



*"Tell them to be good missionaries" said Pope John Paul II to Fr. Philip when he asked him for a message to be given to his future students.*

## PHILIP KANJUPARAMBIL, sdb.

MISSIONARY AND GOD'S FELLOW WORKER

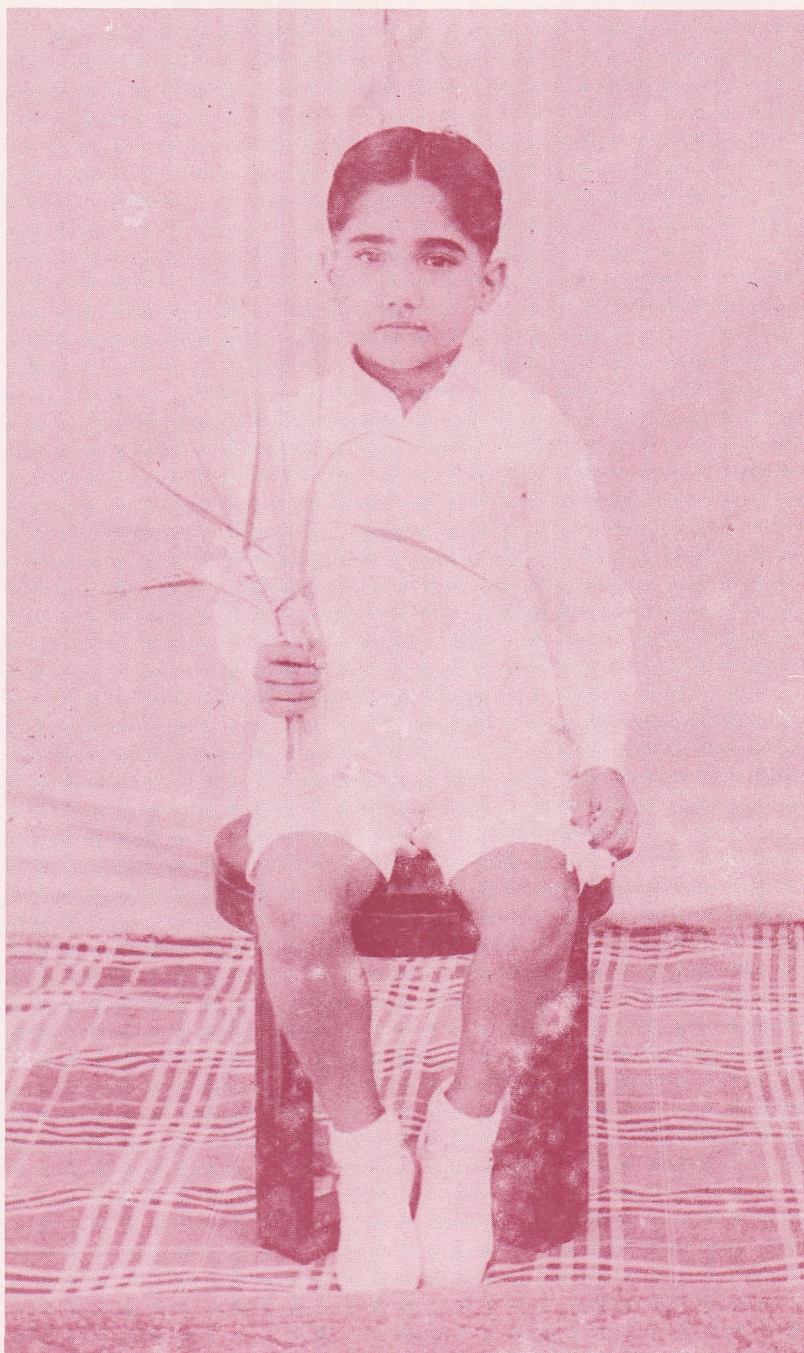
**Fr. John Kalapura, sdb.**

( *Provincial* )

PROVINCIAL OFFICE – DON BOSCO – GAUHATI

November – 1984





PHILIP'S FIRST COMMUNION DAY.



When we throw open the window on the life of Fr. Philip Kanjuparambil, there is one thing we are certain of, that he has something to give us all. It reminds us of the words of John Ruskin :

"God appoints to every one of His creatures a separate mission, and if they discharge it honourably, if they quit themselves like men and faithfully follow that light which is in them, withdrawing from it all cold and quenching influence, there will assuredly come of it such burning as, in its appointed mode and measure, shall shine before men, and be of service constant and holy. Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which worthily used will be a gift to his race forever".

