



Miracles of the Great Saint
Pope Kyrillos VI

Miracles of the Great Saint
Pope Kyrillos VI

Miracles of the Great Saint Pope Kyrillos VI

Translated by
Amani Bassilli

for more free eBooks see our website
www.copticriches.com

email
copticopa@yahoo.com

Copyright © Amani Bassilli, 2020
All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

	Page
Introduction.....	5
Cured from Heart Disease.....	6
Revelation in a Dream.....	7
A Prophecy.....	7
Heavenly Solution.....	8
Protection.....	8
Help in the Middle of the Desert.....	9
Where is Your Cross?.....	10
The Sweet.....	11
An Important Errand.....	13
Why Are You Suffocating Me?.....	14
Talk Politely Next Time!.....	16
At Death's Door.....	17
What God Has Joined Together.....	18
The Mystery Beggar.....	21

Introduction

On the occasion of the Commemoration Day of the great saint Pope Kyrillos VI, 9th March 2020, it gives us great pleasure to offer you a simple taste of some of the innumerable miracles performed through the intercessions of this great saint, both during his lifetime and after his departure to be with the Lord.

Books and volumes of books have been written, and tapes and multitudes of tapes have been recorded of these wondrous miracles that have taken place not only in Egypt where Pope Kyrillos lived, but all over the world, wherever anyone cried out for his help. These miracles have been translated from the series *Believe It and You Must Believe It* recorded by Father Youanes Kamel, who was the recipient of many letters coming from all over the world of people recounting their encounter with Saint Pope Kyrillos.

May the intercessions and blessings of Saint Pope Kyrillos be with the reader. Amen.

Cured from Heart Disease

There was a married man who had three little children. He started to suffer from heart problems. When this happened there was great anxiety in his family because he had a young brother who died of heart disease, and his father also had died of heart disease. His mother, of course, was deeply shocked, and said, "Is it possible for me to grieve over my husband and my son, and my other son too, who will leave behind little children?" She went to the windmill of Pope Kyrillos and stood there before his picture and said, "You can never accept this to happen! I have come to you as the woman of Canaan who stood before Christ and He said to her, *"It is not good to take the children's bread and throw it to the little dogs"*. Compare me with whomever you wish, say whatever you like about me, but I do not want to grieve over my son and see his children orphaned and his wife widowed". She found Pope Kyrillos laughing at her in the picture and saying to her, "It's over". She became hysterical, and screamed, "It's over! Pope Kyrillos told me, 'It's over!' !".

They did ECG scans again for her son, which were normal. The doctor who they went to see said to them, "Who told you that he has heart disease?" They showed him the previous ECGs. He replied, "No, those ECGs are not his; they are someone else's". *The things which are impossible with men are possible with God.*

Revelation in a Dream

Mr Labib from Zagazig was ill, and one he awoke from his sleep and said to his wife, "Call me my married daughter who lives in Cairo and also my brother who lives in Banha. Gather the whole family to me because that is it for me". His wife and children gathered around him, saying, "Why, Dad? What's the matter? Why are you saying this?" He replied, "My children, I dreamt of Pope Kyrillos coming to me with bread and he gave each one of you a loaf. So I said to him, "But my father the pope, you did not give me any?". He replied, "The bread has finished, Labib'. So as long as Pope Kyrillos has told me that there is no more bread, it means that the bread has finished". So they called for his daughter who was in Cairo and his brother in Banha and they sat with him in a genial family gathering when he said, "Oh my chest". He leant back and they looked for Mr Labib, but found that for Mr Labib, his 'bread' had finished.

A Prophecy

Once Pope Kyrillos was standing in the patriarchate's reception hall, and as he stood there he found a man entering and he called him and told him, "Come, my son, you who have many children, your burden is heavy". He said, "Who? Me, my father? But I only have one daughter". Pope Kyrillos said, "You don't understand, my son, your burden is heavy and you have many children".

"Believe me, I only have one daughter".

Pope Kyrillos replied, "Tomorrow you will understand, my son".

The man had a brother who was a labourer who had seven children when suddenly unexpectedly, his brother died the following day. Who is responsible for bringing

up his brother's children? He is, he who only has one daughter. So he went to Pope Kyrillos and told him, "My father!" He replied, "I told you, my son, that your burden is heavy, having many children. You did not believe me". How did Pope Kyrillos know that?

