

In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit

Glory be to God in His saints; may their blessings be with us all. Amen.

Dear Brother and Sisters in Christ

This miracle is one of many that I attribute to His Holiness Pope Kyrolos VI. It started in early 1987, when my wife gave birth to our second child. We named him Kyrolos after His Holiness. After the business that I was a part of in Los Angeles (LA) went out of business in the beginning of April, 1987, the family decided to move back to San Francisco (SF), where we used to live before moving to LA to be a part of this new restaurant. We could not afford to ship our personal furniture or some of the restaurant furniture, so we decided to rent a 38 foot truck. I drove the truck to SF, and then flew back to LA finish my college tests, and drove back to SF. One problem we had was that the truck seat had 3 seatbelts, but we were a family of four. I suggested that the newborn sit in his cradle under my wife's feet, but my wife suggested that she hold our son in her arms. The distance between LA and SF is 600 kilometers. Driving this huge truck required some help, so I was saying some hymns, parts of the Sunday Service, and most of the time I recited the hymns of St. Antonius, but instead I replaced his name with His Holiness Pope Kyrolos' name instead. While I was driving, a hornet flew into the window toward my daughter who was sitting in the middle. Having one hand on the wheel, and the second hand trying to kill the hornet, the truck moved to the right where there was a forty foot cliff. As soon as the truck leaned to the right, my ignorance in truck-packing created a disaster. I packed all stainless steel shelves standing up against the wall instead of laying them flat on the floor of the truck, so, when the truck leaned to the right all those heavy shelves leaned as well and accelerated the fall. I could not do anything, but let the truck roll on each side once, and surprisingly, stop again on its wheels. The doors did not stick, and there was no fire although, I had just filled the tank 10 miles earlier. I got out and unbuckled my daughter, and my wife opened the door still holding our son in her arms, and all of sudden looked at the truck. The windshield, unbroken, lay 60 feet behind the truck, and three big chunks of the truck box were twisted in an unusual shape. As the dust started to clear a little bit, I saw the field cluttered with the contents of the truck, every thing was broken, tables, chairs, couches, silverwares, pouts, pans, clothes, and books. Looking under my feet I found one of Pope Kyrolos' miracle books, angry I started to kick the book as if it were a football, but after that I found another and another, and another. Hundreds of them covered the floor of the field. When the Highway Patrol arrived at the freeway above, the officer called the helicopter to transport us to the nearest hospital and came down. He checked for injury and talked to each of us. To his surprise, none of us was injured, except my son, who had a small cut in his leg. We all went to the hospital and my son needed only two stitches. The Highway Patrol officer told us we were very lucky, "in an accident like this usually the windshield turns inward and cuts the throats of the people in the cabin. An accident like this usually leaves one or two dead." You are a lucky family, he added. After getting back to SF, and replaying what had happened, I asked my wife how many books she saw on the field. She said there were many, but the funny thing is I only have three books of miracles by His Holiness Pope Kyrolos VI. I then asked her how she managed to hold our son while the truck was rolling sideways and upside down without either squeezing him to death, or letting go of him. She told me as soon as truck leaned to the right, some one wearing black gown, and long white beard appeared in the cabin and held her hand with the baby. She told me that person looked like one of the pictures I have for St. Anba Bishoy. Only then, after I replayed

what had happened, and what the Highway Patrol told me, and thought of those hundreds of books of His Holiness covering the field, that I understood that Pope Kyrilos VI was with us, and saved us from a huge tragedy. May his blessings and protection to be with all of us.

Yours,

(Name removed, but known to us)

Please do not publish my name