

COPTIC ORTHODOX CHURCH
DIOCESE OF QENA

Blessed
Servant
PART 2



**Miracles of the Thrice Blessed
His Grace Late Bishop Makarios of Qena**



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Coptic Orthodox Church Diocese of Qena

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**The Thrice Blessed
His Holiness Pope Shenouda III
Pope of Alexandria and Patriarch of the See of St. Mark**



**HG Bishop Cherubim
Bishop of Qena and its Tributaries**

Introduction

In the Name of the Holy Trinity our God

It is my pleasure to present to you, my beloved, the second English book of our Father, St. Abba Makarios. This book includes two sermons by His Grace Abba Makarios, and then primarily focuses on miracles that were performed by His Grace, both during his life here on earth and following his departure. These miracles have been translated from the 9th and 10th editions of His Grace Abba Makarios' miracle books in Arabic.



We beseech the LORD to bless our children who translated and edited the contents of this book so that we can provide you with a glimpse of his saintly life. I will defer from talking about the life of our Father, St. Abba Makarios, and I will leave him to speak of himself through this book.

Many thanks to all of our beloved children who participated in translating, editing, designing, printing, and publishing this book. May God reward them all with a spiritual and heavenly reward, and grant them happiness and their heart's desires, through the intercessions of our mother, the Virgin St. Mary, and all the choir of the heavenly hosts, our fathers the apostles, the martyrs and all the saints, and the blessings of our Father St. Abba Makarios.

May the LORD repose the soul of our honored father, the Thrice Blessed Pope Shenouda III, who departed on March 17, 2012. May He also preserve the lives of the honored Fathers of the Holy Synod. May their prayers be with us all. Amen.

To our LORD be due all glory and honor forever. Amen.

*HG Bishop Cherubim,
Bishop of Qena and its Tributaries*



HIS GRACE BISHOP MAKARIOS HIS LIFE AT A GLANCE



His Grace (HG) Bishop Makarios was born on Wednesday, September 10, 1923 (the 5th day of the Coptic month of El Nasii, 1639 AM)¹ in the village of Awlad Yehia, Dar El Salam, Sohag, Egypt. His name was Helmy Ayob Mikhael and was born to righteous parents, Ayob Mikhael and Rena Shenouda.

As a young lad, Helmy studied in the village's grammar school and then worked as a farmer and a shepherd.

According to his brother, Aziz, when Helmy was young, he used to attend the family spiritual meeting every Sunday; he was the only child that gave up play-time with the other children in order to listen to the Bible and pray with the adults.

One day, Helmy left his village to visit one of his relatives, Tawfik Abaskhiron. During this visit, Helmy revealed his love and desire for the monastic life; however, Mr. Abaskhiron did not encourage Helmy and rejected such an idea. Later, Helmy went with two of his relatives, Kamal Attiatalla and Labib Meshraky, to the mountain east of the village

¹ The Coptic year is an extension of the ancient Egyptian civil year. This calendar is still in use by farmers throughout Egypt, as it aids them in tracking the various agricultural seasons. The Coptic calendar has 13 months, 12 of which are made up of 30 days and an intercalary month at the end of the year, which is made up of either 5 or 6 days, depending on whether or not it is a leap year. The Feast of Neyrouz marks the first day of the Coptic year. The Coptic calendar started in the year 284 AC, the year in which Diocletian became the Roman Emperor; his reign was marked by torture and mass execution of Christians, especially in Egypt. Hence, the Coptic year is identified by the abbreviation AM (for Anno Martyrum or "Year of the Martyrs").

of El Kosheh. There, they sought the guidance of a blessed monk who lived in this mountain. When they told him of their desire to become monks, the monk answered and said, “Kamal and Labib should go back home and get married, but Helmy should go to the monastery.” And so it was, on Friday, June 7, 1946, Helmy joined the monastery of St. Mary El Baramous and was ordained a monk on November 21, 1946. His new monastic name was the monk (El Raheb) Adam.



On Wednesday, March 26, 1947 (Baramhat 17, 1665 AM), El Raheb Adam was ordained as a deacon by the late Bishop Thomas of Tanta, and then went on to join the Theological School of Helwan in October 1948. On Palm Sunday, April 2, 1950 (Baremoude 4, 1668 AM), he was ordained a priest by the late Bishop Makarios, the Abbot of the monastery, and was named Father Boles El Baramousy. In May 1953, Father Boles El Baramousy graduated from the Theological School and shortly after, in October of 1953, he was appointed to serve the church of St. George in Bor Foad. On Sunday, March 25, 1956 (Baramhat 16, 1674 AM), Father Boles was promoted to a protopriest (Hegumen).²

On Sunday, September 19, 1965, Father Boles El Baramousy was ordained a bishop for the diocese of Qena, Qift, Naqada, Dishna, and the Red Sea area, and was given the name Bishop (Abba) Makarios; he remained on his seat for over a quarter of a century until he rested in the LORD on Sunday, February 3, 1991 (Tobi 26, 1707 AM) as he was praying the Holy Liturgy. May his prayers and blessings be with us all. Amen.



² Also called “Hegumenos” meaning a “disposer,” for he disposes church affairs together with his brethren, the priests.

SERMONS BY THE LATE BISHOP MAKARIOS OF QENA



Contemplation on the Miracle of Feeding the Five Thousand (Matthew 14:15-21)

*This sermon was taken from HG Bishop Makarios' personal diary.
To be read on the Eve of the first Sunday of the month of Baba
of the Coptic Calendar.*

The miracle of feeding the five thousand with five loaves and two fish occupies a prominent place in the four Gospels among the miracles performed by our LORD, God and Savior, Jesus Christ.

The one thing that draws the most attention is the words of our Savior: "You give them something to eat." (Matthew 14:16) Let us go back in time, about twenty centuries ago, and let us imagine that we were among the multitudes who had the pleasure of being in the presence of the LORD, and that we heard Him say to his pure disciples, "You give them something to eat." All that was within their reach were five loaves and two fish. What would we have been thinking? Would we have imagined that the disciples would satisfy these thousands with only five loaves and two fish? If we were there, we would have walked away perplexed, as it defies reason and logic, going against the common proverb that says, "If you would like to be obeyed, ask within reason."

However, what had occurred after this by our Savior was contrary to the laws of human nature, and here the miracle happened. He took the five loaves and the two fish and looking up to heaven, He blessed and broke and gave the loaves to His disciples. The disciples distributed the food to the multitudes and all ate and were filled, and they took up twelve baskets full of the fragments that remained.

We who live during these times are not surprised now that the little that was in the hands of the LORD had become much, and beyond much. What then can we learn from what our good Teacher had done in this wonderful miracle?




First, the believer must offer something to the LORD Jesus Christ, even if it is simple in nature. This offering must be made with a joyful heart; similar to the widow who offered two mites and whom the LORD Jesus considered the most generous, having given all of her livelihood.

The Law of Moses determines the share of the LORD, the tithe: the tenth of one's income, the tenth of one's possessions, in short, the tenth of everything. Nevertheless, in the age of grace, the LORD, glory be to Him, commands us saying, "That unless your righteousness exceeds the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, you will by no means enter the kingdom of heaven." (Matthew 5:20)

The Divine wisdom in this matter is clear; our Holy God does not want us to be like calculators, void of feelings and only giving the tithes. Instead, He desires to see human hearts which feel the pain of the poor and the struggle of the indigent, the distressed, the orphan, and the widow. Thus, we become generous as He is generous, without regard for an exact percentage. In other words, He left us free to estimate! This way, our offerings can reach 100%, as the widow's two mites had done, or 90%, 80%, 30%, with a minimum of 20% or 15%.

Here my beloved, we see the glory of the Christian faith, which if we follow it in our life, would root out poverty, ignorance, disease, and every social pathology we complain of in our society. Give, my brother. Give the LORD. Do not be afraid. Do not close your heart to the poor, indigent, and distressed—those whom the Author of the laws of perfection called His brethren. Oh what an unspeakable greatness! Who would provide us with a loud voice to spread the knowledge of these great virtues amongst all the people, amongst the Christian congregation in all parts of the earth? Five loaves and two fish were so honorable that, through the blessings of the LORD, they were enough to satisfy the thousands.

This brings us to the second point, which is of more importance and is broader. The LORD said, "You give them something to eat." A shepherd provides his flock with the good pasture. The same is true of the spiritual shepherd, who has to provide spiritual food to his flock—those



whom were given to him by the LORD to shepherd. Therefore, it is the responsibility of the spiritual shepherd to pray fervently for his sheep, and not merely just recite prayers. Do we really obey the LORD's commandment, "You give them something to eat," or do we hear but not follow, read but not understand?

Now is the time to move from stagnant faith to practical faith—the faith which works through love. Atheism has spread, which essentially is the deceptive, hypocritical belief which is worse than infidelity. The number of pagan people has doubled, particularly in Asia. Therefore, the community of believers in each country must rise up from their slumber and work on spreading the true spiritual culture, especially among children and young people who are the future of the Church.

Third, we ought to always be thankful. We ought to be thankful when we go about eating our daily meals, and before we start our daily chores. The LORD has taught us by this miracle that blessings cannot be attained except by lifting the eyes and the heart to God, to thank Him for all His countless blessings. I wonder how many Christian families offer thanksgiving to God when they gather for meals. Who among the mothers out there teaches her children to pray in all circumstances and offer thanks to the LORD for all that He provided them with, blessings and gifts, whether spiritual or materialistic?

How beautiful is this sentence in the Prayer of Thanksgiving: "We thank You for every condition, concerning every condition, and in every condition." So we thank God for good health or disease, for abundance or scarcity, in good times or in difficult ones. Through thanksgiving, our blessings are increased, disasters are prevented, and the little we may have, through God's grace, is turned to plenty.

Ten lepers had come to Jesus asking for healing. The LORD had compassion on them and healed them all, and they left to go back on their way. However, only one of them—just one, who happened to be a Samaritan—went back to thank Him. Then the LORD said, "'were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine? Were there not any found who returned to give glory to God except this foreigner?'" And He said to him, 'Arise, go your way. Your faith has made you well.'" (Luke 17:17-19) This implies that the other nine were not saved, since they did not offer thanks to the LORD for the good that He had done to them.

Finally, the remaining fragments of the LORD's blessings should be given attention. The LORD of Glory has taught us an amazing lesson via the twelve baskets of remaining fragments. How many indigent, poor, and needy had benefited from those remaining morsels? I wonder. Nevertheless, never forget God's word in the book of Proverbs, "Honor the LORD with your possessions and with the first fruits of all your increase; so your barns will be filled with plenty, and your vats will overflow with new wine." (Proverbs 3:9-10)

In spite of that, the LORD accepts to Himself the little and the much; He accepts the remaining fragments as well as the first fruits, given that they were offered out of generosity and a heart full of love and faith. Therefore, let us work hard, knowing that God will not look at what we say or hear, but rather, at what we offer in charitable deeds without deceit or hypocrisy, but with a clean conscience and sound faith.

We entreat the Holy LORD to bless us, have mercy upon us, and spread reconciliation and peace in all corners of this restless world, through the intercessions of our Lady, our Queen, the Mother of God, St. Mary and all martyrs and saints, and through the prayers of our blessed father, His Holiness Pope Kyrillos VI, Pope of Alexandria and Patriarch of the See of St. Mark.

To the LORD of all ages, who is eternal and unseen, the God full of wisdom, be due all glory and honor to the end of all ages. Amen.



Contemplation on Jesus Paying the Temple Taxes (Matthew 17:24-27)

*To be read on the Eve of the second Sunday of the month of Baba
of the Coptic Calendar.*



The amazing miracle of tonight's Liturgy, from the seventeenth chapter of the book of our teacher, Luke the Evangelist, is a truly unusual one. It would not be farfetched if we considered it the greatest of all the miracles our LORD, God and Savior Jesus Christ performed. If we carefully think about the many miracles performed—from raising the dead, healing the sick, and casting out devils, to walking on water, and controlling the wind and waves—we would find that all of them can be ranked after tonight's miracle, as it clearly shows that our blessed LORD is all knowledgeable of everything in

heaven, on earth, and in the waters beneath us. God knows the ways of the fish in the rivers, the seas, and the oceans. He knows the paths of the planets, the stars, and the constellations of millions of celestial bodies, because they were all made by Him and came to existence by His mighty word. This incomprehensible space is all known to Him and He is fully aware of its intricacies without exception.

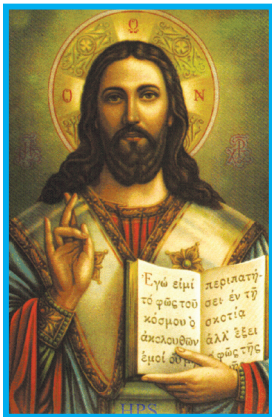
Our LORD told His disciple Peter, "Go to the sea, cast in a hook, and take the fish that comes up first. And when you have opened its mouth, you will find a piece of money; take that and give it to them for Me and you." (Matthew 17:27) Therefore, the LORD Christ, glory be to Him, has full knowledge of the unknown. He knows well the path of the fish in the seas, the birds in the sky, the planets in space, and all His other creation on earth and elsewhere. Moreover, He knows what is inside all living beings and creatures, and knows the future of their fate, including the day, time, and cause of their death.

With all that being said, we should not come to the conclusion that our Good Savior had performed this miracle to prove His Divinity to Peter

only, or to pay the taxes; rather, the miracle, if you meditate upon it, reveals much more. Let us examine it and learn:

The LORD “Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever.” (Hebrews 13:8) He searches the minds and hearts, and nothing is hidden from Him, whether small or big, “and there is no creature hidden from His sight, but all things are naked and open to the eyes of Him to whom we must give account.” (Hebrews 4:13) Did He not, the LORD of Glory, tell Nathanael, “Before Philip called you, when you were under the fig tree, I saw you.” (John 1:48) He knows all secrets and is aware of the invisible. He perceives every feeling, thought, desire, and emotion, even the whispers from our secret places. He feels our anguish, hears our voices, and knows our thoughts. This is the important aspect which our Good Teacher would like to make us aware of in order for us to not go astray or doubt.

Therefore, if we realize, believe, and know for sure that He is aware of all of our secrets, which we hide from people, close peers, or even—in our imagination—ourselves, then we ought to obey His commandments and walk according to the call with which we have been called. Many people, whether believers or not, think they are in a safe haven and that their deeds or thoughts will never be revealed. They then proceed to commit sins and iniquities while ignoring Him, who can see in darkness as well as in light, and to Whom day and light are the same. This may be the reason why many fail in their spiritual life, and subsequently lose their eternal lives.



A young man once told me that he attended a meeting of a foreign group which ironically dared to call itself a church, despite the fact that they were like “whitewashed tombs which indeed appear beautiful outwardly, but inside are full of dead men’s bones and all uncleanness.” (Matthew 23:27) There was a person giving a sermon. It was organized, well written, and even supported by biblical verses. At the end of the meeting, the audience started to wail and cry, confessing their sins in a manner that lacked faith and a peaceful,

meek spirit; one cried out confessing that he stole, the other shouted sorrowfully that he lied, someone else yelled that he committed adultery because of his youthful lusts, while another swore, and so on. Unfortunately, in this kind of religious debacle, which they call confession, they deceive themselves and others, while actually gaining more sins.



At the next meeting, the same thing took place: wailing, crying, and open confession; if you were present at such a meeting, you would not know whether you should laugh or cry. The meeting was attended by men and women, and overall was not very organized. Ironically, they claim that they follow the commandment of the Bible in the Epistle of James, “Confess your trespasses to one another.” (James 5:16) However, they deceive themselves, blaspheming the Holy Spirit, which will not be forgiven them, and forgetting that the Spirit is the one that gives life. A young man came to a conclusion out of these meetings—which some Copts unfortunately attend—that a person can commit as many sins as he or she wants during the day, then goes to this meeting at night to cry a bit (or pretend to cry), deceiving himself or herself, and thinking by doing so, that God is satisfied and is forgiving his or her sins day after day. It is a strange sect of Christianity that thrives under false faith. However, the LORD will uncover it on the day in which everyone will stand before Him to give an account for what he or she had done in the flesh, whether good or bad.

Dear beloved, “God is not mocked; for whatever a man sows, that he will also reap. For he who sows to his flesh will of the flesh reap corruption, but he who sows to the Spirit will of the Spirit reap everlasting life.” (Galatians 6:7-8) As our LORD, God and Savior Jesus Christ is fully aware of what is being planted on earth, likewise, He is fully aware of what you are sowing deep within, whether for the body or the soul. “Each one’s work will become clear; for the Day will declare it, because it will be revealed by fire; and the fire will test each one’s work, of what sort it is.” (1 Corinthians 3:13)

A person can deceive people for a period of time. At most, a person can be deceptive for life, using malice, hypocrisy, and misleading appearances. However, that person should be aware that “it is hard to

kick against the goads.” (Acts 9:5) No one can deceive the LORD for a minute, a second, or a twinkle of an eye. He is not a man to be fooled, or son of a woman to be deceived.

