

Let It Go

Written by: Jeanne Ferris
Motovadedmagazine.com/jeanne-ferris

After 13 hours from Los Angeles on the Cathay Pacific flight, we were finally descending into Manila on the Philippine Isle of Luzon. Filling out the declaration form, I discovered that my passport had expired. Stunned, I asked Mom to check hers.

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know," I said. So I prayed for an answer.

It had been a lifetime since I thought of the Rosary and it came back to me in a blinding, perfect recollection. I repeated the sacred words in silence until I finally stood before the man who held the fate of my journey in his hands. Hopefully, my 30 minutes of desperate prayer would not "stink in the nostrils of God".

BAM! He stamped my passport with such force; it startled my feverish praying to a standstill. "Welcome to the Philippines, ma'am."

My earliest memories of this country were living at Maryridge School at the Convent of the Good Shepherd (ages three-five). In the dormitory that I shared with postulants and novices, I comforted myself nightly with a worn-out photograph of my glossy parents and their promise of an American reunion.

an indelible impression on my tender soul. As an adult, insomnia became giant black hooded shadows floating in my periphery like holy ghosts.

Returning to Tagatay City with my mother became more significant than I had anticipated. After hours of searching, we found the light-filled, two-story dwelling on a ridgeline that had once loomed immense with darkness. The spectacular view of Taal Volcano Island, an active volcano surrounded by Taal Lake explained my lifelong obsession with mystical peaks.

A diminutive, elderly nun also the caretaker, greeted us with open arms and gracious hospitality, "Have you eaten?" She knew Sister Mary Holy Name, now deceased---a singular goodness I had wanted to revisit. She said that the school was now a spiritual retreat for people seeking

solitude. Reaching up, the nun held my face kindly and blessed me. I experienced a profound release. In the lush tropical garden, I cried healing tears. And thanked the woman who loved me enough to keep her promise.

"And when the broken hearted people living in the world agree. There will be an answer let it be."**

