

via e-mail

11-21-08

Dear Sir;

My husband M.A.B. (*we have the full name, but chose to only publish the initials on the public Web site*) sent you yesterday a long e-mail about Baba Kierollos miracles in our life (*to the reader: see http://www.stmina-monastery.org/ArabicPopeKirylos_rcvd21Nov08.pdf*). I would like to join him and share with you my miraculous experiences too.

My name is M.S. (*we have the full name, but chose to only publish the initials on the public Web site*), I am M.A.B.'s wife (*we have the full name, but chose to only publish the initials on the public Web site*), and P.'s mother (*we have the son's name, but chose to only publish the first letter of it on the public Web site*). I too, have a wonderful miracle to share after all those years.

From carrying and lifting Peter during his therapy, I developed a herniated disk in my neck at c7. The doctor in America removed the disk, Without fusion, the neck collapsed. And years of miseries followed.

I became severely depressed, and wished to die, from the pain and suffering.

MY MOTHER IN EGYPT WENT TO PRAY FOR ME AT DEIR ABOU SEFEIN. MOTHER IRINI, GAVE HER A BOOK OF BABA KIEROLLOS MIRACLES WITH HIS PICTURE IN HIS **PAPAL ROBE**.

As I started to read in it, I loved the Pope, and wished to go to Egypt to visit his church.

During my second neck surgery, and while the nurse was waking me up from the anesthesia, I saw myself in a Cathedral, kneeling in front of Baba Kierollos, in his **papal robe**, exactly like in his book.

I decided to go to Egypt on a pilgrim. While in Cairo, and shopping for his picture, I could only find a poor quality small picture of the pope, in a black veil.

MY MOTHER DECIDED TO FRAME IT FOR ME, AS SHE ASKED MY FATHER TO HOLD IT, **THE PICTURE DISAPPEARED**. SHE WAS ADVISED TO GO TO ST. MARY'S CHURCH IN ZEITOUN. THERE, SHE FOUND A LARGE SIZE PICTURE OF THE POPE IN HIS PAPAL GOWN. THE MONEY IN HER WALLET WAS **THE EXACT AMOUNT** REQUIRED TO PAY FOR THE PICTURE.

Due to its size my husband refused to carry it on the plane, I told him I will carry it myself.

IN NEW YORK, AT THE AIRPORT CUSTOMS, A GUY STANDING IN LINE IN FRONT OF US, DROPPED A BOTTLE OF WHISKY, IT BROKE; AND INSTEAD OF SMELLING LIQUOR, WE SMELLED **STRONG SCENT COMING FROM THE PICTURE**. AND MY HUSBAND WAS MY WITNESS.

DURING OUR LONG DRIVE BACK AND WHILE AT HOME **WE KEPT SMELLING THE SCENT FROM THE PICTURE FOR TWO YEARS**, DAILY. IT WAS A GREAT BLESSING, UNTIL I WENT TO WORK AGAIN, IT STOPPED SCENTING.

MY KIDS BELIEVE IN MIRACLES TOO.

My son's American wife could not conceive for years. We convinced her of being baptized in our church. Our priest prayed for her and blew in her face. With the power of prayers **she conceived the same week she was baptized** and blessed with holy oil. Another great miracle just happened.

Please, continue to pray for us, we know firsthand the power of prayers.

I wanted to send my story sooner, but I am glad I finally did.

M. *(we have the full name, but chose to only publish the initial on the public Web site)*

