

A Source of Virtues

Fr. Faltaous El Souriany



An Excerpt of His Life and Miracles

Revision and Preface by His Grace Bishop Metaous

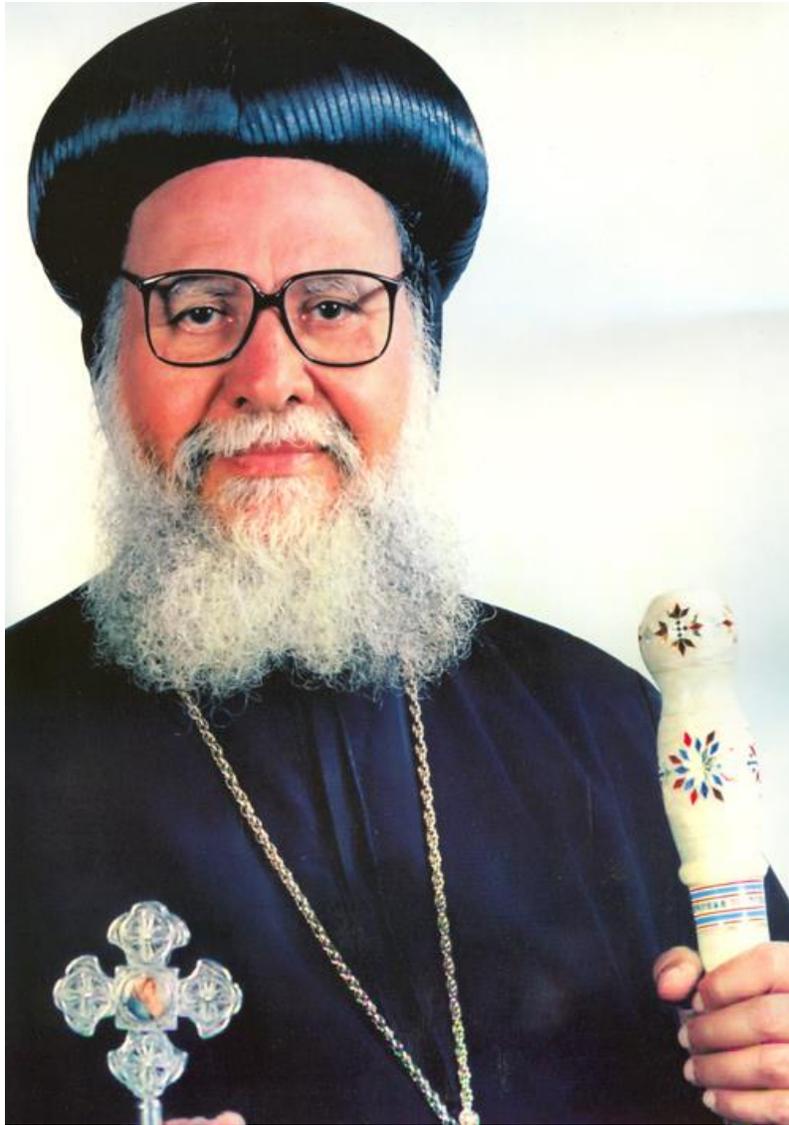
Bishop and Abbott of St. Mary's Sourian Monastery

Original Arabic Version Authored by the Monks of St. Mary's Sourian Monastery



His Holiness Pope Tawadros II

The 118th Pope and Patriarch of the See of St. Mark



His Grace Bishop Metaous
Bishop and Abbott of St. Mary's Sourian Monastery



Preface by His Grace Bishop Metaous

**In the Name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, One God
Amen**

Through God's grace, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany's book – *A Source of Virtues*, which was published in the Arabic language and issued by St. Mary's Sourian Monastery during the year 2011, has also been translated into the English language. This is due to our great love for Fr. Faltaous, as we ask for his blessings and his intercessions on our behalf. We pray that all of our beloved English speaking sons and daughters of the church who read this book, may benefit from it.

Through the intercessions of our Lady the Virgin St. Mary, the prayers of our beloved father, His Holiness Pope Tawadros II, and the prayers of the source of this fragrant story – Fr. Faltaous El Souriany be with us all. Amen

His Grace Bishop Metaous

Bishop and Abbott of St. Mary's Sourian Monastery

17th March 2016

8th Baramhat, 1732

The commemoration of the departure of Fr. Faltaous El Souriany

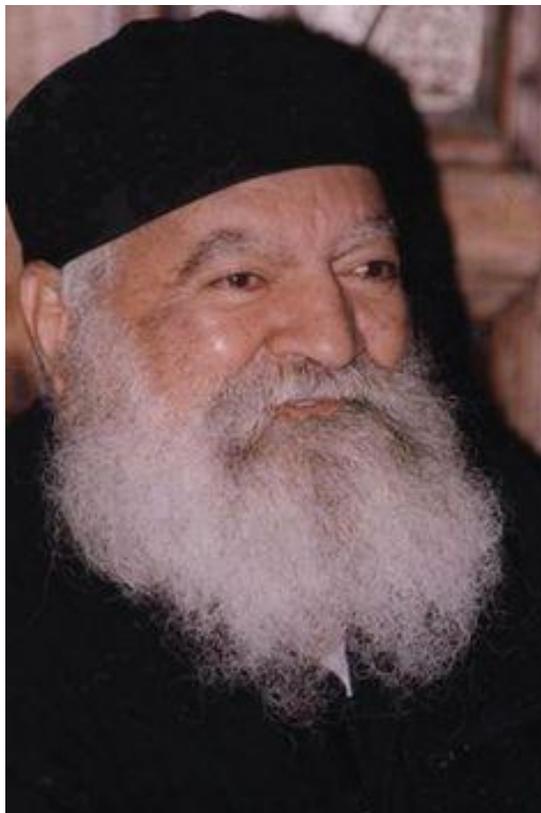
Dedication to Our Beloved Fr. Faltaous El Souriany

- ❖ To the beacon of monasticism, through whom we have witnessed the glories of the first Fathers, through his purity, the vastness of his chastity, the purity of his heart, his intense ascetic life, his prayers, and the strength of his praises.
- ❖ To the brilliant lantern of our monastery, that always burns brightly both day and night, through guidance as he leads us by his exemplary ways...and by night time, he shines through humble prayers and the fervent tears which he sheds.
- ❖ To the extraordinary spirit that calmly toils the night, as it melts in the love of Christ and joyfully fulfills His will.
- ❖ To the pure and chaste heart, which our Lord turned into a pure spring that quenches all who turn to it – obtaining peace and benefits for their souls.
- ❖ To the meek soul that drifted amongst us without ever becoming weary, and it fulfilled the works of our Lord in all sincerity and with motivation.
- ❖ To the luminous lamp that brightened our souls with his righteousness and his wisdom as he guided us.
- ❖ To the watchful guard, who toils the night on behalf of his salvation...as he remains in his blessed cell, whose light continues to shine brightly all night long. You have turned into a heaven, around the Lord of Lords as well as His pure mother, our Lady the Virgin Mary, all the heavenly hosts, the martyrs, the righteous people, and the saints.
- ❖ To the sincere monk, to whom God bestowed the honour of hosting the hermit fathers....
- ❖ To the one who put on Christ our God – our beloved and righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany– who filled our lives with the treasures of his virtues, and the strength of his humility and his love.
- ❖ Indeed, O our saintly father, you were the ointment that calmed our wounds, and the medicine that remedied our bodily and our spiritual illnesses. You were the balsam that soothed our pains, and it was through you that we found comfort. You were the gentle bosom who chased away our sorrow...you were the father who defended us and fought on our behalf against the evil one. You were the extended arm that lifted us when we fell...you were the cheerful face that gave us consolation, peace, and joy. It was enough

for us to look at your countenance, and this would chase away all the pain and suffering that emanated from our strife against the devil. We ask you, O our righteous Father, to remember us in front of the Throne of Grace, that the Lord our God may complete the journey our lives in peace, and that He may sustain us, just as He sustained you.

Your Sons in Christ,

The Monks of St. Mary's Sourian Monastery



A Swift Glimpse of the Life of Our Righteous Father – Fr. Faltaous El Souriany

“Nevertheless, He did not leave Himself without witness...” (Acts 14:17)

Indeed this verse is known and proven true, from generation to generation. For in every time and every place, the Lord brings forth witnesses who are a testimonial for His grace. They are witnesses to Him as they struggle against the darkness of this world, and they are a source of light amidst a twisted generation – they are the light of this world.

Being a witness for Christ may come in the form of preaching, just as the Apostles received teachings from the mouth of our Lord, and they handed them down to preachers in every generation. However, there are those who serve as witnesses for Christ through their fragrant lives; they are the fragrant aroma which spreads throughout God’s church in every time and place. Although they are not literally preachers, they have lived by the word of God; hence, their whole lives are likened to pure springs – they are witnesses for Christ by their actions, which is much deeper and more effective. It is more powerful than words or sermons, because actions speak louder than words, **“It is the Spirit who gives life; the flesh profits nothing. The words that I speak to you are spirit, and they are life.”** (John 6:63)

There are saints who live amongst the people, and there are saints who live with our Lord Jesus Christ and for Him only (far from people). These people lead a life that is seemingly simple, however, it is a life that is deep in its essence. They serve as witnesses to Christ in love, for it is Christ who has overcome them, and they have left everything to enjoy their lives with Him. They serve as witnesses to asceticism and true worship, and although they needn’t give sermons or speak much, they themselves are a sermon through their actions, and they define what it means to be forever present with God. They are likened to angels, not only because they perform miracles, which God grants them as a virtue, nor for all the wonders that God sustains them with, but because of their works, they have been lifted to the peak of spiritual purity and chastity, this is what leads them to the angelic life.

Amongst these righteous people, is our beloved Father – Hegomen Faltaous El Souriany, a saintly father who maintained his spiritual purity as well as the chastity of the body. This great man struggled spiritually, and he lived in our era; thousands knew him as the venerated monk. In fact, no one except those who were close to him knew about his fervent spiritual struggles; however, for those who knew, they concluded that his heart is likened to the holiest of holies, **“A garden enclosed is my sister...a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.”** (Song of Solomon 4:12)

Fr. Faltaous was born on 1/4/1922, by the name of Kamel Guirgis Ayoub, he was born in a city in Lower Egypt called Zakazik – located in the Governate of El Sharkiya. He was brought up in a very righteous family, a family who lived according to the laws of the Lord, **“And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.”** (Luke 1:6). Being surrounded by a wonderful family, he was brought up

accordingly and he grew to love the church. He became so attached to the church and he learned his Psalms as well as the church hymns. He was a very intelligent young boy, and this helped him to perfect the memorization of the Psalms, as well as the church hymns in a very short period of time. He lived amongst his family with love, and despite the fact that he was the youngest of his siblings, it was because of his love towards them, that they all considered him the eldest. He used to love to give all that he had, keeping in mind the verse from the Holy Bible, **“I have shown you in every way, by labouring like this, that you must support the weak. And remember the words of the Lord Jesus, that He said, ‘It more blessed to give than to receive.’”** (Acts 20:35) Although he was young, he was very serious and dedicated when it came to his spiritual struggles and his spiritual services. Throughout the years of his youth, he was a true illustration of a chaste youth, and he served as a witness to God in all of his actions and his dealings with his peers. He was extremely active and very spiritually motivated; in seeing that his father of confession had given him a daily canon to follow, he was extremely dedicated to fulfilling it without delay. He participated in the church fasts with extreme diligence and commitment, and all of his readings were from the Holy Bible, the sayings of the desert fathers, as well as the lives of the saints. He loved to pray and sing praises, because he loved to call upon His beloved Saviour – our Lord Jesus Christ, glory be to Him.

Seeing as he was surrounded by such a dense life of spirituality and righteousness, he was deeply affected by it, and it inspired the thought of monasticism in his heart. He made this path as his goal, and he abandoned the carnal world and he headed to the monastery. Despite the fact that there were some familial hindrances along his path to monasticism, such as his father’s difficulties in parting with him, and his siblings; nevertheless, he strongly insisted that this was the right path for him. Although the choice to take this path created some unintentional friction with regards to his father, God’s invisible hand was the one paving the path to his life. Hence, he was chosen by God for this path, even before he was born, **“Before I formed you in the womb, I knew you; before you were born I sanctified you; I ordained you as a prophet to the nations.”** (Jeremiah 1:5)

During that time, the virtues of Hegomen Fr. Mina El Baramousy the solitude (who was later ordained to be the 112th Patriarch – Pope Cyril VI) began to shine. Fr. Mina used to live in a windmill located in Old Cairo. Being inspired by God’s grace, Kamel Guirgis went to visit Fr. Mina El Baramousy, and when he did, Fr. Mina – being guided by the Holy Spirit, strengthened him and gave him some spiritual guidance and advice to follow; he also prophesied to him, that one day he would be ordained as one of God’s men.

Kamel excelled in his studies and he succeeded, eventually he began to work for the British Army, and he was able to learn and eventually to speak English with fluency. Although he earned a handsome income, he used to distribute most of it to the poor, and the rest he would give to his father and his siblings. Despite the fact that Kamel’s family went through some rough times, he remained strong, and he still insisted on the path of monasticism, as he said in

his heart, **“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written: ‘For Your sake we are killed all day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.’ Yet through all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us.”** (Romans 8:35-37) At the right time, Kamel spoke to his father about his feelings and his longings for monasticism, however, the conversation ended without any decisive conclusions. After the approval of his father of confession, as well as Fr. Mina El Baramousy, Kamel headed to meet with His Grace Bishop Thaoufilos (the Abbot of the Sourian Monastery at the time), to whom God had granted a deep spiritual vision and wisdom. When he welcomed Kamel, he gave him further advice and suggestions with regards to the basic rites of monasticism. Three months later, on the day of 2/11/1948, the monastery’s monastic council nominated Kamel Guirgis to be ordained as a monk, and he was named – Fr. Faltaous El Souriany.