**(John Ruskin)**

Father Philip lived among us, for a very short time, but he left us, with an example and a memory, young and beautiful. The shadow of death, came across his path, and the pages that we now give, are the memories, we have culled from a very short experience with him.

Sixteen months have gone by since Fr. Philip left us for heaven. The memory of this great salesian whom 'God gave and God took' from our midst is still fresh in our minds. Our acceptance of Fr. Philip's departure, painful as it is I'am sure, has made us all reflect maturely on the kind of person that he was, and the life that he lived. As we still keep thinking of him these few lines may help our reflection. When on 7th July, 1983, Fr. Philip's death was announced one of our confreres rightly remarked, "that's how we must die." There was, undoubtedly some extraordiness in his ordinariness that made him a confrere who was so much loved and esteemed.

Born on June 10, 1949, at Chennankary, Kerala, Philip was the second child of Mr. Chacko and Than-



kamma. Even as she was preparing herself for her marriage, Thankamma had wanted to ask God to give a priest from among her sons, but she thought it too great a favour of which the family would not be worthy. But when she approached the sacrament of reconciliation in preparation for marriage the intention for which Mgr. Reginald asked her to pray was exactly the one which was uppermost in her mind to give the grace of priesthood to one of her sons. A true pastor, Mgr. Reginald had correctly discerned God's plan for her and continued to pray for the same intention.

Philip was just like any other boy of his age – energetic and always on the move. Born and brought up in an upper middle-class family of good catholic parents, Philip loved his home dearly. He loved the landscape, the boats and the backwaters of Chennankary. He would do everything but study. He had all the opportunities to attend school and to enjoy the conveniences to study, but he would not ! All that he would do when the examinations drew near was to burn a candle in front of the statue of St. Joseph and pray to him, and receive a blessing from the priest and ask for his prayers; And he did pass always ! “I’m studying for you. Why should I study for myself” – that was how he would retort to his mother’s admonitions ! Mission Sunday, meant everything to him. He would be the leader of the ‘Parish Mission League Group’ to collect funds for the missions. If the collection was not good enough, he would invariably visit his own close relatives personally, and get a sizable amount either in cash or in kind. That would be a glorious day for him.

Philip attended church services regularly together with his elder brother. They sometimes used to leave home before dawn, and had to burn many a match-stick to find their way to the Church. On Sundays, they took special delight in attending all the church services. By now, they had also learnt to serve at the altar. It was



during these years that the two brothers – Zacharias and Philip – were able to strike an intimate friendship with the Parish Priest, and the seed of a vocation began to grow steadily.

It was towards the end of 1959 that late Mgr. Mathew Baroi reached Chullickal Parish to recruit vocations to the Salesian Congregation. Both Zacharias and Philip wanted to join the aspirantate and gave their names. Jesus in his own day had found such brothers who wanted to follow him, and he had called both. But Fr. Baroi, for one, would not select more than one boy from a family. Both the boys were exceptionally promising and good, and he now had to make the choice between the two. It wasn't easy !

Fr. M. Kothakathu, the Parish Priest came to his rescue. A Biblical solution we might call it, he decided to cast lots, and the lot fell on Zacharias. Zacharias was the elder of the two, and all accepted the choice. But Philip could not and would not accept the solution. "I must go to the missions at all costs", he persisted. Zacharias finally gave in, and Philip had his way.

An insurmountable difficulty still loomed large before Philip. This was his own dear mother – the one who had been praying for a priest son in the family ! She loved Philip so much that she could not think of her little son being so far away from home. Such a parting would be heart-breaking. She, therefore, tried, all within her power, to persuade him. She threatened him and finally punished him, all to no avail ! "Even if you beat me I will go to the missions !" Philip wouldn't budge an inch. Very often Philip would be found awake at night praying. On many occasions his father was surprised to see him kneeling down with out-stretched hands. He imagined that mother was punishing him for something. It was not so. One night he decided to question Philip. "I am praying for mother that Our Lady of Perpetual Help may change her mind and



allow me to go to the missions", he answered unhesitatingly. That was enough. Mr. Chacko then convinced her to let Philip have his way. He had his reasons too which he shared with her. "It would break our hearts", he told her, "were he to join bad company and misbehave as a young man!" Finally she conceded defeat though with much reluctance.

