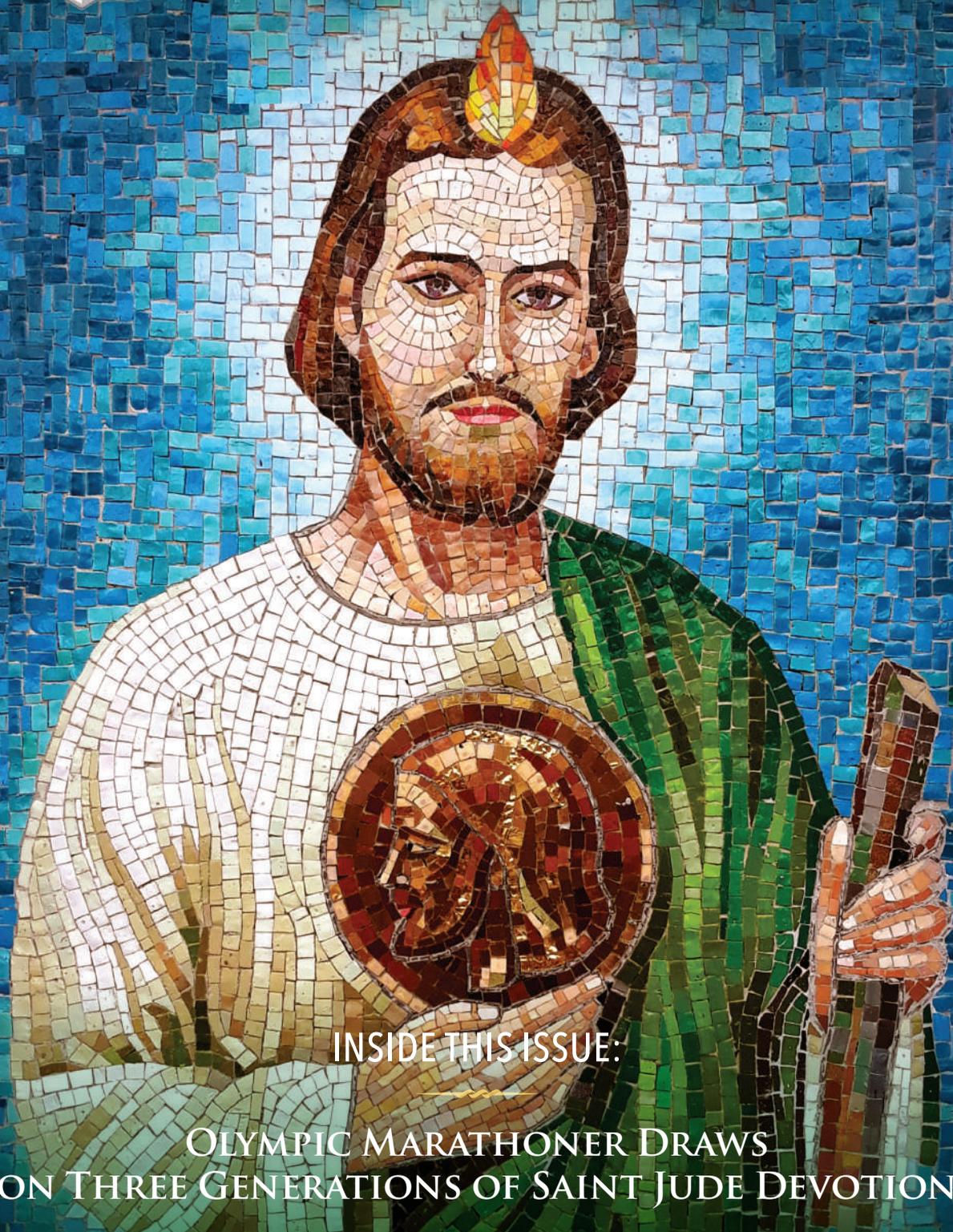


SAINT JUDE MESSENGER

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE ROSARY SHRINE OF SAINT JUDE

VOLUME VII, ISSUE II



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“GOD REJOICES WHEN WE PLACE OUR HOPE IN HIM. HE COMMANDS HIS ANGELS AND HIS SAINTS TO BE SPECIAL MESSENGERS OF THE INCREDIBLE FORCE OF HIS GRACE.”