He then began his monastic life – he was full of ascetic longing, and his heart burned towards the life of spiritual struggle and holiness. He was very spiritually fervent, and he practiced very harsh ascetic struggles, from fasting to praying, to prostrations, and praises. This ascetic struggle, which was illustrated through Fr. Faltaous in various forms, led all those who witnessed him, to say, ‘We have never seen anyone like him, truly he is a pillar through his ascetic struggles.’

When His Grace Bishop Thaoufilos saw his dedication to his spiritual life, his spiritual struggle, as well as his steadfastness with respect to his services in the monastery, he ordained him as a priest, after which he was later promoted to the rank of ‘Hegomen’. Because of this high rank in priesthood, Satan and his servants began to torment him greatly. It was as if he were a man at war against the devils, nonetheless, he used to conquer over all of them through his severe ascetism. This included living in a very humble, rundown room located in the ruins of the ancient monastery. He also used to sleep on the floor, and his food was extremely sparse; in fact, he barely used to find any food other than a dry piece of bread to eat. He used to fast until sunset as he continued to pray and complete his spiritual cannon. He emerged with victory, as he enjoyed the life of constant prayer; it is the life of prayer which made him feel that he was constantly present with God. Fr. Faltaous possessed a pure heart, and this enabled him to become like the hermits and the saints, for he always spoke about them, and about his company with them. He spoke about them for hours without tiring, in all fervency, and he also told of God’s marvelous works through His saints. These are the topics that brought joy to his heart, and this joy would reflect onto his face as he radiated with happiness.

Fr. Faltaous had many virtues, from acts of love which we have experienced, to his extreme humility and self-denial. He was very forgiving – he forgave all who spitefully used him, and he possessed extreme humility, mingled with deep spirituality. Another two of his virtues were his purity and his chastity. This is why God awarded him the virtue of performing miracles and wonders – this is something that many people have witnessed. Nevertheless, Fr. Faltaous

would automatically attribute the credit to God. The devils used to fear him, the sick were healed through his prayers, and many who had suffered emotionally were also healed. Fr. Faltaous also had a deep spiritual vision, for God revealed many hidden things to him that no one else knew about.

At one point during Fr. Faltaous' life as a monk, Pope Cyril VI found his way back to him, and he loved him very much. He nominated him to be the first monk to be a part of the rejuvenation of St. Mina's Monastery during its early stages of renovation. Pope Cyril VI restored the monastic life to the monastery, and Fr. Faltaous obeyed as he began to help out both to rejuvenate monasticism there, as well as helping to revitalize the monastery. He was extremely dedicated to this assigned mission, and after he completed his task, he returned back to the Sourian Monastery.

Due to the great love and the trust that His Grace Bishop Thaoufilos had in Fr. Faltaous, he sent him to serve at the Monastery's secondary branch location, also known as the Ezbawiyah, in Cairo. Fr. Faltaous served there for four years, from 1981-1985, after which he returned back to the Sourian Monastery. Upon his return back to the monastery, he resided alone in a cell that was built for him by Fr. Anthony El Souriany, who was later ordained as Pope Shenouda III in the year 1962. This was the cell where Fr. Faltaous continued to live, and it is the cell that witnessed all of his struggles, until he departed to heaven.

Due to the love which the monks at the monastery had harboured for Fr. Faltaous, they had two celebrations for him, the first was for his golden jubilee (for his ordination as a monk), and this took place on Saturday 7/11/1998. The celebration took place within the walls of the ancient monastery, and it was attended by Pope Shenouda III, along with nine other bishops; in addition, the monks of the Sourian Monastery were all present, as well as some other monks who represented other monasteries.

The second celebration occurred on Sunday 28/11/2008, and this was a commemorative celebration for the passage of sixty years of monasticism for Fr. Faltaous. It was attended by various bishops from other monasteries, along with all the monks of the Sourian Monastery, and monks who were representing other monasteries. On the 29th of March, 2003 Fr. Faltaous was also blessed to be promoted to wear the holy Monastic Eskeem, by the hands of Pope Shenouda III. 'Eskeem' is a Coptic word which means 'shape' it is a string of plaited leather with crosses in equal distances, it surrounds the chest and the back. Two big crosses are in it; one at the chest, and one at the back, then 12 more crosses. The hermits who have reached high levels of spirituality wear it, following strict practices and rules, which include, reading 150 Psalms on a daily basis, praying the midnight praises daily, doing 500 metanias (prostrations) on a daily basis, living a life of silence, continually reading the Holy Bible and the lives and the sayings of the saints, and fasting daily until sunset. After toiling for most of his life, with his eternal life as his goal, it was God's will that Fr. Faltaous begin to bear the cross of illness. He tolerated all of his illnesses with gratitude and without complaint, until his soul departed to the heavens amidst the

praises and the heavenly hosts, on 17/3/2010. This occurred as the midnight bells of the monastery rang, and the monks of the Sourian Monastery began to chant praises so that Fr. Faltaous may be crowned with glory in the heavens amidst God's glory. He was crowned for all the pain and the efforts that he endured on earth, on behalf of his eternity. He left all the grief and the pain behind, as he rested in the heavens – the land of peace and eternal comfort.

Therefore it is important for us to remember those fathers, so that we may try to follow in their footsteps – that we too may trail along the same path, seeking the same goal that attracted their lives, and this goal is our Lord Jesus Christ. Pondering and contemplating on the stories of these fathers is both quenching and consoling, and it is beneficial for our lives. Our beloved Fr. Faltaous' candle of life has never died out, instead, it has shone brighter than ever before, and as time progresses, we learn more about him, more than we had ever known during his life in the flesh. After his departure to heaven, when we recollect his life story, it becomes like a fragrant aroma that once emanated from him while he was amongst us, and after his departure, it has been transformed into fragrant incense.

We ask God who sustained him, to sustain us also, so that we may complete our lives on earth in peace and righteousness; that we may obtain the heavenly prize along with our Fathers the saints, through the prayers of our righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany.

God's Fear in the Life of Our Righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany

“Whom have I in heaven but You? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides You.”

(Psalm 73:25)

This verse is a perfect description of how Fr. Faltaous felt, and what he aimed for, because he was seeking God, that he may know Him and live in His presence – abiding in Him and developing a close relationship with Him. This enabled God to abide in his heart, and Fr. Faltaous was also therefore able to abide in God's heart. He was able to experience and taste the sweetness of living with God and befriending Him, because he was confident that everything on this earth is vain glory and the capturing of the wind, just as Solomon the Wise had mentioned in the Holy Bible, **“Then I looked on all the works that my hands had done and on the labour in which I had toiled; and indeed all was vanity and grasping for the wind, there was no profit under the sun.”** (Ecclesiastes 2:11), and he mentions in Proverbs, **“A satisfied soul loathes the honeycomb...”** (Proverbs 27:7). This is a true interpretation of Fr. Faltaous' soul, for it was full of God, hence, it refused any lusts that were tied to the world. His only goal was God alone, and nothing else; even the spiritual methods such as fasting, praying, labouring, toiling the night in prayer, and all his struggles, were only a means for him to reach his aim, which was God and His love and his bond with Him. Even monasticism was a bridge that would allow him to reach God, just as the Fathers had mentioned, monasticism is loosening oneself from everything, so that they may be tied to only one – that is God. When performing his spiritual duties, he used to chant after David the Prophet, saying, **“I have set the Lord always before me; because He is at my right hand and I shall not be moved.”** (Psalm 16:8) This is how Fr. Faltaous spent his days – as a sojourner on earth, as he progressed towards his goal, the goal which he placed in front of him, and he utilized every single way in order to reach it in peace. Nevertheless, there may be some questions that remain unanswered, such as: How did he begin with this goal in his life? How was he able to persist until he reached his goal? Unfortunately, it is very difficult to answer those questions, because to us, Fr. Faltaous was like a sealed paradise, just as the verse in the Song of Solomon States, **“A garden enclosed is my sister...a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.”** (Song of Solomon 4:12). He was a paradise that was full of the fruits of the Holy Spirit, and trees that brought forth good fruit, as some presented a hundredfold, some sixtyfold, and some thirtyfold. He was an untainted spring, where the living waters flowed, about which our Lord of glory Jesus said, **“The woman said to him, ‘Sir, give me this water that I may not thirst, nor come here to draw.’”** (John 4:15). Fr. Faltaous' soul is a paradise full of virtues, but it is sealed and guarded, it has God in its midst. By the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we will try to unearth parts of what lay inside this paradise, and we will begin with the virtue of how he feared God in his life.

Fr. Faltaous began his spiritual life by continuing to fear God, just as the spirit of God had once directed Solomon to say, **“The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the Holy One is understanding.”** (Proverbs 9:10), and in the Psalms of David, **“Praise the Lord! I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright and in the congregation.”** (Psalm 111:1). Fr. Faltaous learned from sermons of St. Anthony, who used to say to his disciples, ‘We should make God’s fear our goal, O brethren, because what is written for us, is that we should worship in fear and trembling, and that we should work towards our salvation, for there is nothing better than fearing God...it is a great honour and a remarkable grace. Great is the reward for the man who fears God, for he who has the fear of the Lord can gather for himself eternal treasures and will be saved from the pain that awaits the sinners. God’s fear is highly prized, even more than gold, silver, and precious stones; even someone with utmost wisdom cannot triumph over the man who fears God. God’s fear thrusts out all deviousness and sins, however, as for the man who does not fear God, he shall fall into many evils. God’s fear strengthens us, it saves us from sins and from the snares of the evil one. God’s fear that dwells in a person saves him until he departs to the heavenly Jerusalem, to dwell amongst the saints and to rejoice with them eternally.’

Fr. Faltaous built a solid spiritual foundation on which he would continue to assemble his whole spiritual life, until he arrived to God – his ultimate and only goal. Even during his early years, he lived with God and he began to grow and flourish on a daily basis. He avoided anything that attempted to hinder or delay him from reaching his goal, until he matured and reached the perfect love. Mari Ephraim El Souriany once said: ‘God’s fear completes two tasks for the soul, and they are: protecting the individual from sin, and secondly, if the individual were to sin, it would help him to heal through repentance and confession.’

God's Fear Protects the Individual from the Sins of Impurity

When Fr. Faltaous was in the prime of his youth, he constantly tried and struggled to avoid falling into sin, because he knew that it would disappoint God; this was not because he was afraid of God, but because he loved God with all his heart. Fr. Faltaous once told us:

‘When I was a young man, there used to be a Greek family living on the main floor of our apartment building, and they were like a stumbling block for me (because there was a lot of corruption going on), and their presence troubled me. However, I tried my very best to avoid falling in to sin, I used to fear God, and I continued to attend the Holy Liturgies on a regular basis.

*I was also a deacon and I would serve at the Altar and take Holy Communion regularly. I also confessed to Fr. Guirgis (my father of confession) on a regular basis. Overall, I took all measures not to do anything that would upset God with me, and in order to escape the corrupt environment that this Greek family posed for me, I excused myself from my family and I managed to rent a room in another apartment building, far from the existing apartment building. I did so in order to protect my relationship with God.’ Clearly Fr. Faltaous did as St. Mari Filo Kisynos had once said, ‘A person is too frail to protect himself from sin, whether visible or invisible, however, seeing through the eyes that fear God prohibits any individual from sinning.’ Fr. Faltaous fulfilled the command in the scripture, which our teacher St. Paul the Apostle mentioned, **“Abstain from every form of evil.”** (1 Thessalonians 5:22)*

Fr. Faltaous also tells us, ‘When I used to work for the British Army and I was assigned to a military ship, my managers and senior lieutenants used to evaluate my performance on a regular basis. This evaluation was comprised of commitment, honesty, precision on the job, punctuality, and other criteria. When they ensured that I was a man who feared and loved God, and they noticed that I would take their permission prior to going to church, so that I could pray and take Holy Communion, they respected me and loved me very much, and they entrusted me to everything – even their families. When the families of the lieutenants or the soldiers arrived by boat, I was the one who was responsible for welcoming them, and they refused to allow anyone else to deal with them or to enter the ship to welcome them, except for me. The reason being is that most of the families on the ship were comprised of women and children, and having God’s fear in my heart, I used to deal with them accordingly. I was responsible for attending to all their needs, and when the night approached, I would slip away up to the highest level of the ship, where I would lay to sleep. Prior to sleeping I would recite many Psalms in prayer, and I would ask for the help of the Lord of glory – Jesus, as I said to Him, ‘O Lord, protect me from anything that will cause me to sin, I want You alone, O Lord, and I want no other. O Lord strengthen me, help me to please You, and save me from all evil...’ I used to recite a lot of other words in prayer, until I would be overcome by sleep.’