Philip joined the aspirantate in Bandel on 5th April, 1960. He was only eleven, yet he had no difficulty in leaving home or adjusting himself to an altogether different background and life-style. He loved his aspirantate days because he had made the choice, and almost fought his way through to reach there. He had left behind the comforts of his home to follow his master. He looked forward to the day when he would be a missionary. Even at an early age as that Philip was prepared for heroic sacrifices. A year after his arrival in Bandel, his parents decided to pay him a visit. They spent only a very short time in Bandel, but his mother later remarked, "Philip seemed happier when we left Bandel than when we arrived."

He studied in Bandel only for two years. The rest of his aspirantate was done in Savio Juniorate. After completing his aspirantate, he joined the novitiate at Sunnyside, Shillong, where he made his first profession on May 24, 1968. From there he went to Sonada, Darjeeling, to do his studies in Philosophy. On completing his studies there, he was sent to Savio Juniorate, the aspirantate at Shillong, for his practical training. Many of his pupils, some of whom later became Salesians, still remember their life in Juniorate in the company of Bro. Philip. His four years of theology studies in Bangalore were years of hard work and study, and many of his superiors and companions, were very much impressed by his generosity, zeal and readiness to help anyone in need. Everyone knew that Philip would make a wonderful priest, an asset to the salesian missions of the North-East.



His ordination day on 19th December, 1976 was undoubtedly a day of great joy and thanksgiving. A long cherished dream of his mother, the constant encouragement of his father and the prayers of his dear ones bore fruit on that day as Mgr. Joseph Powathil laid his hands on Philip and ordained him a priest – the happiest day in Philip's life. He was full of gratitude to God for the way he had called him to be a missionary-priest !

As a young priest he worked in the Provincial House, Gauhati, before he was appointed administrator of the Sacred Heart Theological College, which was re-opened in 1976. From there in 1978, he was sent to Rome to do his licentiate in Scripture. He returned to the Sacred Heart Theological College in February 1982, where he taught Scripture, Greek and Hebrew, and was the Chief Librarian until his death on 7th July, 1984. One of the letters received soon after his death praised him, applying the words of the Psalmist : “Zelus domus tuae comedit me” (Zeal for thy house has consumed me) (Ps. 69:9).

## **THE LAST DAYS OF FR. PHILIP**

10th June, 1983, the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, was also the birthday of Fr. Philip – his 34th and last birthday with us. In his last good-night talk to the community on that day, he said : “You have touched me, and I have grown.” He was truly conscious of the master's touch that had made him grow.

The month of June was exceptionally hectic one for the staff and students of Sacred Heart College – the examinations and the closing of the scholastic year. On the 18th Fr. Philip joined Fr. Rector, Fr. John Kalapura, as co-examiner for spiritual theology. The same day, in the afternoon, he left Shillong for Dibrugarh, Tinsukia and Margherita, in search of books for the Sacred Heart



College Library, which he was so painstakingly setting up. Three days later he returned, but with a fever and allergy which took him to bed. The next day, inspite of his poor health, he sat as co-examiner for the Scripture examinations with Fr. Sylvanus.

Soon, Fr. Philip's sickness took sudden and serious turn. The doctor who examined him advised immediate hospitalisation. On 24th June, he was admitted to the Nazareth Hospital, Shillong. Fathers and brothers from the theologate assisted him round the clock. He was given several bottles of blood transfusion, but his condition seemed no better. On the reports of blood tests received from the Military Hospital and Pasteur Institute, and on the advice of Dr. Angeles of Nazareth Hospital, it was decided to take him to the Christian Medical College Hospital at Vellore.

Immediately the Provincial Houses at Calcutta and Madras were contacted. A telegram was sent to the parents of Fr. Philip.

Early in the morning of 3rd July, Fr. Provincial (Bishop Mathai), Fr. Rector (Fr. John Kalapura), Fr. P.J. Joseph and Fr. L.B. Anthony joined in concelebrated mass with Fr. Philip. At 5.30 in the morning, Fr. Philip bid farewell to Shillong. None ever guessed then that he would never again come back to Shillong – a place where he had studied and laboured so many years of his youthful life. Fr. L.B. Anthony and Sr. Rebecca SCJ (a nurse) from Nazareth Hospital, accompanied him to Vellore.

The confreres at the Provincial House, Gauhati, had made the necessary arrangements to take Fr. Philip to Vellore without delay. On 4th morning, Fr. Philip reached Vellore and was immediately admitted to the hospital. His high-fever still persisted. Fr. L.B. Anthony from Vellore kept in touch with Shillong and informed of Fr. Philip's deteriorating condition. The various salesian



houses and other religious communities began prayers for Fr. Philip's recovery through novena, masses, adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and Rosary.

