

via e-mail

Nov 20, 2008

Dear Sir;

I am sorry I do not have an Arabic keyboard or typewriter. But, I would like to share great experiences with you and with all those Christians who love Baba (Pope) Kyrillos.

First allow me to introduce myself. My name is M.A.B. (*we have the full name, but chose to only publish the initials on the public Web site*), a Copt, born in Cairo, spent my youth in Alexandria. After graduating from Alexandria's faculty of engineering, I immigrated to the United States of America in January of 1969.

Now, retired, married to M. (*we have the first name, but chose to only publish the first letter of it on the public Web site*), and a father of two grown-up boys, I live in Raleigh, North Carolina.

As a very fortunate, and lucky Christian, I have been blessed by, not only one, but **four** true miracles in my life time. I will share them with you and other Copts, starting with the most recent.

Fourth Miracle:

Three years ago, in 2006, I have been diagnosed with colon cancer. After surgery, to remove the cancerous part of my colon, they found that cancer has showed up in my liver. A local Hindu oncologist doctor gave me a prognosis of 2 to 4 months to live. Not impressed I switched to treatment at Duke University Hospital (only 20 minutes away from our home in Raleigh) with chemotherapy.

Chemo was administered every other week. Every 2 months they did a CAT-scan to see the result of the treatment. The 1st CAT-scan showed that I had 2 coin size tumors in my liver. Within about 6 more weeks of treatment I developed a cyst or abscess ('*khorag*' in Arabic) that was surgically removed. To perform surgery on me they had to stop chemo for at least 2 weeks. So, it took maybe 6 weeks before returning to chemo. Shortly after, for some reason that I don't remember, they stopped chemo on me again for 2 weeks. Then they resumed chemo again.

At that point my family became worried about me. Every one of my relatives, and friends (Christians and Moslems) was praying for me. Candles were lit in my name in many churches, here, in Canada, and in Egypt.

My son P. (*we have the first name, but chose to only publish the first letter of it on the public Web site*), without my knowledge, got together with my nephew, and they both fasted for 3 days - no food, only water - praying for my healing. Just a few days later it was time for my CAT-scan again. I went with my wife to review the blood work and scan results with the doctor. It was a long wait and the lady doctor finally walked in with a big smile on her face, and she said;

“we just had a big meeting reviewing the results, all the tumors have miraculously disappeared, and the blood work results are just perfect.” My wife and I were in tears.

Third miracle:

They continued a bi-monthly routine, blood work and CAT scan on me. Several months later, I went in with my son P. (*we have the first name, but chose to only publish the first letter of it on the public Web site*) to go over the latest test results. Cancer was back again. P. (*we have the first name, but chose to only publish the first letter of it on the public Web site*) was shocked and he insisted that it happened because I was not being a good Christian.

Well, I believed I have been a good Christian. Following all the teachings of Christ. Never hurting anyone, going to church, taking communion, praying to Jesus every night and thanking him for his kindness and love; and paying donations on regular basis. But my son said that was not enough; I was not reading the bible and not seeking salvation. His perception of my being not a good Christian, hurt more, by far, than learning of the test results!

Chemo-therapy started again. This time I listened to my son; my wife and I were reading the bible every morning, and the “*Mazameer*” (Psalms). And our prayers, together, were more meaningful, not just reciting words.

They performed surgery on me again, and removed a section of my liver where they saw the tumors. It was a serious and dangerous operation. Thank God I recovered from it without complications. During recovery I dreamt of scent and incense (*‘bokhour’* in Arabic) that Baba Kyrillos was sending my way. I did not see him in my dream, but he was standing around a corner and sending the “*Bokhour*” my way. A month later, cancer still showed in my cat scan. It has reduced significantly; but it was still there.

As my wife and I thought of Baba Kyrillos and his miracles, we decided to go visit him this summer in King Mariut (*where St. Mina Monastery is located*). In June of 2008, I was kneeling over his grave praying. My prayers were from the heart. I said to him that he healed my son P. (*we have the first name, but chose to only publish the first letter of it on the public Web site*) (see miracle 2 below), when I brought him to his grave 25 years ago; and I pleaded for him to perform another miracle and heal me too. It was in the middle of the week, and there were only 2 or 3 other people there. It was peaceful, quite and holy. My spirits were elated and my prayers were deep.

My next several test results, back here at Duke were perfect. No sign of metastatic disease (cancer). Perfect.

There are no words that could describe the gratification in my heart.

This afternoon, I will have my routine bi-monthly test. *In-sha-a-allah* (God willing), all will be fine.

