisted his caresses. Mad with rage, he gave orders that an iron anchor should be attached to my neck and that I should be thrown into the Tiber. But Jesus, to show His power and confound the false gods, once more sent His two angels to help me. They cut the cord, and the anchor fell to the bottom of the river, where it remained embedded in the mud. They then brought me back to the bank without a single drop of water having touched my garments.

This miracle converted several of the bystanders. Diocletian, more obstinately blind than Pharaoh, now declared that I must be a witch and ordered me to be pierced with arrows. Mortally wounded and on the point of death, I was once more cast into prison. Instead of death, which should naturally have been mine, the Almighty sent a peaceful sleep, after which I awoke more beautiful than before. On hearing of this new miracle, the Emperor was so infuriated that he ordered the torture to be repeated until death should supervene, but the arrows refused to leave the bows. Diocletian insisted that this was the result of magic, and hoping that witchcraft would be unavailing against fire, he gave orders that the arrows should be heated redhot in a fiery furnace. This precaution was of no avail. My Divine Spouse saved me from the torture by turning the arrows back on the archers, six of whom were killed. This last miracle brought about other conversions, and the people began to show serious signs of disaffection towards the Emperor and even reverence for our Holy Faith.

Fearing more serious consequences, the tyrant now ordered me to be beheaded. My soul, glorious and triumphant, ascended into Heaven, there to receive the crown of virginity which I had merited by so many victories. It was three o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th of August, which was a Friday.

Behold the reasons why Our Lord willed that my body should be brought back to Mugnano on August 10th and why He worked such miracles on that occasion."

Chapter 11 – How to honor St. Philomena

- **in wearing her cord:** the cord is white and red and may be made of either linen, wool or cotton threads so interwoven as to give an almost equal preponderance to the two colors, the one representing virginity, the other martyrdom. The use of the cord has become very popular, for it has been the means of working innumerable miracles and obtaining thousands of cures. It is used by the sick, by those in tribulation, by those who are fighting against temptations, and always with the most amazing results. It is a protection against evils and accidents of every kind... The Superioress of a well-known convent affirms: *"St. Philomena is just a wonder."* For the past four years I have given her cord to a great number of sick, including some members of our own community. All were cured, excepting two or possibly three, and in these few cases it indeed seemed clear that the best thing for them was to go to our good God."

- **in using the oil of Saint Philomena:** the oil that has been used in the lamps burning before the statue of St. Philomena is very frequently by the sick. Some anoint their eyes and have their sight restored, some their limbs, which are strengthened; some their ears, which recover their hearing.

- **in reciting the little chaplet of St. Philomena:** which consist of white beads, a token of virginity, red beads, the sign of martyrdom, and a St. Philomena medal. There are three white beads in honor of the Blessed Trinity, in whose honor the holy virgin laid down her life. The red beads are thirteen in number and signify the thirteen years that St. Philomena lived on earth.

- **in making the novena:** when the intention is very important, it is well to assist at Mass and receive Communion during nine days.

- **in wearing her blessed medal**

- **in praying with her picture:** great graces have been obtained by venerating the Saint's pictures. Many favors have been granted to those who keep a lamp burning before the picture, even though this be lighted only one day in the week.

- **in spreading devotion to the St. Philomena:** another very efficacious method of winning the love and friendship of the "Dear Little Saint" is by spreading her devotion and making her wonder-working power known and wide. The easiest way of attaining this end is by distributing the Life or History of the Saint to as large a number of people as possible.

[8] - in reading a wonderful cure: Mrs. Raymundo suffered for four years from the worst form of Chapter **bone disease**. She suffered excruciating pains in every part of her body. Her bones became transparent like glass. She could not make the slightest movement, except when severe spasms of pain shot through her body, and this frequently caused a bone to break. In fact, seven ribs were broken, as well as both arms between the elbow and the wrist. Her collarbone, too, was also badly broken. All her bones were in the state of rapid decay.

She consulted no less than fourteen of the ablest doctors in Portugal, all of whom after using every possible care declared her to be incurable.

At the end of four years she was brought once more to Lisbon to consult a distinguished bone doctor. After seeing the many radiographs (X-rays) and hearing what his fourteen colleagues had said and done, this doctor made a careful examination of the poor patient. He withdrew after his examination and told the husband that all the doctors in the world could do nothing. The disease had already reached an extreme degree and was now attacking the head. She could not possibly live much longer.

Mrs. Raymundo now made a novena to St. Philomena, but at its conclusion felt no better. Notwithstanding this, she commenced a second novena, and on the very first day she received a sign from the Saint, namely, three loud raps on the floor. This filled her with hope and confidence in the Little Saint.