Just as He knew a particular fish would have a coin in its mouth and that this fish would be caught by the hook of the great fisherman, Peter, He also knows all that is hidden in my soul, yours, and the souls of all people. This holds true, no matter how much we try to hide behind hypocrisy or untruthful repentance. Therefore, if a man sinks in evil, lives in spiritual darkness, hides his wicked deeds from all people (including family, friends, strangers, relatives, his wife, children, superiors, and subordinates), thinking that no one knows what is inside him, let this man know that the LORD Jesus Christ is fully aware, and He will punish him.

Jesus said about Himself, “I am the light of the world. He who follows Me shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life.” (John 8:12) He illuminates the way of all people, and they all have freedom of choice, whether to live in complete darkness of sin or in the glorious light of faith. A man is totally free to choose the way. The words “predetermined” and “destiny” are not of our Christian faith dictionary. You are free to come to God, or run away from Him. You are free to deny Him or profess Him. This is your own choice and freedom, with no one observing you except for the Spirit of God. It is then your choice to choose light or to stumble in darkness.

The LORD says, “And this is the condemnation, that the light has come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For everyone practicing evil hates the light and does not come to the light, lest his deeds should be exposed. But he who does the truth comes to the light, that his deeds may be clearly seen, that they have been done in God.” (John 3:19-21)

Let it be known to you brethren that the day of your departure from this world will come suddenly in an hour which you do not know; this day comes like a thief. However, the watchful and faithful who are from the light and live in the light will see the light upon their departure. On the other hand, those who live in darkness will be cast out in outer darkness, where there will be crying and gnashing of teeth. Our teacher St. Paul appropriately said, “But you, brethren, are not in darkness, so

that this Day should overtake you as a thief. You are all sons of light and sons of the day. We are not of the night nor of darkness. Therefore let us not sleep, as others do, but let us watch and be sober. For those who sleep, sleep at night, and those who get drunk are drunk at night. But let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and as a helmet the hope of salvation.” (1 Thessalonians 5:4-8)

Therefore, let us be vigilant, beloved, lest Satan deceive us with his crooked ways, and let us remember that the eyes of the LORD penetrate the depths of darkness. Let us walk before His eyes in righteousness and purity, and let us be watchful, so if we depart to Him, we may hear His joyous voice saying, “Come, you blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” (Matthew 25:34)

May God have mercy on us, have compassion on us, and make us a faithful people unto Him with good deeds until we inherit eternal life and reside in the bosom of the Author and Perfecter of our faith, the LORD Jesus Christ, to Whom, with His Father and the Holy Spirit, is due all glory and honor to the end of ages. Amen.



THE MIRACLES OF HG ABBA MAKARIOS



The things which are impossible with men are possible with God. (Luke 18:27)

Mr. El Meaary of the city of Qus, despite being an unbeliever, tells of a miracle that happened with him through the prayers of Abba Makarios. "I would like to start off by apologizing for taking such a long time to write this miracle," he says. "I was working as a teacher at the Agriculture High School of Qena from 1974 to 1984. Every year, I used to file a petition requesting that I be moved to my city Qus, but unfortunately, my request was repeatedly denied. One of my Christian friends from Luxor finally told me to ask Abba Makarios to pray for me. That was back in 1983.

I wrote my petition and went to the Bishopric; however, HG was not there, as he was visiting the area of the Red Sea. I filed my petition but, as usual, nothing happened. In the following year, 1984, I once again wrote my petition and took it to HG Bishop Makarios, as he was at the Church of St. Mary. I kissed his hand and presented my papers to him to bless them. 'Do you want to change your job location?' HG asked. 'To Qus, Your Grace,' I replied. 'Why Qus?' he asked. 'I am tired of traveling!' Then he made the sign of the cross on the papers and said, 'To Qus you will go.'



From this point on, the miracle started to occur. I took my petition to Human Resources, which had received all my previous petitions. This time, they looked at my petition closely and said, 'If you want to move, have the school principal write a note stating that you can be moved without a replacement.' I took my papers to the principal who said, 'Have I not written this already?' However, he wrote it and signed it again.

After forty days, a memo went out announcing my new position in the city of Qus. I had hoped to be appointed a position at the school closest to my village, but they refused. I asked many close friends to intervene, however I was notified that my specialty was greatly needed in Qus and that I was heaven-sent. So from 1984 until my retirement in 2007, I worked in Qus, all because HG Bishop Makarios said, 'To Qus you will go.'"



He who despises his neighbor sins; but he who has mercy on the poor, happy is he. (Proverbs 14:21)

His Holiness the late Pope Kyrillos VI chose Father Boles El Baramousy (HG Bishop Makarios) to be his secretary. One day, a layman servant went to meet with the Pope, and noticed Father Boles. He was not happy with Father Boles' appearance. "Why would the Pope choose a person like this monk to be his secretary? He has so many monks that are better looking than this one," the servant thought to himself. Sainly Father Boles knew the servant's thoughts, however he did not answer him.



After many years, Father Boles was ordained as HG Bishop Makarios of Qena, and the servant was ordained a priest. One night, HG Bishop Makarios went to the priest in a vision and told him, "You did not like how I looked before; do you like how I look now as a bishop?" The priest apologized and asked for forgiveness. HG forgave him and said, "Come with me now to attend the consecration of a church in the city of El Tabeen with a group of the anchorites." HG took him and flew

to El Tabeen, which is close to Helwan. The priest prayed the Liturgy with HG Bishop Makarios and with the anchorites; he felt his weakness before these great saints and learned a lesson to never belittle or judge anyone.


Therefore, it is important to remember that every human is created in the image of God. If you can see God in others through their virtues, then you will be humble and will be able to praise others. Do not judge people based on the way they look, for their beauty may lie within, and in order to protect them from Satan, God may have covered up their beauty. Do not judge others because no one but God knows what lies in the hearts. Belittling and looking down upon others, either by words, looks, or actions, may hurt others and is considered a sin called “virtual killing.” On the contrary, be humble and find excuses for others.



**Whenever mankind is unable to come up with a solution,
you can see the hand of God working.
(HH Pope Shenouda III)**

A lady from Qena says, “A tumor appeared in my parotid gland, and after diagnosis, my doctor decided that I needed to undergo surgery in order to remove the tumor. I went to Cairo for the surgery, which was scheduled on June 12, 2004. The doctor warned me that the surgery would be complicated and dangerous, which of course made me worry; however, I put my trust in God.

Before going into the operating room, I anointed my face (where the tumor was) with the oil of St. Abba Makarios and asked him to stand by me. My sister also entreated St. Mary to help me. I went into surgery, which was very lengthy. Finally, my doctor came out of the operating room and sat on the first chair he could find right outside of the operating room door; this frightened my relatives, who did not dare talk to him. The doctor’s assistant then came out and they asked him about the surgery. ‘We don’t know how the surgery was completed,’ he said. ‘We felt as if there was a hidden hand helping us!’ Truly, it was the hand of Abba Makarios; the surgery was successful and it did not even leave a scar on my face!



Abba Makarios performed another miracle with my daughter, Randa, when she was in high school. She had a severe toothache and so we took her to one dentist's office, which was closed, and then to another office, which was very crowded; due to the unbearable pain she was experiencing, we really could not wait. We left that office and went to the Church of St. Mark and to the shrine of Abba Makarios. I held the curtain on the door and put it on her face, and the pain disappeared instantaneously.

Also, Randa had borrowed some books from a friend of hers and she left them somewhere, but could not remember where she left them. She looked everywhere but could not find them. Then she made a vow to HG Abba Makarios if she finds them. The next day, the school bus driver approached her with the books, and told her that he found them the day before and kept them for her. Glory be to God.

Another story happened with my nephew, David, who drove from Luxor to attend my daughter's wedding on April 15, 2007. Three hours before the wedding, he lost his keys and looked for them everywhere, but they were nowhere to be found; this caused us a lot of stress. He considered going back to Luxor to get the extra copy of the keys; however, this would have taken him more than three hours. As I was looking, I saw Bishop Makarios' picture smiling and I said, 'Your Grace, you are smiling and we are all sad; perform a miracle and I will record it for you.' Then I asked David to vow something to Abba Makarios and in less than five minutes, he found the keys next to his clothes, where everyone had looked before."



**Truly O LORD, Your boundless and endless love is amazing.
(Father Manasseh Yohanna)**

Another lady from the city of Assiut says, "I began to know HG Bishop Makarios after his departure, through watching the famous video of his last Liturgy. At this time, I was suffering from a big cyst in my leg; however, as I watched the part when HG fell down to the floor, and the Eucharist moved up to the paten, I felt the cyst open and the pain disappeared.

Also, another time, my parents had gotten into a huge fight and our house became divided. It was a difficult time for the whole family and it lasted for about six months. I asked for the prayers of HG Bishop Makarios, that he may intervene and solve the problem. At this time, we called a monk who came to visit us and was able to reconcile my parents. This occurred on the day of the commemoration of HG Bishop Makarios' departure, February 3, 2006."



Blessed be the LORD, who has not given us as prey to their teeth. Our soul has escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we have escaped. (Psalm 124:6-7)

A lady from Qena says, "My brother was taken as a suspect in welfare fraud, and was facing one year imprisonment and a penalty of 10,000 Egyptian pounds. His judge was a harsh person, so his lawyer would constantly postpone the trial in hopes of a new judge taking over the case.

My brother's case went on for two years, until October 15, 2006, which was the last chance to have the trial. I could not sleep that night. My husband went to the court in the morning and I lit a candle before St. Mark's picture; this was my first time asking for his intercession. In addition, I vowed my gold ring. I also asked for HG Bishop Makarios to help and I vowed some money. Then I took his book of miracles and said, 'Your Grace, please, I need some peace; let them call me and say that he is innocent. I am worn out.' After I said that, I noticed that HG's face was getting red and a distinct smile was on his face. All of a sudden, the phone rang; it was my sister who said, 'He is innocent, even without bail.' I cried of happiness and thanked God. Ironically, the same judge who was known to be a harsh person was the one who granted my brother his freedom and sentenced three others to one year of prison and 10,000 Egyptian pounds!"





The LORD has done great things for us, and we are glad. (Psalm 126:3)

Mr. M.A.S. from Cairo says, “I work and study at the University of Cairo, School of Commerce. Before my exams, I had so much work and I was unable to devote time to my studies, as I start my job early and finish late. One of the subjects I was taking needed a lot of work; every question required the answer to be a minimum of a page and a half, and I was unable to study for it. I called one of my friends and asked for his prayers but he said, ‘Today is the commemoration of HG Bishop Makarios. Ask him to help you and he will stand by you.’ At that moment, I felt as if I had already passed. Then I received a text message saying, ‘My grace is sufficient for you, for My strength is made perfect in weakness.’ (2 Corinthians 12:9)

I felt as if God was telling me that He would listen to whoever asked Him for anything through the intercessions of this righteous man. I intended to go and visit HG Abba Makarios’ shrine after my exams. During the exam, I could not write more than a single line for each question and before the time was up, I said, ‘Your Grace, I am not worthy for you to help me and to stand by me.’ I was about to cry but held my peace. Then I started again from the beginning, at the first question, and I wrote a page and half; then the second question was the same, and so on until the end of the exam.

The test results came out very good and my overall grade for the semester was the best since I had started school. I fulfilled my vow, and went to the Bishopric in Qena and attended the Liturgy and took Communion; then I visited HG’s shrine. Honestly, this visit had a great effect on my entire life. I felt that many of my problems were solved and I was able to make peace with many people. May the blessings of St. Abba Makarios be with us all. Amen.”



Who are kept by the power of God through faith for salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. (I Peter 1:5)

A lady from Hurghada says, “In 1969, I was pregnant with my firstborn, and when the time came for me to deliver, I had a very hard time giving birth. At this time, HG Bishop Makarios was on his annual visit to our village, El Quseir, so my dad asked my sister to go tell HG about my situation. When he heard, he told her, ‘Get me a cup of water.’ Then he looked at the cup, smiled, and said, ‘God! What a beautiful boy, and his name is Thomas.’ As soon as I drank the water, I gave birth to Thomas effortlessly and HG loved him so much. One day I asked HG if Thomas would be a priest or a bishop, because he always paid special attention to him, and HG answered, ‘No, he will be an engineer.’ Years passed and Thomas enrolled in the Commerce school based on his GPA, and I used to wonder, ‘How is it that your prophesy about Thomas did not come to pass?’ Then one day Thomas came back from school, insisting that he would not continue, and that he would try to enhance his GPA. A year later, Thomas was eligible for engineering school. He is currently a successful engineer.”



For who of the peoples has a god as our LORD God, who is attentive to our supplications? (St. Augustine)

Mariam Nazeer of Qena tells her story with HG Bishop Makarios and says, “I broke my left leg and I had to stay in a cast for 40 days, but there was no improvement. I went to Cairo to have surgery on my leg, and there the doctor told me that I had gangrene in my leg and that I would need to have it amputated. I broke down and cried a great deal. I asked for the prayers of the late Bishop Makarios, and for him to help me and be with me during the surgery. I came out of the surgery with two metal strips and 13 screws in my leg with no amputation.

On the second day after my surgery, the nurse—who was non-Christian—came to give me a painkiller and she said, ‘Do you think the doctor is the one who did the surgery for you? No! It was one of your priests.’ I knew

right away that it must have been HG Bishop Makarios who helped the doctor with the surgery and that it must have been him that the nurse had seen in the operating room. Now, I walk on both my legs perfectly fine, as if I was never injured or had any broken bones. I deeply thank my LORD Jesus Christ who healed me through the prayers of HG Bishop Makarios.”



I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you. (Isaiah 46:4)

Mr. M. from Qena says, “God granted me two sons. My youngest was born with a heart problem and needed surgery, which had a 10% chance of success. In 1987, I took my son to meet HG Bishop Makarios, who looked at me intently with silence for a period of time, then said, ‘Pay 500 Egyptian pounds to St. Mary, and she will do the surgery.’ So I asked him, ‘Should we still go to see the doctors in Cairo?’ And he answered, ‘Yes, go to Cairo.’ We went to see a good cardiologist in Cairo who informed us that this kind of surgery could not be performed in Egypt, and that we would have to travel outside the country to have it done, which would cost about 50,000 Egyptian pounds.

We went back to Qena, hoping that St. Mary would perform the surgery on my son. I went to the Church of St. Mary and donated the 500 Egyptian pounds, as HG had told me, and waited for a miracle. However, shortly after, my son died. I was very sad, and due to my little faith, I boycotted visiting HG’s shrine, even if I happened to be at the church where his shrine was.



My older son finished high school and joined one of the institutes in Luxor. During his physical exam, the doctor asked him, ‘Are you a heart patient?’ My son was frightened and answered her, ‘I am in good health and was never sick to this day.’ When the doctor saw his anxiety, she calmed him down and never told him anything.

Being worried, my son called his uncle, who was a doctor, to tell him what happened. His uncle told him to see a cardiologist who, after examination, told my son that his pulmonary vein was narrow and advised him to go to Cairo for further diagnosis.


My son came home that day very sad. He told his mom all that happened, but they did not tell me at first because I suffer from high blood pressure and gouty arthritis, and I was not able to stand up or walk. However, I saw the sadness on their faces and insisted they tell me what was going on. At that point, I was consumed in sorrow and felt as if my head was spinning. I went to bed crying that night, and drenched my pillow with tears.

While I was sleeping, I saw HG Bishop Makarios coming out of the altar, with his white liturgical attire and holding a cross in his hand. He spoke to me and said, 'What is the matter? You are fine, nothing is wrong with you.' So I said, 'It is not me, it is my son.' He replied, 'And your son is fine, too.' When I woke up in the morning, I was able to walk with no pain, even until now. I told my family about the dream and I believed that God had healed my son, as per what Bishop Makarios had told me."



Is anything too hard for the LORD? (Genesis 18:14)

A lady from Naga Hammadi tells a story about one of her relatives saying, "He traveled outside of the country to Europe and left behind a lot of properties and buildings that he owned in the coastal cities of the Red Sea. During one of his visits to Egypt, he got into an argument with one of the superintendents of his buildings. As a way of revenge, the superintendent's son took advantage of his absence and called the Egyptian IRS, claiming that all the apartments were rented at a high price and that my relative was not paying taxes, despite the fact that my husband was the one who was responsible for paying all of the taxes in his absence. However, the complaint turned into a case, and a trial took place in his absence. He was sentenced to 3 years in prison and had to pay 330,000 Egyptian pounds.



After much negotiation, we were able to reduce the sum from 330,000 to 6,300 Egyptian pounds. However, his presence was required for this deal to take place. In addition, he was required to appear before a judge in court, which in Egypt equates to being in prison during trial. We tried all of the venues in order to get around this part, but we were not successful. So we finally asked for the intercessions of HG Bishop Makarios and we called one of the priests of Qena who said, ‘Bishop Makarios will perform a miracle and save him.’ So we vowed to pay a sum of money and we prayed that he would not get arrested at the airport; and it was so.