Indeed, this is how Fr. Faltaous dwelled his life, as St. Basil the Great had once instructed the monks, saying, ‘My brethren, it is right for us as monks to escape from mingling with women and speaking with them too much. If it is necessary to speak with them, we should hold up our shield just as we would do if we were trying to protect ourselves from fire. Be haste in sitting amongst them, and if you are seated amongst them, part with them speedily. This is not because we hate women, but because we do not want to ponder on what we have left behind in the world.’

St. Mari Ephraim El Souriany once said, 'The fear of God cleanses the heart from all evil thoughts, so we should give glory to the one who gave us this fear, for He is the one who gave man knowledge and understanding.'

These are a few of the excerpts that we have heard from our beloved Fr. Faltaous, they were mainly all about his life prior to monasticism, and these stories clearly illustrate that he began his life with God from a very early age – hence, he had the right foundation – God's fear in his life.

Even throughout his old age, we noticed that he still preserved God's fear in his heart, and he was very careful to avoid anything that would cause him to stumble, so that he may not disappoint God. When he used to pray for any young ladies or women, we noticed that he would place his hand above their heads, leaving a distance of 15 – 20 cm between the head and his hand, so that his hand would by no means touch the head. Whenever he was faced with a woman who was demon possessed, he would not pray for her instantly, instead he would pray over a cup of water and he would sprinkle the water over her. Afterwards, the demon would instantly part with her, the reason being, is that God was glorified through Fr. Faltaous; hence, he was able to cast out daemons. One of the Fathers once asked Fr. Faltaous, 'Why don't you pray for any women who are demon possessed, Father?' Fr. Faltaous responded, *'Son, the demon will force any woman to fall to the ground, and will uncover parts of her body; I cannot look at such sights because I am a monk, son, and it is not right for me to see such sights.'* Clearly, Fr. Faltaous preserved his purity and he put a lot of effort into doing so. Even during his final days on earth, he used to say, *'Just as the gates protect the city, the fear of God protects man from the attack of the enemy, and it prohibits us from loving the carnal things of this world. It safeguards our souls from the thoughts of evil. The person who has God's fear in his heart, knows that God is watching him constantly and at all times; hence, the person will monitor himself closely so that he may do his best not to sin.'*

Fr. Faltaous loved the life of purity and this inspired him to speak a lot about the angelic life. During one of the spiritual gatherings with his sons the monks, more precisely on a day when some new monks were ordained, he said the following about the life of purity:

'The pure soul sees the heavenly glories, and the souls of the pure are always lit by the light of the Holy Spirit, hence, they shine brightly. It is the Holy Spirit that reveals divine and heavenly secrets to them, which are not visible to the human eye. The reason being, is that the person reaches a high level of purity, to the point where they can see God's angels along with God's servants, at

the Altar. Through purity, man can see everything that God reveals to him, which not everyone can see. God reveals so much to him to the point where he is able to penetrate through to the spiritual world that surrounds him; in other words, God also enables him to see the souls of those who have departed, as well as the angels. Those who are pure in heart are even able to see the devils, our fathers the hermits as well as their whereabouts. They are also able to see both through the eyes of the body and the eyes of the spirit. Through purity we can see the heavenly creatures, and we are instantly able to see God's glory upon the Altar. It is through purity that God vividly reveals His divine secrets that rest upon the Altar, to us. We are then able to see the Cherubim, the Seraphim, and the saints as they surround the Altar. Purity is extremely special, and if we ask ourselves, 'Why does God love children?' Why did our Lord Jesus say, **"But Jesus said, 'Let the little children come to Me, and do not forbid them; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" (Matthew 19:14), "Assuredly I say to you, whoever does not receive the kingdom of God as a little child will by no means enter it."**(Mark 10:15) Why are there multiple verses that illustrate God's love for children? The main reason is because children are pure, and the purity that lays within their bodies and their souls is sincere and genuine. This is also why many infants end up departing to heaven immediately after their baptism, and God joins them with the heavenly angels so that they may participate with them in praises around the Throne of Grace – this is how much God loves children.

If God loves these two virtues – purity and chastity, why don't we too become like children in this aspect, for the Lord said, **"...and said, 'Assuredly I say to you, unless you are converted to become like little children, you will by no means enter the kingdom of heaven.'" (Matthew 18:3)** What do we need to do in order to become pure and chaste like children? We need to learn from their simplicity. For example, a child can innocently play around a serpent or even a scorpion in all simplicity, and those creatures would never hurt the child, because they can sense the simplicity, purity, and chastity that lies within that child's body. This is why the Holy Bible states, **"Behold I send you out as sheep in the midst of wolves. Therefore be wise as serpents and harmless as doves."** (Matthew 10:16) Why is God asking us to be wise as serpents? Because serpents know that in order to bite a human, they would need to target them from behind, for example, attacking to bite their feet, **"And I will put enmity between you and the woman, and between your seed and her seed; he shall bruise your head and you shall bruise his heel."** (Genesis 3:15) Therefore we need to be wise, and to beware of the devils' strikes; we should not allow the devils blows to enter our minds and to taint our souls, our minds, and our inner selves. Don't allow the devil to inherit your spiritual minds and to spoil them with earthly things and worldly lusts that are due to end. Remove the old person and put on the new person who is

renewed by his good deeds. Enter through the narrow gate, for if a man does not enter through the narrow gate, he can never be rid of his old self. By the phrase 'old self', I mean the lust of the body, the lust of the earthly things, all the evil lusts and the sins that attack our bodies. When we rid ourselves of this 'old self', we put on the new self that is renewed according to the image of its Creator. This is what we need to do in order to be qualified through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, to reflect God's work and His glory as we inherit the heavenly glories, to become perfected in every virtue, embellishing every story, as we are adorned with the cloak of righteousness that we obtain through repentance.'

God's Fear Protects the Individual from the sins of Dishonesty

Honesty is what aided the righteous people to reach God, and many have taken the path of honesty. However, although some were able to reach God through this path, others were delayed, and some did not reach God at all, what is the reason for that? The people who ended up reaching God were honest in their dealings with God, with others, and with themselves; hence, they were able to obtain their crowns as opposed to the others. Honesty is equally essential in the worldly matters as well as the spiritual matters, and it is just as important for a person to pay attention to his spirituality, as well as his honesty in all that he does.

Even throughout his early years as a child, Fr. Faltaous led a life of honesty, and he tells us, *'After I earned my high school diploma, prior to working for the British Army, I worked at the Sydnawy Store in Shobra for a very brief period of time. I worked with a colleague who was a non-Christian, and he was doing things that are not befitting for a person who fears God; he wanted me to participate with him in forging some illegal documents, but I strongly refused and I said to him, 'No way, I am a man who knows God, and I would never want to do anything to upset him, there is no way for me to be dishonest.'* Although my colleague tried everything to persuade me to do wrong, I strongly refused – more than ever before. This caused him to become angry with me, to the point where he began to threaten that he would kill me; nevertheless, this did not scare me. One day, he tried to attack me and in his hand he held a small knife; he wanted to stab me with it, all because I would not participate with him in forging the documents. As he was doing so, I noticed a window beside me, but because our store was on the fourth floor of a commercial building, I had no way of escaping from this situation, except for this window. All of a sudden, I felt as if someone had lifted me gently and peacefully, I was taken out of through the window and I felt myself drifting in mid-air until I reached the ground in peace! I was not injured in any way, and although many people gathered around to check on me, they noticed that I was fine!

Nevertheless, they escorted me to my manager, and when he was learned of all that I had been going through, he tried to compensate me and to award me for being honest, but I decided to present my resignation to him so that I could join the British Army.'

It is clear how Fr. Faltaous led a life of honesty, and he was very sincere in his relationship with God, for he never participated in anything that would sadden Him. Fr. Faltaous never feared death, and this is clear in the story that he told, he defended the right and refused the wrong, even if it meant dying for the truth. He fulfilled the commandment of our Lord Jesus Christ, who said, **"And do not fear those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul. But rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."** (Matthew 10:28), and **"But I will show you whom you should fear; Fear Him who, after He has killed, has power to cast into hell; yes, I say to you, fear Him!"** (Luke 12:5)

St. Ambrosius once said, 'We should worry about the torture that awaits the sinful soul, for death symbolizes the end of the bodily tortures and pains, however, there is no end for eternal perdition. Death puts an end to the temporary bodily pains, however, what follows afterwards for the soul is eternal, hence, we should fear God alone.'

Fr. Faltaous was very honest in his relationship with God, with people, and with himself. Honesty is the measure that is used to determine one's entry into the heavens, especially because our Lord Jesus Christ, glory to be to Him says to those who are worthy to enter the kingdom of heaven, **'His lord said to him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; you were faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many things. Enter into the joy of your lord.'** (Matthew 25:21) Then we may ask, to what extent should this honesty be? Our Lord Jesus answers, **"Be faithful until death, and I will give you the crown of life."** (Revelation 2:10) In other words, we need to be honest even if it means sacrificing our lives for the sake of honesty. This is what Fr. Faltaous had done during his days as a youth while he was amidst the carnal world – prior to embarking onto the path of monasticism. Fr. Faltaous never allowed himself to give in to any sins, because sin is an enmity to God. He refused to yield to any wrong thoughts, and any thoughts that entered his mind with the wrong intentions, he would quickly dismiss them. Overall, he refused anything that would separate him from being attached to God, just as St. Paul the Apostle once said, **"For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other created thing shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."** (Romans 8:38-39)

Fr. Faltaous was also honest throughout his prayers, because prayer is conversing with God. He was also honest in reading the Holy Bible with diligence, because it is through the bible that he would hear God's voice speaking to him. He was sincere in all his praises and his spiritual contemplations, as well as his confessions, his fasts, and the long spiritual nights that he toiled. He took Holy Communion on a regular basis, and overall, he was honest in everything, and this is what brought him closer to God. He was also very honest with himself: he was honest for the sake of his eternity, and he saw himself as a stranger on earth; he did not long for the world, nor anything that was in it. He only longed for his position in the eternal life. He paid more attention to his spirit rather than his body, and this is why his spiritual life flourished. He was also extremely honest with others, and just as he was honest towards reaching God's heavenly kingdom that lived within him, he was also honest in helping others to see God's heavenly kingdom that lies within them as well. He loved everyone as he would love himself, and he would shield over others as he would for himself. He cared about the salvation of others just as he cared about his own salvation, and he cared about their happiness and their spiritual growth just as he did for himself, he fulfilled the commandment that says, **"And the second is like it: 'You shall love your neighbour as yourself.'" (Matthew 22:39)**

Because of the honesty that encircled all of his actions and his whole life in front of God, God entrusted him to many spiritual virtues. One of our Fathers the monks tells, 'One day when my brother in the flesh came to visit me at the monastery, he told me about some difficult issues that he was going through. I was touched by all that he said, so I took him to Fr. Faltaous' cell so that we may meet with him and ask for his prayers. When we sat with him, and before my brother could utter a single word, Fr. Faltaous began to tell my brother all about what was bothering him, and he began to console him, telling him that all his problems would be resolved. I on the other hand began to think to myself, 'Fr. Faltaous, knows everything without anyone having to inform him!' Although this thought only crossed my mind, Fr. Faltaous looked at me and said, *'Listen, son, from the day that I entered the monastery up until this moment, I have been honest with God in everything that I do, that is why God has entrusted me with many virtues, son.'* In hearing this, my tongue was tied and I could not utter a single word as I sat in front of our beloved Father – the pious man to whom God unveiled our inner most thoughts. My brother and I then thanked him for his love, and we took his blessings, after which we departed in peace, and we were fully consoled.'

God's Fear Protects the Individual from the Sins of the Tongue

We noticed that Fr. Faltaous was extremely cautious about what he spoke, so that he may not be overcome by the many sins of the tongue. Instead, he used to live by the words of our Lord Jesus, who said, **“Anyone who speaks a word against the Son of Man, it will be forgiven him; but whoever speaks against the Holy Spirit, it will not be forgiven him, either in this age or in the age to come.”** (Matthew 12:32) Fr. Faltaous also learned from St. Abba Isaiah of Scete, who once said, ‘Silence your tongue, so that the fear of God may dwell in your heart, for he who loses control over his tongue, remains as a slave. However, he who is victorious over his tongue experiences freedom. He who avoids foul conversations is protected by God from falling. Speaking much and without discretion only nurtures recklessness and impulsiveness. Beware of telling lies, for lying thrusts God’s fear out of a man’s heart.’ So Fr. Faltaous kept these words close to his heart, and during the time when he lived in the ancient part of the monastery (in a desolate and a run-down area), he practiced silence by placing a stone into his mouth; this forced him not to speak to any of the fathers, or even any of the monastery’s employees. When he did give himself a chance to speak to the fathers, he only spoke through the Holy Bible, he told us stories about our fathers the hermits and the saints, as well as the sayings of the desert fathers.

His Grace Bishop Bakhomios, Bishop of Behera tells us about his experiences with Fr. Faltaous, and he says, ‘Fr. Faltaous was an individual with multiple virtues...he loved silence very much. I recall that when my friends and I were young, we used to visit the Sourian Monastery, and we did not hear Fr. Faltaous’ voice unless he was praying the Holy Liturgy, otherwise, we discovered that he had a stone in his mouth and he was unable to speak. This stone would remain in his mouth for more than a week, and there were times when he would be silent for a whole month. After he removes the stone, he would speak to us about the lives of the saints, and we being in the years of our youth, would not dare to ask about the stone in his mouth, however, we would all learn from him.’