DIRECTOR'S LETTER

Dear Friend of Saint Jude,

You may be familiar with the Gospel story of the centurion's faith:

"And Jesus went with them. When he was not far from the house, the centurion sent friends, saying to him, 'Lord, do not trouble yourself, for I am not worthy to have you come under my roof. Therefore I did not presume to come to you. But say the word, and let my servant be healed. For I too am a man set under authority, with soldiers under me: and I say to one, 'Go,' and he goes; and to another, 'Come,' and he comes; and to my servant, 'Do this,' and he does it. When Jesus heard these things, he marveled at him, and turning to the crowd that followed him, said, 'I tell you, not even in Israel have I found such faith.'" – (Luke 7:6-9)

This story reveals an insight that can be easily overlooked. Thankfully Saint Thomas Aquinas helps to draw our attention to it: "When Jesus heard these things, he marveled" (Lk. 7:9). The Greek word for "marveled" can also be translated as "filled with wonder." This reaction is a beautiful one, not only for highlighting the centurion's faith, but also for redirecting our gaze to the figure of Christ. As Saint Thomas points out, "We experience wonder in the face of those things whose causes we do not know." Wonder is a distinctly human phenomenon, precisely because it involves the combination of knowing something and being ignorant of the reasons for it. The great saints of the early Church, unlike the heretics, always claimed that Jesus was both fully Divine and fully human.

By attributing this phenomenon of marveling to Christ, Saint Thomas sees the Gospel affirming that Christ really was human and, just like us,

experienced wonder. In Charles Péguy's epic poem *The Portal of the Mystery of Hope*, the author has God filled with wonder at our hope:

*"Faith doesn't surprise me. ...
I am so resplendent in my creation. ...
Charity ... doesn't surprise me. ...
These poor creatures are so miserable that unless
they had a heart of stone, how could they not have
love for each other.
But hope ... that is something that surprises me.
Even me. ...
That these poor children see how things are going
and believe that tomorrow things will go better. ...
That is surprising and it's by far the greatest
marvel of our grace.
And I'm surprised by it myself.
And my grace must indeed be an incredible force."*

Of course, God cannot really be surprised. But Péguy correctly imagines God, like an artist, filled with wonder in the special works of His own Creation. God rejoices when we place our hope in Him. He commands His angels and His saints to be special messengers of the incredible force of His grace.

I pray that as you read the testimonies of the power of God's grace contained in this issue of the *Saint Jude Messenger*, you will place your hope to an ever greater degree in Him who alone has the power to set you free.

Father Gabriel

Father Gabriel Gillen, O.P.
Director, Rosary Shrine of Saint Jude

THANK YOU, SAINT JUDE!

LETTERS FROM PATRONS OF THE ROSARY SHRINE OF SAINT JUDE

For generations, Catholics have publicly thanked Saint Jude for favors received through his intercession. In these pages, patrons of the Rosary Shrine of Saint Jude carry on the tradition!

BELIEVE IN MIRACLES!

On May 16, my sister was found unresponsive and taken to the emergency room and then the intensive care unit. Two days later, I received a sweet T-shirt from the Rosary Shrine of Saint Jude that says “Believe in Miracles.” I wore it to the hospital today, after resigning my sister to God’s will. I just got the news that my sister woke up, spoke, and recognized her family! Many unbelievers in my family now have a true miracle to contemplate.

-Patty

Yes, there is a God. I do believe in miracles because I’ve seen one first hand. My son Steve was framing a house. They had just cut a hole in the attic area. He turned when someone called and fell through the hole. He fell some 15 feet and landed on his head. At the hospital, the doctors had to take a good part of his skull out. It was touch and go. I gave him my Saint Christopher medal and the priest gave him Last Rites. He looked really bad, but after a lot of tears and a whole lot of prayers, he is still with us today. He has a disability, but he is still doing okay. I have to believe that God and the saints were with him.

-Roy

I’ve been through countless struggles in my life. Saint Jude has been there for me every single time. When there was no one to help me, no one I could turn to, Saint Jude came through. Always. He’s always saved me: my marriage, my children, and my own life when I was going to take it. If there’s anyone out there who doesn’t believe, please find a saint... any saint; but mine is Saint Jude!.

-Anonymous

PRAYING FOR FAMILY

I prayed to St. Jude for my son to get a job. He received an offer yesterday! Thank you, Saint Jude for answered prayers.

-Kathy

My daughter and her husband had separated and I prayed for them to find their way back to each other. They have three children and with the help of Saint Jude they are back together and have announced they are expecting again.

-Joann

On the last day of my Novena to Saint Jude, my son came home to visit us after four and half years. He calls and visits regularly now.