We arrived at the court and awaited the start of the trial from 9 AM to 3 PM. After waiting so long, we thought that the judge would postpone his case; however, he was tried and was found to be innocent. When he came to travel back to his country, he found that his name was listed among those who were not permitted to leave. He had to remain in Egypt for one month and a half; so we all prayed and said, ‘Finish what you started, Your Grace Bishop Makarios.’ One night, he saw the late Pope Kyrollos VI and Father Fanous of the Monastery of St. Paul, and they told him, ‘It is finished.’ A bright light then filled the dark room. My relative was able to travel back on Easter Day, the Feast of the Resurrection, on April 8, 2007, where he was reunited with his wife and children.”



**Your right hand, O LORD, has become glorious in power;
Your right hand, O LORD, has dashed the enemy in pieces.
(Exodus 15:6)**

A young lady from Luxor says, “During a certain period of my life, I was having many hallucinations and it almost killed me. I lost my appetite and I was miserable. After that, I heard about HG Bishop Makarios and his many miracles, and I was able to obtain Book 1 of the series of his miracles. I read the book and I prayed continually with many tears saying, ‘Dear Bishop Makarios, I would rather die than live with all of these hallucinations.’ Then I said, ‘If you help to lift away these thoughts from me, I will report this miracle to be written in your books.’”


One night, I dreamt that I was entering the Church of Archangel Michael in Luxor. I saw His Grace sitting in the back. Initially, I thought that he was my father of confession; however, I then realized that it was His Grace. I ran towards him and I cried out, 'Help me, please.' So he answered, 'Get up now and pray the LORD's Prayer.' As I started to pray, 'Our Father who art in heaven...', I heard HG praying but I could not understand what he was saying. Then a lady came with a little girl and asked the saint to anoint her with oil. So I asked him to please anoint me with oil and he did, and he also anointed my stomach with his finger. I felt a slight pain as he did this, then he said, 'It is done.' Since that day, all my hallucinations have gone away and have not returned."



Who would not be amazed of Your love, O Father of all; Your mercy is inexpressible. (St. John Saba)

Another lady from Qena tells her story saying, "I was very anemic and my hemoglobin level was quite low. After doing an X-ray, the doctor saw a sac above my ovaries. He told me that I needed to have surgery; this was very hard for me, especially since I had young children and was concerned about who would take care of them if I were to undergo such surgery. I talked to one of the priests about this, and he advised me to go see Dr. Gamal Habib in Sohag.

Before traveling, I went to church to get the blessings of the shrine of HG Bishop Makarios and Father Abdelmessih El Manahry, whose relics were in our church. I vowed to pay a certain amount of money if they interceded on my behalf and I did not have to undergo the surgery. I then went to see Dr. Habib, who did a sonogram and said, 'I see a tumor by the uterus and a sac on the ovary.' He then referred me to Dr. Elias Abadir to perform another test. On my way, I started to pray and call upon HG Bishop Makarios; tears filled my eyes and I pleaded with HG and Father Abdelmessih El Manahry to help me. When I went to do the test, Dr. Abadir said that he could not see anything at all. So I returned to Dr. Habib, who congratulated me. I really thank my Father Bishop Makarios and Father Abdelmessih El Manahry who helped me."



Saints are our helpers if we call upon them in our hardships and tribulations. (Abba Anthony the Great)

“I had been suffering from high blood pressure for over 15 years,” says Mr. Nabil Botros of Esna. “One day, my blood pressure reading was 160/130 (a normal reading should be about 120/80). I went to see a doctor and it was the Wednesday before Holy Week. After my checkup, the doctor found that my left kidney was completely impaired, swollen, and had a few stones in it. In addition, I had inflammation in my left ureter. Doctors advised me to have my left kidney and ureter removed; however, the surgery was a very difficult and dangerous one.

I traveled to Cairo, to a hospital that specialized in nephrology. Doctors there confirmed the importance of having the surgery to remove my kidney and ureter. They had my wife and I sign a paper stating that I had to undergo the surgery. Prior to the surgery, I stayed in the hospital for 7 days. During this time, I kept reading Book 6 of Bishop Makarios’ miracles, and I continually anointed myself with his oil. Before going into the surgery, I anointed myself with the oil in the areas where the doctor had to open me up. I then met the surgeon, who again stressed the importance of removing my kidney and reminded me of the signed paperwork. After the surgery, I was stunned to learn that my kidney was never removed. They only needed to remove small parts of tissue, and they took out 3 big stones and 20 small ones from my kidney. I thank the LORD for His mercy and praise Him for saving my life, through the prayers of my Father Abba Makarios. May his blessings be with us all. Amen.”



For He Himself has said, ‘I will never leave you nor forsake you.’ So we may boldly say: ‘The LORD is my helper; I will not fear. What can man do to me?’ (Hebrews 13:5-6)

“I was arrested on August 13, 2005 for forfeiting public assets,” says Mr. R.M. of Qena. “However, they transferred me to jail in the city of Mansoura, since it was where the alleged crime had occurred. When


I was imprisoned in Mansoura on August 19, 2005, I had a picture of HG Bishop Makarios with me. I stayed in prison for 2 years. During this period, I called upon HG Bishop Makarios every night, as if talking to a friend; and God gave me grace in the eyes of my jail mates and officers.

Since the distance between Qena and Mansoura is very long, I asked my family not to visit me. I had tried my best to transfer to the prison in Qena, but without success. One night, on December 21, 2005, I was lying on my bed while holding the picture of HG Bishop Makarios. I spoke to him bitterly saying, 'All people celebrate Christmas in their homes and I ask you to celebrate it in Qena's prison, so that I can at least see my children on Christmas Day. I really do miss them so much. You help all your children all over the world, and I am one of your own congregation, and you don't want to help me? I made a mistake and I deserve the punishment I have received, but you are a father and I am your son.' I cried bitterly and slept with his picture in my hand.

The answer to my prayers came shortly after. On December 23, 2005, a high ranking officer whom I had never seen before called for me. When I stood before him, he said, 'Are you the person from Qena?' I answered, 'Yes.' He replied, 'Do you want to go to Qena's prison?' I answered and said, 'Yes.' He asked, 'Do you have a connection in the Corrections Department, such as an officer?' I replied, 'I have no connections but God.' He asked, 'Are you sure?' I again repeated that I had no connections. 'That's it, go now,' he said. I returned to my cell full of faith that God would perform a miracle on my behalf.

On December 27, 2005, at 4 AM, the door of my cell cracked open and I heard the voice of an officer saying, 'Congratulations, you are going back to your hometown.' So I cried aloud and said, 'Dear Bishop Makarios, please be with me on the way;' and that is indeed what happened. I felt as if I had a connection at every stop on the way to Qena. I was finally able to see my children for Christmas."





Trust that you are not alone; you are surrounded by the grace of God, heavenly powers, and the saints who pray on your behalf. (HH Pope Shenouda III)

Mr. Yanni of Qena says, “I work in one of the Public Works sectors and I was able to get this job through the prayers of HG Bishop Makarios. I was a member of a committee along with another two employees from different sectors. On Saturday, December 2, 2006, my two co-workers plotted against me. They accused me falsely of many violations in the workplace and reported me to upper management, upon which I was ordered to transfer to Aswan. I had to report there on Wednesday, December 6, 2006. On the second day, my wife went to church crying and pleaded with HG Bishop Makarios saying, ‘Your Grace, you are the one who helped my husband to get this job and you are the one who will help solve this problem and allow for us to remain in our own town.’ And we further prayed through the intercessions of St. Mary and all the saints to intervene and help solve our problem.

In an attempt to delay moving to Aswan, I took a few days off from work. On December 7, 2006, I went to the management office and I spoke to the local branch manager, who promised me that he would intervene. However, he advised me that I would first have to move. Nonetheless, he was able to get me an appointment with the general manager on December 17, 2006. On that day, I went to HG’s shrine first, and asked him to work with me and stand by me that day. To my surprise, I went to the office only to learn that the Chief Financial Officer (CFO) of the company sent a memo on December 15, 2006, cancelling the order for me to move to the Aswan location, which is against the company’s policies (the company’s policy declares that an employee, upon order, has to move first, and then he can appeal the order). It did not end there; I learned that my co-workers who plotted against me were fired from the committee and were not permitted to join any other committees that were affiliated with my sector. Furthermore, the manager who ordered me to move was demoted to a lower position.

On Saturday, January 6, 2007, I met the general manager who was wondering what happened with my situation. He said, ‘We have never seen something like this before. When we asked for the reason, we

were told that one of the older bishops of the church made the CFO cancel your order to be relocated.’ On Monday, January 8, 2007, the local manager came to wish me a Merry Christmas. He sat with me for a long while, and at the end, he told me to call him if I ever needed anything rather than to complain about him to the great bishop of the church. May the blessings of our Father Abba Makarios be with us all. Amen.”



And when this was done, they blessed the LORD with hymns and thanksgiving, who had done great things in Israel, and given them the victory. (2 Maccabees 10:38)

A miracle happened with Christine Fahmy of Assiut. “My relationship with HG Bishop Makarios started when I was in my second year of medical school,” says Christine. “One of our relatives from Qena gave my father HG’s miracle book. He used to read it every day and told me how great this saint was. So I thought of asking for his help in the subject of Physiology. We studied Physiology for over 2 years, during the first and second years of medical school. I had already failed my previous exam. This made me hate the subject and I lost interest in studying it.

When the time for the exam had come, I started to study hard. However, the night before the exam, my father saw how confused, worried, and anxious I was. So he started to read me some miracles and told me, ‘Just ask for his prayers and he will stand by you.’ Then my father recommended that I look at the exam from the year 1991, which was the year that HG had passed away. I found this exam and I studied all of the questions in it very well. The following day, I went to the exam armed with HG’s prayers along with his picture. To my surprise, I found that most of the questions were from the 1991 exam. I was also able to answer the other questions which were not included in the 1991 exam. I scored a 91.5% on my exam.”





Casting all your care upon Him, for He cares for you. (1 Peter 5:7)

In August of 2006, Sammy of Qena had severe pain on his right side and had trouble urinating. "I went to the doctor, who told me that I had a prostate problem," says Sammy. "He gave me antibiotics and injections. One month later, I felt no better. On May 24, 2007, I felt severe pain at night, and so I started to cry out. Early the next morning, I went to the hospital where they gave me two injections which helped me to sleep and urinate.

As soon as the effect of the injections wore away, the pain returned and I cried out to HG Bishop Makarios to help me. My wife then anointed me with his oil and I put a couple of drops in my drink. At night, I went to the bathroom and a stone came out as I was urinating; all my pain went with it. May the prayers of HG Bishop Makarios be with us all. Amen."



My son, give me your heart, and let your eyes observe my ways. (Proverbs 23:26)

"Two years ago, I was working at a resort. During this period, I drifted away from God and my life became so bitter. One day, I went to HG Bishop Makarios' shrine, and I asked for his help to repent and to return to God's bosom. In a short time, I was back confessing and taking communion. Then I asked him to help me find a job in any other field. However, after a while, I lost hope. One day, I was passing by the Bishopric where HG's shrine was. I pleaded with him in my thoughts and told him that he was late in finding me a job. After I went back home, at about 2:00 PM, as I was eating lunch, my cell phone rang. It was a big accounting firm that ended up hiring me. During the interview process, there were many candidates; however, I was among the ones who were chosen, to the degree that everyone was asking who my connection was."



The secret of the LORD is with those who fear Him, and He will show them His covenant. (Psalm 25:14)

Mr. Adel Girgis of Hurghada says, “HG Bishop Makarios used to come visit our city once a year. He used to use my house to gather all of our neighbors to take his blessings. One time during his visit, he asked my wife how many children we had. She told him that we had two girls. He replied, ‘Next year, you will have Job.’ So she said, ‘I wish.’ He prayed for her and for all of our family; his prayers were a great blessing for all of us. Indeed, the following year, my wife gave birth to a boy. However, she did not want to name him Job, so she named him Mina instead. Before HG’s next visit (which was his last before his departure), we happened to be in Cairo. We visited the Monastery of St. Abraam, where my wife suggested that we baptize our son. I agreed, and one of the monks baptized our son, Mina, and to our great surprise, he baptized him in the name of Job. After our return to Hurghada and during HG’s visit, my wife told HG Bishop Makarios of all that had happened. He replied, ‘My dear daughter, Job and Mina are both saints. May God bless your little boy.’ Shortly after, HG departed to heaven.”



He sent from above, He took me; He drew me out of many waters. He delivered me because He delighted in me. (Psalm 18:16,19)

Mr. Fawzy Khalil of Naqada tells a story that manifests God’s care for his children. “In February of 2007,” Mr. Khalil says, “I bought a motorcycle. One of my friends taught me how to drive it. On the first day that I drove it, with one of my friends riding behind me, a car hit us from the back at an intersection. As a result of the accident, my friend sustained a head injury and I broke my arm, leg, and ribs. After going to the hospital and undergoing X-rays, they found that I had internal bleeding and a concussion, in addition to my broken bones. I was then moved to the International Hospital of Luxor. It just so happened that this was the day of HG Bishop Makarios’ departure commemoration. During the trip in the ambulance, my brother put HG’s picture on my stomach.”

Upon my arrival to the hospital in Luxor, I was immediately taken to the operating room, where they installed a plate and screws in my arm and leg. Shortly after, I felt much better. During my visit to the orthopedic doctor, he mentioned that my surgery was not an easy one, and he pointed to HG Bishop Makarios' picture which he had hung on the wall, and said, 'This is the man who stood by us during the surgery.' I thank God and thank HG Bishop Makarios for his care and love for his children. May his blessings be with us all. Amen."



With men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible. (Matthew 19:26)

The child Abanoub Girgis of Qena tells of a great miracle HG Bishop Makarios had performed for him. "One night, I felt severe pain in my stomach; my father took me to the hospital in Qena where they gave me painkillers via injections. From there, I was seen by a group of doctors; the last doctor I had seen, Dr. Atef Adly, requested that an echo be done on my stomach. The results of the echo showed that my intestines were wrapped around my appendix, which was swollen, and surgery was therefore a farfetched idea given my condition. The doctor put me on a strong course of antibiotics; however, upon repeating the echo exam following treatment, the results still came out the same.

I took the echo results and went to see one of the priests, who advised me to proceed with the surgery. Instead, with faith, I asked him to give me the holy oil of HG Bishop Makarios. The priest gave me the oil and holy water; he told me to put some of the oil in the water and to drink, and I did as he told me. Ten days later, I did the echo for the third time. We were stunned by the results when we saw no intestines around my appendix. We took the echo to the blessed priest who told us, 'Congratulations, Bishop Makarios has done a miracle and you are healed.' Indeed, it was a true miracle, and I am completely healed. I sent a copy of the echo reports before and after the miracle to the Bishopric.

How great and amazing are your mercies, dear LORD. To You is due all glory, honor, and thanks."

I will praise You, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvelous are Your works, and that my soul knows very well. (Psalm 139:14)

Georgette Fathy of Cairo says, “It took me a long time to write this miracle. It was out of my control. I was married in 1998 and God gave me my daughter, Madonna, in 1999. However, after that, I was unable to get pregnant again, and wasted all my time going to different doctors. Years passed and there were no results. Finally, I went to one of the most renowned gynecologists/infertility specialists, Dr. Sammy El Ishta. He asked me to have specific tests done, and I heeded his advice. After seeing the results, he informed me that I would never become pregnant again, since I had major issues in my uterus and blockage in my tubes because of bacteria. He told me this explicitly and confidently. ‘A person with a similar uterus will never be able to become pregnant, not even via in vitro fertilization (IVF),’ he said. This was a shock to me and I was extremely sad. I prayed and asked for the intercessions of St. Mary and HG Abba Makarios, whom I had read a lot about.

One day, I met with one of the priests from Qena at Dr. Gad’s office, where I worked, and I told him all that had happened with me. The priest said, ‘Don’t worry, God will give you a child, just name him Makarios.’ I promised him that I would since I really loved Abba Makarios very much. After a while, specifically, on New Year’s Eve of 2004, I took a pregnancy test and it was positive. I told the priest and asked for his prayers.

On January 29, 2004, I was following up with Dr. Sherif El Basha who asked me to do some tests. Dr. El Basha, after seeing the test results, informed me that I had chicken pox and that I would have to abort the fetus; otherwise, the baby might be born with deformities. He also added that there was great danger to the baby if I decided not to abort. My husband refused to allow me to have an abortion, and I called the priest and told him all that had occurred. He answered, ‘The gift of God cannot be aborted. Don’t do it.’ He sent me a bottle of HG Bishop Makarios’ holy oil and I anointed my stomach and drank a cup of water with oil drops in it. Shortly after, I went to repeat the tests once again, in two different labs on the same day; it was February 2, 2005. I took the

results to Dr. El Basha, who, after reading them, was stunned and said it was a miracle. I told him all that happened and he decided not to abort the baby, since there was no longer any danger to the fetus.

Our dear God gave me my child, Makarios, on August 7, 2005, on the first day of St. Mary's fast. My son is now 3 ½ years old (as of the time this miracle was recorded), and is in great health. A copy of all tests and prescriptions are at the Bishopric, for whoever would like to see the proof of this miracle. Indeed, what doctors and medicine were not able to provide, our merciful God, the Almighty, the Giver of all good gifts, was able to provide. May the blessings of the Mother of Light, St. Mary, and the prayers of HG Bishop Makarios and HG Bishop Cherubim be with us all. Amen."