Second Miracle:

On August 29, 1982 we were blessed with our second child P. (*we have the first name, but chose to only publish the first letter of it on the public Web site*). He was baptized in Philadelphia as Shenouda. He was adorable, and always smiling. I'd come home from work and he would be so happy to see me, smiling and kicking, cheering up my heart. In a while I began to notice that he is kicking only with his left foot and his right hand was almost always clenched in a fist. To make a long story short we were told he was born with cerebral palsy (CP). The left side of his brain was not developed properly during pregnancy, reflecting on the right side of his body, affecting his speech, language, memory, orientation and the use of his right arm/hand and leg. He was only 2 or 3 months old.

We took P. (*we have the first name, but chose to only publish the first letter of it on the public Web site*) to the best doctors and medical centers. The concluding report confirmed the CP diagnosis and stated that he will be handicapped for life, will always have problems at school, hardly completing high school, and unable to participate in sports.

We were heart-broken. The pain we felt could not be described. Seeing and expecting little help from doctors, we turned to God. My wife has been reading a lot about Baba Kyrillos miracles. I remembered when my father went with my brother Morad in the late 1960s to see Baba Kyrillos at our Fleming Church in Alexandria; and it was their turn to shake hands with the Pope, he patted my brother on the back and said to him “*Sa tanoul moradak ya Morad*” (or “*you will get what your desire, Morad*”--nobody gave him my brother's name). We decided to take P. (*we have the first name, but chose to only publish the first letter of it on the public Web site*) and visit Baba Kyrillos grave. And off to Egypt we went.

I laid P. (*we have the first name, but chose to only publish the first letter of it on the public Web site*) on top of the bare concrete of Baba Kyrillos grave, And prayed. And prayed. And prayed. He listened.

In a month from today (20 November 2008) P. (*we have the first name, but chose to only publish the first letter of it on the public Web site*) will earn his Masters degree from Nova South East University in Florida. Throughout his school years, he has been an honor-roll student. Earned his Bachelor's degree two years ago from UNC. He was a member of his school's football team. He also played basket-ball, tennis, and ping-pong.

It has been a long trip. For 15 years, therapy, and doctors visits have been a weekly routine. God bless her, his mother M. (*we have the first name, but chose to only publish the first letter of it on the public Web site*) carried the burden, almost alone. P. (*we have the first name, but chose to only publish the first letter of it on the public Web site*) underwent several foot surgeries, for many years he had serial castings on his right foot. He wore special shoes. He slept with castings on both legs wearing metal braces and special shoes.

He intends to pursue his PhD.

Thank you Jesus, thank you Baba Kyrillos.

First Miracle:

On Christmas Eve of 1969 I was driving in my tiny VW from Raleigh to Charleston in SC to spend Christmas with my cousin L. (*we have the first name, but chose to only publish the first letter of it on the public Web site*) and her family. Half an hour from Charleston my car was hit by a big Chevy Station Wagon. I was lucky to survive, my VW was totaled, and I was hospitalized for a long time. Two hundred days to be exact. For months I was in the University of Charleston hospital, in traction in bed, on my back, with pulleys, weights and ropes all around me keeping me on my back with my broken leg elevated in traction.

One evening I felt a strange lump on my left thigh, around the area of the fractured femur (bone). The lump was the size of a large bar of soap, and I could move it around like you can move your knee cap. I got worried and asked the nurse to check it. She was puzzled, and told me to show it to the doctor first thing in the morning. Needless to say, I got really scared. Here I was, all alone, away from my family, in a strange country, hospitalized, and facing a situation that seemed quite strange to me.

It was late evening. I turned to God and started praying. Throughout the evening I was getting more scared by the minute, wondering what it could be! And praying harder. Never in my life have I prayed harder. Never felt so close to God as I felt that evening. Around 9:00pm they switched the lights off. And I continued to pray, and pray later as I began drifting, I felt lighter, I felt something in the room changing, I began to notice certain brightness in the corner of the room, closer to the ceiling; it was slowly getting brighter, and very slowly I began to see the face of Jesus in the midst of the brightness. I was so scared, I called unto him for help, mumbling, Jesus, Jesus, over and over. And there was peace. Such beautiful peace I have never felt before and slowly I drifted away in great peace and quiet.

Next thing I know is the Doctor standing by my bed, in the early morning, with the entourage of student doctors behind him talking to each other. As I was waking-up, the doctor was turning around to leave. I called, doctor, doctor I want to show you something. My hand went to my thigh, looking for that lump!! As I said, it was the size of a LARGE bar of soap. I felt left, right, up, and down There was nothing. I could not find it. Quickly, I remembered last night. And realized what has happened. I slowly looked up to the doctor and very quietly said ... “never mind doctor, It’s OK.”

The whole thing could have been just a dream. Fiction of my imagination. I had to figure it out; am I going crazy or what.

As soon as the evening nurse started her shift, I called her and asked her, “do you remember the lump I showed you last night?” She responded, “yes, what did the doctor say?”

For almost Forty years now, I have been thanking Jesus every night for it; whatever it was. It was real. It was not my imagination. And Jesus came to my room and made it go away. I love you Jesus; thank you.