On the 7th morning from Gauhati, a message was passed on to Fr. Provincial and Fr. Rector who were at the Sacred Heart College. It said that Fr. Philip's condition was extremely critical. They soon decided to go to Vellore. By noon they flew down to Calcutta, but was unable to catch the flight to Madras on the same day. Back in the Provincial House, Calcutta, they received the sad news of Fr. Philip's death.

The message was immediately passed on to Shillong and Dimapur. A telegram sent to Fr. Marchesi in Rome conveyed the news in Testacio where Fr. Philip studied. The confreres of Provincial House, Calcutta, joined Fr. Provincial and Fr. Rector in concelebrated mass and rosary. The next day evening they reached Vellore. The parents and a large number of Fr. Philip's relatives had come to the hospital. Fr. Provincial and Fr. Rector met them and expressed their sympathy and grief.

At 8.15, the Bishop of Vellore came to the Hospital and blessed Fr. Philip's body. Dressed in priestly vestments, his mortal remains were placed in the coffin prepared by Bro. Philip of St. Joseph's Home, Katpadi, and was then taken to Sacred Heart College, Tirupattur. The parents of Fr. Philip, Fr. Scaria, Fr. L.B. Anthony, Sr. Rebecca and Sr. Isidora accompanied the body. Reaching Tirupattur, the body was exposed in the college chapel. Fr. Scaria then said a mass in the Syrian Rite in which Fr. Philip's parents and dear ones participated.

At 7.00 a.m. on 9th, 30 priests joined Fr. Provincial at the concelebrated funeral mass. Those present included the Provincials of Bangalore and Madras, the Vice-Provincial of Dimapur, Fr. John Kalapura, Rector of Sacred Heart College, Shillong, Fathers and Brothers of



Kristu Jyoti College, Bangalore, Don Bosco aspirants, Students of Sacred Heart College, Tirupattur, boys from Dominic Savio Orphanage, Sisters and about fifty of Fr. Philip's relatives who had come from various parts of Kerala.

A Redemptorist priest, a relative of Fr. Philip, thanked the Salesian Society in public for all the help and care extended to Fr. Philip. The parents and relatives of Fr. Philip too thanked the superiors who, they said, had done more than they themselves could, to save Fr. Philip's life.

In the evening before leaving for Kerala, Philip's parents, relatives and the confreres joined in praying the rosary at the grave of Fr. Philip.

The next day, the 'Salesian-group' from north-east accompanied by Mr. K.K. Chacko, Fr. Philip's father, left for Chennankary, Philip's home town. A mass was celebrated in his house in which about 200 people participated. At the introduction and the homily, Fr. Rector and Provincial recalled Philip's outstanding qualities. They also reminded them of Our Lord's promise of a hundred fold reward to those who follow him, and the thirty masses that would be offered for him. Don Bosco's words "bread, work and paradise" promised to a salesian was recalled. They invited all to pray for vocations of the calibre of Fr. Philip.

The Greeks had a saying "those whom God loves die young." For all who heard it, the news of Fr. Philip's death seemed unbelievable. Soon after Bishop Edward King's funeral a friend of his wrote, "today we have buried our saint". Similar were the sentiments of the confreres who returned from Tirupattur after Fr. Philip's funeral. What made his death so incredible was, as one of his students remarked "he was so young and so good - the Lord has taken the best for himself."



Philip was hardly seven years a priest. He had just completed his licentiate in Scripture, and had only started his teaching career. In fact he taught only for a year and a half ! Yet he had spent so many years studying and preparing himself; incredible it all appeared ! But the Lord had planned things His way. One could only bow before his holy will in humble acceptance.

He was the first salesian priest to pass into eternity from the Sacred Heart Theological College, and first also from the youngest salesian province of India – Dimapur. In his letter announcing Fr. Philip's death, Fr. Mathew Pulingathil, Provincial of Dimapur said, "we have lost a very precious confrere, but heaven has gained one. He will continue to intercede for us now that he is with God beyond the barriers of material things." His death has no doubt, become a source of inspiration and God's blessing on the young Dimapur province, and the Sacred Heart Theologate, where young salesians strive to be learned and holy priests. Philip had both and he shared them while on earth. He will surely continue to do so from heaven.