-Jo Ann



BEATING COVID WITH SAINT JUDE

Saint Jude gave life to my mother when she was in the hospital and had been placed on a ventilator. She wasn't supposed to make it, but I prayed

to Saint Jude during the night, and she pulled through. A few days later she was released from the hospital. She later told me she had a dream and had seen Saint Jude outside her farm house. I believe with all my heart that Saint Jude came to her aid. I will be forever grateful to Saint Jude!

-Lois

My husband was on a ventilator for 28 days with Covid. I prayed three Novenas to help wean him off the ventilator, for him not to die, and for removing his tracheostomy tube. Each Novena was answered, and I'm starting another for his mental clarity and physical therapy. Thank you, Saint Jude, for answering my prayers.

-Lisa

John. My wife was sick with Covid and in the intensive care unit for 28 days. The doctor asked me to sign a DNR. I said the Saint Jude prayer every day, sometimes three times a day.

It worked. She is on the mend.

Thank you, Saint Jude.  

MISSING MISSAL

When I started my senior year of Catholic high school we had daily Mass. My mother gave me a Marion Missal which had English and Latin Mass prayers on each page. Someone got away with my Missal, and I was wondering how I was going to tell my mom that it was missing. There was a drawer in the Business Office for lost and found items. I faithfully checked it every other day, but to no avail. I started daily prayers to Saint Jude asking him to help me find my Missal. My prayers were answered during the last week of school when I checked that drawer one more time before graduation! I hope that the person who had my missal found it useful. Saint Jude is still my special saint 61 years later.

-Leona

A MYSTERIOUS DIAPER PIN

46 years ago, depressed and saddened by a miscarriage after years of trying to conceive, my husband found a Novena to the Infant of Prague in a church pew. We prayed it, and at the end, during a very heavy snow storm, we found a yellow diaper pin on our doorstep. Nine months later, our first of six children was born.

-Mary

A MIRACULOUS KICK

Back in 1963 Saint Martin de Porres was a very popular saint, and I was pregnant with my second child. I was in my fourth month of pregnancy when I lost my father, whom I was very close to. I felt like my world had caved in, having never experienced the death of someone so close to me. I was in perpetual sadness and tears.

By the time I reached my sixth month into the pregnancy, the child was not moving at all, and the doctor didn't sense a heartbeat. He gave me just a few days for some reaction, and if by then there was still no movement or heartbeat, he would have to remove the fetus immediately, as that would indicate that it was no longer alive.

You can just imagine how I felt. I clung to Saint Martin de Porres day and night, praying to him with such intensity and for a miracle that my child would be saved. Well, it happened.

One evening I was at the dinner table and all of a sudden I felt my baby kick me with such force that I actually saw him move in my belly. I cried out and realized this was the miracle I had been praying for. Saint Martin answered my prayers, and my son's middle name is Martin.

-Celia

SINGLE DAD

I have turned to Saint Jude many times in my life and he has never failed me. My youngest son is named Thaddeus Jude to honor this great saint. I would have died along with my son if not for Saint Jude and his intercession to God.

My latest “thank you” to Saint Jude is for another son who sacrificed his life to prevent the woman whom he got pregnant from having an abortion. Now he has graduated law school, passed the bar, and found a job—all the while being a single dad. Every step of the way, Saint Jude was helping him save his daughter and take care of her. Thank you, Saint Jude!

-Mary



My son is in the Navy and had to pass two tests that would determine the rest of his career. With the help of Saint Jude he passed both tests! Thank you, Saint Jude, for your love and help!

-Kathy

WRONGLY ACCUSED

My daughter was placed on administrative leave when she was wrongly accused of hurting one of the patients at the medical facility where she works. Although she was investigated and found innocent of any fault or wrongdoing, the managers still kept her on administrative leave. She was getting paid only part of her salary and she had a family to support.

My daughter is not a Catholic, though I am. When she came to visit, she was looking for another job. She had tried to get her job at the medical facility back, but to no avail. I told her about Saint Jude and said I would say prayers to him that she would be employed again.

I began my prayers on Monday, and on the very next day Saint Jude got her job at the medical facility restored to her with overtime. My daughter was so happy and amazed at how prompt and caring Saint Jude is!

-Gloria

A SIGN FROM SAINT JUDE

My brother was in a terrible work accident. He was severely burnt on both legs and hands. I was his caretaker while I was home from college over the summer. I helped with dressing his wounds, etc. He and my parents were getting into arguments because everyone was tense and stressed out, and I had to leave for a nursing study abroad trip.

