

THE INCORRUPT AND MYRRH-STREAMING BODY OF SAINT NEKTARIOS THE WONDERWORKER

Five months after he was laid to rest, the nuns desired to erect a marble tomb over the burial site. The Abbess, however, was hesitant to uncover the grave, fearing that the decaying remains may possibly emit a foul stench. She did not express this thought to anyone. At the same time, a certain nun, during her sleep saw His Eminence, who asked her, “How are you?” “I am well, with your holy prayers Your Eminence,” she replied. The saint then said to her, “kneel down so I can cross you.” After she kneeled, he crossed her three times and then asked her, “Do I smell?” Having answered that he does not smell, the saint asked her specifically, “Do I reek?” To this the nun replied, “Who says that you reek, Your Eminence? How is it possible for you to smell bad?” “The Abbess says this.” “Which Abbess?” asked the nun. To which he replied, “Abbess Xeni ... Look at me. Is anything missing?” And he proceeded to show her his hands, his feet, and his back. “Am I not fully intact?” “Yes, you are indeed intact.” After this revelation, the nuns proceeded to open the grave, at which time they witnessed that the saint appeared as if asleep—his body had remained incorrupt, and his torso, hands, and feet were soft and limp.

Rev. Fr. Angelos Nisiotis gave the following testimony: “In July of 1924, I went to the Monastery with a group of girls who were members of the Orthodox Christian Youth Group, in order to pay homage to the Saint for two miracles he had performed for my family when I called upon his name. At the time, his grave had stopped emitting a fragrance for three months. On the day of this visit, the Saint began to give off a fragrance in the late afternoon. The nuns took this as a sign that someone dear to the Saint would come to visit. We arrived on foot at the monastery at approximately 7:00 pm. As we approached the monastery, we began to smell an inexpressible and profuse fragrance resembling white lily, as if the the entire region was covered with such flowers in full bloom. Upon entering the monastery’s courtyard, we sensed a profound fragrance composed of various scents of incense. We assumed that the nuns were in the chapel reading the Small Compline. When we entered the church, however, there was a nun inside who told us that they had not read the Small Compline yet, and that they had not lit any incense. There was no doubt that the Saint had become a myrrh-streamer on account of his holiness and his numerous virtues; hence, the outpouring of fragrance of white lily and aromatic incense. After dinner, the members of the

Youth Group gathered around his grave in order to read the Small Compline. During the service, the girls began to move away from the grave because the fragrance issuing from the tomb was so profuse and potent that they were finding it difficult to breathe freely.”

Dr. George Xideas, a physician from the island of Aegina stated the following concerning the incorrupt body of the Saint several years after his repose: “I cannot recall the exact year, but it was certainly somewhere between 1930 and 1935. One evening, as I was returning home after having gone to examine someone in Mesagros, it started to rain heavily, and I was forced to take shelter at the Sacred Monastery of the Holy Trinity, where I spent the night. In those days, there were no automobiles; animals were the only means of transportation. As soon as I entered the Monastery, the nuns (who are known for their generous hospitality) eagerly offered me food and a room to stay. Prior to retiring for the evening, I felt it was my obligation to venerate the Saint’s grave. Thus, accompanied by a nun holding a lamp so we could see in the dark, I went to his grave and carried out my heart’s desire. At that moment, impulsively, without taking into account the rules of the Monastery, and despite the objections of the nun accompanying me, I pulled the marble tombstone to the side with all my strength and uncovered almost half of the grave. Despite the overpowering emotions I was experiencing, I further proceeded to reveal the face of the Saint by removing the sacred *aera* that was covering it, and, in doing so, I sensed an indescribable fragrance and simultaneously found myself before an extraordinary sight. As I gazed at the Saint, whom I knew from the past, he appeared to be as if asleep. Despite the fact that so many years had passed since his death, his face had not undergone even the slightest deterioration; and what is more, a sparse beard was present. All these things took place within the span of a few minutes, and after I covered the grave again, I departed extolling the name of the Saint.”