A long life, it is said, need not be a good life, but a good life certainly is a long life that will never end. Fr. Philip's life on earth was short, no doubt, yet the life he lived gives us the impression that it has been transformed into a long, unending life. Significant are the words of Scripture in the book of Wisdom :

"But the righteous man, though he die young, will be at rest. For old age is not honoured for length of time, nor measured by number of years; but understanding is grey hair for men, and a blameless life is ripe old age. Being perfected in a short time, he fulfilled long years; for his soul was pleasing to the Lord, therefore he took him quickly from the midst of wickedness."

(Wisdom 4:7-9, 13-14)



As he lay dressed in Sacred Vestments ready to 'meet the Lord in the air', one could see on his face the serenity and contentment of a life well lived; the joy of a man who had 'left everything and followed the Lord' through a holiness which Don Bosco showed him.

Looking back over 34 years of his life and the kind vocation and mission the Lord gave him, we are reminded of the words of prophet Jeremiah :

"Before I formed you in the womb I knew you ;  
I appointed you as a prophet to the nations"

**(Jeremiah 1:5)**

Philip had surely pondered over these words over and over again as he studied and taught the Holy Scripture.

Beside the death-bed of Fr. Philip stood his parents and dear ones. But one could hardly believe his mother who stood by her 'cross'. It was the same woman who, years ago had fainted at the railway station when eleven year old Philip bid good-bye to them to join the aspirantate. There was she now bidding him the final adieu – preparing him to meet the Lord – and courageously making the great sacrifice which the Lord was asking of her, the entire family, and the salesian congregation. "The Lord gave me enough faith", she says, "to refrain from tears, and to console and comfort our dear ones in those difficult moments."

## **PHILIP — A PRIEST AND MISSIONARY**

"A priest is God's greatest gift to a family" Don Bosco had said once. Philip's priesthood was undoubtedly a blessing not only to his family but the salesian congregation as well. When Fr. Provincial told some of Fr. Philip's



relatives that he was truly a holy priest, one of his uncles spoke up: "It's the only thing we wanted to know. We are happy with the thought that he died a holy priest."

The doctor who treated Fr. Philip knew him quite intimately. He told Fr. Provincial, "Fr. Philip was a square priest I have ever seen." And a student of his said, "I was one of his admirers because he lived by what he preached."

The missionary dream of Philip had become something of a second nature to him. He was ready to stake everything provided he could be a missionary. This is evident from his early life. During his formation years in Sonada and Bangalore, he constantly longed to return to the north-east to spend his holidays in missionary work. On one such holidays he spent as a deacon in Mao, he organized a seminar for the catechists.

Most of the oratories which the brothers of Sacred Heart College conduct had experienced Fr. Philip's pastoral concern. On his return from Rome when he realized that the Garo community had nobody to celebrate mass, he quickly learnt to say mass in Garo. He showed great enthusiasm and interest in the apostolate among the Nepalis. Seeing its success, he also suggested that some of the brothers work for the Adibasis scattered all over Shillong. His words encouraged the beginning of a very promising work by the students of theology among the Adibasis of Shillong. He had celebrated masses in many of the villages around Shillong, and the people especially the children still remember him with love. When the news of his death came to them they were deeply grieved. Many of those villages asked the brothers to bring with them a photograph of Fr. Philip so that they could remember him and pray for him. For several Sundays, the brothers took with them a framed photograph of Fr. Philip to the various oratories.



He had wider missionary horizons. He longed to be a missionary in the plains of Assam. He felt that something more had to be done to evangelize the Assamese. Hence, he took to the study of Assamese, spending an hour for it everyday.

Fr. Jose Nadackal, a companion and a close friend of Fr. Philip shared these words about Fr. Philip's missionary zeal.

"A thing or two I noticed about Philip from the philosophy days onwards was this: a very zealous apostolic spirit! He would be the one to volunteer for any type of work that was taxing and difficult. And even though opportunities for real apostolate as such were few in the predominantly non-christian environment of Sonada, Philip would not mind going to any lengths, walking any distances, to meet a poor family, to render whatever little help he was able to give them. Perhaps it was in Bangalore, during the theology days, that Philip's zeal and enthusiasm in serving the poor was more clearly seen. Here I would like to narrate just one little incident.

"Philip, in his second year of theology, decided to take up work in a village, where a group of brothers had worked earlier, but had to give up the attempt because of the poor response from the local people who appeared to them to be quite incorrigible and sometimes even hostile. So Philip decided to take it up and give a try. And because of his great love and concern for the poor of the village, a concern which was very evident, he got the entire village folk around him, including the staunch opponents of the earlier group. With the help and support of the village elders and the more well-to-do among them, Philip was able to help out many of the poorest of the people by building new houses for them, giving them facilities for rearing pigs, buffaloes and goats by means of various development programmes. I am sure Battarahalli will always remember good Fr. Philip."