His Grace Bishop Bishoy, Bishop of Demiat and Kafr El Sheik, the secretary of the Holy Synod also tells us about some of his experiences with Fr. Faltaous, he says, ‘At the monastery, when an ordination for a new monk was due to take place, Fr. Faltaous would dedicate the whole night to speaking with him about the lives of the saints, and sometimes he would tell him some stories that may seem fictitious, but he intentionally intertwined reality with fiction in order to refrain from revealing his own personal monastic life, as well as his life with God. Fr. Faltaous was speaking from his personal experiences, but he would try to camouflage the realities with

humour, and it was a humble way of trying to instruct this new budding monk on the life of monasticism. It is through these conversations that he would indirectly teach the new monk, without giving him the sense that he was the teacher. At the same time, this new candidate for monasticism would feel overjoyed that he was chosen to be ordained as a monk at the monastery, and that he would be paying extra attention to his prayers and his spiritual life. Clearly, Fr. Faltaous' conversations were all spiritually beneficial.'

His Grace Bishop Metaous, Bishop and Abbot of St. Mary's Sourian Monastery, tells us, 'Fr. Faltaous was a seasoned monk, he led a life of the highest level of ascetism, and he led a life of solitude and strict ascetism as he placed a stone in his mouth. During the first days of his ordination as a monk, he would sit with us, and when he spoke he utilized his captivating and charming ways to tell us all about the lives of the saints – he was a wealth of knowledge. We were very spiritually amused, and we would return to our cells feeling happy; we held steadfast onto our monastic lives and we loved this spiritual path because of all the wonderful stories that he told us.'

One of our fathers the monks tells us, 'One day I went to Fr. Faltaous and I invited him over to my cell so that I may take his blessings, he accepted my invitation and he came to my cell along with some of the other monks whose cells were close to mine. After I presented them with something to drink, Fr. Faltaous asked us, '*What spiritual topics would you like me to speak with you about today?*' We asked him to tell us about whatever he wished, and he said, '*I will tell you about the invisible aim of monasticism...*' He began to speak to us about the kingdom of God, and he began to describe heaven. He spoke about the praises that take place there, and about the heavenly orders, as well as the whereabouts of the saints and their ranks; he also spoke to us about being present in front of the Throne amongst God's presence, and many other topics that pertain to heaven and to the heavenly. It was as if he was living in heaven, and he could see everything that he described to us in detail; we also noticed that as he spoke, he was full of joy, and we were immersed in this topic until past midnight, but we did not feel the time pass by.'

Clearly, Fr. Faltaous watched over his tongue and the sins of the tongue as much as he possibly could. We noticed that he was a very honest man, who never lied, or cheated, or deceived anyone. He never called anyone names, or cursed anyone no matter what the circumstances. During one of the gatherings with the monks, he spoke about his experiences with the warfare of the devils, and how much they bothered him. In response, one of the monks said to him, 'The devil is cursed...' In return, Fr. Faltaous said, '*No, son, don't curse the devil, because he too is one*

of God's creations...' This gives a clear indication how pure Fr. Faltaous' tongue was, for he even refused to speak rudely about his enemies, the devils!

Another one of the virtuous that God granted Fr. Faltaous, was the virtue of spiritual transparency; everyone who met with him would be like an open book in front of him. Nevertheless, despite the fact that God revealed this to him, he was never harsh towards anyone because of what he could see, nor did he hurt anyone with his words. In fact, when he wanted to alert anyone about something that was leading them astray in their lives, he would put it in a way as if he himself was the one who was doing wrong. He would then advise the person on how to free himself of this issue, and he would do so through one of his pleasant stories, without hurting anyone's feelings whatsoever. Fr. Faltaous was never proud of his virtues, and he never spoke boastfully of himself, instead, he spoke with great simplicity to everyone whether young or old. He used to respect everyone, and he gave everyone their due respect; furthermore, he never exaggerated, he always spoke the truth in a very loving way. He never complained about anything, instead, he would thank God for everything, concerning everything, and in everything. Fr. Faltaous was very cautious with anything to do with conversation, he was cautious so as not to anger God through his tongue under any of life's circumstances. Instead, he would use his tongue to glorify and to praise the name of God; he used his tongue for the benefit of his salvation as well as the salvation of others. He practiced the words of St. Abba Beaman, who said, 'Speaking for the sake of God is good, silence for the sake of God is also good...' His goal was to please God, and to focus on his salvation as well as the salvation of others, whether through speech, or through silence.

God's Fear Protects the Individual from Judging Others

Fr. Faltaous was very cautious so that he may not judge others, and he fulfilled the Godly commandment which the Lord of glory Jesus had said, "**Judge not, that you be not judged. For with what judgment you judge, you will be judged; and with the measure you use, it will be measured back to you. And why do you look at the speck in your brother's eye, but do not consider the plank in your own eye?**" (Matthew 7:1) He also lived according to the words of St. Mari Isaac El Souriany who once said, 'Shield the sinner without impulsively shying away from him, so that God's mercy may uplift you. He who clears his conscience from his neighbour's mistakes towards him, sows peace in his heart. Cast your cloak onto a sinner so that you may shelter him (from being revealed)...'

His Grace Bishop Metaous, Bishop and Abbott of St. Mary's Sourian Monastery says, 'Fr. Faltaous never judged anyone, and he refused to speak wrongly about anyone. I also recall that at one point, all the monks, except for Fr. Faltaous, were gathered for an official meeting to discuss a situation about one of the monks who was due to be questioned, because of some wrongs that he had committed. I sent a monk to summon Fr. Faltaous to this meeting, but he refused to come; although the monk I sent spent two hours trying to bring Fr. Faltaous to this meeting, still he refused, and he said to him, *'I also am a sinner like him...when I manage to overcome my sins, only then will I come to participate in judging my brother the monk.'*

Throughout this scenario, Fr. Faltaous can be likened to our Lord Jesus when they brought the sinful woman whom they had captured to him, and when they presented her to Him so that He may command them to stone her to death, as per the law of Moses, he refused to judge her, instead he had sympathy towards her and he said, **"He said to her, 'Woman, where are those accusers of yours? Has no one condemned you?' She said, 'No one Lord.' And Jesus said to her, 'Neither do I condemn you; go and sin no more.'** (John 8:11) These words served as a true practical lesson to those who were condemning this woman, since our Lord is the Just Judge, and although He has every right to judge, He does so in a fair way, **"For the Father judges no one, but has committed all judgment to the son...I can of Myself do nothing. As I hear, I judge; and My judgment is righteous, because I do not seek My own will but the will of the Father who sent me."** (John 5:22, 30). He has set a true example for us to follow with regards to this aspect, for He did not judge that woman.

Fr. Faltaous can also be likened to St. Moses the Black, who was also invited to a similar meeting in order to question one of the monks of Scete, who had been accused of committing some wrongs. In response, St. Moses the Black refused to attend; even though the priest of that area came to him and said, 'All the Fathers are waiting for you...' Nevertheless, St. Moses the Black stood up and carried a sack full of sand with a hole in it, onto his back, and as he began to walk, the sand began to seep through the hole from behind him. When the fathers saw him this way, they asked him, 'What is this, father?' To which he responded, 'These are all my sins behind my back, they are running behind me without my knowledge...so how can I come today to judge my brother?' When all the Fathers heard this, they forgave the father in questioning and they held nothing against him. Similarly, when Fr. Faltaous heard about anyone who had done any wrong, he would excuse him, instead of judging him. Whenever any of the monks would approach Fr. Faltaous to complain about another monk, he would respond by saying, *'Don't be upset, son, forgive him and excuse him, son, so that you don't end up judging him in your heart.'* Fr. Faltaous

would then seize the opportunity to mention all the wonderful virtues that the monk at fault has. Once, when Fr. Faltaous was advising another monk against judging others, he said, *'If Satan attacks you with the sin of judging someone specific, remember all of this person's good deeds, and this will lighten the attack from around you, son.'* In addition, Fr. Faltaous never allowed himself to listen to anyone judging another, and if he was caught in that situation where people were judging each other, he would immediately change the subject to a spiritual one. He would seize the opportunity to tell stories around the sin of judging, to everyone present, but without singling out the person who erred. This inversely caused the person who judged to feel remorseful about what he said. The stories that he told also served as very subtle and gentle reminders to encourage that person to repent for his mistake – judging others.

God's Fear Protects the Individual from the Harms of Favouritism

Fr. Faltaous used to be very cautious so as not to favour any specific person nor to become too acquainted with them, no matter whom they were. We noticed that he treated everyone with love, yet he still kept his distance. He refrained from befriending any single person alone, instead, he used to consider all the monks his brethren. He referred to all the monks, whether young or old, as 'brothers'; even the monks who attended to his needs during his time of illness, he would treat with respect and without showing any signs of favouritism. All the monks understood this, and they abided by this rule that Fr. Faltaous had set ever since he joined the monastery. Indeed, Fr. Faltaous led his life as a true stranger, especially that he had not singled anyone, out of favouritism.

His Grace Bishop Bishoy, Bishop of Demiat and Kafr El Sheik, the secretary of the Holy Synod also tells us, 'Fr. Faltaous El Souriany is one of the senior monks at St. Mary's Sourian Monastery. His personality made a mark in our monastic lives, especially because our generation entered the monastery in the year 1968. During this time, Fr. Faltaous was one of the senior monks at the monastery. Despite the fact that he was not very advanced in years, his face radiated with grace and blessings. He led the life of a stranger. He was a very amusing person, and whenever anyone spoke to him, his responses were full of joy. We also noticed that he used to walk speedily, and it was very difficult for anyone to catch up to him or to cut him off. We were only able to sit with him in rare occasions, and when we did, we experienced his exuberant spiritual conversations. In addition, he used to keep to himself, he did not show any signs of favouritism, he loved everyone equally and he welcomed everyone. We on the other hand used to respect his wishes, and we noticed that he was fulfilling the sayings of monastic fathers, who once said, 'We are

strangers here, brother, so let us be complete strangers.’ Also, ‘The love of Christ has captivated us so that we are strangers to mankind and anything to do with mankind.’ I used to feel that Fr. Faltaous was as vibrant as mercury, which looks very beautiful, but cannot be touched.’

God's Fear Protects the Individual from Vain Glory

Fr. Faltaous was very careful not to accept any glory or praise from anyone, and he used to escape this vain glory. God granted him the virtue of healing the sick, casting out demons, and many other great works, however, he used to attribute all of those to God first, and then to our Lady the Virgin Mary, Pope Cyril VI, and the martyr St. Mina. Everyone who experienced a miracle through the hands of Fr. Faltaous used to return to thank Him, however, he used to escape from that person, and if he were to coincidentally meet him, he would say, ‘Give glory to God, son, because our Lady the Virgin St. Mary, Pope Cyril VI, and St. Mina were the ones who healed you.’

When the fathers of the monastery wanted to dignify Fr. Faltaous for his golden jubilee, one of the fathers painted a large portrait of him, and he wanted to present it to him as a gift. When Fr. Faltaous looked at the picture, he asked, ‘*What is this, son? This is the picture of a wild pig, son...a wild pig who resides in the Sourian Monastery.*’ Fr. Faltaous then took a pen and wrote this phrase onto the picture.

Similarly, on the day of 6/4/2008, which was the day of the departure of Fr. Metaous El Souriany, some of the fathers of St. Makar’s Monastery came to offer their condolences. After the conclusion of the funeral prayers, they were hosted in the monastery’s guest house. They knew Fr. Faltaous very well, because they were originally present at the Sourian Monastery prior to their transfer to St. Makar’s Monastery. When everyone was seated, our righteous Fr. Faltaous began to speak to everyone in his spiritually captivating way, just as he was accustomed to doing – and as everyone listened, they began to praise him. After the conclusion of the gathering, Fr. Faltaous noticed that many had begun to compliment him. As he was leaving the guest house, with the help of one of the fathers (because of his old age), he said aloud, ‘Make way, make way for the calf that needs to leave, son...make way for the calf so that he doesn’t end up jolting and hurting anyone.’ He belittled himself this way so that he could escape from the vain glory.

On Maundy Thursday of the year 2008, after Fr. Faltaous had taken Holy Communion, he left the altar, and one of the visitors captured a picture of him using his mobile phone. In the picture, his face was excessively illuminated, to the point where the features of his face were unclear – they

were covered with bright light. That person took the picture and he printed it, after which he distributed it to all the monks of the monastery. One of the fathers took the picture and approached Fr. Faltaous, saying, 'This is your picture, father, it was taken on Maundy Thursday after communion, what do you think of it?' Fr. Faltaous was not moved whatsoever, instead, he smiled innocently and said, *'This is the light of the Lord of glory Jesus, whom I had taken in me through Holy Communion, this is not the light of my face, son.'* He paid no attention to this spiritual revelation whatsoever. This is proof that he refused to accept any praise or compliments, instead, he would transfer the glory to our Lord Jesus Christ – glory be to Him. This is how we noticed Fr. Faltaous escaping vain glory under any circumstances; hence, the glory followed him, just as one of the fathers once said, 'He who flees from glory knowingly, is followed by glory as it chases after him.' However, God is honest in His love for His children, and He made a promise when he said, **"Therefore the Lord God of Israel says: 'I said indeed that your house and the house of your father would walk before Me forever.' But now the Lord says: 'Far be it from Me; for those who honour me I will honour...'"** (1 Samuel 2:30) God honoured Fr. Faltaous very much, through all the miracles that were performed by his hands, and everyone continued to praise him; nevertheless, he protected his humility for fear of losing his salvation.