Heavenly Solution

A lady from Alexandria had a daughter and prayed that God would grant a brother for her daughter. She used to say, "Pope Kyrillos give me a son, Pope Kyrillos I want you to give me a son. When she fell pregnant her husband said to her, "The boy that is coming, I want to call him after my father, so I will call him Zaki". She replied, "But I vowed that if I had a boy I will call him Kyrillos. He said to her, "Never! I will call him after my departed father to revive his name". The woman left the matter to the Lord and said, "Lord, You deal with this. I would love my son's name to be Kyrillos." When her time to give birth came, she gave birth to two boys, so that she can name one Kyrillos and one Zaki. Pope Kyrillos came to her in the hospital and said, "Are you happy now, lady? This way no one gets upset".

Protection

There was a family in America who put the picture of Pope Kyrillos as soon as you enter the front door of their flat. They lived in Chicago which is renowned for thieves, so a thief opened the door while they were out one day. He was surprised at this picture right in front of him as soon as he entered the flat, of a man whose head was covered and who was holding a cross in his hand. The thief was shocked and fell down on his chest and his

tongue was tied he could not get up and remained in that position until the owners came home. They took hold of him and said, "What are you doing there?" He replied, "I came in and found that man in front of me. I fell and he tied me up. I couldn't move until you came". The owners kept kissing the picture of Pope Kyrillos and said, "Indeed you are the protector of our flat and we are blessed by your intercession".

Help In the Middle of the Desert

A lady writes that she went with her husband and little daughter who was about one year nine months old, to the beach in El Alamein. As soon as her husband left them to travel to work, her daughter's temperature went up and she said, to herself, "I am in a desert. Where can I go here for help?" She gave a tablet to her daughter, but it was no use; the temperature would not go down. She remembered that she had some oil of Pope Kyrillos in her handbag. So she took it out and put it on her finger and anointed her daughter with the oil who was still boiling hot. The little girl fell asleep and when she woke up, her mother said to her, "Dodda my love, can I get you a cup of milk?" The little girl, who was just about talking, said, "No I won't drink milk". "Why not?" "Pope Lollo just gave me a drink". "Where did you see him, my love?" "While I was sleeping", said the little girl, "He told me, 'Get up, Dodda' ". The mother put her hand on the girl's forehead to check her temperature and found that her daughter was perfectly well.

Where is Your Cross?

A lady from Maady says that in 1996 her seventeen-year-old daughter had a fever. They took her to the doctor who gave her medicine for a whole week, but the temperature went up not down. They took her to another doctor who still was not able to help her. So they went to see a well-known specialist in infectious diseases named Dr Addison. He said that the girl had to go immediately to the Infectious Diseases Hospital in Cairo to do a lumbar puncture to do a test on cerebrospinal fluid. They took their daughter at two o'clock in the morning who was taken straightaway into the operating theatre to do the procedure.

The mother and father were crying, feeling that they were about to lose their daughter, when the mother says that Pope Kyrillos came to her mind. So she said, "Where is your cross, Your Holiness? Where is your cross? Your intercessions, Your Holiness. We are sinners, so please pray for us. Do they not say, '*...pray for one another... and the effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much*' (James 5:16). They kept weeping, and finally their daughter was brought out of the operating theatre into a room. The daughter started to wake as her parents entered the room, but she said to them, "Switch off the lights". "Why, love?" "Because I have a guest who is standing talking with me. Please leave the room". "Which guest is that?", asked her parents. "Ouch, my back!" "What is the matter with your back?" "His Holiness hit me on my back with his cross".

The husband and wife were afraid and went out of the room. After about half an hour, the daughter told her

father to come in, but he was afraid to, as they could hear her talking and someone answering her. When the parents entered, they asked their daughter, "What is the matter?" She replied, "Why did you enter in now? You opened the door and he left immediately".

"What did you see?"

"I saw Pope Kyrillos and he brought me a picture of the Virgin Mary, and he placed it on my head".

They of course did not find the picture, but the girl said that Pope Kyrillos had anointed her with oil. Looking at her face, they indeed found oil on her forehead, and immediately the girl's temperature went down completely. The nurse phoned the manager of the hospital and his comment was that this had never happened in the history of meningitis. The next day they took their daughter home.

The Sweet

There was a Catholic priest in the church of Saint Therese in Shoubra, a Cairo suburb, whose name was Fr Edmond. He was a very kind man and his friend was a doctor who loved Pope Kyrillos and Fr Edmond very much. Fr Edmond was very elderly, and he fell ill and was admitted to the intensive care. He was in a very advanced state, and unconscious. What did they do? The doctor rushed to Pope Kyrillos and said, "Fr Edmond!" Pope Kyrillos replied, "Who is Fr Edmond, my son?"

