Scarborough, Canada, 2005

«I Flew on Wings to Church...»

(Breast Cancer Cure)

My name is Anna Yevchyn. I am 57 years old. Until now, praise God, I had no complaints about my health.

I came to Canada recently from Ukraine, on the invitation of my aunt. I now live in Toronto, where I help a family with general housekeeping. One spring day, June 21, 2004, to be exact, I went out to mow the lawn. This was quite difficult for me because, in certain places, it meant mowing uphill. However, with some effort, I finally finished mowing the lawn and went inside to change my clothes and wash.

As I was undressing, my eyes suddenly fell on my brassiere...there were several drops of blood on it. I was terrified. I squeezed my breast. Some dark blood oozed out.

I remember my first words, "Dear God, please don't take me! My children still need me so much!"

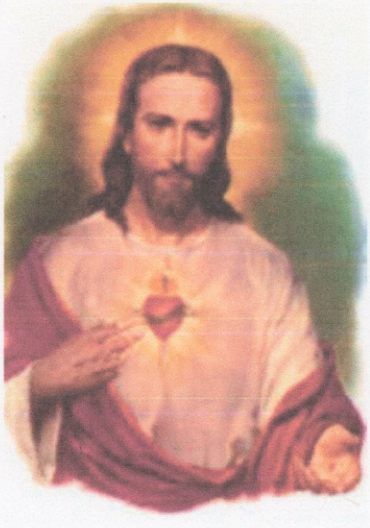
What I went through later was a horrible nightmare. For three days I said nothing to anyone. I didn't sleep, I didn't eat. I was having a very hard time. Then I decided to call a doctor I knew in Ukraine. He didn't know what to say. I continued to suffer. I prayed from morning till night.

And then I remembered Luba, a friend of mine from Ukraine. About a month earlier, she had told me about her cousin, Dr. Michael Rozeluk, about how he had been in Ukraine and helped people in different churches with his prayers and his miraculous medal. I looked him up in the Canadian-Ukrainian business directory in Toronto and found the telephone number to these beautiful, selfless people. I spoke with Michael's wife, Helen. I could barely talk, I was sobbing so hard. But this sensitive soul heard me out, reassured me and invited me for the following day to the Liturgy for healing at Sts. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Catholic Church in Scarborough (East Toronto).

A spark of hope appeared in my heart. I flew on wings to the church. My emotions could not be conveyed in words. All my thoughts were directed towards God. And later, after the Holy Liturgy, when I approached Dr. Michael and his wife (and they placed their medals on me), I actually physically felt heat from their medals penetrate right through me. As Dr. Michael was saying the prayer, my soul was all open. A blessed peace descended on me. I was certain in my belief that everything would be all right.

Later, when the doctors examined me and the results of all their medical tests came back, there was no sign of the dreaded disease. The bleeding from my breasts has not recurred. I am very happy.

Since that memorable day, my life has completely changed. When a person is but a step from the grave, he/she experiences a reassessment of all life's priorities. So it was with me. I greet each new day with joy. And I begin each day thanking Our Lord, Jesus Christ for safely living through the night and I ask Him for health for the new day. We always turn to God in difficulty but do we always thank the Almighty for the enormous blessing the Lord sends us in the form of good health? That, for some reason, is taken for granted. However, as the saying goes, disaster sits on the other man's back and is looking at you... Let us thank Our Lord for every minute of our lives and let us ask Him for His graces and abundant blessings.



I am sincerely grateful to the Rozeluks. The power of the Garabandal medal is the power of God. What can be greater than that? I constantly think about the work of mercy that the Rozeluks are doing. May God reward them with all the joys of this life and may they be able to help many, many more people.

Glory be to Jesus Christ!

Respectfully,

Anna Yevchyn
Toronto, Canada
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