Therefore, we have noticed the many ways by which God's fear protects man from sin, and we saw God's fear in the life of our righteous Fr. Faltaous. It is God's fear that aided him to achieve his heart's desire throughout his monastic life: to conquer many forms of sin. Those are the ways through which Fr. Faltaous placed God's fear in his heart and in front of his eyes, so that he may escape from the sins that could easily send him to perdition. May God grant us to learn from him on behalf of our salvation.

God's Fear Heals the Individual from Sin Through Repentance and Confession

God's fear leads the individual to repent and to return to God, it is a shield for the life of spirituality, and it is present so that we do not stumble or derail from our path to heaven. It is through repentance that we place God in front of us, and we say along with Joseph, **"...How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"** (Genesis 39:9) He who fears God will not sin, and even if he does err in any way, he will run to God through repentance and confession. Repentance is not only for those who are new to life with God, it is for everyone, even the saints, and it is an ongoing process. Everyone needs to repent, no matter how high his stature, and no matter how high he has become in his spiritual life. We all need to repent, and we need to do so on a daily basis, because we make mistakes on a daily basis. There is no one who is without sin, even if he has spent only one day on this earth – as we always mention in

the prayer for the departed. This is what Fr. Faltaous practiced, even during his early years as a child up until his final days on earth, he continued to repent and confess on a regular basis. During the days of his youth, he used to approach his father of confession – Fr. Guirgis Botros, and he would confess in a very detailed way. He used to confess on a weekly basis. Once, he said to one of the fathers of the monastery, *‘Before I came to the monastery, son I would never serve as a deacon nor take Holy Communion from the body and the blood of our Lord, without first giving a detailed account of my sins. I would then confess to Fr. Guirgis, and he would absolve me by reading the absolution to me, after which I would be able to take Holy Communion. I feel that I am unworthy of this great blessing.’*

It is just as one of our fathers the saints once said, ‘If you present yourself to take Holy Communion, don’t think that you are worthy, consider yourself a sinner, and be confident that the sinner who presents himself to the Saviour in faith and vigilance, deserves to obtain healing of his sins. So repent and live a life of repentance, and consider yourself an ill man, unworthy, in need of healing, and believe that you will be sanctified by eating this Holy Body. For, every man who presented himself to God in faith, was healed.’

When Fr. Faltaous joined the monastery and was ordained a monk, he excelled in his spiritual life, even more than when he lived in the carnal world. The reason behind his spiritual excellence in monasticism, is because he continued to repent and confess, especially when the evil warfare escalated against him, he would confess more frequently.

During his old age, Fr. Faltaous told us: *‘When I entered the monastery, I used to confess to Fr. Abd El Malak El Souriany, and he was a saintly monk. I learned a lot from his spiritual and monastic life, as well as his experiences. He used to encourage me and support me during my monastic life, and he gave me advice and guidance that I still use even until this day.’* He also said, *‘Son, you are still a young monk, and you need to struggle more with regards to your repentance, so that you can rest during your old age. Hence, I used to struggle in all seriousness and motivation, and I used to feel happy and satisfied.’*

St. Mari Isaac El Souriany once said, ‘Woe to him who is physically and fully able to repent, but delays, for by the time he comes to this realization, he will weep. He will ask for the days of rest but he will find none. The heavens and the waters of repentance flourish through tribulations, trials, and hardships...for out of tribulations inner comfort is born, and from the hardships that one faces on behalf of God, inner joy and comfort are born...and peace that is not born of those hardships is considered a delusion.’

Fr. Faltaous tells us, *‘During the time when I was at St. Mina’s Monastery, Pope Cyril VI used to come and visit us. I used to prepare the altar on a daily basis, and I would offer the morning incense during his presence. Most of the days I used to participate with him in praying the Holy Liturgy. One day during the Great Lent, the Holy Liturgy was being held later in the day (in the*

afternoon). So I went to church and I prepared the altar, I offered the morning incense, and as I was praying, I looked back and I noticed that a youth group had entered the church. They had come to visit the monastery and they entered the church to pray. The group consisted of women and girls, and they were dressed very inappropriately in summer clothes; it was a very difficult sight to see. After visiting the church and the monastery, they left. I on the other hand reprimanded myself and I asked myself, 'How could I, the monk see such inappropriate sights? How am I supposed to pray with His Holiness and take Holy Communion after seeing such things?!' I am unworthy. So I took my tunic and I said to myself, 'I will return to my cell prior to His Holiness' arrival to church.' Just as I was about to leave the church, His Holiness the Pope walked into the church, and he asked me, 'Where are you going, my beloved son?' To which I responded, 'I am unworthy to pray and to take Communion today...' I told him about the youth group that entered the church, and about all that had befallen my conscience. Although I tried very hard to leave the church, His Holiness held onto my hand and he said to me, 'Don't worry, son, don't allow the devil to manipulate you...come, bring your tunic and pray with me.' I then said to His Holiness, 'I have sinned, Your Grace, please absolve me for what I saw...' He said to me, 'Come, son, may God absolve you.' So I ended up praying the Liturgy with His Holiness, after I was absolved by him.'

Through the above example, it is clear to us how serious Fr. Faltaous was about his life of repentance. He was extremely diligent and very sensitive about erring, and he counted everything with precision – even the sins that roamed around in his thoughts. He would never permit himself to pray the Holy Liturgy nor to take Holy Communion without being absolved from all his sins first, and he used to give an account of every sin.

St. Moses the Black said, 'We should keep a watchful eye as much as we can, and it is the Lord who will sustain our weaknesses. For God knows that man is weak and frail, so He granted him repentance – so long as he is in the flesh. Therefore, as long as you have the chance to come closer to Christ through sincere repentance, hasten before the door is shut, so that you do not weep bitterly without avail. Sit and monitor the door before it closes, and hasten to repent with persistence. For Christ our God longs for the salvation of all people and for all people to know the truth. He waits for you, and He will accept you.'

One of our fathers the monks tells, 'One day, I was driving Fr. Faltaous back to his cell, and he was seated beside me in the car. On our way, we stopped for one of the elderly monks to pass, and after passing, he approached the car's window to speak to Fr. Faltaous. He asked for his prayers and that he may anoint him with holy oil, because he was ill. Fr. Faltaous said to him, 'Impossible, my brother, because you are a senior Hegomen, and I am not worthy to pray for you.' Although this old monk tried everything to persuade Fr. Faltaous to pray for him, his trials failed. In seeing that Fr. Faltaous would not oblige, this old monk said to him, 'I am upset with you, Fr. Faltaous...' and then he walked away. I continued to drive until we reached Fr. Faltaous' cell, and when I parked the car so that he may exit, he remained, and he said to me, 'I was wrong not to pray for him, what harm would it have caused me to pray for him and to

anoint him with holy oil? I am feeling very regretful for what I have refused to do for this Father, and I refuse to enter my cell while he is upset with me. Please, son, drive me back to this Father's cell, so that I may apologize to him and pray for him and anoint him with holy oil.' Sure enough I drove Fr. Faltaous back to the father's cell, and when he saw us he rejoiced, and Fr. Faltaous said to him, *'I was wrong, please absolve me, and come so that I may pray for you and anoint you with holy oil.'* In response, the father rejoiced, saying, 'Please absolve me, and may God absolve you.' Fr. Faltaous prayed for him and he anointed him with holy oil, and we departed from his cell in peace. When we re-entered the car, Fr. Faltaous said to me, *'Please drive me to my father of confession, son, so that I can confess to him that I have sinned against one of the fathers, and I caused him to be upset with me.'* Indeed, I took him to his father of confession; he was deeply remorseful for what he had done, and he confessed that he had indeed erred on the part of that monk. Afterwards, I drove him back to his cell, and he was full of joy and peace.

St. Moses the Black states, 'He who acknowledges his weakness and rebukes himself in front of God, is determined to purify himself from sin. As for the man who delays, and says that there is no need to repent now, he becomes a prey for every sinful predator. A man must keep a constant watch over himself, and he needs to give an account for his thoughts, because who recalls his sins will acknowledge them. Furthermore, he is also able to keep track of them on a regular basis as they occur, and he will find that they are not many (because as they happen he catches them). As for the man who does not capture his sins and does not acknowledge them, he will perish along with them.'

Clearly Fr. Faltaous lived every one of those words, he led a holy, God fearing life, hence, he loved the life of repentance and confession and he constantly had high spiritual awareness. It is this awareness that occupied his heart with fervency and it helped him to progress forward. It gave him remarkable humbleness and a modest heart. It also gave him the ability to bond with God forever, through his constant and fervent prayers. Fr. Faltaous knew his weaknesses, and he watched himself closely; he struggled constantly in order to ensure that he would do his best not to sin; as a result, God's grace worked within him, and it accelerated him up the spiritual ladder in a very speedy manner without any hindrances. He also knew that repentance is the golden key which opens up the heavens, and it is the one true door that leads to heaven. Without repentance, God would never rule a heart; repentance is the beginning of a long road that ends with holiness and perfection. Therefore, he began to travel upon this path during his early years as a child, and he never delayed in repenting, even until his old age. Fr. Faltaous is depicted by the verse that our Lord mentioned, **"Therefore you shall be perfect, just as your Father in heaven is perfect."** (Matthew 5:48) We noticed that Fr. Faltaous always examined himself thoroughly and very precisely; he always used to recall the lives of the saints and he would compare his life to theirs. He used to live according to the words of St. Peter the Apostle, **"Now if the righteous one is scarcely saved, where will the ungodly and the sinner appear?"** (1 Peter 4:18) Fr. Faltaous always used to say, *'Indeed, where do I the sinner appear?'* He used to blame himself harshly, and he was very stern with himself without ceasing, he

always made a strict account of his wrongs. He knew full well that the perfect joy and peace that surpasses every mind, can never be fulfilled except with Christ and in Christ, who said, **“Come to Me, all you who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”** (Matthew 11:28) Hence, he never delayed or postponed his repentance, instead, regardless of how miniscule the sin, he would offer sincere repentance. He would approach his father of confession and he would confess everything, because he knew full well that through confession, he would be able to receive forgiveness for his sins, through Christ. Only then would he be able to prepare himself to take the body and the blood of Christ, because Communion grants us stability in our Lord Jesus – glory be to Him, who once said, **“He who eats My flesh and drinks My blood abides in Me, and I in him.”** (John 6:56)

Due to his great love for the life of repentance and confession, he used to encourage others to follow that same path. Many people were inspired by him, and they abandoned their sins and led a life of true repentance, for he encouraged them and supported them throughout their lives, as well as guiding them so that they may continue on this path.

The following are some examples of people whom Fr. Faltaous encouraged to repent

One day Fr. Faltaous met with one of the fathers the monks, and he was a newly ordained monk, so he asked him, ‘Where are you going, son?’ So the monk responded, ‘I am going to my father of confession so that I can confess my sins.’ Fr. Faltaous was very glad to hear him say so, and he added, *‘Great work, son, every time a sinful thought comes to you, or if you do something that is not pleasing to God, hasten to your father of confession and confess to him. You will purify yourself constantly, and do not postpone, even until your last breath of life. I also do the same as you, son, although I am very old, I still need to confess about everything wrong that I do.’* After the monk heard what Fr. Faltaous had to say, he thanked him for his advice and he departed on his way, having benefited from this great source of guidance.

Another one of the fathers the monks tells, ‘I met with Fr. Faltaous one day when I was feeling very distressed, because one of the monks had asked me for something and I refused to give it to him; furthermore, I spoke to him in a very harsh manner. When Fr. Faltaous saw that sadness had filled my countenance, he asked me, *‘What’s wrong, son, why are you upset?’* After I explained the situation to him, I told him that I had sinned against this monk, and in response, he said to me, *‘Go to your father of confession and confess your sin, and I will be waiting for you here.’* Sure enough I went to my father of confession and I told him everything, and I was absolved by him based on the fact that I would apologize to the monk for what I had said and done. After confessing, I returned to meet with Fr. Faltaous and I told him that I confessed and that I was absolved of my sin. I also told him that my father of confession asked me to apologize to my brother the monk, and I expressed to him that I could not bring myself to do so. In response, Fr. Faltaous said to me, *‘Come with me, son, we will go to have a cup of tea with him.’* Fr. Faltaous then took me to the monk’s cell and I apologized to him in his presence. He welcomed us both warmly – as if nothing had happened. I thanked God and I thanked Fr.

Faltaous who encouraged me to do so; he taught me a very important lesson, and that was to hasten to repent and to apologize if I had wronged someone, so that I could always live in peace with God and with other people.'

Mr. S.H.A. from Shobra/Cairo tells us all about how he repented through the hands of Fr. Faltaous, he says, 'When I was twelve years old, I used to accompany my father to the Sourian Monastery so that we could take the blessings of Fr. Faltaous. My family had a very cordial relationship with Fr. Faltaous, and he loved me very much. Whenever my father used to travel to the monastery alone to meet with him, Fr. Faltaous would ask him about me, and he would say, *'Bring your son along with you next time...'* He used to ask about how I was doing at school, and whenever I accompanied my father to the monastery, Fr. Faltaous would give me chocolates, which he stored inside his cell. He used to pray on my behalf, that God may protect me and strengthen me.

