

May 19, 2016

In October of 2015 St. Padre Pio entered my life.

He appeared in my sister, Barbara Rogowski's, kitchen. He came in the form of an unfinished statue from Italy. My brother-in-law, Ed, had been asked to paint and finish it for Saint Bede Parish.

Over the next several months, through Christmas, for dinners, breakfast, other gatherings in their home, he was there. One silent member of the family, overlooking all that transpired.

I usually came every night to my sister's house for dinner and when I came into the house Padre Pio was there. This bearded, gentle, countenance statue, greeting me. I would always greet him and say "Hi Padre". "How are you?" and touch his hand.

In April 2016 I went to give red blood cells as a donor life saver. I was rejected because of low hemoglobin anemia. I felt they were wrong. I have been doing this for many years and never was told this. I also had not been feeling well so through testing I was diagnosed as to having a tumor in my sigmoid colon, possibly benign.

My sister gave me a Padre Pio prayer book. The message, "Pray, hope and don't worry" was on the cover. Twice a day, every day, up to my surgery I read every prayer. There were prayers also being said for me from the good people of St. Bede's Parish.

Surgery day came. My sister was told from the doctor that I had a stage 2 cancerous tumor and we were waiting for the pathology report to tell us whether or not there was anything in the lymph nodes that they removed.

On Friday May 13th, (of all days), we received good news from the doctor. He said: "I have good news and bad news." I said: "Give me the bad." He said: The tumor was stage 2 however there is NO cancer in the lymph glands, liver, kidneys or lungs. No chemo is required at all."

I believe with all my heart that Saint Padre Pio, my sister, brother-in-law and the prayers of the parishioners of St. Bede and my devotion to the praying the prayers created a miracle. Padre Pio is my miracle worker.

Charles Branson