



# Tangible Proof of God's Mercy



## How to pray the Chaplet of Divine Mercy?

- Our Father...
- Hail Mary...
- I Believe in God...

### On the large beads:

- Eternal Father, I offer You the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Your dearly beloved Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ for our sins and those of the whole world.

### On the small beads:

- For the sake of His sorrowful Passion, have mercy on us and on the whole world. (10 times)

### In conclusion:

- Holy God, Holy Mighty One, Holy Immortal One, have mercy on us and on the whole world (3 times)
- Jesus, I trust in You (3 times)

I have told this story to my friends more than once, but, encouraged by the Lord's words: "Write, speak about My mercy" (Diary 1448), I would like to share it with the readers of *Love One Another* as well. A good while has passed since the event (thirteen years, to be exact), but it made a great impression on me, and I will never forget it.

It was a Sunday during the holidays. The following week my husband and I and our two daughters (aged 5 and 11 years) were to travel to my parents for our summer break. That night my younger daughter suddenly became very ill. I wanted to wait until the morning to take her to Outpatients, but her condition worsened so dramatically that I had to call the ambulance. In the end, after consulting a doctor at the children's hospital over the telephone, I did not even wait for the ambulance, but caught a taxi. I held my lethargic child in my arms.

The children's hospital gave a tentative diagnosis of meningitis, and I was sent to the hospital for infectious diseases. There the diagnosis was confirmed, first on admission and then again at the ward. I was asked to sign a consent form for a lumbar puncture. I hesitated—at which point the doctor became indignant. She made it clear to me that my daughter was in grave danger. I signed the form. They put my child on an intravenous drip, and I sat at her bedside till noon. On coming home (my husband was still at work), I told my older daughter what had happened, but without going into the details. Her first

reaction was to cry, not on account of her sister, but rather because we would not be going on holidays. I decided to tell her everything. Another weeping fit followed, but after a moment she said, "Mummy! It will be 3 o'clock soon, and Jesus said that He will deny nothing to those who beg a favor at this time." On starting the chaplet, she spoke her intention clearly, asking for her sister's cure, and a moment later asked that she be spared a lumbar puncture. "She must have a lumbar puncture. Don't demand too much of God," I told her. "I don't want her to have one," she retorted. "Jesus Himself said He would deny us nothing." She quoted our Lord's words a second time.

The following morning I telephoned the hospital to inquire about my daughter's condition. I heard the following words through the receiver: "You can come and pick up your child!" For an instant I froze. The thought flashed through my mind, "Is she alive or dead?" That very day my daughter, healthy and whole, was back home with us. She had not had a lumbar puncture. We left for our holidays as planned—a few days after this event.

I will only add that it was the same doctor who had admitted my daughter that discharged her. I saw enormous surprise in her eyes, even astonishment, but neither of us commented on what had happened. The proof of God's mercy spoke for itself.

Anna ■

## Write, speak of My mercy...

(St. Faustina's Diary, 1448)

So dear readers! Jesus begs you to write down and send LOA your testimonies of the graces and healings you have received from entrusting yourselves to the mercy of God