



I Staked Everything on God

I come from an ordinary Christian family. After finishing high school I went to work, and met my boyfriend there. Life seemed kind to me. I had a good job, a wonderful family, and a boyfriend who loved me as much as I loved him.

Every day seemed to bring new happiness, and that is how I felt too – happy. Suddenly the “house of happiness” I had built for myself by happily stacking the days, collapsed like a house of cards. I was diagnosed as having a malignant tumor at a fairly advanced stage. I broke down. I felt as if I was in a trance. This cannot be! – I thought. Walking aimlessly through the vast Oncology Institute, seeing all those signs on the doors, I fell into a funk. What a nightmare! On reaching the top floor of clinic, I looked down, and for a brief, desperate moment considered throwing myself down. Then God sent me the following thought: “If this is where I am, then it must be some kind of vocation. I do not want to die. I want to live! I have someone to live for!” I decided I would not surrender to the disease. “I will be the same smiling Dora people have always known me to be – to the very end.

To make things easier for my family, my boyfriend, and others, I will always have a smile on my face. I love them very much, and they love me. I cannot let them see me in despair. I will seek treatment to the end, regardless of whether or not I am cured”. I staked everything on God, believing He would help me.

The one place I could really be myself was the hospital chapel. Although I attended mass there, I would also sneak in every day when it was empty. Lying cross-wise before the altar, I prayed that God’s will would be done in my life; then I wept and wept... After that I would go to the image of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and shed more tears.

After a few months and a chest x-ray, I underwent some tests. It turned out that the cancerous growth in my abdomen had begun to recede! It was a miracle. I did not have to undergo radiation treatment, which would have put an end to any hope of bearing children. It was truly a miracle!

The time came for chemotherapy. It was then that I experienced a crisis. Although my faith in God continued to be strong, I began doubting that I would ever be restored to health. I stopped going for chemotherapy, but my family and fiancé talked me back into it. Finally, there was another miracle. I was totally healed! Even now, years later, I am in good health, despite the fact that 13 years after my illness I was operated on for a cyst (it turned out to be benign). I have given birth to two wonderful, healthy children, who are now of school age. They are a great joy to me, a special gift from God in return for my struggle with cancer.

Thank you, Lord! Thank you, Our Lady of Perpetual Help! Thank you, Jesus and all the Saints!

Dorothy ●

Thank You, Merciful Jesus and Our Lady of Perpetual Help

For the grace of motherhood, a happy birth, and other graces received – **Christine and Edith**; for Bronislaw’s miraculous cure from shingles, for Michael’s return to health, for Your constant care over the family – **Wanda**; for my son’s, and Beata’s, good exam results, for Your constant care over the whole family, for numerous favors granted – **Beata**; for the happy birth of a healthy child, and for all favors received – **Maria**; for two wonderful daughters and their families, for our holy parish priest – **Christopher and Wendy**; for favors received and requests granted, for the presence of loved ones in hard times, for help in becoming a better person – **Martin**; for a successful operation, for dad’s, and our daughter’s, return to health – **Celine**; for graces received, requests heard, for help in difficult moments, for mom’s life and health, and for Your care over the whole family – **Stanislaw**; for being pulled from the mire of sin – **Monica**; for healings in the family – **Halina**; for my parents and brother, for the healing of a damaged eye – **Luke**; for the grace of passing my highschool exams – **Theresa**; for the gift of health and setting my temporal affairs to rights, for a little more happiness and life – **George**.

Jesus is our best physician. We exalt His Mercy!

“Write and tell about My Mercy...”

(Diary of St. Faustina, 1448)

Send us your testimonies of graces, conversions, and healings granted through your confident trust in God’s mercy.



photo Maria Pajzderska