

# **HEALING OF PARALYSIS BY ST. NEKTARIOS**

**The testimony of Panagiotis Daskalakis from Pyrgos (Elias), Greece  
from the book *Nothing is Incurable for St. Nektarios***

On March 26, 1965, I became ill and my doctor sent me to the local Hospital in Pyrgos. There, the attending physicians examined me, took x-rays, and gave me four rounds of injections. Despite all this, I was experiencing excruciating pain, and I was slowly losing sensation from the waist down, until I became completely paralyzed a short while later.

At that point we called an orthopedic surgeon from Patra. He came, and after examining me, he referred me to the Asclepion Hospital in Athens. We requested from the Town of Pyrgos to call for an ambulance, and thus I was transferred from Pyrgos to Athens.

My father had accompanied me. In Athens they did extensive testing without any positive outcome. As each day passed, my pain level was increasing. Eventually, I was taken to an operating room where I was given multiple novocaine injections, and approximately 120 x-rays were taken. All this accomplished absolutely nothing. Day by day the pain was becoming unbearable.

One day, a nurse gave me a book containing miracles of Saint Nektarios. She recommended I read it, and I did. Thereafter, a team of doctors came by one morning and informed me that they wanted to conduct some more testing. I was a wreck, because they had placed my body in an unusually awkward stance. My head was positioned lower than my torso, and they had hung a 14 kilogram weight on each of my legs. They were giving me two injections of Novalgin every two hours to control the pain. Shortly after they called the nurses to prepare me for surgery. Four people lifted me on the wheeled stretcher and started to roll me toward the operating room.

As they were doing so, one of the nurses said to me: "Pray to St. Nektarios, and you will become well." Indeed, at that moment I said from the depth of my soul, "My dear Saint Nektarios: enlighten the doctors so they can determine the best course of action so that I may become well; otherwise, prevent them from finding a solution, so that you can be the one to heal me." This is exactly what happened.

They had me in the operating room for 7 hours. They did a bone scan, injected me with some type of dye, and attempted to aspirate seventeen times. Finally, I was informed to call three of my family members, because the doctors wanted to meet with them.

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The wheel stretcher came, and they returned me to my room paralyzed. When my family met with the doctors, they were asked to sign a consent form to have my left leg amputated. Otherwise, I had the option of being discharged and sent home in a wheelchair. It was June 21st, and I was in the operating room the day before on the 20th. On June 22nd, at five o'clock in the morning, I saw Saint Nektarios. As he entered my room through the door, he called out my name: "Daskalakis!" I looked at him a bit nonchalantly, and so he asked me, "Why are you ignoring me? Do you find it strange that I am calling you by your name?" Having said this, he approached my bed, he untied my leg and said, "I will heal you, and you will walk again. Did you hear that? ... I'm leaving now." And as he left with a smile on his face, he went to the head nurse and ordered her in a loud voice, "Papadopoulos! Take some oil from the vigil lamp of Saint Nektarios and anoint Mr. Daskalakis, because he is going to walk again!"

Indeed, she went and brought some oil back shortly, and came with it to my room. When she entered and saw me standing, she asked, "Is it you? Or are you a ghost?" To this I replied, "It's me. Saint Nektarios made me well." As soon as I said this I passed out. At that point all the doctors raced to my room and started examining me.

When I regained consciousness, I said to them, "I don't believe in medical intervention but in God's power, and I am going to walk barefoot to Saint Nektarios." One of the doctors said to me, "Don't go because your legs will become very sore." And to this I replied, "He who helped me to stand back on my feet, he will be the one to also help me go pay my respects to him."

They advised me not to get up just then, but to wait for the medical director of the hospital to come first. After two hours, the hospital's head physician came, and having examined me he said, "You would not have become well, no matter where you may have went for treatment. We did not make you well; it was God and Saint Nektarios, and we will record this in the hospital's archives." This is exactly what happened. The following day reporters came to the hospital and published an article in the newspapers, and two nurses took me around to all the rooms and presented me to all the patients.

Henceforth I became completely well. When I was discharged, I hastened to the island of Aegina, and I walked barefoot to the monastery to venerate and thank the Saint. The fact is the doctors told me, flat out, that I had poliomyelitis with paralysis, and they stressed that there was no way I would ever get better, even if I had gone abroad. I thank God night and day, as well as Saint Nektarios.