O LORD, You are my God. I will exalt You, I will praise Your name, for You have done wonderful things. (Isaiah 25:1)

One of Hurghada's residents says, "HG Bishop Makarios used to come and visit us every year. He used to bless us by spending the night in our house. During one of his visits, while he was in his room, a thought came to me to look through the door key opening to see what he was doing; and I did. I saw his body emitting light from everywhere as he was praying. The following year, he came to visit us at the same time, and while we were sitting down, he asked one of the people to block the door key opening. I felt a great fear, as if those words were targeted at me in particular, and I realized that he knew that I had peaked at him during his previous stay.

In addition, I failed during my last year in high school. This caused me to go into depression, to the degree that I could not study. Then my father asked HG Bishop Makarios to pray for me so that I could pass. He answered him saying, 'How much are you willing to pay to St. Mary?' My dad answered, 'Whatever you say, Your Grace.' And indeed, I passed through the intercessions of our Mother, St. Mary and the prayers of our saint, Abba Makarios."


Be anxious for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God; and the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. (Philippians 4:6-7)

Mr. Gaber Sidhom from Alexandria says, “On January 16, 2007, my brother-in-law arrived from the United States. I was among those waiting to welcome him at my father-in-law’s house in Asafra. Time flew by and it was about 3:00 AM when my son, Makarios, gave up and slept. We therefore ended up sleeping over my father-in-law’s house, where I had parked my car next to the railroad fence. We stayed up talking all night until the morning, and then finally went to sleep. While sleeping, my wife got up a few times saying, ‘I have a feeling that something bad is going to happen.’ I woke up at about 11:00 AM in the morning. I went into the balcony to look at my car, but it was nowhere to be seen. I was startled, and went looking for my car everywhere, but to no avail. I finally came to the realization that it had been stolen. I went to the police precinct and filed a police report on January 17, 2007. An officer came with me in a car and circulated the area looking for it, but again, it could not be found. My wife and I prayed saying, ‘LORD, please return the car intact since it is our only source of revenue, and it is desperately needed.’



On the night of January 19th, my wife dreamt that she went into the church we normally go to (Church of St. Mary and St. George in Alexandria). The church was completely empty, except for one person who was standing before the altar. She initially thought it was the priest of the church, so she went to greet him. However, when she got closer, she saw that it was actually Tamav Eriny. Tamav Eriny took my wife’s hand and smiled genuinely at her.

In the morning, my wife told me about the dream, and I felt that something good was going to happen. In the meantime, I had already asked our relatives in Qena to put our names on the shrine of HG Bishop



Makarios and to intercede daily on our behalf, that our car could be found. At this time, I was reading HG Bishop Makarios' book of miracles, and we taught our son the following short prayer: 'Our beloved Abba Makarios, please return our car, and we will come and visit you.' He used to repeat this frequently.

I also called some of the saintly monks who were known for their transparency. Some said, 'You will find it,' while others said, 'He will find it.' One of them told me, 'Go look for it in the City of Damanhur.' However, I did not pay attention to those words because I was sick and tired of searching for the car. Honestly, I was a bit upset with Abba Makarios.

One night, I dreamt that I was standing next to a stream of water in a farmland. Then Abba Makarios came from a distance, clothed in his black attire, but his robe had multiple vertical cuts at the bottom, and he was holding a big cross (the cross that we use in processions). He came to me smiling, gave me the cross, and stepped back and entered a farmhouse. He sat on a couch, and continued to gaze at me while smiling. I told my wife about the dream, and she said, 'If you have seen Abba Makarios in a farmland, it means that the car is in the countryside. And because Abba Makarios went into the house and sat, it means that he is protecting our car.' Days passed, and on April 29, 2007, my wife dreamt of HG telling her, 'God willing, it is easy and it will be easy.'

On June 23, 2007, after several months of searching for our car, a friend told me, ironically, to go look for it in Damanhur. I finally listened and went to the police in Damanhur to look at their records. They told me that there had been no reports of a stolen car with that description. Then God led me to request seeing the police lot in which they park the stolen cars. I went there and asked the policeman at the gate; he also told me that there was no such car with the description I had given. Then I asked him if I could go look for it myself. He told me that the parking lot was very big; however, he allowed me to go ahead and search. I did not even pass the third car in the lot when I saw my car with the same color; nothing had changed and it was indeed intact as I had requested of the LORD. However, the police gave me a hard time since all the paperwork was inside the car. I therefore had to bring additional paperwork to prove that I was the true owner of the vehicle. Finally, they agreed to

release my car in exchange for paying 501 Egyptian pounds. So I said, 'Abba Makarios, I know you help whoever makes vows to you; how about if you don't allow me to pay the 501 Egyptian pounds, and in return, I will vow to give you 350 Egyptian pounds.' To my surprise, a clerk was able to waive the charge, and had it signed by his manager. It may be worth noting that this fee was enforced by the mayor. I took my car back to Alexandria, and I went to Qena to thank my dear patron, St. Abba Makarios, as we had promised through my son's prayer and to pay him the money that I had vowed."



Great are You O LORD, strong and mighty. (St. Augustine)

Mrs. Nermin Gabriel of Samalot says, "I am diabetic, and during my pregnancy, I developed a huge hernia. The doctor suggested a mesh to repair the hernia and started to coordinate with my gynecologist. The original plan was to have the hernia repair mesh surgery done along with the cesarean surgery at delivery. However, the opinions of the two doctors started to differ. My gynecologist wanted to close the cut after the cesarean but the other surgeon insisted on placing the mesh and finishing all hernia repairs before stitching. My gynecologist refused the idea since I would be under anesthesia for about 5 hours (2 hours for the cesarean and 3 hours for placing the mesh). To tell you the truth, it was very stressful to see them quarrelling.

I remember the surgeon telling me, 'You need a miracle!' On the same day, my husband, Atef, brought me the second book of Abba Makarios' miracles. I was praying fervently and reading the book with great faith, and it happened as I was sleeping, that I saw HG Bishop Makarios standing by me and making the sign of the cross on my belly. I woke up thinking it was just a dream; however, when I reached for my hernia, I found it had vanished.

I went to see the surgeon, who said, 'This is a miracle. How did the hernia disappear?' I answered, 'God sent his beloved Abba Makarios because I called for him faithfully, and he did not turn me down.' Shortly after, I delivered safely. Thanks be to the LORD for the daily miracles that He performs for us through the prayers of Abba Makarios."



Blessed are You, the Lover of Mankind, for Your mysterious acts, for the glory is to our LORD. (Nayrouz Psali)

“One day, I came back from work with severe pain in my mouth and throat,” says Mr. Morcos Shehata of Qus. “My right cheek was swollen, and I was not able to speak or eat. When the ENT doctor saw me, he diagnosed me with having inflammation of the salivary glands and told me that I probably had a salivary duct stone. He prescribed some medications for me, but it did not make me feel any better. My health quickly deteriorated due to my inability to consume food.

Following my diagnosis, my sister and her husband came to visit me and gave me Abba Makarios’ oil, since it was around the time of his commemoration. I drank from the oil and anointed my neck, especially in the area where I was experiencing the most pain. I then sat down to watch the movie of HG Bishop Makarios’ life. On this night, I slept very well and when I woke up in the morning, I found something in my mouth. It was a stone the size of a grain of wheat, with spikes all around it. I said, ‘This is the blessing of Abba Makarios.’ I then went to see my doctor and showed him the stone. ‘I am so happy that the stone came out without surgery,’ he said. Many thanks to God who is glorified in His saints.”



To You belongs power, glory, and thanksgiving, O my LORD Jesus Christ. (The Saturday Psali)

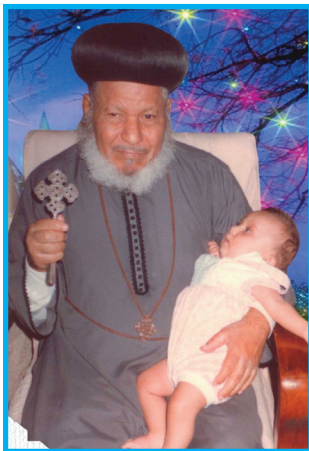
Mrs. Hanan Isaac of Qena says, “I got married on May 14, 2006, and two months later, I became pregnant. Shortly afterwards, I started to bleed and so I went to see Dr. Niveen Philip, who referred me to Dr. Mohammed Rashad. Upon conducting a sonogram, it was determined that the fetus was dead. In a state of despair, I went to visit the shrine of HG Bishop Makarios and cried bitterly, asking for his prayers, especially since I was an only child and had hoped that God may grant me a child, whom I could consider as my son and my brother. As I left the shrine, I met one of the priests who gave me HG Bishop Makarios’ oil and told me to rub my stomach with it.

I followed his instructions and continually used the oil to anoint myself. When I went to see Dr. Tarek Naeim, he told me that the fetus was alive but very weak. He recommended that I remain on bed rest for the remainder of my pregnancy. Throughout this time, I kept on calling on HG Abba Makarios, until God granted me my son, Makarios. May the blessings of Abba Makarios be with us all. Amen.”




I waited patiently for the LORD; and He inclined to me, and heard my cry. (Psalm 40:1)

Dr. A.H.A from Sohag says, “All that I initially knew about Abba Makarios is that he was the Bishop of Qena who departed during the Liturgy, until one of my co-workers had given me the first book of HG’s biography and miracles. She gave me the book because she saw that I was very sad over not having children, as I had been married for 6 years. During those years, I had tried all kinds of medical treatments in hope of getting pregnant, however nothing had worked. ‘Abba Makarios is a saint and he performs many miracles,’ my co-worker said. So I took the book from her and read it in its entirety on the same day. Upon doing so, I felt a great inner peace and became very attached to Abba Makarios. I asked him to pray for me, that God may grant me a righteous seed and offspring. I also promised him that I would go with my husband



to Qena to attend the commemoration of his departure and to receive the blessings of his body; this was in 2003.

Although we had prepared to go as promised, unfortunately, we were hindered because of some circumstances that came up. I was very upset and that day I told Abba Makarios, ‘Please don’t be upset with us since we were not able to go and receive your blessings.’ Then I asked him to give me a sign that he is not upset and that he would pray for me, that God would give me



a child. On that same night, I dreamt that HG was sitting in a certain crowded place, and he was carrying a child in his arms. When I woke up, I felt that this dream must be the sign that I had asked from the saint. Nevertheless, because of my lack of faith, I kept the dream to myself and did not tell my husband.

One week later, I took a pregnancy test, which showed a positive result. I then went to my doctor, who confirmed the news! My husband and I were overjoyed. Thankfully, I had a smooth pregnancy and I was blessed with a beautiful baby girl, Mariam. However, after her birth, we discovered that she had a hernia, and so I grieved and asked HG to pray for her. I told him, 'The hernia is on you...you find a way.' After a while, the hernia had completely disappeared on its own. I thank God for His love and blessings that He provided to us through the prayers of HG Bishop Makarios. Later, we went to Qena to fulfill our vows and to record this miracle."



Sometimes God delays the fulfillment of our requests so that we can realize its value, for what comes easy, goes easy. (HH Pope Shenouda III)

Mrs. M.F. of Hurghada says, "After I got married, God granted me two boys. One day, as I was sitting next to my oldest son, who was eight years old, I noticed a tiny white spot close to his left ear. It was not obvious but it worried me, so I spoke to his dad about it, who told me that it was probably due to some nutritional deficiency.


With time, the depigmented skin patch started to grow bigger and spread, so we took him to a dermatologist, Dr. Mariam Sefein, who told us that we should have brought him in sooner. She informed us that my son had a skin condition called vitiligo, which is very hard to cure. However, Dr. Sefein said that she would prescribe a medication that would hopefully contain it, so that it does not spread further. Two weeks later, we saw no improvement; on the contrary, the condition worsened. We decided to take him to Cairo to see another dermatologist, Dr. Mohammed El Zawahry, who confirmed the same

diagnosis and also prescribed a medication for him. He also emphasized that this skin disease is very hard to cure, and that all that can be done is to slow it from further spreading. Dr. El Zawahry told us to return for a follow-up visit after 3 months.

Following my son's diagnosis with this skin condition, I was constantly in tears and pleaded for HG Bishop Makarios' intercessions. At one point, I noticed that my son showed some improvement, and so I started to calm down. However, a few months later, the condition came back in a more aggressive form. I was extremely worried and cried out for HG to intervene quickly and for the LORD to heal my son. I also asked HG Bishop Makarios to give me a sign that he would be healed; the sign I asked for was for my son to be able to visit HG Bishop Makarios' shrine in Qena, and physically touch his casket, which is currently locked behind a glass wall. In addition, I vowed to give a certain amount of money if he was healed.

And indeed, it happened that we were able to visit HG Bishop Makarios' shrine, and while there, we also received the blessings of HG Bishop Cherubim. HG Bishop Cherubim allowed for us to go in and take the blessings of the casket. We prayed fervently for my son's healing, and then returned home to Hurghada, with full faith that my son would be healed. After a while, I noticed that the spots on his skin disappeared. It was around this time that we were supposed to have our follow-up appointment with Dr. El Zawahry. When he saw my son and examined him, he was amazed and said, 'This is a miracle that the boy is healed from vitiligo.' He advised us to observe our son's psychological state, and to avoid any stress so that this condition does not recur. We left his office full of happiness and I fulfilled my vow to HG Bishop Makarios with gratitude. May his blessings be with us all. Amen."





Do not lose hope; for God cares for your salvation more than you do. Furthermore, He is the one who seeks after your salvation. (HH Pope Shenouda III)

Mrs. S.G. from Cairo tells a story of how much the saints care for us. “My knowledge of HG Bishop Makarios started when I watched the video of his last Liturgy, when he departed. In October of 2005, my husband died after being in the hospital for a month and a half. His death left me in complete despair, and I felt that there was no hope in this world. I grieved a lot, weeping day and night, with no consolation. Sorrow took hold of my entire life, to the extent that it started to negatively impact my children. My entire household was full of sadness, and I kept praying that God may help me overcome this deep mourning and sorrow.

At this time, one of my husband’s relatives, who lived in Qena and personally knew HG Abba Makarios, started to tell me a lot about him, and gave me a book of his biography and miracles. I started to call upon HG and asked him to help me; this was about three months after my husband had passed away. Then one night, I dreamt as if I was in a hall that belongs to one of the churches; there I saw HG in his black tunic coming towards me. He put his cross on my head and said, ‘What is wrong with you?’ He prayed for me and left. I woke up that day feeling so happy that I had seen HG, and my soul was full of joy. After that, I calmed down a lot and my continuous tears came to an end. Thanks be to the LORD and to His saint.”



Like a true physician and a healer, You healed all of our sicknesses. (Monday Psali)

Mr. Karam Sadek Hermina of Sohag says, “I was born in Qena, however, I currently live in Sohag. In 2006, during the beginning of St. Mary’s fast, I had a stroke which left my right arm and leg paralyzed. During the first five days following the stroke, my condition did not get any better, although I had been treated with a heavy course of medication.

On my bed, next to me, I had the book of Abba Makarios' miracles, so I kept on reading it until I came across a miracle in which Abba Makarios had healed a person who had a similar condition as mine. I was deeply affected by this miracle, and so I called upon Abba Makarios to come and anoint me with oil, and indeed, he did come in the evening of the fifth day following my request. I was awake when I saw him; he was wearing his white Liturgy vestment and he said, 'Here I am...' He anointed my forehead with oil three times. Then I asked him, 'Where are you going, Your Grace?' And he answered me saying, 'I am going to your son to anoint his leg.' Indeed, my son had broken his leg and he had to undergo surgery to have a metal chip implanted.

On the next day, my right arm and leg started to move, and my son started to quickly recovery; his leg was healed and became normal. In addition, here I am, coming to Qena, walking on my feet to pay off my vow to HG Bishop Makarios. Many thanks to the LORD, and to St. Abba Makarios, whose powerful prayers helped heal me and my son."




**As the bread feeds the body and nourishes it, so also spiritual words feed the soul and nourish it.
(St. Simon the Stylite)**

Mr. Amgad Habib of Qena says, "I am one of the deacons at the Church of St. Mark. I usually serve in the Saturday morning Liturgies, as well as the first Liturgy on Sunday, on the altar of the Cherubim and Seraphim.

One Saturday during the Liturgy, there was a shortage of deacons, so I was serving outside of the altar by myself, singing all the hymns and responses of the congregation. During Communion, I left the microphone and went quickly to partake of the Holy Body and Blood of Christ. Then I took the plastic pitcher that the priest uses to wash the Holy Vessels, and gulped down some water. I then quickly returned outside of the altar to continue singing the Communal prayers and hymns.