The family asked the Dominican Fathers of Corpo Santo to say a novena of Masses for her intention.

One afternoon her husband came to pray before the statue in the church. He was surprised at seeing a marvelous change of color in the face of the statue and the bright sparkle in the eyes. St. Philomena appeared like a girl in high fever. This was so extraordinary that the poor man sobbed like a child.

On reaching home, he told his daughter what he had seen and declared his conviction that St. Philomena would cure his wife. As Mrs. Raymundo had to go to the hospital in an ambulance for treatment, he asked that one of the Fathers would get into the ambulance at the church door and give the sick lady Holy Communion and then touch her with the relic of St. Philomena. All her hope was in the Little Saint.

This was done, and lo, when the good Father touched the lady with the relic, she was instantly and completely cured! All pains ceased and she was able to move her arms. Strange, she did not realize that she was cured, so that she went on to the hospital, where the doctor saw at a glance the wonderful change in her appearance and exclaimed: "Madam, madam, what treatment have you been using since I last saw you?"

"I have been using no remedies, Doctor, but I have been praying to St. Philomena," she replied.

"I know nothing of St. Philomena," said the doctor, "but you are as well as I am. Go at once and get a new radiograph." She did so, and the new radiograph showed a complete and perfect cure.

The surprise in Lisbon was general. The many doctors who had been treating Mrs. Raymundo refused to believe that she was cured. At the invitation of her husband, however, they went to see her. All were dumbfounded at the clear evidence of her cure.

The last doctor she had seen before her cure, the same who declared that all the doctors in the world could not cure her, was a confirmed atheist. On the advice of her confessor, she went to see him. When the servant announced her, he told the man to go back and ask the name again. He could not believe that Mrs. Raymundo was there.

A second time the servant brought the same name, and once more the Doctor sent him back to ask the name. On hearing for the third time the same name, he was still incredulous, and went himself to the waiting room. On seeing the lady, he got a severe shock and became deadly pale; his eyes filled with tears of emotion, and all he could say was: "Madam, Madam, you are indeed cured." He made no attempt to conceal his surprise, but felt her arms and chest and continued to say: "You are cured, you are indeed cured."

When she was leaving, he begged her to call on him again, as he was most interested in the case. She presented him with a copy of the story of St. Philomena, saying: "Doctor, it was she who cured me."

The doctor, who up to then had ridiculed religion, gladly received the little book. He and the other doctors were deeply impressed by the cure.

- in making a novena of communions: a young lady called on me some time ago. She was in great grief. She had been engaged to be married and had been intensely happy. Quite unexpectedly and without the slightest fault on her part, all her hopes were shattered and **the marriage broken off**. I did all I could to comfort her, and though her grief was poignant, I could not help admiring her magnificent resignation to God's will.

"Go," I said, "to the statue of St. Philomena in the church, and beg her, if it be God's will, to settle this awful difficulty." "What prayer ought I say to her?" she enquired. "Promise," I counselled her, "to make a novena of Communions, and commence at once." Four days later, I was again called down to see a lady. It was my former visitor, radiant with joy. "Father," she said, "it is all right. I began my novena of Communions to St. Philomena, and all difficulties have been overcome, and she shall soon be married."

- or in reading a letter of testimony by Mrs. Colonel G. from London: My excuse for troubling you with this letter is that I am a most grateful client of St. Philomena. I read the delightful book, *St. Philomena – The Wonder-Worker*, and it brought me great comfort and help. The Saint has done wonders for me. Let me just mention three facts. Some time ago, I was suffering from a bad nervous breakdown, and though I consulted several eminent physicians, I got no relief. I read of St. Philomena's "pill". This, as you know, is the popular title for the tiny prayer printed on fine paper and swallowed or mixed with one's food. I believe they come from the Sanctuary. At the same time, I commenced a novena for the Saint's feast of August 11. From the very beginning, I felt an improvement, which gradually increased and ended in my complete recovery; this was the cause of great astonishment to my friends.

[9] The Almighty was pleased to send me still another cross in the shape of a very grave and painful illness, as a result of which I suffered from such weakness in my legs that, I suffered from such weakness in my legs that, without any previous warning, I used suddenly to fall. I now promised St. Philomena to wear her cord, and begged her to cure me if such was God' will. She again came to my help, and I am once more well and happy, thank God.

A poor non Catholic woman had her little girl at death's door. I spoke to her of St. Philomena and of the power of a mass offered in her honor. Though very poor, she gave me a small stipend for the Mass, which a holy priest celebrated at my request. At once the danger passed, and the child is quite recovered. The poor mother tells everyone of the marvelous cure.

In thanksgiving I got a large statue of the Saint and offered it to our church.