But in the well-built, strong and athletic frame of Philip was a soul that was deeply sensitive and spiritual. He possessed the holiness and maturity that was required of a Salesian Priest and a missionary. It was this holiness which gave him the courage to accept everything even his fatal illness. He was not an altar saint, nor did he spend many extra hours in the church, but hardly anyone doubted his sanctity. He knew how to blend together work and prayer, and find time for both. His sanctity consisted in his efforts to do the ordinary things with extraordinary care and dedication.

He would be there with community in all its practices of piety and would join the Eucharistic celebration with great devotion. He was the liturgical animator of the Theologate community. He had a great devotion to Our Lady. Even as a brother in practical training, he would exhort and encourage the boys to pray the 'Hail Holy Queen' for perseverance in their vocation.

There was always on his face a radiant smile and serenity that he did not lose even in the midst of hectic activity or painful sickness. He was always ready to listen to people, and would go out of his way to help the poor, the weak or those who needed special attention. Never did he demand anything unreasonable from anyone, least of all his students.

He was conscious of his duty which he did not separate from his piety. It was his daily practice to spend a few minutes in the presence of the Lord before he came into the class to teach. His students can very well attest to the fact that his classes too were deeply God-centred. He constantly urged them to personalise and grow in the Lord through the study of the Word which he broke to them. One of his students still remembers the advice Philip gave him: "Aim for good marks but not necessarily the highest. Read as many books as possible so that you can help all categories of people."



## GOD'S FELLOW WORKER

"When it happens that a salesian dies working for souls, the congregation has won a great triumph" – Don Bosco would say. Those who knew Fr. Philip knew him as a man of hard work. "He was a very tireless worker", said one, "and methodical too." He had learnt to work efficiently and effectively even from his early years of formation. His companions still remember his student days in Sonada, when he was in charge of the Caritas, and theologate days when he was the soul of the Social Service Guild.

His practical training years in Juniorate was a period that demanded of him great deal of work. In the class room he was a dedicated and effective teacher. At manual work he was very adept. He had also the added responsibility of looking after the kitchen and the pantry. In all these he proved himself to be a generous and responsible salesian.

It was sheer hard work that made him excel in his studies too. In Rome, he distinguished himself in the Greek language examinations of Biblicum, for which was awarded a research scholarship at the Biblicum in Jerusalem.

His professors admired him for his diligence and hard work. One occasion it was even necessary for his superiors to ask him not to work so hard. Even as he completed his licentiate and returned to India, his professors at Biblicum and the superiors at Testaccio had hoped that one day he would return to Rome to do his Doctorate.

Back in the Sacred Heart College, he proved himself to be a very good teacher admired and loved by all the students. He loved to teach Holy Scripture, and prepared his classes each day with great earnestness, spending hours on end. Added to his classes, he had to see to the shifting, and re-arrangement of the theologate library.



He as its Librarian, it was making rapid strides of progress. He spend several hours of his days, and some even of the night, to cope up with his work as librarian. The brothers who worked with him in the library saw in him a good salesian and a true brother with whom it was easy to work.

His day began very early and ended late in the night. He was a restless worker, even neglecting his much-needed rest or holidays. Even when sick and suffering from various ailments, he kept on with his routine tasks in his characteristic way. He possessed an iron will behind which was hidden a body that was quietly passing away.

Reflecting on Fr. Philip's life and the prodigious amount of work done by him with so short a time, with so much urgency and diligence, makes one wonder whether he had some pre-monition of his impending death. He was up and doing until his last days – an example of a salesian who died working for souls !

### **NATHANAEL — A MAN WITHOUT GUILF**

"He was a Nathaneal – a guy without guile", said a confrere about Philip. There were many admirable human qualities in Philip which made him dear to all. When in the third week of July, 1983, the brothers returned from the holidays, there was one person whose absence was conspicuously felt everywhere in the community. He was the subject of their conversation for months. They recalled instances of his goodness they had experienced, and some of his last words addressed to them personally or to the community.

Philip had the gift of making friends. It was easy to be his friend. "I feel so lonely since his death" disclosed a close friend of his. The students of theology remember



him for his readiness to talk things over if anything unpleasant ever happened. He would often sit with them for meals, and strike up a lively conversation that would bury all ill-feelings or indifferences if any existed.