After Liturgy, I went back home at about 7:30 AM. I usually start work at 9:30 AM (I am a lawyer and the first court session starts at



this time), and so I decided that I could nap for an hour or so before going to work. As I was half asleep, I saw HG Bishop Makarios sitting inside the altar of St. Mark's Church with his white vestments, and he told me to come. I was also wearing my deacon attire (tonia). I went to him and he smiled at me subtly and with compassion, and said, 'Isn't it inappropriate for the expert deacon to do that?' So I looked at him with astonishment, and said, 'What have I done that I am not aware of?' HG Bishop Makarios replied saying, 'To drink water directly from the pitcher is wrong, because in your mouth, you still have traces of the Body and Blood; you should have drank the water from the small designated cups instead.' Then he added, 'I was in the Liturgy and I saw you; don't do this again.' I woke up from my nap and it was as if I was still in HG's presence. And from that day forward, I always drink water from the small cups in church, as he had taught me to do."



The LORD is my rock and my fortress and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust. (Psalm 18:2)

Mrs. Antoinette Semaan from El Asafra, Alexandria says, "When I was pregnant with my first daughter, a cyst appeared in my breast. I went to see a surgeon, and when he found out that I was pregnant, he started to coordinate with my gynecologist, who prescribed for me three antibiotic injections that I had to take for three consecutive days. It was a risk to the fetus, so following each injection, I would have to go for a sonogram to ensure that the baby was okay. Each time I took the injection, I would call upon HG Bishop Makarios to stand by me, to the extent that the pharmacist once asked me, 'Who is this Abba Makarios?' After the injections, I went back to see the surgeon, who found that the cyst was still there and had not changed at all. So he asked me to go do a mammogram at the Oncology Center, as he suspected that I may have a cancerous mass. There, they had to cover my abdominal area to prevent harmful radiation from reaching the fetus.

One day, I was listening to a cassette tape about the life of HG Abba Makarios. After listening to it, I asked for his intercessions fervently. All of


a sudden, I felt as if a heavy object was extracted from my chest, and so I felt very happy. I then went to do another diagnostic test, and took the results to the surgeon. Upon reviewing the results, the surgeon told me, 'Thanks be to God; I thought you had a malignant growth. Now you have two options: either we proceed now with surgery with no anesthesia to remove the cyst, or we wait until after you deliver your baby.' Honestly, the first option sounded very difficult, so I decided to wait until after delivery. Within myself, I was sure that I would never have to return. And indeed, the cyst completely disappeared with no intervention. Now my daughter is 6 years old, and we are both healthy."



If God enters into a job, then power and blessings enter into this job, and it succeeds. (HH Pope Shenouda III)

Mrs. Mervat Nashed from Hurghada says, "I was born in the city of Qift, which is within the boundaries of the province of Qena. One day, St. Abba Makarios came to visit us during his annual visit to our city, which is usually during the month of November. When I went to take his blessings, I told him, 'Pray for me Your Grace, because I am in my senior year in high school.' So he asked me, 'Science or arts?' I replied, 'Arts, Your Grace.' He said, 'You will become a great professor.' I was so happy to have heard this from HG Bishop Makarios. However, that year, I did not end up passing, got left back, and had to repeat the year. Unfortunately, once again, I failed, and had to switch to technical school. But the words of HG, 'You will be a great professor,' never left my mind. I used to think to myself, 'How is it possible that I could become a professor if I am in technical school?'

Days went by, and I finally passed and got my technical diploma in 1992, with a high score of 85%. I then had hoped to join another institute to complete my studies; however, the particular institute that I was interested in was not accepting any applications that year. I therefore had to attend another industrial technical institute, against my wishes. During this year, I cried a lot and called upon HG Bishop Makarios to intercede on my behalf. The miracle happened during my summer



break, when the institute I wanted to originally join announced that they would start accepting applications for students who had graduated in 1992 and 1993; this had never happened before, for them to accept students who had graduated one year back. Sure enough, I applied and got accepted. I joined the institute and became a professor in it, exactly as HG Bishop Makarios had told me.”



I cried to the LORD with my voice, and He heard me from His holy hill. (Psalm 3:4)

Mrs. M.M. from Qena says, “I got married in 1986 and thankfully God gave us a baby boy right after we got married; however, due to a medical condition that I had, my doctors advised me to postpone getting pregnant a second time for at least four to five years. We used contraceptive methods for a short period of time, and then we gave up on them. However, I was not able to get pregnant for four years.

Then one of the priests suggested that we go to HG Bishop Makarios and ask for his prayers, that God may give us another child. He took an appointment for us with HG, however due to some circumstances, we got there late. As we arrived, we found HG standing outside by the door of the secretary with some other priests. The priest who sent us told him briefly about the reason for our visit. He prayed for us and I became pregnant, however, I did not realize it. We traveled to the Monastery of St. George in Rozykat with friends, then, upon my return, I exerted some effort in cleaning my house, until I suddenly had a miscarriage; that is how we found out that I was pregnant.

After that, we heard that HG Abba Makarios had passed away, so we went to take the blessings of his body, and it was about 11 PM. We stood by the casket and talked to him, and asked him to intercede on our behalf, that the LORD may grant us to have another child. Nine months and a few days later, in the same year, 1991, we had our second son. Thanks be to God who is glorified in His saints.”




Because he has set his love upon Me, therefore I will deliver him; I will set him on high, because he has known My name. (Psalm 91:14)

Mr. Rafaat Keryakos from Qena says, “My late wife used to go and visit HG Abba Makarios on a regular basis. One day she told me, ‘Come with me, Rafaat, to get the blessings of HG Abba Makarios,’ but I answered foolishly and said, ‘No, you go...he is (...);’ and I uttered an inappropriate word about HG. I really was ignorant of HG’s holiness, which became so apparent after his departure, and I beg for his forgiveness. At this time, HG was very sick; however, he recovered and upon his return to church, the entire congregation was joyous and the deacons chanted beautiful hymns as they led HG in a great procession around the church. During the procession, as HG passed by me, I said, ‘The church is full of light because of Your Grace.’ So he looked at me with a smile and said, ‘Nonsense, brother, these are all words of nonsense.’ HG had known through his transparency what I said about him.”

He also adds, “The LORD has given me two sons and a daughter, and I am so thankful for His gift. However, it happened one day that my wife found out that she was pregnant. At the time, she had a medical condition and did not feel that she could keep the baby. She went to Dr. Samir Wordkhan, asking him to abort the baby, but he absolutely refused. My wife kept trying to convince him and was very persistent. He therefore told her to go get an absolution from her father of confession. She went to the Late Hegumen Father Timothaos Mahrous, who knew all about her medical condition, but he told her to go get the absolution from HG Abba Makarios.

I went with her to HG and she told him everything, but HG answered in great calmness and said, ‘Go now and St. Mary will take care of this issue.’ She continued to nag him and he repeated, ‘I told you go now and St. Mary will take care of it.’ We left HG and started to head back home, however my wife was very unhappy that HG had not given her the absolution. But when we reached our apartment, as we were opening the door and before entering into the apartment, my wife said, ‘Rafaat, St. Mary took care of it.’ It was at this time that the fetus was aborted.”





I will praise You, O LORD my God, with all my heart, and I will glorify Your name forevermore. For You are great, and do wondrous things. (Psalm 86:12,10)

Mr. S.F. from Qus says, “Our great St. Abba Makarios has performed a lot of great miracles for my family and I. He has not abandoned us, even after his departure. To show my gratitude to God and to HG, I would like to share the following miracles:

One day, my wife and I went to visit HG at the Bishopric. My wife had a bandage on her nose because she had just undergone surgery to remove a cyst. When HG saw her he said, ‘What is this?’ My wife answered, ‘It was a cyst, Your Grace.’ He prayed for her, put his cross on her nose, and said, ‘When you go home, remove the bandage and it will be okay.’ Sure enough, as soon as we went back to Qus, my wife removed the bandage and there was no trace from the surgery. It may be noteworthy to mention that my eldest son had a similar surgery on his forehead, and it left behind a scar.

It also happened that my wife had training in the city of Qena for a week. She had to travel to and from Qena everyday by bus. One day, she thought of going to visit HG at the Bishopric before taking her 1:00 PM bus back to Qus. She went along with her colleague, but they were told that HG had just gone into his cell to get some rest. As they were about to leave, HG’s disciple came running hastily and said, ‘HG says to allow the people that came from Qus in!’ They were surprised and wondered how he knew that they were from Qus. By the time they had met HG, it was about 12:05 PM. A few minutes before 1:00 PM, they wanted to excuse themselves in order to catch the bus, but HG told them to wait a little, and so they did. At 1:00 PM, HG said, ‘Now you can leave to catch the bus.’ As they left, they were thinking that the bus had surely left, as the time had already reached 1:15 PM. However, to their great surprise, they saw the bus standing at the stop and the driver was nowhere to be found. Ironically, as soon as they boarded the bus, the driver showed up and the bus departed; that was the first time that the bus had been delayed and was off schedule.

I also recall that on February 3, 1991, the day of HG Abba Makarios’ departure and before we heard the news, we found a beautiful bird

inside our apartment. It was winter and all the windows and doors were closed, so we had no idea how the bird had come in. The bird started to fly around HG Abba Makarios' picture and then stood on His Holiness Pope Kyrollos' picture. We tried to catch it, but it disappeared. We looked for it everywhere but we could not find it. So how did the bird enter? And where did it go? Within that same hour, we heard the news of HG's departure.

When my daughter was in Law School in Assiut, one of her friends from Qena gave her a picture of HG Bishop Makarios with a small piece of his cloth attached to it. My daughter took it and put it in her purse. One day, she tried looking for the picture, but she could not find it. She even emptied everything out of her purse, but it was nowhere to be found. She was very upset for losing the picture and blamed the saint, but with love in her heart. Two days later, she found the picture where she had initially placed it in her purse, although she had previously searched there. In addition, she found another picture of HG, typical of the first one she had. So she asked all her friends in her room if it belonged to one of them, but none of them had a picture of HG like this. We still have these two pictures and they are a great blessing to our household.

Another incident occurred when a young man proposed to my daughter, asking for her hand in marriage. We prayed a lot regarding this matter and asked for HG's help. One day, my daughter went to HG Bishop Makarios' shrine to pray, and asked him to give her a sign as to whether this man was the right one for her. After praying, she opened HG's book of miracles and she saw a sentence in bold print saying, 'It is not meant to be!' She prayed again, re-opened the book, and found the same exact phrase; and surely, it did not work out between them.

I also would like to mention another incident. At the end of his last year in college, my son Mina, who was dorming off-campus, had an exam at 9:00 AM. He mistakenly set his cell phone alarm to go off at 8:00 PM rather than at 8 AM. The next morning, he woke up late, at 8:50 AM. He got dressed frantically and ran looking for any means of transportation to his school, and called on HG Abba Makarios to help him. He saw a bus at a distance and tried to catch it, but before he got there, the bus started to move. He was so frustrated and said, 'Is that so Your

Grace! Do not forget that I am from your hometown. Would you like it if I miss my exam and lose out on the whole year?' Immediately after that, a car stopped by and gave him a ride to school. Now the surprises started to unfold: on the way to school, he saw that the bus he wanted to catch had gotten into an accident, and some of the students inside were injured. What was more surprising is that when he got to school at about 9:15 AM, which is 15 minutes late, he found out that the exam was postponed for half an hour because the specimens were not ready for the Chemistry final exam. My son, thankfully, passed the exam with a good score.

A miracle also occurred with my son Sameh. He had gotten a score of 96% in his mathematics class during the first semester of his senior year in high school. It should be noted that in Egypt, the scores received during this year determine what college and profession one can go into. We went to the shrine of our beloved intercessor, Abba Makarios, to ask him to allow Sameh to maintain the same grade during the second semester. We promised to record the miracle. Before the grades were up for the second semester, Sameh dreamt of the Lady Virgin calculating his grade and telling him, 'Congratulations! 96%.' Sure enough, the grades got posted and he got a 96%, as we had requested from St. Abba Makarios, and through the intercessions of our Mother, St. Mary. We took his diploma and all the paperwork, and went to the shrine to thank the saint and to pray before starting the college application process. There we prayed that he would get accepted in the College of Engineering, and it was fulfilled. This was the result of the prayers of St. Abba Makarios.

A couple of miracles also happened with me personally. I had a bladder stone, which caused acute urinary retention, and my doctor wanted me to have surgery as soon as possible. I went to HG's shrine and asked for his prayers on my behalf. There, I met one of the blessed fathers who gave me two little bottles of HG's oil and told me to rub it where the stone is, and to come back to the shrine.





After that, I went to see Dr. Hashem Mohammed who had me do an imaging study prior to the surgery; the results showed that I had an egg-sized stone. 'I have not seen anything like this before,' the doctor said, 'although I am a professor.' He operated on me and the surgery was successful. Afterwards, the surgeon came to see me and told me that this was the fastest operation he had ever performed. He also added that he felt as if there was a hidden hand operating with him.

Just for HG to confirm his work with us, it also happened on the same day, as I was in the hospital, that my two sons, Mina (the oldest) and Sameh, went to buy some juice. The streets were very crowded that day and there was a lot of traffic. Therefore, Mina decided to cross the street alone and to leave his younger brother behind by the curb until he comes back, so that he would not get harmed. After crossing the street, Mina remembered that he forgot something with his brother, so he yelled out to him. In response, Sameh suddenly started to run across the street towards Mina, just as a speeding car was approaching. Many pedestrians witnessed this horrific scene and cried out for my son's life, feeling that there was no way for him to be saved. At this second, Mina cried out, 'Abba Makarios, save him!' To everyone's surprise, Sameh was powerfully pulled backwards, to the extent that he jumped back a few centimeters, just enough to allow the car to pass without harming him. All who were on the street marveled at what had happened before their eyes. We asked Sameh what he felt and he said, 'I felt as if someone grabbed my hand and pulled me forcefully backwards.' Truly we know that it was HG Abba Makarios' hand that had saved my younger son.

Also, one day a tumor appeared on my right testicle, and it caused me great pain, to the degree that I was not able to sleep. I went to see Dr. Habashy Zaki, who conducted an imaging test and prescribed a medication. He told me to return in three days if no improvement was seen; in that case, I would have to go to Assiut for more tests to determine the type of tumor I had. After three days, there was no improvement, so I went to Dr. Mohammed Abd Elbaset in Qus, who

was not able to diagnose the tumor; he gave me another medication and told me if there is still no improvement, he will have to surgically remove the testicle. I was beyond petrified and kept on calling HG Abba Makarios; I also vowed that I would record the miracle if the tumor turned out to be benign. In addition, my daughter went to HG's shrine and prayed for me. She met a priest there who gave her two bottles of oil and told her to have me anoint the place of the tumor, and to add some oil to my drink. Later, I went to the hospital of Al-Zahraa in Assiut and before going for a scan, I anointed myself with the oil, drank from it, and also used Pope Kyrillos' oil. At the same time in Qena, my wife and daughter went to HG's shrine, and poured out their supplications for my sake and sang a glorification hymn for St. Abba Makarios. To our surprise, the scan showed that I had a cyst, and not a tumor. I was scheduled for surgery on March 1, 2007; the surgery took half an hour to complete and the surgeon came out saying that it was a huge cyst in the scrotum, but the testicle was fine. He also added that it could have caused gangrene.

Thanks to the LORD and to our great St. Abba Makarios.”



Trust in the LORD forever, for in YAH, the LORD, is everlasting strength. (Isaiah 26:4)

Mrs. M.B. of Qena says, “We had a very good relationship with St. Abba Makarios, as he used to visit us annually in the city of Raas Ghareb, my hometown. During each of his visits, we would have dinner with him and would take his blessings. While I was still a student, I would always find out whether or not I had passed my exams by simply attending the Holy Liturgy with HG. During the Pauline Epistle, he would usually approach me saying, ‘Congratulations!’ Thus, I would know that I had passed. This was repeated throughout all the years of my education; one year, unfortunately, he did not congratulate me as usual, and so I knew that I had not passed and was very upset. Sure enough, I did not make it into the first year of college.


Afterwards, we moved to Qena, where he always used to visit us, and we would take his blessings. I got married and God granted me a son and a daughter. My husband, however, passed away after three years. Whenever HG would visit me, he would always say, 'May God protect you. Whenever you face a problem, cry to the LORD with tears and He will take care of the problem for you.' And sure enough, that is exactly what I do; I cry to the LORD so that my problems may be resolved.

My son grew up and got into Pharmacy School. However, he was not doing well in school, so much so, that he almost got kicked out. St. Abba Makarios had already departed, and I asked a great deal for his intercessions. I visited the bookstore, where I bought Part 5 of his book of miracles. I prayed, asking him to intercede on behalf of my son, and I also made a vow, which I promised to fulfill once he did well in the first semester. One night, I dreamt as if I were at work in one of the schools. As I was standing on the third floor, I saw Abba Makarios sitting on a chair in the playground, while some students greeted him. I went and told him, 'Pray for my son.' He replied, 'Congratulations! He will pass.' I woke up joyfully. The grades got posted for the first semester, and he passed two of the three classes. By the end of the school year, however, he had passed all three classes. The problem was resolved through the blessings and prayers of our father St. Abba Makarios. May the blessings of his holy prayers be with us all. Amen."