When I advanced in age and I entered university, my family and our whole household was faced with many issues. For example, my father suddenly became very ill and he passed away; because of this, our relationship with Fr. Faltaous was cut off, especially since my father was the one who used to take us with him to the monastery. As the days passed by, I was careless throughout my spiritual life, and I stopped going to church or attending to my church services; I did not attend as many Liturgies, nor did I repent or confess. I was living only for the world, and the devil welcomed me with open arms, and I led a life that was full of sin. In seeing me this way, my mother was extremely saddened and she used to shed many tears on my behalf. Nevertheless, I paid no attention to her and I continued on with my life as I pleased. I would spend all my nights outside of my home, and I used to return past midnight – I did many things that angered and disappointed God.

One night, as I was returning home at around 3:00 am in the morning, I found my mother waiting for me, and she said to me, 'Son, go to sleep now because later on in the morning we will be travelling to the Sourian Monastery to meet with Fr. Faltaous.' When I asked her why we were doing so, she responded, 'When I was sitting on this chair, I was wide awake and I was crying about your life, especially as I recalled all the twisted ways that you are pursuing. I then remembered Fr. Faltaous and the days when your late father used to take us all to see him at the monastery. So as I was praying, I spoke to Fr. Faltaous through prayer, saying, 'You used to love my son, so why did you leave him to be lost in the world this way?' I then began to cry fervently, after which I clearly heard Fr. Faltaous' voice in my ear, he said to me, *'Come to the monastery and bring him with you.'* So you see, son, we need to go to the monastery, and there is no way that I will leave you behind.' My mother then began to cry even more, and her tears touched my heart, so I said to her, 'God willing I will go with you to the monastery.'

Later on that morning, my mother and I travelled to the Sourian Monastery, and when we arrived, my mother sat down outside the monastery's gate and she waited for me. I on the other hand headed straight towards Fr. Faltaous' cell. When I knocked on his wooden door, he opened it, however, he did not open the secondary screen door. When he looked through the

screen, he saw me and he gave me a cold stare; he said to me, *'Is what you are doing right? Do you deserve a single tear of the many tears that your mother has shed for you? If your father had been alive, would you have been able to do what you continue to do now?'* I could not utter a single word, nor could I look at his face; in fact, my whole body was trembling, and I felt that all of the sins that I had committed were exposed in front of Fr. Faltaous. Nevertheless, he did not mention a single one of my sins to me, and I was very touched when I looked upon his face – I pondered on his spirituality, and the powerful words that he said to me. I felt extremely embarrassed as I stood behind the screen door, and I could no longer contain myself, so I began to cry fervently and aloud. I was feeling extremely remorseful for every single sin that I had committed. Fr. Faltaous felt that I was sincere, and he said to me, *'Okay, son, that is enough – go and confess your sins to your father of confession; take Holy Communion, and after that bring your mother and you can both come and spend some time with me.'* Indeed, I parted with him feeling extremely remorseful for all that I had done. When I returned to my mother at the monastery's door, I told her about what Fr. Faltaous had said, and both of us cried together. She also spoke to me about my carelessness throughout my spiritual life, and we left the monastery and headed home. I recalled everything that Fr. Faltaous had said to me, and I also recalled the look of disappointment on his face as he spoke to me, as well as the spiritual aura that surrounded him – this is something that I will not forget for as long as I live. I shed many tears and I prayed to God, asking Him to forgive me for the many sins that I had committed.

Early the next morning I went straight to church and I met with one of the fathers the priests; I confessed literally everything to him, both major and minor. He in turn guided me and gave me some advice to follow, after which he absolved me from every sin that I had committed. I then took Holy Communion and I was overcome by joy and peace; I felt as if I had become transformed into a new person.

Approximately two weeks after I met with Fr. Faltaous, my mother and I went to visit him together, and he greeted us at the garden gate, he then said to me, *'Come, son, I have been waiting here for you since morning.'* He took me in his arms and he patted me on the shoulder, after that he prayed for me and he said, *'Continue to confess and to take Holy Communion, son, and you will be fine after that.'* He also prayed for my mother and he said to her, *'Don't worry about him, he is the son of Christ, and Christ would never ever forsake him.'* He then turned to me and said, *'Your mother is responsible for you, take care of her, son, because she loves you.'* We took his blessings and we departed in peace; I then knew in my heart that our strong bond with our beloved Fr. Faltaous was restored once again, just as it was when my father was alive. Until this day, I have been confessing and taking Holy Communion on a regular basis. All of my gratitude goes to our Lord Jesus Christ, who led me back to His pasture through the blessings of the prayers of our beloved and righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany.

Mr. Magdy S.A. from the city of 6 October tells, 'I went to my father of confession to ask if would give me a letter of permission to visit the Sourian Monastery to spend a few days there for a retreat. After he gave me the letter, I sat down with him to confess, and after I was

finished, he read the absolution for me and he blessed me. However, there was a particular sin that I had committed, but I was too embarrassed to confess about it in front of my father of confession, so I kept it behind in my conscience.

I travelled to the monastery and I remained there for some time. The agenda was comprised of midnight praises, which took place on a nightly basis, followed by the Holy Liturgy. When I went to church to attend the praises, the priest who was due to pray the Holy Liturgy was Fr. Faltaous, and I had every intention of taking Holy Communion by his pure hands, especially because I had heard a lot about his piety. So I attended the Holy Liturgy, and when communion time approached, I entered the altar to take Communion. But when my turn approached, Fr. Faltaous gave me a long hard stare, and during this time, I recalled the sin that I was too embarrassed to confess about! I felt that Fr. Faltaous had uncovered what lay within me, and then he asked me, *'Did you confess about all your sins with diligence?'* He also told me something that I will never forget: he pointed at his eyes and said, *'These eyes are inside the depths of your heart.'* He then told me to acknowledge that I have sinned, so I obeyed, and I said to him, 'I have sinned, please absolve me, father.' He then responded, *'May God absolve you.'* Only then was I able to take Communion. After the conclusion of the Holy Liturgy, during the distribution of the blessed korbān bread, Fr. Faltaous held my hand and asked me, *'Are you ever going to correct yourself?'* This was amidst everyone's surprise, to the point where one of the visitors asked me, 'What have you done to our Father?' Afterwards I left the church and I headed to the visitor's residence; I learned a very important lesson, and that was to make sure that I confess all of my sins without any exceptions.

At the conclusion of my retreat to the monastery, I travelled back to my home town and I went to my father of confession. I told him all about what I had experienced at the monastery, as well as the lesson that I had learned. I thank my Lord Jesus Christ who revealed all that was within me to Fr. Faltaous, because it taught me an important lesson: never to leave any sins behind during confession. I ask my Lord Jesus Christ to forgive me for all my sins, through the prayers and the supplications of our righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany.

Mr. A.M.K. from Sidy Bishr/Alexandria tells, 'I was very careless throughout my life with God, and I dwelled in the world as a man who did not know God. God granted me a disabled child, and this saddened me, especially because this child came many years after my marriage, and through many medical trials and hardships. One of my good friends suggested that I go to the Sourian Monastery so that Fr. Faltaous El Souriany could pray for my son, after which God would be glorified through healing him. Indeed, I went to the Sourian Monastery and I asked about Fr. Faltaous; one of the monks took me to his cell, and when I entered, Fr. Faltaous stared at me deeply, I felt as if he were able to see all that lay within my heart, and he said to me, *'Son, you need to go to your father of confession and confess your sins, and you know what I mean.'* Only then did I recall all the sins that I had committed, and I felt as if all my sins had become unveiled before his eyes. I was extremely embarrassed, nevertheless, Fr. Faltaous spoke to me about repentance and about God's love. After he completed what he had to say, I

asked him to pray for my son, and he said to me, 'Your son will be departing to heaven soon.' I then said to him, 'Father, God gave him to me after a long time, and I have no other children.' He in turn said to me, 'Son, go to church first and confess and take Holy Communion; make sure you walk in the right path, and God will grant you another son who will be healthy.' Sure enough, the designated day arrived, and my son departed to heaven. I on the other hand ended up redirecting my life. I returned to church and I repented in front of God with sincerity, after which I confessed all my sins to my father of confession. After that I took Holy Communion and my life began to take a new course in the correct path – I began to lead an honest life with God.

After some time, God granted me another son who was indeed healthy, just as Fr. Faltaous had prophesied. He was the man who directed me to the path of repentance, and it was through his prayers that I was restored back to the church once again. This is something that I will forget for as long as I live.'

Father Faltaous loved the life of repentance and confession, and he spoke about it a lot. During one of our spiritual gatherings at the monastery, when some new monks were ordained, he said the following,

*'It is fitting for us, fathers, to weep for our sins, just as St. Arsanius did, and this is why the fathers praised him. Our Lord Jesus wept about Jerusalem and about its corruption. He wept about the soul that refused to search for the glory that it once enjoyed in paradise. He wept about the fall of man from paradise and the fall of mankind. So if the initiator of our lives once wept, then should we not weep?.....But what should we weep about? We should weep about our sins. When St. Abba Makar went into the wilderness and he encountered a group of hermits, he longed to live like them, however, he came to the realisation that he may find it difficult to do so, and he said to them, 'I cannot live like you, for I am weak...' In response, they said to him, 'If you cannot live like us, then sit in your cell and weep about your sins.' Hence, weeping is essential, and whoever cannot weep on behalf of his sins here on earth, will end up weeping against his will in eternal perdition – after the day of judgement, when all the sins will be displayed in front of everyone. Therefore, our lives on earth will be full strife and toil, bitterness, suffering, and struggles – all these against the devil, against the sins, against the comforts of the flesh, and against the lack of fearing God. Therefore, we need to resist anything that will separate us from the love of God, just as our teacher St. Paul the Apostle said, **"You have not yet resisted to bloodshed, striving against sin."** (Hebrews 12:4) The Lord also said, **"These things I have spoken to you, that in Me you may have peace. In the world you will have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."** (John 16:33) He also said, **"Strive to enter through the narrow gate, for many, I say to you, will seek to enter and will not be able."** (Luke 13:24) What is the narrow gate? It is a symbol of struggling against sin, pain, and lusts even until the last breath, so that God can prepare us to be likened to the heavenly creatures and the spiritual beings in His kingdom. That is what God wants from us. He began with Himself, but what did He do? He walked in the path of pain as He carried the cross,*

*and He accepted pain by His own will; He drank the cup of myrrh for us, and He was in pain as He was nailed to the cross. When they offered Him a sponge that was soaked in vinegar, he tasted it but he refused to drink it, **“They gave him sour wine mingled with gall to drink. But when He had tasted it, He would not drink.”** (Matthew 27:34) Hence, if the Lord of glory Himself tasted bitterness for our sakes, then we too should taste the pain that is against the bitterness of sin. Now, however, we have become redeemed with the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and He gave us His Holy body and His blood through the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist...we need to preserve this sacrament within our souls so that we may refrain from sinning once more. If we do fall into sin, He is honest and kind and He will forgive us through the sacrament of repentance and confession. The father of confession is the one who will absolve us for our previous sins, and he will ask us to vow not to fall into that sin ever again. However, if we do fall in the same sin, yet again, God is honest and kind, and He will forgive us, because we are His children. The Lord instituted this great sacrament in the church, so that we may confess our sins in preparation for taking His holy body and blood through Holy Communion.’*

Conclusion

We have clearly seen, how God's fear protects an individual from the wrong path, and from all sin. Indeed, our righteous Fr. Faltaous lived by God's fear for the duration of his life on earth, so God protected him from sin.

We also saw how God's fear allows the individual to lead a life of regular repentance and confession, and that one should strive not to disappoint God, even with the slightest mistake. Therefore, since Fr. Faltaous constantly lived in God's fear, he led a life of vigilant repentance and self-examination – for every single detail, no matter how small. He would hasten to his father of confession in order to confess and to be absolved, so that he may become worthy for the sacrament of Holy Communion. Furthermore, we noticed that he could not bear to see anyone who was not practicing the sacrament of repentance and confession; hence, he would alert them in his gentle way and he would encourage them, ensuring that they would begin and continue to pursue a life of repentance and confession.

We ask you, our righteous Father, to beseech the Lord on our behalf, so that He may sustain us during our lives as sojourners on earth, that we may reach the harbour of salvation victoriously, just as you were victorious. We pray that one day, we may be worthy to hear that voice that is full of joy, just as you were worthy to hear it, **“His lord said to him, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant; you were faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many things. Enter into the joy of your lord.’”** (Matthew 25:21)

Glory, honour, praise, and worship be to our God, forever and ever, amen.



The Miracles that God Performed through Fr. Faltaous During His Life in the Flesh

“So the multitude marveled when they saw the mute speaking, the maimed made whole, the lame walking, and the blind seeing; and they glorified the God of Israel.” (Matthew 15:31)

The following miracle was recited by a monk who was a personal witness to it, he tells: “I recall that one day in the year 1992, while I was seated in the monastery’s guest house, a family walked in carrying their 16 year old daughter. This young girl seemed to be in a very difficult state, and her family brought her so that Fr. Faltaous could pray for her – that God may heal her through his prayers.

