

Every night: "Thank you, St. Josemaría!"

Faced with illness, God helped this mother to open up and say: "Jesus, whatever you 'want,' I love!" (The Way, 773).

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A year ago I was diagnosed with breast cancer — not just any breast cancer, but the worst, the most aggressive and the fastest-growing. When I got the diagnosis in Tenerife, where I live, I immediately made an appointment at a hospital in another city.

They explained everything very thoroughly, helping me to understand the disease and prepare for what I would have to go through.

I have two young daughters, and I asked God how he could send this to me.

The night I got the diagnosis I didn't cry only for myself — although I did that too — but for my precious daughters and my husband. I couldn't sleep, and eventually had to take something to help me rest.

In the midst of that pain, I had the supernatural certainty that St. Josemaría would help me to cope with the illness, and that everything would work out for the best.

In fact, I made it through chemo without pain. It seemed like nothing was wrong with me. My hair fell out and I was still fine. I knew God was listening to me, and I talked to him

when I relapsed. When I finished the first part of the treatment, my tumor was completely gone.

We did everything by the book and I had the operation, but by then there was no disease at all.

I give thanks to God and to Saint Josemaría Escrivá, who helped me with such tenderness.

I have a small picture of "my" saint, and every night my girls and I give thanks.

I. S. - Spain
