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“St Josemaría, if you really are a saint...”

Jose Ernesto was working his way through university by being a part-time taxi driver, when he started having dizzy spells...

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I have always worked with my dad; I drove one of his taxis, and paid my way through university studying to be a Spanish language teacher as I always wanted. But soon I began to experience health problems that made taxi-driving difficult. I had

dizzy spells and forgot things. I went to the doctor who diagnosed intraventricular hydrocephaly.

The worst was when I got the neurosurgeon's evaluation. His initial diagnosis was HIV or cancer. Three days after going to the doctor I was taken into hospital and underwent many tests. I felt my world was coming to an end. My wife and family were there and pleaded with me not to forget God, so I prayed to Him to take pity on me and not send me such a terrible disease as AIDS, as I have a wonderful wife, a good home and a small child, which would mean they could get the disease too.

God heard my prayer, the possibility of HIV was discarded, and the analysis of the tests for cancer still had to come through. I had a change of doctor and was booked in for an

operation. I decided to keep on driving the taxi a few days more.

The radio-cab operator sent me to pick up a client at a college that is very well known in Colombia. When I got there and saw it all I thought, “What a great college, I guess I’ll never work there.” The person I picked up was a priest, and I drove him to one of the cultural centers run by Opus Dei.

He asked me about myself and my wife and son. I told him that we weren’t properly married, that I wanted to go to Confession, because I was going to have an operation and was very frightened. Then the priest advised me that my wife and I needed to put ourselves right with God to receive Confession. Then he took a prayer-card of St Josemaría out of his briefcase and gave it to me, recommending me to pray through the Saint’s intercession that my

operation would go well and my life would work out well.

After he got out I drew up at the side of the road, looked at the prayer-card and after I read it I said, “St Josemaría, if you really are a saint and can help me with the operation I will be so very grateful.” The operation was December 19, and it was successful. I am now perfectly healthy, we got married, and I am now happily working as a teacher. Guess where? Right, at the college I mentioned, which is called Saucará. And all thanks to God, the Blessed Virgin Mary and a real Saint: St Josemaría Escrivá de Balaguer. *Jose Ernesto F. P., Colombia*

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