Which of the gods is as compassionate as You? Which god is as merciful and loving?! (Ephraim the Syrian)

Mr. Nabil Bebawy of Tahta, Sohag says, "I went on a business trip to Qena, along with some of my co-workers. Time flew by, and before we knew it, it was Sunday at dawn. One of my colleagues, the cantor of the Virgin Mary's Church in Tahta, suggested we go to church to pray. We kept walking, until we arrived at the Church of St. Mark the Apostle. At that time, my big toe was hurting me severely, to the extent that it turned black. Given the unbearable pain I was in, I decided that I would go see my physician immediately after my trip, to have a surgery done. Wearing shoes was very difficult.



When I entered the church, I noticed a shrine for the saintly fathers. At that time, I had no idea who St. Makarios was, and so I asked cantor Joseph about him, who told me briefly about the saint's life. Immediately, I took off my shoes, despite all the pain I was in. I went down to the shrine and knelt down on the ground, and cried with tears. I asked for the intercessions of Abba Makarios to offer his help and heal me. When I left the shrine, I put on my shoes and completely forgot about all the pain. I did not feel any pain in my foot, as if it was numb. I could not believe what had happened to me and how quickly I felt better. In a short while, my toe's color returned to normal, as if nothing had happened. I thank God who healed me through the blessings and prayers of the great St. Abba Makarios."



That they may know that this is Your hand—that You, LORD, have done it! (Psalm 109:27)

Mr. Shenouda Ageeb El Abd of Abu Tesht, Qena says, "I had never known anything about HG Abba Makarios other than that he was the late Bishop of Qena. I did not know that he was a saint who performed many miracles, until I tested him in my life. God granted my brother, Atef, a son whom he wanted to name after the saint. I did not like the name and started to make fun of it. At that time, I was taking my Associate in Science (A.S.) degree exams. I answered well on the exams and was sure of my success. However, I was astonished when I failed in two of the classes. Immediately, I remembered what I had committed against the saint and greatly regretted it. At the same time, I got Part 3 of the book of miracles of St. Abba Makarios. When I read it, I was ashamed because of the abundance of his virtues. I asked him to forgive me and to help me pass the two classes, and I constantly talked to him. I retook the exams and was comfortable with my answers. Seven days before the grades were up, I saw HG in a dream. He told me, 'You will pass, pass, pass.' Sure enough, the grades were posted and I had passed. May the blessings of his holy prayers be with us. Amen."




If you think you can walk in the LORD's path without temptations, know then, that you are walking outside of it, and not in the footsteps of the saints. (St. Isaac the Syrian)

A doctor from Dishna says, "We worship the LORD God and always thank Him, for He is always glorified in His saints. He sent to us heaven's ambassador, the great St. Abba Makarios. Before I start mentioning the miracles he performed, I would like to apologize for the delay in recording them, and I hope that HG forgives me for this shortcoming.

When we heard in the city of Dishna the news of Abba Makarios' departure, we immediately went to Qena to see him for the last time. I was extremely sad and missed my father, the saint. As I was entering through the church doors, I found a great multitude of people who also came to receive his blessings. In the midst of this great crowd, I saw St. Abba Makarios in his complete stature, walking among the congregation as usual. So, I doubted his departure. However, after he looked at me and blessed me with the cross, he disappeared and I could no longer see him. I was extremely comforted with this beautiful vision.

Afterwards, I stood in the ladies' line to take the blessing of his pure body. However, as a result of being overcrowded, the ladies' line got postponed to the end. I was so eager to receive his blessing, and so I pleaded with God and asked of his beloved Abba Makarios not to deny me the blessing. As soon as I was done supplicating, one of the deacons came to take me from among the women, although I did not know him, and asked me to proceed forward to take the blessing from the body of the saint. My happiness and joy were inexpressible because of this quick response. I received the blessing and left full of comfort, as we had gained an intercessor for us in heaven, one who intercedes in our weakness before the throne of grace.

One day, during the summer of 1995, I was home with my children, and my husband came back from work unexpectedly at 11:00 AM. He was supposed to still be at work at the hospital. He looked terribly sick. He told me, 'I am tired; give me a glass of water,' and then he fainted. I tried to revive him, but in vain. I rushed to call his friends and his fellow physicians at the hospital, and in 15 minutes, they were all at the house around him.



They exerted a lot of effort to wake him up from the coma, but in vain. After a few days, he awakened from the coma, but had a fever of 104°F. He could not walk or stand up on his feet, and had trouble breathing, so we had to get an oxygen tank at home. He remained this way for a week, so one of his colleagues suggested taking him to the research hospital in Assiut. Sure enough, we went and he stayed in the Assiut hospital for a month. My husband's health condition was deteriorating. During this period, I was asking for the intercessions of St. Abba Makarios, and I sang a hymn of glorification to him, so that the LORD might have compassion on my husband and heal him.

On Sunday evening, while half awake, I dreamt that I saw a beautiful, indescribable place, one lit with an unlimited number of heavenly lights. I did not see a ceiling or a floor to stand on. Also there were no walls around me. While amazed, I heard the loud voice of St. Abba Makarios. I walked toward the voice and found myself behind the saint, who was wearing his white tunic, as in his famous picture. He was praying with his deep voice in front of the altar. I greatly rejoiced, as I was attending a beautiful scene in heaven. The dream ended and I woke up to find my husband asking me to hand him a cup of water. I gave it to him and went into deep sleep, as does a tired person who has not slept in days. In the morning, the doctor came to follow-up. He was amazed to see the test results, which showed that my husband was completely sound and that he did not suffer from any disease. The physician asked my husband to get up on his feet and walk, which he did, with no problem at all.


After a short while, my brother-in-law brought us a piece of blessed bread (qorbana) from HG Abba Michael, the Bishop of Assiut. He relayed a message from Abba Michael: 'God has performed a great miracle on this night.' I was so happy with this good news, and in two days, we left the hospital. This was a great miracle through the prayers of St. Abba Makarios.

Another miracle occurred in September of 2004; I was visiting the city of Qena with my daughter, Dr. Irene, and my son, Dr. Guirgis. Before we left Qena, we went to receive the blessing from the shrine of our beloved St. Abba Makarios. We sang glorification hymns and then took the car back to the city of Dishna. By the village of Awlad Omar, an agriculture truck cut in front of us. We tried to avoid it, but could not

and we crashed into it. Our car rolled over several times and ended up upside down. My son Guirgis was in the back seat, and he did not have the seat belt on. He became unconscious as a result of the collision. My daughter Irene was able to roll down the window next to her to get out of the vehicle. As she was helping me out, a speeding truck crashed into our car because the driver could not see us. The truck's tires literally rested on our vehicle, with my son inside it.

Irene quickly called one of her dad's friends, a physician, as my husband and my older son Mina were in Alexandria. Dr. Tharwat Milad came with the ambulance to transfer us to the general hospital in Qena. Several imaging studies and tests were performed and the initial results were as follows: Irene had some bruises and soft tissue damage on her face and arms as a result of the first collision. Guirgis suffered from cerebral edema, a fracture at the base of the skull, a concussion, cerebral hemorrhaging, and a rupture of the left tympanic membrane (eardrum), which kept on heavily bleeding. His mouth and nose were also bleeding, in addition to some bruises, tissue damage, and simple fractures in his arms and legs. He also suffered from facial paralysis. As for me, I got a scalp laceration that bled heavily and needed about 22 stitches, in addition to a compound fracture of the tibia (leg bone) and the two right arm bones.

Immediately, we were transported to the Assiut University Hospital. In the ambulance, I unconsciously kept crying out to the Lady Virgin and St. Abba Makarios, as well as some other saints to save us. In the meantime, our car, which was totaled, was moved to a lot that was owned by one of our friends; this lot was located right next to his residence. He later told us that ever since our car had come to his property, a heavy aroma of incense had come forth from the lot. One day, a few Muslim men went to meet him for a consultation regarding a certain matter. While they were outside of his house, they saw a man who was sitting in front of our car and praying; he was wearing Christian priesthood vestments and was holding a rod in his hand. They told Mr. Essam, our friend, who went down quickly and surprisingly found St. Abba Makarios, in his complete stature, praying in the lot. To further confirm the matter, he got a picture of the saint and showed it to the Muslim men. They affirmed that this was the same person that they



had seen a little while ago. He then quickly called us and told us about this blessed apparition of the saint. What was also surprising is that we were initially found to be at fault in the police report of the accident. However, after this apparition, the court ruled in our favor against the truck driver. Mr. Essam and his wife witnessed the scene and the aroma of incense repeatedly. So thanks be to God who rescued us through the intercessions of His beloved St. Abba Makarios.

A year went by after the accident, and I went to visit my beloved Abba Makarios' shrine, as usual. At that time, we were facing some problems, so I asked him to offer incense at my apartment, in the city of Dishna, as he used to do before his departure; this would be a sign for his intervention to solve the problem. As I returned home to Dishna, our neighbor, Dr. Nabil Zaher, who owns a practice next to my apartment, met me with signs of astonishment and marvel on his face. He told me that for the past hour, a strong aroma of incense was coming out of my apartment. He thought that I was inside, burning incense. His words surprised me, and so I asked another neighbor whether she also smelled the incense, and she confirmed the same. I marveled at the quick response of the saint, whom I had only asked the hour prior, at the shrine, to visit and offer incense at my home. As I entered my apartment, the incense increased and we found sprinkles of water on the walls, which confirmed Abba Makarios' visit to our house, as I had asked him.

Glory be to our God, who performs wonders, and thanks to our saints and to our beloved great St. Abba Makarios. May the blessings of your holy prayers be with us and keep us until we reach our destiny in peace. Glory and honor be to our God from now and unto the end of ages. Amen.”



From morning to evening every day, I will praise Your holy name, O my LORD Jesus Christ. (Saturday Psali)

Mr. Boules Shawky of Alexandria says, “Towards the end of 1999, I became sick with a disease that prevented me from walking. I went to see Dr. Mohammed Ahmad Ramadan, Professor of Neurology at the University of Alexandria, who ordered an MRI on my brain. The results

showed that I had a rare condition called multiple sclerosis (MS). All that could be done was to take a medication that would help prevent the disease from progressing, and would hopefully stop any other symptoms from occurring.

As my health and psychological condition got worse, sorrow took hold of my family and relatives. One day, I was given the opportunity and privilege of meeting the compassionate mother, Tamav Eriny, the head of the Convent of St. Marcurius Abu Sefein. Dr. Saeed Youssef, who used to be Bishop Makarios' physician, arranged for this meeting, as he knew the love Mother Eriny had for Abba Makarios and the power of the prayers of St. Marcurius Abu Sefein.

After Mother Eriny finished talking about the miracles of St. Marcurius, the martyr, I went to her and she prayed for me. She also placed the box of the relics of the martyr on my head, and gave me holy oil for daily anointment. Further, she asked all the nuns to pray for me. She told me, 'Don't be afraid. God is with you and will perform a miracle.' I left with faith and certainty that a miracle would happen, and the promise would be fulfilled.

One day, I went for a follow-up visit to Dr. Ramadan; at this point, I was extremely weak and unable to stand or walk. I angrily told him, 'I have been on medications for an entire year now and have seen no improvement, despite all of the outrageous out-of-pocket expenses I have incurred.' The doctor replied, 'What can I do? This is the nature of the disease. In order for you to return to your normal state, you will need a miracle.' I felt awful and realized that I had no way out, except for prayers and supplications to God.

I visited a lot of monasteries during this time, including the Monastery of St. George in El Mahrousa City in Qena. I also visited the shrine of St. Abba Makarios, and asked him, with many tears, to pray for me. There, I met with one of the priests, and I told him about my condition and how the treatment was not showing any results. He replied, 'Once medicine fails to work, God starts to work.' I diligently anointed myself with the holy oil, and prayed for God's mercy; this was in 2002. Then, I went to see another physician, Dr. Yousry Abd El Wahab, a Neurology Consultant in the Armed Forces. He ordered another MRI on the brain, although I had previously done several MRI scans, which showed forth

the same results each time. So I told Dr. Abd El Wahab, 'Why bother? The condition is still the same.' He responded, 'I want to know the progression of the disease.' I heeded his request and got the imaging studies done; upon reviewing the scans, he said that the results of the imaging studies are very different from what I complain of. I therefore took the new imaging study results back to Dr. Ramadan, who said, 'This is a miracle. The images show that there is remarkable progress. If I had not known the results of the previous imaging study, I would have said that your condition is perfectly normal.'

Sure enough, my condition improved greatly. Now I only take cortisone pills periodically, along with a weekly cortisone shot. I now lead a very normal life and thank God for His good care for us, we His servants. So, thanks be to the great martyr Marcurius Abu Sefein, and to the prayers of Mother Eriny, the St. Abba Makarios, and all the saints that I had called upon."



For You are my hope, O LORD GOD; You are my trust from my youth. (Psalm 71:5)

Mrs. W.B. of Naqada says, "During my high school years, when I was about 16 or 17 years old, I went with a group of servants to spend a spiritual day in a monastery in the city of Qena. At the end of the day, we decided to go visit HG Abba Makarios (while he was still alive) to get his blessings. After greeting him, the servants with me sat on the available chairs. When I did not find an empty chair, I was surprised to find HG Abba Makarios getting up from his chair, with all humbleness, to make me sit on it instead. Until now, I cannot forget this kind gesture from the saint, which made me love him a great deal."

She also says, "I grew up in the city of Qus and married a man from the city of Naqada, where I went to live. One day, during HG Bishop Makarios' visit to our street, a servant came by to notify us that HG would come visit us. At that time, we had no money to offer him like


all the others. We felt very bad and I thought, 'Oh, Abba Makarios! Are you going to come when we are broke? What are we going to offer you?' I then thought of borrowing money to give to HG. However, to our surprise, HG ended up not visiting us that day, as he postponed the visit to our street to another day, in which we were not home. The following year, my husband was working in one of the nearby villages, so I asked HG to pray for him to get transferred closer to home. Sure enough, in the same week of HG's visit, my husband got transferred to Naqada.

Also, in 1996, my husband had surgery for a kidney stone. After a while, he felt severe pain in his kidney. We asked the physician to come to the house, and he prescribed some medications. However, before my husband started taking the medicine, I applied some of Abba Makarios' oil on him. He then immediately went into the bathroom, and I heard what sounded like pebbles dropping. Sure enough, he excreted three kidney stones. As far as I know, it is very difficult for kidney stones to be excreted upon urination. However, this was through the blessings and prayers of our father, St. Abba Makarios."



The works of the LORD are great, studied by all who have pleasure in them. He has declared to His people the power of His works, in giving them the heritage of the nations. (Psalm 111:2,6)

"In 1986, and during my first months of pregnancy, I suffered a lot. At that time, my brother and his wife went to Abba Makarios in the Bishopric. I could not join them because of how exhausted I was. My brother told HG, 'My sister is pregnant and has not been feeling well.' HG replied, 'That is because she bears two; Peter and Paul.' HG had not even seen me yet. When my brother came and told me, I said, 'How can I name Paul, when that is my husband's name?!' Further, I had already vowed, prior to my pregnancy, to name my next child Kyrollos, since Pope Kyrollos had performed a miracle with my eldest son, Amir, who was born with two kidney stones. Through the blessings of the oil of Pope Kyrollos, the stones got fragmented.



I became perplexed when HG chose the names, and did not know what to do. My father of confession advised me to get an absolution from HG, so that he does not get upset from me. I therefore went to HG to get an absolution, and at the same time, I also wanted to find out from him whether I really was to have twins. May HG forgive me for the weakness of my faith. So, I went and told him, 'Your Grace, you told my brother that I should name my twins Peter and Paul, but my husband's name is Paul and I have vowed to name Kyrillos; meanwhile, I wanted to make sure...' HG gave me a deep look, which I will never forget, and he told me, 'So, why are you asking me, my sister?' I became nervous and asked him to absolve me. So he said, 'Then name Kyrillos and Matthew.' What is ironic is that before my third pregnancy, I had dreamt that HG had given me two pieces of qorban (blessing bread). One other time, he had given me four pieces (and I now have 4 children). Through the prayers of Abba Makarios, I delivered, after some complications, and God granted me Kyrillos and Matthew."

She also says, "One day I went to HG in the Bishopric to get his advice on whether I should resign from work, since I had been overwhelmed with house work. He was sitting with a lot of people, so I asked if I could talk to him privately. In all simplicity, he came with me and led me to another room in which I could talk to him privately. As I explained my situation and asked for his advice, he replied, 'Don't quit your job! There is something called a leave of absence.' Deep inside, I was upset and not content with his words, as I was determined to resign. I told my father of confession about my encounter with HG, and how I was not convinced of his advice. He told me, 'Don't do otherwise or else you will suffer. He who practices obedience is overshadowed with blessings.' Sure enough, I did not quit and years passed by. After eight years, my husband passed away, and thus I became in need of my salary. Glory and honor be to our LORD, and thanks be to our great St. Abba Makarios."