After his death when Fr. Provincial came to the Sacred Heart college, he said to Fr. Sylvanus :

"Fr. Sngi, you lost your friend, a good soul."

"No, not a good soul," replied Fr. Sngi instantly,  
"but excellent, excellent in every way !"

Fr. Sngi also recalled how pleasant it was to work with Fr. Philip. He possessed a very good team spirit and a spirit of collaboration.

Fr. Jose Nadackal who came to Sacred Heart College with Fr. Philip soon after their ordination, found him a very good friend. "There was an unspoken understanding between us", he said. He also narrated the following episode which speaks so well of Fr. Philip's thoughtfulness.

"After my brain surgery I found it quite hard to concentrate on my studies. As examinations drew near, I became a bit panicky and did not know what to do. Fr. Philip somehow sensed my predicament. And one fine evening he walked into my room. Since then he decided to help me to study, and we would go over each lesson. He told me how to prepare shorter notes, and gave me some tips to memorize. This became a daily programme with us until the examinations were over. And that was the beginning of a mutual friendship between us that lasted until the Lord called him away."

"He is the only confrere for whom I cried when I heard about his death." "I have lost a personal guide in Fr. Philip", said another of his companions.



His own companions had given him the name 'Macarios' – the blessed one. His life, short though it was, was an experience of the blessing that he radiated everywhere. The Lord has taken away our 'Macarios' to a blessedness that will never end.

Another of his companions referred to him as a 'community man.' Philip loved the community wherever he was. In Rome as a student, he would take up organising a game of basket ball, and go round collecting names. His companions who could hardly pronounce his house-name 'Kanjuparambil' preferred to call him endearingly 'Basket, Basket.'

He had a knack for cooking. He would use this talent for the community whenever occasion arose, especially when cooking outdoors. In Rome, his companions longed for a taste of Indian food prepared by him. Some confreres whom Philip taught at the aspirantate recall another instance of his thoughtfulness. Once while returning from holidays at home, he brought along with him a box full of excellent help-books for his students. When asked about it he said, "an uncle of mine gave me Rs. 200.00 so I thought of buying some useful books for our boys."

Philip was well aware of his short comings. He was very slow to take offence and quick to forgive. Fr. George Kottupallil who knew Philip for a long time said, "Philip was too sensitive a soul to keep grudges. We certainly lost a very loyal and dear friend."

Philip had many plans for the future. He wanted to initiate a great Biblical Movement in the north-east. He wanted to make the entire region thoroughly Biblical. In one of his meetings with Fr. Sylvanus he said, "We must soak the north-eastern region in the Bible." His own life was so steeped in the Word of God, that he was not only willing to teach it diligently, but anxious to see it spread everywhere.



That his study of Scripture was thoroughly mission oriented is obvious from the two papers presented for his degree course. The first one entitled "Divine Echoes Beyond Israel" was the fruit of his pastoral concern, as he himself explained: "During my pastoral work in Eastern India, I very often came into contact with Hindus, Muslims, Buddhists, Sikhs, Jains and Animists... This paper is the result of my own desire to know what the Old Testament has to say in their favour."

His final dissertation was entitled "A Missionary is God's Fellow-Worker." In it he explored the full significance of the expression 'Fellow-worker of God' a missionary's relation to God, and God's relation to a missionary.

Even as this missionary of God had great plans, God had yet other plans for this 'fellow-worker of His' in heaven. With deep theological intuition and pastoral commitment he had written what we might term his own life-programme: 'A missionary is a complex person. Although a fellow-worker, he is totally dependent on God; although he teaches with authority, he is only a servant; although he proclaims the word of life, he is only a steward.' And he had understood well enough these words to say his whole-hearted 'yes' when summoned to him by the Lord he loved.

Fr. Philip's life and death are now not merely a memory of the past, but a source of blessing for all who lived by his side. Through his death his consecration has reached its highest fulfilment; through it we are united in a 'love that never ends.' Const. 54.