I felt so bad leaving my brother in that state! I prayed hard to Saint Jude for my brother to be healed in mind, body, and soul. On the day I left, I begged Saint Jude to help him. When I was driving away from my parents house, I saw this on the semi truck in front of me [see photo.] I have never seen anything like this before that or after. It was like Saint Jude was assuring me that he was listening and helping.

-Mary



Share your Saint Jude story by using the reply envelope attached to this issue, emailing rssj@dominicanfriars.org, or contacting us on Facebook at [facebook.com/rosarysaintjude](https://www.facebook.com/rosarysaintjude).

OLYMPIC MARATHONER DRAWS ON THREE GENERATIONS OF SAINT JUDE DEVOTION

For Olympian Molly Seidel, faith in God and the Patron Saint of Hopeless Cases has always played a role in running.

Molly first ran track through her local parish, Saint Joan of Arc in Nashotah, Wisconsin.

"She'll make the Sign of the Cross and take about 15, 20 seconds [...] that's her time with God and it's a great thing to see," her childhood coach, Brian Borkowski, told the *Catholic Herald* back in 2012.

Molly credits her grandmother with instilling the virtue of faith and introducing her to her patron saint. "My grandma was super religious," Molly told the *Herald*, saying that she taught her the value of "praying to Saint Jude [...] if something's not going right."

Fast forward to 2021—a historic Olympics held without onlookers in the midst of a global pandemic. Molly, now a US Olympian, is running only the third marathon of her career.

"With about four miles to go of that race, when I was sitting right around that fourth, third place, and I didn't know whether or not I was going to medal, it was getting really, really tough," Molly told *Today*.

Fortunately another woman of faith, Molly's mother, texted her a prayer to Saint Jude just before the race. The prayer came from the grotto at Notre Dame where Molly was a distance runner and won first place in the 5K at the Iowa State Classic.

"I just started mouthing it to myself and was just hoping and praying that I'd be able to keep pushing through to the finish line and come away with a medal," Molly told *Today*.

The Patron Saint of Hope pulled through. With the help of Saint Jude, a devotion handed down by her mother and grandmother, Molly became the first American woman to win an Olympic medal for the marathon since 2004.



LEAVE A LEGACY OF HOPE



Help us continue our mission of spreading devotion to Saint Jude through a gift in your will.

To request your **Free Brochure**, please complete the enclosed reply card or contact Rossano Rovello, Director of Gift Planning:

(646) 350-0108

rrovello@dominicanfriars.org



WAITING FOR A MIRACLE: A LETTER TO SAINT JUDE AND A MATCH MADE IN HEAVEN

BY GABRIELA FLORES

At age 37, I asked God for something that seemed impossible to me: to meet a single man, open to marriage and children, who welcomed my faith, my intensity, and my passion for life.

This is the story of how God answered my prayer, and had always planned to answer it. Indeed, God's timing is perfect. In our waiting, God purifies our heart's desire and allows us to prepare for the gift He so wants to give.

Two years ago, I was in a relationship with a good man. Yet in my heart, I heard God's message: "This is not what I desire for you. I want to give you more." How could that be? He seemed to be

the perfect match: a missionary, an artist, a free spirit—just like me. But God's message was loud and clear. In a month, the relationship was no more.

A time of desolation immediately followed. I was tempted to think God had forgotten about me and my desire to form a family. I took refuge in my Bible and prayed over passages of hope and love from the prophet Isaiah (43:1,4-5; 51:3,12).

I used this time to prepare my own mind and heart. I went to therapy to cope with anxiety, attended a retreat on forgiveness and reconciliation, and went to daily Mass. In the words of my spiritual director, I was "actively waiting." It wasn't easy seeing my heart's desire go unfulfilled according to my timeframe.

I realized there was a chance I was called to live as a single woman. I was deeply sad, but I knew God's plans for me were greater than I could imagine. So I decided to be open to both possibilities—married or single life. "Holy indifference," as my spiritual director called it. I found new ways to love and live to the fullest, turning to my family, friends, students, and work.

Eventually I started to date again, this time prayerfully,



GABRIELA AND MARCO HIKING IN OAXACA

listening to God's voice in my heart. Then the pandemic hit, limiting my social life. At 37, I was still praying for a husband with whom my heart could feel at home, a man of faith called to marriage and fatherhood. It seemed an impossible petition.