With a flame in my heart, I praise You, our God, who is glorified, beloved, and loving of His seekers. (St. John Saba)

Engineer M.A. of Naga Hammadi, Qena says, “I have greatly delayed in recording the miracle that happened to me through the prayers of the great St. Abba Makarios. Although I did not know HG or see him in person, I have gotten attached to him through the books of his miracles and his precious biography. I have purchased all versions of his published books. One day, I was reading one of his books in my office at work. At that time, I was suffering from excruciating pain in my left shoulder and my neck. I stopped at a miracle of a lady who was healed from gangrene, and who was at risk of having her toe amputated. After she had applied St. Abba Makarios’ oil to it, she was healed. When the physician examined her, he was so surprised, and when she told him about the pain she was experiencing in her shoulder, he told her to anoint it with Abba Makarios’ oil. At that time, I did not have any of the saint’s oil, so I grabbed a pencil and wrote in his book, on the same line that I was reading: ‘Abba Makarios, I don’t have your oil, but I have Abba Wannas’ oil. Can I apply that since Luxor is not far from Qena?’ I hardly finished writing the sentence when one of my colleagues came into my office, took out a bottle of oil from his pocket, and told me, ‘Yesterday, I visited the shrine of Abba Makarios in Qena, where I saw a priest who gave me blessed oil. I asked him for another bottle to give to you.’

While I was very joyful, I was still somewhat doubtful, that it might have just been a coincidence. So I told him, ‘Abba Makarios, if it was you who sent me the oil, then show me a sign.’ The next day, one of my colleagues, a servant at church, came and handed me a laminated picture of the saint, without me even asking for it. So I became assured that the saint was the one who sent the oil. Sure enough, I applied the oil and my shoulder was healed and the pain resolved after a few days.”





The LORD is near to all who call upon Him, to all who call upon Him in truth. (Psalm 145:18)

“I got to know the great St. Abba Makarios ever since the first book about his biography and miracles was published. I never hesitate to buy his books. I got attached to the saint and loved him a lot. At one point, I faced a problem with my service at church, so I asked for his prayers, and he visited me in a dream. I found myself standing near the church’s altar; Abba Makarios came out of the altar and told me, ‘I have presented your problem to the LORD of Glory and He promised me to get it resolved. Come, let me pray for you.’ He placed his pure hand on my head, blessed me, and then disappeared. I was so pleased to have seen him. Indeed, the LORD was glorified and the problem was resolved, through the prayers of St. Abba Makarios.

I also suffered from severe congestion and inflammation in the pharynx, for which I took a lot of medications, but in vain. At the same time, I was skeptical of going to the doctor, so I asked for the prayers of St. Abba Makarios and continued to read his book of miracles. Indeed, he did not delay my healing. May the blessings of his holy prayers be with us. Amen.”



Who does not marvel at Your love, O our God, and does not confess Your grace. Glory to You, the Father of all. (St. John Saba)

A lady from Qena says, “After a year of marriage in 1994, God granted us a daughter, who was delivered via C-section. After three years of having her, we decided that it was time to have another child. So I ceased taking birth control pills, but after a while, I was not able to conceive. I went to see an infertility doctor, who put me on some medications and assured me that I had no medical problems that would prevent me from getting pregnant. And so my husband and I kept on trying to conceive, but in vain. I then went for a follow-up visit to the same physician, and he changed my medications, but once again, the treatment did not

help. I therefore decided to go see another physician, who put me on a one year course of medication, but unfortunately, there were still no results.


I got weary from taking the medications and from seeing different physicians and therefore said to myself, 'There is no one like Abba Makarios, to whom I shall go. He will cure me and I will not go to anymore physicians or take any more medications. He is the physician who will heal me.' I went to HG's shrine and prayed saying, 'Abba Makarios, pray for me that God may grant me a child. If it is a boy, I'll name him after you.' So HG visited me in a dream. He was wearing his white vestments and had a child with him, who was also wearing white. However, I could not recognize whether the child was a boy or a girl. HG then gave the child to me and said, 'Take this child.' So I said to him, 'What is this?' and he repeated, 'Take this!' Afterwards, the phone rang and I woke up from sleep.

When I started recalling the dream, I could not recognize who the saint was whom I had seen. After some days, I went to visit my mother in Luxor and told her about the dream, but still, I could not identify who the saint was. Suddenly, I saw a picture of St. Abba Makarios, in the same manner as he appeared to me in the dream. So my mother replied, 'Then you are definitely pregnant. Go get a pregnancy test done.' Sure enough, I went to see my doctor and upon examination, he told me, 'Congratulations! You are pregnant.' I felt so happy; my entire pregnancy was uneventful and God granted me a boy, whom I named Makarios, as I had vowed."



**Glory be to the LORD who has shown His sweetness to His beloved, by taking away the bitterness of their pain.
(St. John Saba)**

A lady from Qena says, "I married one of my relatives and God granted us our first child, a baby girl. Afterwards, I was not able to get pregnant for a while, until Abba Makarios came to visit us with the late Hegumen Timothy. He had come to collect donations to build the church named



after the Lady Virgin St. Mary in Qena. HG asked me, ‘Do you have any more children, other than this girl?’ So I answered, ‘No, Your Grace.’ Father Timothy asked that HG prays for me. So he said, ‘May God grant you children.’

Afterwards, I got pregnant and was blessed with another girl. Then I got pregnant again, and God granted me a son; however, by the fourth day after his birth, he became ill and was constantly screaming. When the physician came and examined him, he ordered him to get transferred immediately to the hospital. Before he went to the hospital, I was in a terrible state and was devastated. It just so happened that on that same day, Abba Makarios was visiting a family we knew to offer his condolences. So one of our friends brought a cup of water to him, and asked HG to draw the sign of the cross over it. He then brought the cup to me. After drinking the water, I felt a deep inner peace. I also sprinkled the baby with it before going to the hospital. The physicians determined that the baby had a decreased red blood cell count, despite having had a blood transfusion from his father. The next morning, he passed away. After a while, HG came to visit us and prayed for me so that God would reward me with another boy. Sure enough, I got pregnant and God granted me a son, who was of good health through the blessings of Abba Makarios.”

She also says, “One day, my mom prayed for me to have another child. She told me, ‘May God grant you a child and may Abba Makarios baptize it.’ She had said this after seeing HG baptize my nephew. So my husband answered her saying, ‘Who are we that Abba Makarios baptizes for us?’ (All this happened way before I got pregnant.) Time passed and God granted me a daughter. Once it was time for her to get baptized, I met with one of the priests and agreed to have the baptism the following morning. At church, right before the baptism, we were surprised to find HG Abba Makarios coming to baptize some other infants, and so he also took my daughter and baptized her. We were extremely joyful and we thanked God for His great love to us, though we are unworthy of it. Thanks be to our father Abba Makarios.”



Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoices; my flesh also will rest in hope. (Psalm 16:9)

Another lady from Qena says, “In August of 2008, I went with my husband and children to the city of Safaga to spend two days on the beach. As we were traveling on the bus, right before reaching the Safaga stop, the driver lost control of the bus. I got so scared and asked, through the intercessions of the Lady Virgin and the prayers of the great St. Abba Makarios, that God may protect us and allow us to safely arrive. I had hardly finished my sentence, when the bus diverted and was about to roll over. At the same moment, a great light shone and Abba Makarios appeared, raising the cross over us and over the bus. Immediately, the bus got back on track without any harm to any of the passengers, including an infant on board. Glory be to our Holy God and thanks be to our beloved intercessor, Abba Makarios.”



Who is so great a God as our God? You are the God who does wonders. (Psalm 77:13-14)

Mr. Emil Naseef Wanas of Hurghada says, “I learned about HG Abba Makarios through reading Part 6 of his book of miracles. The book attracted me so much that I went ahead and bought all the other published books of his miracles. Back then, I had a lot of moles throughout my body. There was one huge mole on my neck that used to bother me when putting on my clothes. When some of my co-workers saw it, they advised me to see a dermatologist to cauterize it. One day, a friend gave me Abba Makarios’ oil, which he had gotten from the 2008 celebration of the commemoration of HG’s departure. I anointed the mole on my neck and slept. In the morning, I touched its place, and found no trace of it. I quickly looked in the mirror and only found a very small pigment in its place. My wife and mother-in-law (who was visiting us at the time) were both amazed. After that, I showed the place of the mole to my co-workers, who were greatly astonished at this miracle that occurred through the prayers of Abba Makarios. May the blessings of his holy prayers be with us. Amen.”



If you put your trust in the LORD, He will save you from all your tribulations. (St. Abba Pachomios)

Mrs. A.A. of Qena says, “I had never known HG Abba Makarios, except after his departure. What is amazing is that HG speedily responds to our requests. A few miracles have happened with me through his prayers before the Holy Throne of God. I will share a few with you:

I got assigned to proctor the High School exams, although at the time, I had a two year old toddler; normally, the regulations state that anyone with a child of 2 years or less should not be called upon to proctor the exams. I was so confused and did not know what to do, especially since I also had another older son that I needed to tend to. How could I travel and leave them behind? I decided to go to HG Abba Makarios’ shrine and wrote him a note. One of my girl friends also gave me a picture of HG, along with a piece of his clothe. I prayed that my request to be excused from proctoring the exams would be accepted. Sure enough, my request was accepted, and I did not have to travel. My co-worker, on the other hand, had also submitted a similar request; however, it was denied, although her daughter was even younger than mine. So thanks be to the powerful prayers of HG Abba Makarios.

One day, I also got assigned to attend a meeting in the city of Assiut for one week. It was a mandatory meeting, and no excuses were acceptable, unless anyone was sick and used their sick days. However, at the time, it was well known that sick days hardly ever got approved. Again, I was concerned about my three young children, and could not leave them behind and travel. Therefore, I requested to use my sick days. Before going to the scheduled doctor’s appointment, I visited and prayed before HG Abba Makarios’ shrine. I then went before the medical committee, who would make the decision of whether or not I could take my sick days during that week. The head of the committee was known to be very strict, however, as soon as he saw me, he addressed me saying, ‘Come here, I have been told to take good care of you.’ He then gave me the whole week off, through the prayers of our great saint.

Two days before my daughter was to take her High School exams, she felt as if she had forgotten all that she had studied, and was not hopeful of passing the exams. I prayed fervently with tears, asking for the prayers

of the great saint, and that my daughter would be able to just pass the exam (not necessarily with good grades). HG was quick in responding to my call, as my daughter calmed down, took the test, and got a score of 98% (49 out of 50) in History.


One day, my husband was scheduled to have open heart surgery, and we were very devastated and overwhelmed. I prayed to God and asked for the intercessions of the Lady Virgin St. Mary and HG Abba Makarios. The night before the surgery, I kept on reading the book of the miracles of HG Abba Makarios, and I asked him to put my heart at ease and take away my worries. All of a sudden, I smelled a pleasant aroma of incense while reading the book. I did not really understand what this meant at the time; however, shortly after, my husband did recover after the surgery, despite experiencing some complications, and so I then understood that this was a sign for me to be at ease and that my husband would be fine. Thanks be to this great father, St. Abba Makarios. May the blessings of his holy prayers be with us. Amen.”



I will praise You, O LORD, with my whole heart; I will tell of all Your marvelous works. I will be glad and rejoice in You. (Psalm 9:1-2)

Dr. A.M.F. of El Mansoura says, “A lot of miracles have happened with my family through the prayers of our saintly father Abba Makarios, after his departure to heaven. Although I did not know HG during his life here on earth, I have received his blessings through reading the books of his miracles.

My father had an enlarged parotid gland that reached the size of a big orange. The growth was diagnosed to be a Stage 3 malignant tumor, and the rate of its growth was quite aggressive. Since my father was eighty years old, he suffered from typical geriatric conditions, including atherosclerosis and an irregular heart rate; therefore, having surgery to remove the tumor was considered quite dangerous given his age and medical conditions. My family, as well as the physicians, were concerned



and worried about proceeding with the surgery. Some of the physicians we consulted with advised that he would not be able to survive such a long and complicated surgery. Others, however, suggested that the surgery was needed in order to help him survive the tumor. During this time, we persistently asked for guidance from heaven through the prayers of HG Abba Makarios.

One night, around 3:00 AM, my aunt, who always remained with my father following my mom's departure twenty years ago, saw a luminous apparition of a bishop wearing his holy service vestments; the bishop put his arms around my father as he prayed for him. This luminous scene lasted for more than ten minutes, during which my aunt was fully awake and conscious. In the morning, when she told us of this vision, I took out many pictures of our saintly fathers to show her, so that she could potentially identify who had appeared to her. When she saw the picture of HG Abba Makarios in his service vestments, she shouted out, confirming that it was he whom she had seen with my father. Shortly after this, my father successfully underwent and survived the surgery, which took over seven hours. Thanks be to our Holy God for His compassion upon us, and thanks be to St. Abba Makarios for his prayers on our behalf.

Another miracle happened with my wife during her third pregnancy. She felt severe pain in her lower back and stomach, symptoms which resemble those of a miscarriage. Since my wife had previously experienced two miscarriages, we were fearful that it would happen again, and did not want her to go through the physical and psychological pain of another loss. We immediately started to pray and requested the mercies of our Holy God, through the intercessions of HG Abba Makarios. My wife also rubbed her back and stomach with Abba Makarios' oil, which we happened to have; within a few minutes, all the pain she was experiencing was gone and she was fine throughout the rest of her pregnancy, through the blessings of our great St. Abba Makarios.

One day, my 2 year old son took a hard fall on the floor as he was playing, and it caused him to suffer from a hematoma (collection of blood) in his forehead. He kept on crying and screaming, and we grew very worried of what this head injury could cause him at such a young age. So we immediately prayed and asked for the intercessions of St.


Abba Makarios. As we had done with my wife when she was pregnant, we rubbed my son's head with the oil of Abba Makarios. After doing so, he calmed down, took a nap, and when he got up, he was fine. The collection of the blood on his head disappeared within a few days, and thankfully, through the blessings of HG Abba Makarios, he did not suffer from any head injuries.

One final miracle I would like to share happened with my brother. He had lost his briefcase, which contained his ID card and his driver's license. He went searching for it in all the places that he had been to that day, but in vain. He was very upset and dreaded the process and trouble he would have to go through in order to replace his ID and license. He then started to pray through the intercessions of the Virgin St. Mary and the prayers of HG Abba Makarios, and starting to search for it all over again. It was only seconds later that he found his briefcase underneath a picture of the Virgin St. Mary. What was mind-boggling is that the briefcase was in an obvious location, and he had previously searched for it there several times. May the blessings of the Virgin St. Mary and St. Abba Makarios be with us all. Amen."



For the wisdom of God is great, and He is strong in power, seeing all men without ceasing. The eyes of the LORD are towards them that fear Him. (Sirach 15:19-20)

Mr. Sabry Habashy Bishara of El Asafra, Alexandria says, "In 1997, my wife, baby girl, and I paid my father a visit in the city of Gobriel. By the time we came to go home, it was late and we could not find any means of transportation to take us back to our home in El Asafra. We waited for an hour at the station with a group of our relatives. I finally asked St. Abba Makarios to send us a vehicle that would take us home. My relatives laughed me to scorn saying, 'Show us what he will do.' A minute had hardly passed when a driver stopped his vehicle in the opposite direction of traffic and said, 'Get in Sir, I will give you a ride home.' Everyone looked at me in great wonder. My wife, daughter, and I joyfully got in the van, which had no room for any additional passengers. How great is our saintly righteous father's love!"



He also goes on to say, “My wife was unable to get pregnant for four years, without any apparent medical causes. I therefore told the saint, ‘If God grants me a child through your prayers, I will name him Makarios.’ Sure enough, the LORD granted us our petition and my wife got pregnant, through the blessings of Abba Makarios’ holy oil. A week before the delivery, the gynecologist confirmed that my wife would need a blood transfusion during the C-section. I became very worried, as I knew that blood transfusions could result in serious infections. I had no other choice but to ask Abba Makarios to support us, as a compassionate father who takes care of his children. For the coming four days, we added some drops of HG’s oil to the water my wife drank. On the fifth day, my wife went in for the C-section, which thankfully passed in peace. Her gynecologist came out of the operating room saying, ‘I don’t know where your wife got this blood from?!’ I replied, while taking Abba Makarios’ picture out of my pocket, ‘This is his blessing.’ I gave him the picture of my beloved patron saint, and told him a lot about him. Thanks be to God and thanks to our beloved St. Abba Makarios.”



The right hand of the LORD does valiantly. The right hand of the LORD is exalted. (Psalm 118:15-16)

Mrs. M.A.M. of Luxor says, “I got accepted in the Faculty of Commerce, Assiut University. In November of 1988, I had to retake two exams. I went to HG Abba Makarios in the Bishopric to ask him to pray for me. I told him, ‘Pray for me, Your Grace, because I am retaking two of my exams.’ So he asked me, ‘Haven’t you passed? Congratulations on your success.’ As I was taking the tests, I felt as if there was a hand holding my hand and answering the questions for me. Sure enough, I got the grades and passed the two courses, through the prayers of my father, the great St. Abba Makarios.”



The LORD is good to those who wait for Him, to the soul who seeks Him. (Lamentations 3:25)


Mr. N.R.F. of El Rahmánya, Naga Hammadi says, “In 1984, after I had finished my college degree, I was about to take the military fitness test. My colleague and I arrived at the military recruitment camp in Qena, where we were both chosen to become reserve officers. Since we were both not pleased with this appointment, I recommended that we go visit HG Abba Makarios to receive the blessings of his prayers. I told him, ‘Your Grace, we have been chosen to become reserve officers.’ He answered, ‘Congratulations!’ So I said, ‘No, Your Grace, we want to become soldiers.’ He asked, ‘Why? You are both tall.’ I then explained to him that the reserve officers are required to serve for a longer period of time. He paused and then said, ‘Come here, let me pray for you. Maybe the Lady Virgin will do a miracle for you.’ So he prayed for us and we left.