When I approached this family I asked about what disease had befallen their daughter, and they said to me, ‘Our daughter was born mute and paralyzed, and she isn’t able to walk.’ So having known that Fr. Faltaous was seated in the second floor of the guest house, I guided them there so that they could meet with him. When they met with him and they told him all that had befallen their daughter, he was extremely touched, especially due to her young age. He then asked them to place her on a chair by his side, and then he placed his hand above her head and he began to pray. Fr. Faltaous prayed for a long while, and he anointed the young girl with holy oil, after which he said to her parents, ‘Now give her a chance to walk alone – without anyone’s support or help.’ It was then that Fr. Faltaous said to the girl, ‘Stand up and walk down the stairs.’ Indeed, the young girl immediately arose from the chair and she began to walk alone without anyone’s assistance, and she descended the stairs without any difficulties! Meanwhile, her parents stood and watched in awe as the tears of joy filled their eyes.

As I too stood to watch in wonder, the young girl looked at me and she uttered her very first words, she said, ‘Please go ahead of me, Father.’ When everyone heard her very first words, they began to shout for joy, to the point where some other visitors rushed into the same room to try and catch a glimpse of this joyous event: a girl who was once paralyzed and mute, was completely healed. Everyone was filled with happiness and they all thanked God who granted this young girl healing – through the prayers and supplications of our beloved Fr. Faltaous. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen.



“For since the beginning of the world Men have not heard nor perceived by the ear, Nor has the eye seen any God besides You, Who acts for the one who waits for Him.” (Isaiah 64:4)

Mrs. Warda Guirgis Morcos, from Tanta/province of El Gharbiya, tells: “At one point in my life, I suffered from severe headaches, and the headaches sporadically continued for a number of years. Sometimes the headaches were so severe to the point where my vision became distorted, and I could only see a dark spot in front of me. It was then that my eyes began to swell, and their colour turned deep red.

In the month of November of the year 1995, I resorted to the help of Dr. Henry Abo Kheir in Alexandria, and after thoroughly examining me, he asked me to undergo an MRI specifically for my right eye. When the doctor saw the results, he asked me to undergo a CAT scan. The doctor suspected that there may be a tumour in my brain – in an area that was close to the optic nerve. This news really disturbed me and I was filled with fear as well as anxiety. However, I decided to seek a second opinion, so I resorted to Dr. Samy Tark, a neurologist in Tanta. After examining me, he confirmed Dr. Abo Kheir’s prognosis – that there was a tumour in my brain, and it was 2cmx2cm wide. He advised me to undergo treatment for the duration of 6 months, after which I would undergo another MRI to check the progress. The doctor also informed me that in the event that the treatment did not yield any positive results, I would need to undergo surgery in order to extract the tumour. Needless to say, I was overcome by fright and distress, nevertheless, I began to undergo treatment. As my journey with the treatment began, I experienced many difficult side effects; however, I had no option but to continue.

After six months, precisely on January of the year 1996, I was examined by Dr. Khayry Elsmra in Cairo. Upon checking the results after the first round of treatment, the doctor concluded that the medications had no positive effects on the tumour whatsoever, and that surgery was a necessity. He then asked that I undergo another MRI in order to pinpoint the exact location of the tumour.

When I felt that the field of medicine had yielded no hope for my case, I beseeched for God to save me and to heal me; indeed, God intervened in a very miraculous way. One day, one of my relatives informed me about a monk who dwelled in the Sourian Monastery, and his name was Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. This was the very first time that I had ever heard of him. My relatives recommended to me that I visit the monastery in order to take his blessings, and that I may ask for his prayers, which are accepted in front of God. Only then did a spark of hope begin to lighten my path, and I was confident that the age of miracles had not yet ceased, so long as there were saints present in the world, through whose pure hands God is glorified.

During the month of February in the year 1996, I travelled to the Sourian Monastery, and at the time my health was deteriorating – I was attacked by severe headaches, which caused me much pain and anguish. When I arrived at the monastery’s guest house, I met with Fr. Faltaous. I sat

beside him and I explained my situation to him, including all the pain and suffering that I had been enduring, as well as the tumour that was in my brain. I asked for his prayers, that God may grant me healing. However, to my ultimate surprise, Fr. Faltaous refused to pray for me, and in all humility he said to me, 'You have come to me, but what can I do? I am weak and helpless, I am not an expert at these complicated surgeries. However, you can go and speak to my father, he will be able to help you.' In response, I asked, 'Who is your father, so that I can go and speak to him.' Fr. Faltaous answered, 'My father is Pope Cyril VI, and he is at St. Mina's Monastery...go to him now and lean your head onto his shrine, and tell him all that you want.' It was then that I said to him, 'Please pray for me so that God can grant me strength, and that I can continue my journey to St. Mina's Monastery, because I am currently suffering from extreme pains in my head.' After completing my words, Fr. Faltaous placed his hand above my head and he prayed for me, he also anointed me with holy oil. I thank God that I felt immediate comfort from the moment he did so, and the pain in my head ceased altogether. I was then filled with peace, and I was sure that a miracle would be performed through the prayers of St. Mina and Pope Cyril VI.

Only then was I able to continue my journey to St. Mina's Monastery, and upon my arrival I did exactly as Fr. Faltaous had instructed me to do – I placed my head onto the holy shrine of Pope Cyril VI. I prayed on behalf of my healing and I interceded through the prayers of his spiritual son – Fr. Faltaous. Afterwards, I felt extreme peace, and I returned to my home in Tanta, safely.

I then booked an appointment to undergo another MRI at the Maady Hospital in order to check on the status of the tumour. After doing so, I took the results to a neurologist at the same hospital. When he checked them, he was taken aback and he asked about why I underwent an MRI to begin with? I in turn responded, 'Because as a result of the many previous tests that I underwent, the doctors concluded that I had a brain tumour.' The neurologist then said, 'Your MRI results are normal, and there is no tumour present in the brain, your brain is perfectly fine.' Upon hearing those words I was filled with joy and peace; I was sure that a miracle had indeed occurred. I returned to my home in Tanta thanking my Lord Jesus, who granted me healing through the intercessions of our pure lady – the Virgin Mary, the prayers of St. Mina, Pope Cyril VI, and Fr. Faltaous El Souriany.

What was indeed surprising though, was that after I was healed, I returned to the Sourian Monastery and I met with Fr. Faltaous a second time. When I informed him that I was healed through his prayers, along with all the other saints, he began to explain to me how the tumour was situated on my brain, and the precise part on my right eye that was being affected (this was despite the fact that I had not mentioned any of those details to him previously). Fr. Faltaous then added, 'If you would have undergone this surgery, you would not have recovered whatsoever.' What was even more amazing, was that he described to me how the doctors were planning on going about the surgery! He then prayed for me and I departed in peace. May the blessings of this great saint be with us and sustain us throughout our lives, amen."



“And when they got into the boat, the wind ceased.” (Matthew 14:32)

Mr. Habib Maurice, an engineer from Shobra/Cairo tells: “I was married in the year 1995, and I thank God that he granted my wife (Amal) and I two children – they were our gifts from heaven. In the year 1996, our first daughter Viola was born, and in the year 1999 God granted us a son whom we named Fady. However, we discovered that both children had issues with their eyes, which led their eyes to become crossed, and they were required to wear special prescription eye glasses. This really bothered us, nevertheless, we thanked God and we dealt with the situation accordingly. Both children were monitored by an optometrist on a regular basis, namely Dr. Samia Nashed, whose clinic is located on Shobra Street in front of the Tawfikiya Secondary School. Dr. Nashed used to assess their situation individually, after which she would prescribe the necessary measurements for their eye glasses.

One winter day during the year 2003, we were visiting St. Mary’s Sourian Monastery. After taking the blessing of our Lady the Virgin Mary and the saints of the monastery, we met with one of the fathers whom we know, and we sat with him in the garden beside the monastery’s guest house. At the time, Viola was seven years old, and Fady was four years old. As we were seated, a car stopped close to the area where we were seated, and out of the car emerged one of the senior monks of the monastery. He passed by the area where we were seated and he was heading inside the guest house. The father whom we were seated with said to me, ‘Quickly go and take the blessing of this saintly father – Fr. Faltaous.’ Although I had never previously heard of him, I carried my son and I stood up and quickly followed after Fr. Faltaous; however, I felt that he began to walk faster, it was as if he were in flight. When I managed to catch up to him, I said to him, ‘We would like to take your blessings, our father...’ However, Fr. Faltaous did not respond, in fact, he did not even turn to look at me; nevertheless, I persisted on taking his blessings and I added, ‘My son’s eyes are crossed and he must wear these prescription eye glasses.’ I kept calling after him, until he quickly extended his pure hand as he was walking at the same speed, and without looking at us, he touched my son’s eyes but he did not say a single word to us. We were filled with peace as a result of this blessing and we continued to enjoy the remainder of our day at the monastery. After returning to our home in Shobra, a few days later we noticed that Fady could no longer bear to wear his eye glasses, because they seemed to be bothering him! In fact, he now refused to wear them altogether. In seeing this, we took him to the optometrist, and after examining his eyes with the most sophisticated equipment, she asked me a question: ‘What happened to your son?’ I then asked, ‘Why do you ask?’ To which she responded, ‘The results of the test I just performed, are nothing like any of the previous results! Your son’s eyes are perfectly fine, and they are no longer crossed...he no longer needs to wear these eyeglasses, now can you please explain to me what happened?’ I then smiled and said to her, ‘I thank God, because we went to visit the

Sourian Monastery, and there we took the blessings of our pure Lady – the Virgin Mary and her spiritual son, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. I told her all about what took place that day, and we were all sure of the miracle that had occurred. From that time onward, my son was no longer required to wear eyeglasses, and this was because of the blessing of Fr. Faltaous' healing touch. May his holy blessings be with us all, amen."



"...One thing I know: that though I was blind, now I see." (John 9:25)

Dr. M.B.G. from Ashmoon/Monofiya tells: "At one point, my father was inflicted with a disease in his eyes, and based on that the doctors concluded that he needed to undergo surgery. However, sadly, even after the surgery, his condition worsened drastically to the point where he was unable to see, and this was a setback to before the surgery took place. Hence, my father was emotionally distraught, and we too were extremely disappointed in seeing him this way.

One day, I went to visit St. Mary's Sourian Monastery, and there I met with Fr. Faltaous El Souriany and I took his blessings. I then told him all about what had befallen my father with respect to his vision, and the surgery that took place and complicated matters even more. Fr. Faltaous then brought out a vial of holy oil and he prayed on it for a long while, he then said to me, 'Take this oil and anoint your father's eyes with it, and God willing he will be better than before.' I then took his blessing and I departed in peace; I was filled with genuine hope that my father's eyes would be healed.

Indeed, after anointing my father's eyes with the holy oil that Fr. Faltaous gave me, an instant miracle occurred, and my father's vision was restored to him – he obtained full healing, he was able to see far better than before he underwent surgery. In seeing this, we all rejoiced and we thanked our Lord Jesus Christ, who healed my father through the prayers of our beloved father, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



"Then He took the child by the hand, and said to her, "Talitha, cumi," which is translated, "Little girl, I say to you, arise." (Mark 5:41)

Mr. Emad Aziz from El Zakazik tells: "God granted us a daughter whom we named, 'Monica'. On the day of 29/12/2003, which was two months after her birth, we began to notice that she was panting in a severe way. She was gasping for air to the point where the tips of her fingers and her toes were turning blue. This really disturbed us and we felt that her health was in

danger; hence, we took her to be examined by a doctor, who concluded that she would need an oxygen mask because her oxygen levels were low. After further tests, the doctor concluded that she had pneumonia; he prescribed an antibiotic for her that she continued to take for two months. In addition, we were required to take her to the hospital on a constant basis in order to place the oxygen mask – so that her oxygen levels would be balanced.

Afterwards, Monica underwent an X-ray in order to confirm that her lungs were clear; however, the doctor also noticed that her heart was enlarged. Monica was now required to undergo an ECHO, and when the results appeared, they indicated that only 22% of her heart was functioning. Due to her weak heart and her frail condition, Monica was not able to undergo surgery. Furthermore, the doctor indicated to us that none of the medications that he could prescribe would bring forth any positive results. He also warned us of the dangers that excessive crying and crawling would pose for her heart and lungs. Overall, he gave us the sense that as our daughter grows and develops, she would not be able to lead a normal life, and this would even affect her marital life later on.

Whenever we felt that our daughter was struggling to breathe, we would immediately take her to hospital, either in the city of El Zakazik or in Cairo, so that her oxygen levels could be adjusted. This was in addition to a miniature catheter that was inserted into her arm so that other medications could be administered through it. Also, from time to time, a cardiogram was performed for Monica in order to monitor her heart beat. All of these procedures caused our daughter pain, and in seeing her this way, we were emotionally torn.

After one whole year of treatment, God permitted for us to meet with our beloved father and saint – Fr. Faltaous El Souriany at the St. Maria's Medical Centre in Cairo (he was there for treatment). It was there that we took his blessings and we asked him to pray on Monica's behalf. When we told him all about the painful history of her illness, he extended his hand and he placed it above her head. He began to pray for her a long while, and he asked us to leave her by his side; she remained there for four hours throughout which her whole body was shivering and shaking. Fr. Faltaous then said to me, 'Don't worry, her mother the Virgin Mary will intercede on her behalf and will heal her.' He then gave me a vial of holy oil and he said to me, 'Anoint her with this oil on her chest – where her heart is located.' After taking this great blessing, we left the hospital in peace and we were full of tranquility and consolation.