"He is the priest of Saint Therese in Shoubra and I love him dearly and he is in the intensive care".

"What is the matter with him, my son?"

"He is extremely ill".

Pope Kyrillos had a bowl of sweets in front of him. He took one of them, unwrapped the sweet and put it in his mouth for about ten seconds, then he took out the sweet, placed it back in the wrapper and gave it to him, saying, "Put it into his mouth, and God will be glorified". Dr Youseff rushed to the hospital with the 'medicine' and asked to go into intensive care.

"You can't go into intensive care".

"I am a doctor- please let me in". So he went in and took out the sweet Pope Kyrillos had given him, opened the mouth of Fr Edmond, and pushed the sweet inside. The sick man started to enjoy the sweetness of the sweet and it began to move and soon he started to blink his eyes, and then his tongue started to utter things, then another little while and he said to them, "Sit me up!" So they sat him up. "Support me because I want to go to the toilet". He went to the toilet and then he said, "I can't bear to lie in bed. Let me sit on a chair".

After about half an hour the hospital manager passed by. He said to them, "Why are you keeping him in? He should be discharged. There is nothing the matter with him. But I want to know something. About half an hour ago his name was about to be written with the deceased, and now his name is going to be written in the world of the living. What changed the situation? The doctor laughed and said, "Never mind; it was the sweet of Pope Kyrillos".

"What do you mean?"

"I will tell you later".

"I thought you got some medicine and I wanted to know if it is something imported?"

"Yes, it is imported- from heaven. God is wondrous".

An Important Errand

This story took place after Pope Kyrillos's departure to Paradise. A lady from Alexandria who loved him very much, had a beautiful dream one night in which he said to her, "It is enough, my daughter, I have to go".

"Why do you have to go, Your Holiness? Stay with me. I can't believe that at last I have seen you".

"No, daughter, that is it, I am leaving".

"But please stay, Your Holiness".

Pope Kyrillos replied, "No, my daughter, I have an errand to Southern Egypt".

"What are you going to do there in Southern Egypt, Your Holiness?"

"There is a bishop there, my daughter. I am going to get him and so that he can travel with us up above".

The lady woke up saying that there is a bishop in Southern Egypt who is going to die. I saw Pope Kyrillos and he told me so". The very next day, she opened the papers to read, "Departed to the heavenly glories the thrice-blessed Anba Poemen, Bishop of Malawi and Ansena. So it was Pope Kyrillos who went to take him.

Why Are You Suffocating Me?

A man from Cairo had poor kidney function, and after examination and tests they said that he needed a renal transplant. They found a donor who would take forty thousand pounds and the hospital needed a twenty-five thousand pounds deposit. The decision was that he would be admitted to the hospital on a Saturday. On Friday evening, the man had a picture of Pope Kyrillos so he stood in front of it and said, “Do you not want to take the sixty-five thousand pounds and rescue me from the operation and the surgery and the blood? Who knows whether I will come out of the surgery alive or dead? I am prepared to give the money to you in the Monastery of Saint Mena, please just deliver me from the scalpel and the surgery”.

Generally, when someone is going to the hospital the next day, they will not be able to sleep, especially if they are about to undergo an operation. But the man found on his desk some picture stickers of Pope Kyrillos that some children in his family had given. So before he went to sleep, he got two stickers, took off the paper at the back and stuck them onto his kidneys, one on each kidney. He put on his tracksuit and fell asleep.

At 4am he dreamt that he found Pope Kyrillos standing in front of him. “Your Holiness, don’t you know that I am ill and am going to have a kidney transplant?” Pope Kyrillos replied, “Okay, but why are you suffocating me?” (the waistband was in contact with the stickers) “Who, me, Your Holiness?” “Yes, my son, the sticker that you put is suffocating me! Get up!”

So he jumped up from sleep and of course he didn't see Pope Kyrillos, but realising that Pope Kyrillos was upset, said to himself, "I will remove the picture stickers". So he lifted up the jacket of the training suit and took off the pictures. The lighting in his room was dim, but he found someone hitting him on either side of his back. He switched on the light and found finger marks there. He said, "Am I going to tell my family that Pope Kyrillos came and smacked me? They will think I have gone mad. That's strange; I feel that I want to go to the toilet". He passed about 1.5 litres of urine, and then fell back asleep.

He didn't want to say anything in the morning lest they say that he was dreaming it all up, so he went to the hospital. The doctor asked him, "How are you?" He said, "I'm fine, doctor. But I want to tell you something". "What is it?"

"I want to pass urine".