We then went on the appointed day to the military recruitment office in Cairo to get some paperwork done. There, they started to call out the names of the reserve officers from the list they had. We were not called, and therefore we became soldiers! We finished our appointed service time in peace, through the intercessions of the Lady Virgin and through the prayers of our holy father Abba Makarios. May their holy blessings be with us. Amen.”



Hardships are plastic surgeries the LORD Jesus performs on our souls. (Father Bishoy Kamel)

Mrs. Samiha Isaac Bektor of Qena says, “I got married in Qena in 1985, and was blessed to have had HG Abba Makarios attend my wedding ceremony. During my childhood and adolescent years, I lived in Naqada, in a house which faced St. Mary and Archangel Michael’s Church. HG Abba Makarios’ annual visit to our town was awaited for with great joy. The streets would get lit, and the church would stay open all day and night so that anyone who needed HG for counseling and prayers would be able to meet with him at any time. He was extremely simple, humble,



patient, and long-suffering. HG used to stay in a room inside the church, and because our house was located in front of the church, I used to notice that the light in his room remained on during the entire night. I also used to hear the hymns he recited during his prayers. My mother, God rest her soul, used to tell us when we were young, 'HG is very simple, and deals with the church fathers and servants with ultimate simplicity. He also always accepts anyone's invitations and does not like to embarrass anyone.' HG used to visit all the houses in our town, both rich and poor, and would ask about each and every person in every family. It was amazing how strong his memory was, and how strong his spiritual wisdom was. He used to secretly give to the poor, although some people attacked him saying, 'Why bother? Whom is he collecting for?'

One time, a certain person came to ask HG to ordain one of his relatives as a priest. However, HG always rejected anyone who either did not attend the theological seminary or who did not have a college degree. He also did not believe in inheriting priesthood through genealogy. So, this person responded to Abba Makarios saying, 'But Your Grace, you do not give good sermons.' HG met this insult with cheerfulness, and he laughed. When this person later became sick, HG prayed for him and forgave him. And when he passed away, HG offered his condolences to his family and always prayed for him.

A few miracles also happened with my family. When my son was two years old, he suffered from acute hepatitis. His urine was red and his eyes were yellow. I became very scared and worried. When the doctor's treatment did not help, my husband and I took our son to see HG Abba Makarios. He prayed for him, anointed him with oil, and told me, 'Don't worry, he will be fine.' Sure enough, my son was healed and I thanked the LORD Jesus.

After HG's departure, my husband suffered from acute gastritis and reflux esophagitis. He visited a lot of physicians in Cairo, but in vain. I cried out to the LORD Jesus, through the intercessions of Abba Makarios. I went to HG's shrine, prayed, and made a vow to him. Since that time, my husband started to increasingly get better, until his condition stabilized. I then immediately paid my vow.

Another miracle occurred with my sister. She had been suffering from persistent migraines. She went to many physicians with different


specialties, however the medications they prescribed did not help relieve her pain. One night, she dreamt she was in HG Abba Makarios' shrine. Suddenly, HG came out of his casket. She greeted him, and he drew the sign of the cross on her; afterwards, her migraines were completely gone, through the blessings of HG Abba Makarios."



O LORD, who is like You among the gods, O LORD who is like You? You are the true God, the performer of miracles. (Monday Psali)

A lady from Qena says, "When my daughter was 18 months, she suffered a lot from her ears, which used to secrete pus and blood. She was in severe pain, and would scream all day and all night. My husband and I took her to several physicians, all of whom prescribed different medications for her. Among them was Dr. Mohammed Weshahy, who diagnosed her to have a perforation in the eardrum. He prescribed medications that did not help her improve; the pus secretions and bleeding continued. We went to Luxor to visit a renowned physician in the military hospital. He confirmed the same diagnosis, and prescribed antibiotics and injections, despite her young age. The treatment she was receiving made her very weak, and her condition worsened. We then took her to yet another physician, Dr. Mohammed Taye, who also declared that she was suffering from a perforation in the eardrum. In fear of her going deaf, he ordered us to see him once a month in order to have her ears washed. Given all these doctor's visits, my daughter, although very young, began to recognize the office and would continually scream from the time we reached the office until the time we left. After each visit, she would temporarily get better, and then her condition would get worse than before. Our hearts were saddened, and we inclined the LORD to do His will. I also decided to cease from going to any more physicians.

During one of Abba Makarios' annual visits, HG was too tired to go up the stairs to all the apartments, so I carried my daughter and went down with my husband to receive his blessings. I told him, 'Your Grace, my daughter's ears secrete pus and are always bleeding.' He put his cross



on her ears, breathed into them, and prayed for her. On that same day, my daughter was completely healed; her ears no longer secreted pus or bled, as if nothing had ever happened. By the way, my daughter is now in college (at the time of recording this miracle), and she has never suffered from her ears for all of these years. Thanks be to the great St. Abba Makarios.

Another miracle I would like to share happened with me personally. I suffered from pain in my right side, but was not initially worried, as I thought it was a stomachache or a cold. I took pain medications, which helped temporarily relieve the pain, however, after a while, the pain became more severe and I started to continuously vomit. I was unable to keep any food down, and could not go to work. Due to the severity of the pain, there were times when I could not sleep for two days straight. I requested the prayers of Pope Kyrillos VI, St. Mina, and HG Abba Makarios. Although I had been taking pain medications, the pain became more severe and unbearable. At one point, I felt a burning sensation upon urinating, as well as other symptoms that I had not previously experienced. Despite this, I did not visit a doctor, but rather stood before the icons of Pope Kyrillos, St. Mina, and St. Abba Makarios, and wept fervently, asking for healing. I then took their pictures and taped them to my side. Afterwards, I felt a strange feeling within me, so I went to the bathroom and was astonished to find a stone, the size of a big orange seed and with what looks like thorns, drop out of me. I felt so joyful and rushed to the saints' pictures, thanked them with tears for their good deed and for answering my cries, for they had rescued me from the surgeon's scalpel, imaging studies, and psychological effects of being ill. May the name of the LORD be glorified in His saints.

When my son was in high school, the night before he was supposed to take his Economics and Statistics exam, he came telling me that he wanted to only sit in for the Statistics exam, and postpone Economics for the following year. He said, 'I studied the Economics material a long time ago and have no time to review the material again. So, if the exam turns out to be hard, I will leave the testing center!' I tried to convince him otherwise, and told him, 'Do not leave the exam. Answer as much as you can.' At that time, we did not know that both subjects are combined, so that each is worth 25 points.



On the day of the exam, I went to Abba Makarios' shrine and asked him to prevent my son from leaving the Economics exam, and more so, to help him answer the test questions. Sure enough, my son ended up taking both exams. He then told me, 'Whenever I wanted to stand up to exit the exam, I felt something drawing me down to sit, and to continue answering the exam questions until the time was up.' Afterwards, we found out that had he exited one of the exams, he could not have retaken it the following year, for they are combined together. Thus, we thanked God and HG Abba Makarios. And surprisingly, when the grades were released, my son had received a score of 50 out of 50. Thanks be to our father, the great St. Abba Makarios, who became our patron saint in all aspects of our life."



Oh, magnify the LORD with me...I sought the LORD, and He heard me. (Psalm 34:3-4)

Engineer N.M.F. of Ezbet El Nakhl, Cairo says, "I am originally from Dishna. I graduated from the School of Engineering in 1982. Before reporting to the military, I visited HG Abba Makarios to obtain his blessings. At that time, it was well known that engineers are appointed as reserve officers for a service period of at least three years. I asked HG to pray for me; he comforted me and reassured me that I would join the military as a regular soldier, and that I would only serve for a one-year period. Afterwards, I went to the military recruitment camp in Assiut and found out that I was listed as a reserve officer, and not as a soldier.

A few days later, we were transferred to the training center in El Helmeya, Cairo and I was astounded to find my name listed as a regular soldier, rather than a reserve officer. I greatly rejoiced and

was completely convinced that this was due to the prayers of HG Abba Makarios. Furthermore, I spent my service time as if I had great military connections; indeed, my connection was the righteous St. Abba Makarios. May the blessings of his holy prayers be with us all. Amen.”



LORD, lift up the light of Your countenance upon us. You have put gladness in my heart. (Psalm 4:6-7)

Mr. A.A. of Assiut says, “Approximately three years ago, I suffered from pain and severe aches in my left kidney, especially during the summer, when it was extremely hot. I consulted several physicians and an ultrasound imaging study revealed a stone in the lower part of my kidney. The physicians decided that my kidney stone was not treatable, not even by lithotripsy (stone fragmentation). They simply recommended that I deal with it and tolerate its pain. Other physicians, however, warned me of its dangerous effect on the kidney and advised me to have the stone surgically removed.

One day, my mother went on a church trip to visit HG Abba Makarios’ shrine in Qena. She took his blessings and brought back the book of his miracles (Part 5) and gave it to my wife, who read it several times. My sister, who lives in Cairo, also gave me Part 1 and Part 3 of the series of his miracles during her visit to Assiut. While reading Part 1, it caught my wife’s attention that the saint, during his life on earth, rejected the idea of undergoing any surgical procedures. Instead, he always asked for the intercessions of the Virgin St. Mary and the prayers of St. Marcurius, the Martyr (Abu Sefein; the saint of the two swords). Inspired by this, we also asked for the prayers of Abba Makarios and made a vow to the Virgin St. Mary and Abu Sefein, that my healing would take place without any surgery or pain.

After two days, specifically on Friday, February 22, 2008, as I was lying down in bed, I felt as if a certain hand pushed the stone out of my kidney. The pain lasted for no more than a minute. When I went to the bathroom, I bled a little while urinating. The next day, on February 23, I went to a physician to have an imaging study done. This was the same

doctor who followed the progress of my condition for three years. He said that a miracle had taken place. The stone had moved to another area of my kidney, which would make it easier to fragment the stone with a medical device, and the fragments could then be expelled more easily through the urine. He confirmed that this is very rare. On the same day, I went to a urologist, who after examining the imaging study, also confirmed the miracle.

On Tuesday, February 26, the stone was fragmented in one session, and it passed through my urine like sand, without any noticeable pain, just as I had asked of my intercessors. The physician ordered an X-ray after two weeks. On Tuesday, March 18, the imaging study showed the kidney to be clear from any stones and was functioning completely normal, as if nothing had happened. This was through the intercessions of our mother the Virgin St. Mary, St. Marcurius Abu Sefein, and the great St. Abba Makarios.”




The LORD does wonderful things that human beings never notice. (Sirach 11:4)

Mr. Abd El Messih Yanni Michael of Qena says, “I have delayed a lot in recording the miracles that happened to me through HG Abba Makarios. I got married in 1978, and one day, HG came to visit us for the first time. My mom was still alive and she asked him to pray for me to have children. So he laughed saying, ‘Not yet.’ Sure enough, my wife did not get pregnant and we did not have any children until April 30, 1983. And thus the words of HG were fulfilled.

At that time, my income was very low and my wife was not working. One day, I went to visit HG, and put a small amount of money in my hand, held it tightly, and gave it to HG. He took it from me, placed it in his pocket without counting it, and then announced the amount I had given him. We marveled at the transparency of this saint.

Another miracle occurred with my sister. She got married to Mr. Baseet Ageeb (a provision auditor who had a bachelor’s degree in Agriculture) prior to finding out his status in the military service (in Egypt, joining



the military is mandatory under certain circumstances). After they were married, Mr. Ageeb was called for service. He went to HG Bishop Makarios in hopes of being excused from serving in the military through the prayers of the saint. HG told Mr. and Mrs. Ageeb, 'So, what's wrong with the military?' Based on HG's response, they knew he would definitely get called. They asked him to pray for him to be listed as a soldier, for at the time, all college graduates called into service were listed as reserve officers. HG told them, 'He is going to serve as a great soldier. He just needs to buy an altar curtain for the Lady Virgin.' They agreed.

Afterwards, my brother-in-law went to the recruitment camp in Assiut, where he was enlisted as a reserve officer on January 10, 1978. He then went to the training camp in Alexandria, where he completed his Reserve Officers' Training Corps (ROTC). As he was being transferred to his unit, he sent a letter to my sister to inform her of what had happened. When I learned from my sister that my brother-in-law was listed as a reserve officer instead of a soldier, I sadly returned home. Before going to sleep, I thought to myself, 'Why did HG Abba Makarios say he would serve as a soldier, and ask for an altar curtain for the Lady Virgin?!' Doubts and demonic thoughts kept on attacking me. In the morning, I went to work as usual, and was astonished to find a big headline in the newspaper that read, 'All agriculture graduates transferred from reserve officers to regular soldiers upon a command from the Minister of Defense based on a request from the Minister of Agriculture.' This took place in May of 1978, and my brother-in-law was transferred to be a soldier. Thankfully, he completed his service time in peace, according to the words of the great St. Abba Makarios."

He also goes on to say, "I am an elementary school teacher and my wife works as a clerk in the Ministry of Education in Qena. To do her a favor, the General Director of Sciences suggested hiring me as an elementary school director. So I filled out an application and went to HG Bishop Makarios to take his opinion. He encouraged me and said, 'God be with you.' He drew the sign of the cross on the application, and then I gave it to my wife who submitted it to the General Director, who in turn submitted it to the Director of the Human Resources (HR) department. As soon as the Director of HR read my name, he firmly rejected the application, despite the efforts of the General Director. The

General Director returned the application to my wife, but was extremely embarrassed doing so.

One day, one of the HR Director's relatives passed away. So he, along with his brother, traveled to Aswan to offer their condolences. On the way, they got into an accident that killed them both right away. Another Director was therefore hired in his place, who happened to know me well. Therefore, when my wife resubmitted my application, he agreed to hire me for the new position. On that same day, when I went home from work, I smelled a very strong aroma of incense that filled the apartment, but I did not understand why until my wife came home from work and said, 'You are hired as a Director in Qena.' And indeed, I was hired as a General Director of the northern district in Qena, through the prayers of HG Bishop Makarios.

I ride my motorcycle to work every day to supervise in different schools. One day, I lost my motorcycle driver's license. I searched a lot for it, but in vain. Consequently, I was very upset because I knew how troublesome it would be to replace it. So I first went to the shrine of HG Bishop Makarios and blamed him for the loss of my license, especially since I had the picture of HG with it. When I returned home that night, my nephew called saying, 'Mr. so and so found your motorcycle driver's license on the road and gave it to me, and he is telling you to take care of your belongings.' I was overjoyed because of HG's quick response in finding my driver's license after I had lost it.

Finally, I suffered from gout, which caused me a lot of pain when standing and walking. One day, after much agony and pain, I finally fell asleep. In my dream, I saw HG Bishop Makarios coming out of the altar in his service vestments and he was carrying the cross. He said to me, 'What's going on? There's nothing wrong with you.' I replied, 'No, I am worried about my son.' So he said, 'Don't worry about your son. There is nothing wrong with him.' Indeed, I woke up in the morning in good health and I did not feel any pain. As for my son, he had a great miracle happen with him, which I had previously recorded. However, as I delayed in recording this miracle that happened with me, I felt the pain in my foot once again, as if the saint was reminding me to record the miracle.

May the blessings of his holy prayers be with us all. Amen."

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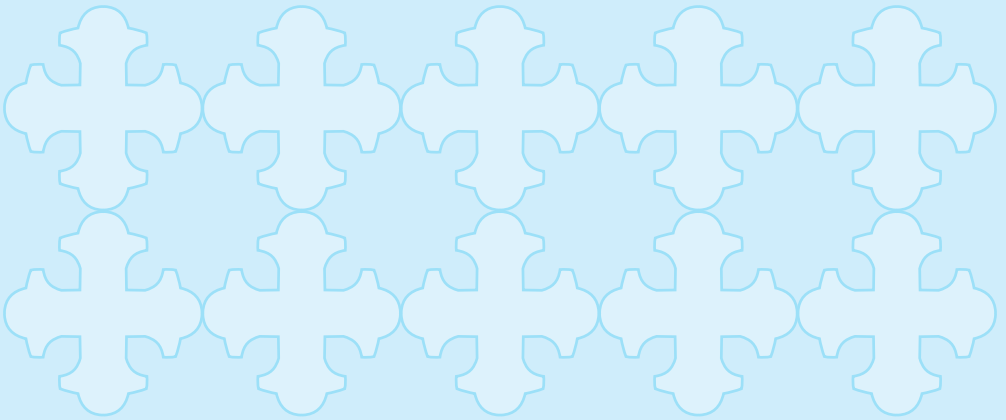
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***May the blessings of the saint, the Thrice Blessed,
His Grace Bishop Makarios, be with us all. Amen.***







**Do you know why our love for each other is growing?
It is because our goal is the LORD Jesus Christ Himself,
and we do not hope for anything except to obey and fear Him.
(HG Bishop Makarios)**