These are a few of the many favors which I owe to this great Saint. /-M. G.

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APPENDIX PRAYERS

NOVENA PRAYER TO SAINT PHILOMENA

O faithful virgin and glorious martyr, Saint Philomena, who works so many miracles on behalf of the poor and sorrowing, have pity on me. Thou knowest the multitude and diversity of my needs. Behold me at thy feet, full of misery, but full of hope. I entreat thy charity, O great saint! Graciously hear me and obtain from God a favorable answer to the request which I now humbly lay before thee. (*Here specify your petition.*) I am firmly convinced that through thy merits, through the scorn, the sufferings, the death thou didst endure, united to the merits of the Passion and Death of Jesus, thy Spouse, I shall obtain what I ask of thee, and in the joy of my heart I will bless the God, who is admirable in His saints. Amen.

Nihil Obstat: Stephen Schappler, O.S.B.

Coadjutor Abbot, Imm. Conc. Prov.

Imprimatur : †Charles Hubert Le Blond

Bishop of Saint Louis, January, 1952

THREE-PART NOVENA PRAYER

We beseech Thee, O Lord, to grant us the pardon of our sins by the intercession of Saint Philomena, virgin and martyr, who was always pleasing in Thy sight by her eminent chastity and by the profession of every virtue. Amen.

Illustrious virgin and martyr, Saint Philomena, behold me prostrate before the throne whereupon it has pleased the Most Holy Trinity to place thee. Full of confidence in thy protection, I entreat thee to intercede for me with God. Ah, from the heights of Heaven deign to cast a glance upon thy humble client! Spouse of Christ, sustain me in suffering, fortify me in temptation, protect me in the dangers surrounding me, obtain for me the graces necessary to me, and in particular (*here specify your petition*). Above all, assist me at the hour of my death. Saint Philomena, powerful with God, pray for us. Amen.

O God, Most Holy Trinity, we thank Thee for the graces Thou didst bestow upon the Blessed Virgin Mary, and upon Thy handmaid Philomena, through whose intercession we implore Thy Mercy. Amen.

Nihil Obstat: Rev. Leo J. Ward, Censor Librorum

Imprimatur : †Edward Cardinal Mooney

Archbishop of Detroit, December 1, 1947

THE "LITTLE CROWN" OR CHAPLET OF SAINT PHILOMENA

This chaplet consists of a **medal** of the Saint, **three white beads** – signifying virginity and in honor of the Blessed Trinity, for whose sake she laid down her life, and **thirteen red beads** – signifying martyrdom and commemorating the number of years Philomena lived on earth.

The "Little Crown" of Saint Philomena is a popular way of asking her help. This is prayed by saying first the **Apostles' Creed** to ask for the grace of faith. Then three **Our Fathers** are said, in honor of each of the three Divine Persons of the Blessed Trinity, in thanksgiving for the graces bestowed on Saint Philomena and for all favors that have been obtained through her intercession. The following prayer is then repeated thirteen times to commemorate the thirteen years that Saint Philomena is supposed to have spent on earth:

Hail, O holy Saint Philomena, whom I acknowledge, after Mary, as my advocate with the Divine Spouse; intercede for me now and at the hour of my death.

Saint Philomena, beloved daughter of Jesus and Mary, pray for us who have recourse to thee.

The following prayer is said at the end of the Chaplet:

Hail, O illustrious Saint Philomena, who didst so courageously shed thy blood for Christ. I bless the Lord for all the graces He bestowed upon thee during thy life, and especially at thy death. I praise and glorify Him for the honor and power with which He has crowned thee, and I beg thee to obtain for me from God the graces I ask through thy intercession. Amen.

In praying the "Little Crown," it is suggested that one ask for the grace of purity in honor of the virginity of the Saint, who suffered death rather than tarnish this virtue; and secondly, for courage and fortitude to be faithful to the duties of a Christian, as she was.

[10] PRAYER TO SAINT PHILOMENA FOR GROWTH IN VIRTUES

O glorious virgin, whose glory God has been pleased to make known by singular miracles, we address ourselves to thee with entire confidence! Obtain for us that, following thy example, we may fight courageously against whatever is opposed to the reign of Jesus Christ in our hearts; that we may adorn our souls with virtues like thine, particularly with that angelic purity of which thou art the perfect model: and that inflamed with the love of Jesus, we may continually walk in the way which He has marked out, so that we may one day partake of thine everlasting happiness. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost lives and reigns, on God, in perfect Trinity, forever and ever. Amen.

