



After the vow celebration of Phillip Justinian, C.R., we made our way back to the Resurrection Formation House, where we began a celebration for about 200 guests. There was some initial mingling as our guests arrived. In the midst of the “chaos,” I was fortunate to be able to get a quick photo with Phillip’s mother.







One special guest for our community was Fr. John Gibson—in the black hat—a Carmelite and brother of our “own” Fr. Jim Gibson, C.R. of the U.S.A. Province.







After a procession with song, Phillip was seated at one “high table” with Fr. Daniel, Fr. Andrzej and Fr. Jim, and his mother and family at another “high table.”







We were able to accommodate about 150 people on the veranda connected to the seminarian residence.





Yohana did a great job as Master of Ceremonies. He really had to keep things moving because the food was about 2 hours late!!!! ☹ ☹ ☹ It had started to rain very hard—thank goodness our guests were under shelter—and the food truck became stuck in the mud! But Yohana was up to the task! First we had the cake in the shape of a Bible, complete with sparklers!





We also had a traditional toast to Phillip in which everyone joined enthusiastically.





Next we had gift-giving, where people came dancing in groups to bring a gift.







Finally, the food arrived. In the meantime, Br. Mosses and I had to buy more soda and water to tide people over. It was a bit hectic, but our guests were very patient.











With help from our friends Zubar and Stephen, we were cleaning up at about 10:00 p.m. But, then we received notice that Phillip was stuck in the mud after dropping his family off. First, Mosses, Vitalis, and Joseph went, but could not free the van. They returned and we set off again with Fr. Andrzej, Fr. Daniel, and me, as well as some spades and picks. We tried digging and putting wood under the tires but it seemed hopeless as the mud was so thick and deep. The whole front end of the van was stuck in the mud. After about an hour, Fr. Andrzej suggested that we try to put as much weight as possible on the back end. Then we rocked the van as much as we could, and suddenly, it sprang forward! We were free! When we got back, Phillip said that he feared that he would be stuck there forever. But, we all said in different ways: “You are part of us and through good and bad, we will always be with you!” At my suggestion, we gathered in the dining room to have some ice cream...I could not think of a better way to end a fantastic day! Alleluia!



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