

He Constantly Shows **His Grace and Mercy**

We live in Tacoma on the West Coast of the United States. In the winter of 1989, our son Don, then aged 29, went on a ski trip with his friends to National Olympic Park. One day he fainted and fell to the ground. His condition was so grave that his friends had to carry him out of the Park.

He was quickly taken to the doctor. The diagnosis came as a shock. Dr. Lee, an oncologist, told us he had malignant granuloma and that the disease was in its most virulent stage. The doctors believed Don could live no more than two weeks. He was soon admitted to a hospital in Seattle, Washington. At first Don was full of hope. Believing he would be cured by a miracle, he refused to be treated medically. Finally, the doctors, the family, and his friends had to prevail on him to have his pancreas removed.

However, just two days before Don was to be operated on, our second son Robert experienced a terrible pain in the groin and was taken to the University Hospital in Seattle. Dr. Krieger, also an oncologist, diagnosed another awful disease: cancer of the testicles. As a result, a testicle had to be surgically removed as well as a part of the lymphatic system. Both Don and Robert underwent chemotherapy, which resulted in their losing their hair. Two weeks later, another malignant tumor was found in Robert's right lung. That tumor was also removed, followed by another round of chemotherapy.

Robert's condition gave little cause for hope. Nevertheless, our son continued to believe he would be cured. My husband also had no doubt about this. His trust in God knew no bounds. I, on the other hand, was completely overcome.

I lost all faith in God's love. I had never imagined anyone could suffer so much. At times the pain I felt was so searing that I thought even death could bring no relief. At heart, I was convinced it was God's punishment. For some years now, under the influence of books and discussions with friends, I had lived in

the belief that the Church was hostile towards women. The resulting bitterness and sorrow caused me to stop going to church altogether. In a way, I had also separated myself from my family. But then, in a moment of hopeless suffering brought on by the incurable diseases of my sons, I decided to ask my family to pray with me.

It was around this time that my sisters sent me the Novena to the Divine Mercy, and later, Blessed Maria Faustina Kowal-

entrusted my children, my husband, and myself to God's mercy. For the first time in my life, I surrendered myself totally to God's will.

Before long, everything changed for the better. Don was released from hospital earlier than expected. Three weeks later, the medical tests confirmed that his body was completely free of malignant granuloma. The miraculous recovery astounded the doctors. Robert's tests also showed that his cancer was gradually disappearing.

After five more years of testing the doctors finally concluded that in both cases the disease was cured. That was five years ago. Today my sons enjoy good health. They are both working.

Ten years have passed since my own spiritual healing. All my old bitter feelings towards the Church have gone. I



Don
and Robert
Duyungan

ska's Diary. My whole family started praying for our sons' recovery. I had never heard of Sister Faustina before. Nor had I heard of the Novena to the Divine Mercy. Nevertheless, our prayers were quickly answered. A spiritual calmness and a sense of trust in the unlimited power of Divine Mercy came over me. I became conscious of God's solicitude for souls. Absorbing the Divine Mercy like a sponge, I prayed constantly. Alone, in the darkness of my bedroom, I

strengthen myself spiritually by attending daily Mass, receiving Holy Communion, and saying the Rosary and the Chaplet of Divine Mercy. I never cease to be grateful to God for the grace and mercy He constantly bestows on us. This He bestows not only on my family but on every person, who turns to Him for help in a spirit of trust and faith.

Josephine Duyungan, Tacoma, USA ●