We could conclude our memories of Fr. Philip with these simple words penned by one of India's greatest poets – **Rabindranath Tagore** :

"Helpless within the walls  
Of his unbearable suffering,



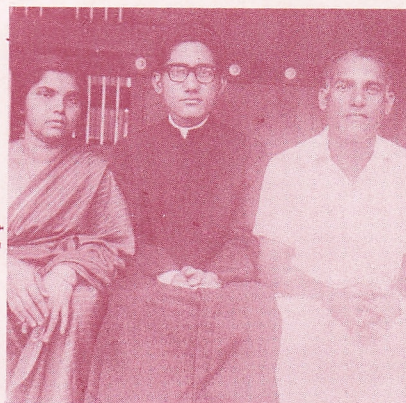
I do not know  
Where he will find consolation.  
I know the root of his suffering  
Is his riotious living,  
Is in his folly,  
But this knowledge brings no comfort.  
When I know  
The truth that is hidden  
In man's spiritual striving  
Is beyond pleasure and pain –  
Then do I realize  
That those Seekers who make fruitful  
This truth in their lives  
Are the ultimate goal of man's destiny.”







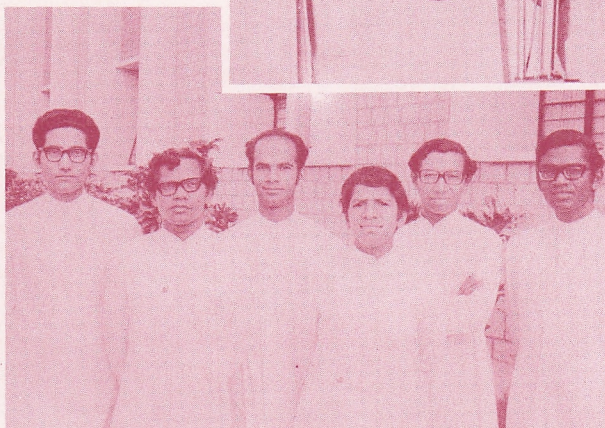
WITH HIS PARENTS



“Follow  
Me”

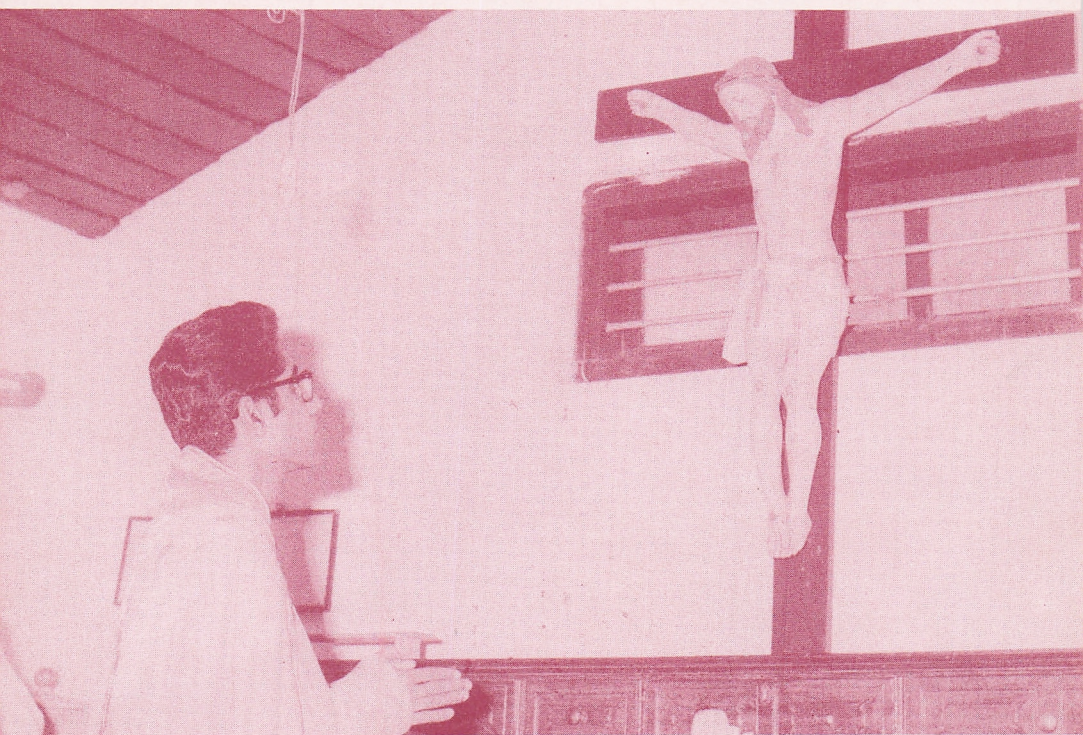
Jn. 1:44

WAS  
THE MOTTO  
OF  
PHILIP'S  
ORDINATION  
DAY.



ORDAINED  
TOGETHER  
TO SERVE  
THE LORD





*“ We preach Christ crucified ...  
Christ the power and wisdom of God ”*

1 Cor. 22, 25.