"Pardon me? Is there anyone whose two kidneys are not functioning who wants to pass urine? Hold on we will bring you a urinal here. Are you playing games with us?" So they brought him the urinal and he filled it up for them. Tests and new scans showed that both of his kidneys were functioning one hundred percent. He took the money from the hospital and asked his family to take his money back from the donor. He went to the Monastery of Saint Mena taking with him the sixty-five thousand pounds, overjoyed that he did not have even a pin prick.

Talk Politely Next Time!

There was a man in Heliopolis who had a good job and he loved Pope Kyrillos very much. He hung his picture in the hallway and a picture in the lounge. He owned a car and one day he called the porter to him, saying, "Clean the car- get a bucket of water and clean the car inside and out!" The man went up to his flat then came back down.

"Have you cleaned the car?", he asked the porter.

"Yes, sir".

"Where are the keys?"

"Which keys, sir? You never left me any keys".

"The keys were in the car".

The keys were his car keys, his house keys, and his office keys. He went upstairs to look in the flat but couldn't find them. He went down to the car but couldn't find them either. "What shall I do?", he said, "Sleep in the car or not go to work tomorrow to make sure that the car and the flat are not broken into?"

He stood in front of the picture of Pope Kyrillos and said, "Listen! I have not put you in the house for no reason! If you do not bring the keys, I will take your picture away from here!"

He went downstairs to look in the car again but he couldn't find them. He went up again and said to the picture of Pope Kyrillos, "I am giving you a final warning. You either bring the keys or I will remove all your pictures from our house. So all this is fake then! What exactly are you doing?" The man went downstairs and found a chair and sat in the street in front of the block of flats bewildered. He found a young man with a centre parting in his hair riding a motorcycle and coming up to him. The young man said to him, "Mister! You, mister!"

“Yes?”

He said, “I will give you your keys, but next time when you talk, talk politely! We are not your employees! Here you go! Here are your keys!”, and he threw him the keys. The man said to him, “Who are you?”

“I am the beloved of the one whom you were just shouting at a minute ago. Is he someone to be shouted at? I am his beloved”.

At Death’s Door

An extremely poor lady had a nine-year-old son who suffered from meningitis. Of course the lady had no other option but to go except the Hospital of Infectious Diseases in Cairo. She went there and the boy was so weak - his temperature was up to 41 degrees centigrade. It was a Thursday and the doctor came and said, “Take your son home to die there”. The head of the department passed by and seeing the doctor talking to her, said, “Do not make problems for us here, lady. The boy has five to six hours left to live. Medically, according to his symptoms, he is as good as dead”. The woman replied, “Doctor, please postpone his discharge until Saturday”. He said to her, “Tomorrow is Friday and you won’t find anyone here and the boy will not make it through the night. The pupils of his eyes are dilated. He is on the brink of death”.

“Please, I beg you”.

“Alright, stay then, it is up to you”.

The mother ran to her house where she had a big paper picture of Pope Kyrillos which her daughter had brought back from the Monastery of Saint Mena. The woman in her poverty could not afford to frame it. She took the picture and wrapped it around the stomach of

her son, borrowed some plaster from the nurse and stuck it down. She sat next to her son sorrowful and weeping, and in her sadness, she fell asleep. At about 3am she found her son standing up, saying, “Mum, I want to drink”.

“What, my love?”

“I want to drink”.

She took hold of his hand; it was not hot. She put her hand on his stomach found it greasy, she removed her hand and found it full of oil.

“Where did this oil come from, my love?”

“Abouna – did you not see him? The one who has a shawl around his head- he came to the hospital and anointed me with oil and put oil on my stomach”.

She said, “Abouna who?” and pulled out the picture.

“This Abouna?”

“Yes, Abouna Kyrillos. He anointed my stomach with oil and said, ‘Get up, you are going home today’ ”.

The mother shouted out loud overjoyed, and everyone woke up to see what had happened. The picture was a cause for the healing of many in that ward who were there at that time.

What God Has Joined Together

There was a kind man who loved Father Mina the Solitary very much and knew him for a long period of time when he lived in the windmill in Old Cairo. He would go every Sunday to attend the Divine Liturgy with Father Mina, and would always take something with him for Father Mina. He would take for example a bag of fruit, some bread, some macaroni, anything, because Fr Mina would be alone for the whole week. One day, his little boy clung to him and said, “I want to come with you, Daddy”.

“My son, stay home, it’s a difficult journey climbing up the hill”.

“No, I want to come with you”.

“But you will say my feet are hurting me”.

“No, Dad, I won’t say that”.