PRAYER FOR PURITY

O glorious Saint Philomena, who, animated by a burning love for Jesus our Saviour, didst shine in Holy Church by the splendor of perfect virginity and the practice of the most heroic virtues, obtain for us of thy Divine Spouse the grace to keep ever unstained the precious treasure of chastity and to practice with generosity the virtues of our state, that having walked in His footsteps after thine example during our life on earth, we may rejoice in His glory with thee through all eternity.

Saint Philomena, happy virgin, adorned with all the charm of innocence, and beautified, besides, with the purple of martyrdom, obtain for us the grace to know how to suffer all and to sacrifice all in order to be faithful to God till death and possess Him eternally in Paradise. Amen.

PRAYER FOR THOSE WHO WEAR THE CORD OF SAINT PHILOMENA

O most pure virgin, glorious martyr, Saint Philomena, whom God in His eternal power seems to have revealed to the world in these disastrous days of ours in order to revive the faith, sustain the hope, and inflame the charity of Christian hearts, I kneel at thy feet. Deign, O kindest virgin, to receive my humble prayers, and to obtain for me that strength of soul which made thee resist the most terrible attacks of tribulation and suffering: that ardent love for Jesus which the most fearful sufferings could not extinguish in thy heart. Protect me in all the events of my life, from all dangers, spiritual and temporal. Be present with me also in my last hour, which I commend to thy loving charity with confidence, since in life I love thee and wear thy holy cord as a mark of my special devotion toward thee, the beloved of Jesus and Mary.

SHORT DAILY PRAYER FOR THOSE WHO WEAR THE CORD OF SAINT PHILOMENA

O Saint Philomena, virgin and martyr, pray for us, that through thy powerful intercession we may obtain that purity of mind and heart which leads to the perfect love of God. Amen.

LITANY OF SAINT PHILOMENA Composed by St. John Vianney, the Curé of Ars.

Lord, have mercy on us. / *Christ, have mercy on us.*
Lord, have mercy on us. Christ hear us. / *Christ, graciously hear us.*
God the Father of Heaven, / *Have mercy on us.*
God the Son, Redeemer of the world, / *Have mercy on us.*
God the Holy Ghost, / *Have mercy on us.*
Holy Trinity, One God, / *Have mercy on us.*

Holy Mary, Queen of Virgins, / *Pray for us.*
Saint Philomena, / *Pray for us.*
Saint Philomena, filled with abundant graces from the cradle, / *pray for us.*
Saint Philomena, model of virgins, / *etc.*
Saint Philomena, temple of the most perfect humility,
Saint Philomena, victim of the love of Christ,
Saint Philomena, example of strength and perseverance,
Saint Philomena, invincible athlete of chastity,
Saint Philomena, mirror of most heroic virtues,
Saint Philomena, firm and intrepid before torments,
Saint Philomena, scourged like thy Divine Spouse,
Saint Philomena, pierced by a shower of arrows,
Saint Philomena, consoled in chains by the Mother of God,
Saint Philomena, miraculously cured in prison,
Saint Philomena, sustained by angels in the midst of tortures,
Saint Philomena, who preferred humiliation and death to the splendor of a throne,
Saint Philomena, who converted the witnesses of thy martyrdom,
Saint Philomena, who wore out the fury of thine executioners,
Saint Philomena, patroness of the innocent,
Saint Philomena, patroness of youth,
Saint Philomena, refuge of the unfortunate,

[11] Saint Philomena , health of the sick and infirm,
Saint Philomena, new light of the Church Militant,
Saint Philomena, who confounds the impiety of our age,
Saint Philomena, who reanimates the faith and courage of the faithful,
Saint Philomena, whose name is glorious in Heaven and terrible in Hell,
Saint Philomena, illustrious by the most splendid miracles,
Saint Philomena, powerful with God,
Saint Philomena, who reigns in glory,

Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, / *Spare us, O Lord.*
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, / *Graciously hear us, O Lord.*
Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, / *Have mercy on us.*

V./ Pray for us, Saint Philomena,
R./ *That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.*

LET US PRAY

We beseech Thee, O Lord, to grant us the pardon of our sins by the intercession of Saint Philomena, virgin and martyr, who was always pleasing in Thy sight by her eminent chastity and by the profession of every virtue. Amen.

*You can buy the book in French of R.P. Paul O'Sullivan, o.p. (E.D.M.), **Sainte Philomène** La « chère petite Sainte » du Curé d'Ars. Éditions LEPAREX, Outremont (Québec) 3^e édition 2002, 157pages. (extraits des pp. 136-146). Traduit par Jean-Claude Lemyze et faites la commande du livre au prix de 10.50\$ de l'article FRA 651 aux Éditions du Priant, 109 rue Principale S., Montcerf-Lytton. Qc J0W 1N0 à :*

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