I decided to pray a special Novena that came from the bottom of my heart and took the form of a handwritten letter I placed under my pillow. The letter was addressed to Saints Jude and Joseph.

It began, "Dear Saint Jude and Saint Joseph, you are holy men, close to God. I am in an impossible and desperate situation; therefore, I reach out to you, Saint Jude. Saint Joseph, like a father, please teach me to listen and understand God's signals and act on them as you did."

After that, I wrote all the qualities I was hoping for in a husband, folded the letter, and put it under my pillow. Every night, I remembered the letter and called out in prayer to both my intercessors, still striving for "holy indifference."

A month later, I had to take a trip to Mexico City and reached out to Marco, an old colleague and friend who lives there, to reconnect. He picked me up from the airport, and it was as if time had never passed. I felt at home with him: nothing to hide, underplay, or pretend.

We picked up our friendship right where we left it. I was traveling alone and he took care that I was safe. We had breakfast at Chapultepec Lake, visited art exhibits, had coffee and tacos, laughing as we remembered old times.

At one point I noticed Marco making check marks in the air and wondered what



—
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it meant. He was still single at age 46. When I asked about his life plans, he said calmly, "I do want to be married and have kids, but I'm not afraid to be single." He said he was waiting for someone special, and the check marks were his way of saying I was ticking all his boxes.

By the end of my trip, we had more than a friendship. Marco met the description in my letter to a tee. We had a heartfelt conversation and he asked if I wanted to be his girlfriend. I said yes.

Today, amid the backdrop of the pandemic, our bond is growing stronger. We pray and plan our future together; we know we are each other's gift from Heaven and are thankful to God every day.

The wait was worth it. I waited in faith, and God gave me time to prepare my heart, mind, and spirit. It wasn't easy, and I felt discouraged more than once. Yet God is generous and His timing is perfect. My heart had to be ready to receive the gift of Marco's heart. We will be forever grateful to Saint Jude and Saint Joseph.

DOMINICAN PRIEST SHARES TESTIMONY OF HEALING THROUGH THE INVOCATION OF THE HOLY FACE

BY FATHER JEAN-CHRISTOPHE DE NADAÏ, O.P.

This article originally appeared in Aleteia and is reprinted with permission.

On April 4, 2018, the Tuesday before Palm Sunday, during the last days of Lent, I woke up with the right side of my face paralyzed.

My mouth was particularly affected; I was drooling out that side of my mouth, such that I couldn't celebrate Mass without irreverence towards the Precious Blood of the Lord. My eyelid was also affected, so I had to moisten my right eye regularly to keep it from drying out, and keep it carefully closed during the night with the help of a piece of adhesive tape.

The doctor at the Salpêtrière Hospital, whom I consulted the same day, told me that it was a particularly severe form of paralysis of viral origin. The next stage of the illness would apparently be a state of immense fatigue.

“INSTEAD OF THE RELIEF I HAD EXPECTED, I EXPERIENCED, ON THE CONTRARY, AN INTENSE PAIN ON MY FACE. I SAW THIS AS A SIGN THAT JESUS CHRIST WANTED ME TO PARTICIPATE IN THE MYSTERY OF HIS PASSION, SO I BEGAN TO PRAY FOR CERTAIN INTENTIONS THAT HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED TO ME.”



We'd try to reduce the inflammation by administering corticosteroid, he told me, but there was no certainty that the facial nerve would return to normal in its entirety. He wasn't sure that the symptoms would disappear.

On Tuesday, May 2, a faithful lay woman who usually attends Mass at the Convent Saint-Jacques in Paris was moved with compassion at my condition. She came to bring me a vial of the oil of the Holy Face from the shrine in Tours.

She's a former nurse, and a Christian. Her fervor for Our Lord is the result of her memories of her own past spiritual deviations, from which He had delivered her through a sudden conversion.



ACCORDING TO TRADITION, SAINT JUDE CARRIED THE MANDYLION – A CLOTH BEARING THE IMAGE OF CHRIST’S FACE IMPRINTED BY JESUS HIMSELF – TO KING ABGAR OF EDESSA. THE IMAGE CURED ABGAR OF LEPROSY AND CONVERTED EDESSA TO THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

Of course, I was aware that my Dominican brothers in Tours had been appointed by the Archbishop of that city to be the guardians of the oratory of the Holy Face, all the more so because the prior of the Convent of Tours was my colleague in my academic mission.

Yet on my own I hadn’t thought to invoke the graces that the Lord could offer me through devotion to the Holy Face, to which my particular form of illness could lead me to have recourse.