The man took his son with him early and went to attend the Divine Liturgy, after which Fr Mina invited them to eat with him. They ate and went back. As soon as they went down the steps of the windmill, they found a lady with a little girl asking him, “Don’t you know where Father Mina the Solitary monk is?”

He answered, “He is upstairs; it’s a long way up, you won’t be able to get there”.

“It is alright. I have come to see Fr Mina the Solitary monk from Southern Egypt. Would you mind taking me there? I am ill and if he prays for me, I will be healed”.

The boy said to his father, “Let’s go up again, Daddy”.

“Okay, son, let’s go up again”.

The man turned around and started chatting with the lady as they climbed the steps. “Where are you from?”, he asked.

“I am from Minya”.

“Whereabouts in Minya?”

They chatted till they reached the top of the steps where Father Mina the Solitary was. He said to him, “Come in, you are tired”, and to the lady, he said, “Come in, lady”. He allowed them both in.

The man turned to look for his son but he couldn’t find him. He went mad as it was a mountainous area. He kept calling out to his son, and finally he found him playing with the woman’s daughter in a distant place. He took his son boy and held him toughly, so Fr Mina went out and held the man by his shoulders and

pressed hard on his shoulders. “What is the matter, why are you bent like that?” he said, “Don’t separate them from one other. What God has joined let not man separate”.

“Father Mina, they are little children!”

“I am telling you; tomorrow you will see”.

Father Mina prayed for the woman, and the man took her to the station. The man did not take her address nor did she take his address. They both went their own way. Many years later the boy was appointed manager of a laboratory in the Minya Secondary School, where he got to know a girl and went to her father for her hand in marriage. Her father asked him to bring his father. So the young man took his father and went. The mother of the bride entered; she was the mother of the little girl who they had met many years ago. The young man and lady were married and the bride and groom went to Pope Kyrillos to bless them. As soon as they went in to meet him, Pope Kyrillos held the father’s shoulders and pressed them in exactly the same way as he had done before and said, “Do you believe now, Thomas, that *‘what God has joined together, let not man separate’*?”

The Mystery Beggar

Next to Saint Mark's church was a poor man who begged. Everyone called him *Uncle*. Passers by would bring him a sandwich, or give him a loaf or a shilling. One day Fr Benjamin passed by and the beggar called out to him, saying, "Father!"

"Yes, Bassilli".

"Tell the pope, 'Bassilli wants you'".

Of course, Fr Benjamin said, "Sure, Bassilli. Just prepare your lounge on the pavement and get your coffee ready and I will bring the pope to drink coffee with you".

Will he really ask the pope to come to someone on the pavement? Who will believe that? At the end of the day, Brother Raphael who later became Fr Raphael, passed by the beggar who called out to him, "Raphael!"

"Yes?"

"Tell the pope that Bassilli wants him".

"Yes, Uncle Bassilli".

Of course, no one would tell the pope that Bassilli who lives on the street, wanted him.

Pope Kyrillos went down to pray Vespers at the end of the day and then they found him taking off his headdress and giving his staff to Raphael.

"Hold onto those, Raphael my son".

"Why, Your Holiness?"

"I am going out, my son, to see Bassilli because he wants me".

The pope went out and went over and sat on the pavement next to Bassilli. Wadee, the pope's caretaker, found the pope leaning towards Bassilli and they were both in deep conversation with one other. The picture from the outside was the pope speaking with the beggar.

After they finished talking for about fifteen to twenty minutes, the pope said, "Give me your hand, my son, Wadee and Raphael". They helped the pope up, and as they did so, they overheard Pope Kyrillos saying to Bassilli, "At eleven o'clock I will be waiting for you at the window, my son".
"Yes, Your Holiness".

Wadee waited to see what would happen. At eleven o'clock they found Pope Kyrillos opening his window and looking outside. They looked at Bassilli and saw him surrounded by fire amidst the cartons. The fire was getting higher and people were shouting, "Help! Bassilli is on fire!" As the fire was getting higher, Pope Kyrillos was pointing with his hand to the fire and saying, "Remember me before Christ, Bassilli, my son". They looked at Bassilli they found no fire at all, but they found that he had died. What was the secret between Pope Kyrillos and Bassilli? Was Bassilli really a beggar? Or was he one of the anchorites? Was he one of the ascetic fathers? All they knew was that Pope Kyrillos called his disciple and said to him, "Make sure, my son, to get a lovely deacon's tunic for that man. You don't know who he is, and wrap him with respect, my son, and bury him in a nice cemetery because it concern me what happens to him".