

SUCCESSFUL LEG SURGERY

—The testimony of Kostas Domenikos—

I always believed and would ask for the Saints to help me, but I never had deep faith. My first cousin spoke to me about this and explained that now that I was about to have surgery on my leg, I needed the Saints' intercessions. Even then, I never imagined that they would help me to such an extent. So, we set out to Saint Nektarios Monastery. The monks took me to the church, and after reading a prayer for me, the monk told me: "St. Nektarios will be with you during your surgery to guide the doctors." I, however, did not have true faith within me, and his words did not touch me, and I was not able to understand as much as I should have.

The surgery took place one week later, on Monday evening. I opened my eyes at 5:00 am the following morning. The nurse recommended that I take morphine or codeine. I told her that I didn't feel any pain. She left saying that when the pain would set in, it would be too late and the pain killers would not help at that point. So I told her to give me a Tylenol. At that moment, the words of the monk came to mind. He had told me that you will have the surgery but Saint Nektarios will be with you. Then I cried a good amount because I had to experience this in order to believe it.

On Tuesday evening, the physiotherapist came in and wanted to lift me up, but I got out of bed on my own. I had some pain not deep in the bone, but on the surface of my leg from the staples. I took some steps and asked to go back to bed. This was Tuesday evening. On Wednesday morning, the physiotherapist came back. I walked about 30 feet, and because of the pain caused by the staples, I went back to my bed. That evening they took me out of the ICU. When I told the nurse that the staples were causing me pain, she suggested I take a Tylenol half an hour before the physiotherapist arrives. So the next day that is what I did: I took a Tylenol a half hour before the physiotherapist arrived, and this time I was able to walk throughout the entire floor without any pain.

That same day, Fr. Vasilios came to the hospital and read a prayer for me. When he wore his *petrachili* and started the prayers, a most beautiful thing

occurred: the hospital room filled with a very nice aroma and a divine fragrance flooded the room. When he finished with the prayers, he anointed me and left. A short time later, the second surgeon came to check up on me, holding a stack of gauzes in order to change the bandages on the surgical site. As soon as he walked into the room he asked me who I am, and what is this fragrance in the room. I explained to him that a priest was here and just left. Then he told me that during the surgery, around 11:30 pm in the operating room, after several attempts, they were having difficulty aligning my bones and didn't know what to do. As they were discussing what to do next, unexpectedly they sensed a pleasant aroma, just like the one the surgeon was smelling in my hospital room, and they immediately realized what they needed to do in order to align my leg bones correctly. And while prior to that it had been impossible for three doctors to bring the bones into correct alignment, as soon as this aroma came to the operating room, immediately and without difficulty the bones went into their correct positions. This is what the surgeon told me.

When we finished speaking about this, the doctor proceeded to remove the bandages from the site. As soon as he did, he took a step back and with his eyes wide open he remarked that the incisions had fully healed. It is the first time I am seeing incisions heal in 48 hours, he said. He left the gauze on the table, he murmured something, and left making the sign of the cross in Catholic fashion. That same day I asked the nurse for a Tylenol because I was feeling pain, not deep in my bones, but from the metal staples that were pulling on my skin. When the physiotherapist came, he asked me if I was ready to walk, and I told him that today I can walk through the entire hospital. After walking for a little down the hallway, he took me to the staircase, and I went up and down two flights of stairs. Then he told me that I am ready to be discharged, as long as the surgeon doesn't have any further therapy he wants me to do.

My surgeon told me to visit his office to remove the stitches 15 days after the procedure, but I went after 8 days because the area with stitches was very itchy. He removed the stitches and the incisions were already closed. I asked him how the surgery went, and he replied by saying that I have a very strong system. Then I told him that it is not me but Saint Nektarios, and that this is a miracle. He did not believe it; nonetheless, he told me that based on the type of procedure he did, it should have taken me three and a half weeks before I could

walk, and he was wondering how I managed to walk the evening of the day after surgery. Additionally, he was perplexed by the fact that I did not take any pain killers after the surgery.

I glorify the holy name of Saint Nektarios and I thank him for the immense help he provided to me.

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