Thus, the way I got help was surprising, for it was in a completely unforeseeable way that the woman of whom I speak learned about the devotion to the Holy Face in the city of Tours. Here’s how it happened.

She usually attends the Mass that’s celebrated every Thursday for the intention of the sick in the Church of San-Nicolas-des-Champs in Paris. She went there on April 27 and was impressed to

see the way a sick person prayed, which led her to approach her.

The two exchanged their addresses at the end of their conversation. She was surprised later to receive from the sick person eight vials of oil from the Holy Face of Tours, in order to distribute them according to the needs she might see. Her choice fell on me.

I don’t know why I didn’t make use of it immediately. But on May 4, Thursday, exactly one month after the first symptom of this illness, a very uncomfortable pain appeared and led me to use the oil, anointing my face with it, just before the midday Mass.

Instead of the relief I had expected, I experienced, on the contrary, an intense pain on my face. I saw this as a sign that Jesus Christ wanted me to participate in the mystery of his Passion, so I began to pray for certain intentions that had been entrusted to me. This lasted only a few minutes, after which the pain disappeared completely.

The next morning, on May 9, I underwent a medical examination at the Salpêtrière Hospital, which had been previously scheduled. The purpose of the appointment was to verify, by means of an electric current, the state of the facial nerve.

The doctor told me, to my great surprise, that the nerve was reacting perfectly to the electrical stimulation. It had regained its full integrity.

The following Thursday I had a conversation with a professor of medicine, who told me, “It wasn’t human intervention that did this.”

I continued with the daily facial massage therapy, as directed by the speech therapist at the Salpêtrière Hospital, whom I was to visit again on June 12. During the appointment she noted, also with great surprise, that my face had regained its mobility perfectly.

I made a final appointment for September 18, when she ascertained that I had been left without any of the ill effects that sometimes follow this condition after its cure.



SEND US YOUR INTENTIONS FOR OUR
 SAINT JUDE CHRISTMAS NOVENA
 OF MASSES:
 DECEMBER 17 - DECEMBER 25

2021 WINTER/SPRING NOVENAS

JAN 2 - 10: SAINT JUDE NEW YEAR'S NOVENA

JAN 14 - 22: INFANT OF PRAGUE NOVENA

FEB 3 - 11: OUR LADY OF LOURDES NOVENA

MAR 2 - APR 14: LENTEN MASS REMEMBRANCE

APR 17 - 25: EASTER NOVENA

APR 30 - MAY 8: MOTHER'S DAY NOVENA

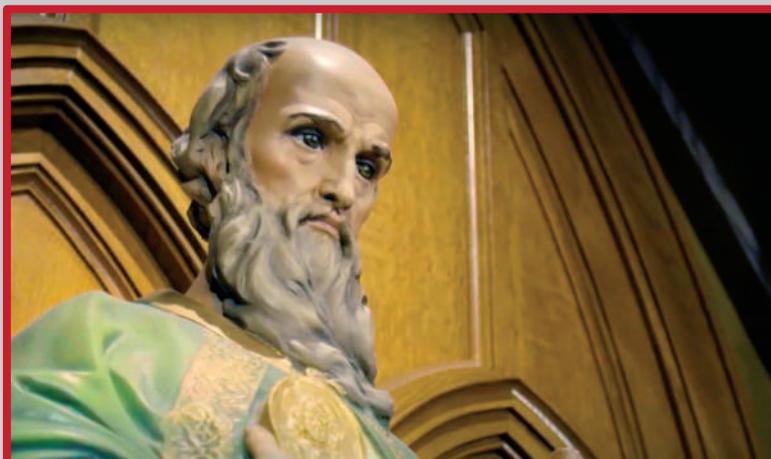
JUN 11 - 19: FATHER'S DAY NOVENA

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTIONS OF ROSARY SHRINE OF SAINT JUDE PATRONS

"For all the intentions entrusted to the intercession of Our Lady of the Rosary and Saint Jude the Apostle: that the Lord will ease the burden and suffering of those in difficult and desperate circumstances and give them grace and peace."

This prayer is included at all weekend (Vigil/ Sunday) Masses at Saint Dominic's Church in Washington, DC, where the Rosary Shrine of Saint Jude is located.

The Rosary is also prayed daily for the intentions of patrons of the Rosary Shrine of Saint Jude, and on Fridays there is veneration of the first-class relic of Saint Jude following the midday Mass.



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