When the time came for another ECHO test for Monica's heart, we thank God that the results were significantly better than before, and she began to improve until through God's grace. This time, her heart was functioning at a rate of 69%-70%, which is the normal percentage for that age; it was as if God had granted Monica a new heart. What was strange, was that the doctor who performed Monica's test (Dr. Wail Abd El Al), saw those astonishing results, and he said, 'This was a miracle under all circumstances, it had nothing to do with any doctor or his intelligence, or even the medications that were prescribed for your daughter – truly it was God's hand.' So we thanked God for healing our daughter, and that He showed her mercy from the pain she was experiencing, as well as the endless hospital visits. We are extremely happy

that she is now enjoying great health. Glory be to our Lord Jesus Christ who healed her through the intercessions of our lady the Mother of Light – the Virgin St. Mary, along with the prayers of the great saint, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May their holy blessings be with us all, amen.”



“...One thing I know: that though I was blind, now I see.” (John 9:25)

Mrs. Georgette Farid George from Alexandria tells: “I used to work at a private insurance company in Moharam Bek, and being Christ’s daughter, I fulfilled my job with all honesty and dedication, especially because I loved my job as it was a service to the general public. I was eventually promoted to various higher positions, however, all of a sudden God permitted that I become afflicted with a disease in my eyes, and it became so severe to the point where I began to lose my sight. On the day of 10/10/1989 when I resorted to the help of an ophthalmologist, he concluded that I had acute glaucoma, near sightedness, stigmatism, a weak optic nerve, as well as a cataract in both eyes. Eventually I underwent surgery in order to remedy the glaucoma; nevertheless, my condition did not improve – instead it returned to its initial state once again. I was unable to go about my job, so I resorted to yet another doctor, and he concluded that my vision had significantly deteriorated. He suggested that I should apply for early retirement.

As the days went by, my vision deteriorated even more, because my optic nerve was weaker than ever before. I had lost ninety percent of my sight in my right eye, and eighty percent in my left eye. In seeing me this way, the doctors lost all hopes in my healing, and they refused to perform the cataract surgery for me. They feared that this surgery could possibly destroy my vision altogether, and they decided not to take that chance. So I resorted to our Lord Jesus Christ through the prayers of His saints, that I may obtain healing.

One day, one of my friends and I decided to visit the St. Mary’s Sourian Monastery. There we met with our blessed father and saint, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany, and I asked him to pray to God so that He may heal me. Fr. Faltaous then stood up to pray above my head, after which he said to me, ‘Go ahead and do the cataract surgery and God willing you will be able to see better.’ I then intervened and said, ‘But father, the doctors have done all that is within their capabilities, and everything was to no avail; they are refusing to perform any other surgeries for me.’ Nevertheless, Fr. Faltaous repeated his words in a firm tone, and he confirmed to me that my vision would be restored to me after the surgery.

After much hesitation, I booked an appointment with Dr. Ala El Zawawy. I was depending on God and I was confident in the prayers of our beloved Fr. Faltaous. To everyone’s ultimate surprise, after the completion of the first surgery for my right eye, my vision in that eye was completely restored, and even my peripheral vision returned, (since prior to the surgery I could

only see what was straight in front of me – I could not see anything to my left or right). Ultimately, my right eye was now free of glaucoma, and the doctor decided to monitor me for three months. Throughout the duration of those three months, I did not use any medications for my eyes, and when the doctor found that my condition remained stable, he remained in awe because my case was a very unique one. The doctor then decided to perform the same surgery for my left eye, and that too was successful. I could now see clearly with both eyes, and this left the whole medical team in wonder. I thanked God who had compassion on me, for I was once blind, and now I can see. This miracle was performed for me through the prayers of our father and saint, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany, who intercedes on our behalf in front of the Throne of Grace. May his blessings be with us all, amen.”



“Great is God and He is glorified through His saints...”

One of the monks tells: “At one point in my life after joining the monastery (during Fr. Faltaous’ life in the flesh), I was inflicted with severe pain in my back along my spine, and this pain was ongoing for many consecutive weeks. One day, the pain escalated so much to the point where I was suffering. In the middle of the night, the pain was at its peak and I was unable to move a single part of my body. I tried to call for help from any of the other monks who were in their cells close by, but no one could hear me; hence, I suffered alone. It was then that I prayed and I called upon my mother – St. Mary as well as my father and saint, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany because I knew his high level of spirituality, and I knew how strong his bond was with God and the saints. A short while later I began to feel comfort and the pains ceased; I was then able to move freely and I thanked our Lord Jesus Christ. I felt that I was completely healed through the intercessions of our Lady the pure Virgin Mary and the prayers of my father, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. What was indeed strange though, was that very early the next morning Fr. Faltaous came to visit me along with some of the other fathers. I then seized the opportunity to ask him to anoint me with holy oil, after which I told him about all that had befallen me and the severe pains that had inflicted me. In response, Fr. Faltaous said to me, ‘God healed you through the blessings of our Lady the Virgin Mary. You had a problem with the fourth and fifth discs of your spine, but now you are completely healed.’ Fr. Faltaous then blessed us and he departed in peace; I was left in a state of joy.

After a short while, I met with one of the fathers whom Fr. Faltaous spoke to during my painful ordeal. Fr. Faltaous informed him that as I was experiencing this pain, he and our Lady the Virgin Mary heard my cries that night and they came on behalf of my healing. Fr. Faltaous also said to him, ‘Our Lady the Virgin Mary is the one who granted him healing.’ The monk who was relaying this consoling message to me remained in awe as to the miracle that was performed for me, and how God works through His saints.

I thank God that my back is fully healed, and from that time onward I no longer experienced those pains again. This happened through the blessings of our pure lady, the Virgin Mary and our beloved father and saint, Fr. Faltaous. May his holy blessings be with us all, amen.”



“...and begged Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment. And as many as touched it were made perfectly well.” (Matthew 14:36)

The same monk also tells: “I have also been suffering from a liver disease for a long while. Throughout the year 2007 I was inflicted with hepatic encephalopathy multiple times, especially during the Great Lent and the holy fifty days. One day, I went to the cell of one of the blessed fathers, and I found Fr. Faltaous conversing with him. I seized the opportunity to ask for his prayers so that God may heal me from these constant bouts of hepatic encephalopathy. Out of his fatherly love, he prayed above my head and he anointed me with holy oil, after which I returned to my cell and I was filled with joy. I thank God that ever since Fr. Faltaous prayed for me, even until this day I never again experienced hepatic encephalopathy. This happened through the prayers of Fr. Faltaous, and may his blessings be with us all, amen.”



“For I will pour water on him who is thirsty, And floods on the dry ground; I will pour My Spirit on your descendants, And My blessing on your offspring...” (Isaiah 44:3)

Mr. H.N. from Sobk El Dahak/El Monofiya tells: “At one point, my mother became inflicted with a skin disease that appeared on her hands, and since it was very visible it bothered her a lot. We resorted to the help of many doctors, but none of the many medications that they prescribed brought forth any positive results. It was then that I decided to take my mother to visit the Sourian Monastery, and after taking the blessings of the saints and the various churches, we went to the monastery’s guest house. There we saw many people hovering around the blessed Fr. Faltaous El Souriany, asking for his prayers on their behalf. When my mother’s turn approached in line, she asked the saint to pray for her and anoint her with holy oil so that she may obtain healing. However, Fr. Faltaous refused to pray for her, and this really bothered us; hence, we decided to wait for God’s mercy. Nevertheless, we did not lose hope completely, for we knew one of the fathers the monks who dwelled at this monastery, and we waited to meet with him. We asked him to speak with our saintly Fr. Faltaous and to ask him to pray on behalf of my mother’s healing. After hearing our request, this monk headed to speak with Fr. Faltaous, and he beseeched him to pray for my mother. In response, Fr. Faltaous said, ‘Go and bring her here...’ And sure enough, this monk whom we knew came and escorted my

mother to where Fr. Faltaous stood. As she stood in front of him, he prayed for her, blessed her, and anointed her with holy oil. After that he said to her, 'When you return home, wash your hands, and you will obtain healing and everything will be perfect.' My mother rejoiced upon hearing this news, and she was full of hope – that she would be healed. We then thanked the monk who intervened and gave our mother a chance to meet with Fr. Faltaous. After spending the remainder of the day at the monastery we returned back to our home town.

When we arrived home, my mother did exactly as Fr. Faltaous had instructed her. After washing her hands, she noticed that her condition improved, and her hands obtained full healing, just as Fr. Faltaous had prophesied to her. There were no longer any traces of this skin disease on her hands, and this was a cause for rejoicing. We thanked our Lord Jesus Christ, who bestowed healing upon my mother through the prayers of our saint and father, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



***The secret of the Lord is with those who fear Him, And He will show them His covenant.
(Psalm 25:14)***

Ms. M.M.G who is a church servant from Alexandria tells: "I am currently responsible for the overall supervision of the Sunday school services at St. Mary's Church in Alexandria. At the start of my role as a servant, I loved serving very much to the point where I wanted to dedicate my life to serving God's children. I wanted my time to be in God's possession, so that I may dedicate it fully to serving His children. Based on this thought, I consulted with my father of confession with regards to the matter, and I told him that I wanted to become a consecrated servant. My father of confession encouraged me, and he recommended that I visit one of the convents for consecrated sisters and servants, that I may enroll in one of them. Sure enough I began to visit some of the convents for consecrated sisters and I was able to meet with the bishop who was responsible for one of them. He agreed to accept me as one of the consecrated sisters.

During this time, I had no idea whether or not this was the path which our Lord Jesus would want for me. So I began to pray with fervent tears, asking God to reveal His will for my life to me and to guide me as to whether or not I would be a successful consecrated sister.

One day when I went to church, I met with one of the church servants, and he asked me for a book on garden shrubs, which I eventually gave to him. He also informed me that he would be travelling to the Sourian Monastery to give this book to one of the monks who requested it. Upon hearing about the destiny of my book, I rejoiced that I was able to present some form of help to the monastery – it was such a blessing for me. However, something very strange happened later on.

After that servant returned from his trip to the monastery, he met with me and gave me some blessed pictures and perfumed spices of saints, as well as holy oil, which the monks asked him to give me in return for the book I sent to them. The servant then said to me, 'These are blessing for you from Fr. Faltaous El Souriany...' Although I had no previous knowledge of Fr. Faltaous, I gladly and joyfully accepted the blessed gifts which he sent to me. What astounded me even more, were the words that Fr. Faltaous had told this servant about me – it was as if he knew me very well. In addition, he asked the servant to tell me that he would like me to meet with him at the Sourian Monastery. I was overjoyed to hear this news, for I felt that it was an honour for me to meet with a saintly father who knew me even before I met with him!

When the time came for me to visit the Sourian Monastery with my family as well as the servant, we were getting ready to embark on our journey in order to meet with this saintly father. However, on the night prior to our travels something very strange happened in the middle of the night: I began to feel extreme pains in my stomach, and they were accompanied by a high fever. Because it was late at night, everyone in my family was asleep and I decided not to disturb any of them. I stood up silently and I brought out the vial of holy oil that Fr. Faltaous sent to me with the servant, and I anointed my head and my stomach with the oil. I then gave myself an ultimatum: 'If Fr. Faltaous is truly a saint, then I should instantly be healed from this pain...' Afterwards I fell into a very deep sleep, and during my sleep, I dreamed of a man wearing a black tunic, and on his head was a hat (not a kolonsowa – which monks are accustomed to wearing). This man's face was extremely illuminated, and he asked me, 'What's wrong? Don't be afraid, you will feel better soon.' He then anointed me with holy oil on my forehead and then he disappeared.

Early the next morning, I awoke feeling extremely active and alert – full of life, and all the pains parted with me; the fever subsided and I was feeling perfectly fine! I began to think about the dream, and who that man could possibly be; I also began to ask myself why there was not a single cross on his tunic, nor on his hat, nor was he wearing a cross around his neck. I wondered if he was a monk or Satan; I had totally forgotten about the ultimatum that I gave myself prior to sleeping (if Fr. Faltaous is truly a saint, I will be healed immediately). Sure enough I was completely healed, so I should have believed that the person I saw in the dream was the saintly monk himself. Sadly, I concluded that the being whom I saw in the dream was not a monk, it was Satan. I kept the dream and these thoughts to myself, and I did not inform anyone in my family about them.

That morning we travelled to the monastery and we entered the various churches to pray and to take the blessings of our Lady the Virgin Mary, as well as the remainder of the saints whose relics are present at the monastery. After that, my fellow servant took us to the monastery's guest house in order to meet with the father and monk (Fr. Faltaous) whom we had no idea about even until that moment in time. Fr. Faltaous was seated on the second level of the guest house, and when my family and I entered the room along with the servant, everyone accompanying me took his blessing. When my turn approached, he looked at me sternly and

said to me, 'Get out! So you are saying that I am Satan?!' I was taken aback and I hastily left the room feeling scared and embarrassed; everyone in my family was left in a state of astonishment for two reasons: because I did not tell them about my dream, nor my illness, and because we had never met this monk (Fr. Faltaous) before. Everyone began to ask me, 'How could you say that Fr. Faltaous is Satan?!' As for me, I remained completely silent, and I began to cry due to the shock that I was in. However, Fr. Faltaous, being the compassionate father that he was, invited me to re-enter the room. As I entered, I was feeling very scared, but he smiled at me compassionately and he said to me, 'How are you feeling, are you scared?' I immediately answered, 'Yes, father'. I then recalled the dream, and when I looked at his angelic face, I asked him, 'Are you the one who appeared to me in a dream last night and anointed my forehead with holy oil?!' To which he responded, 'Yes I am the one who came to you.' I then said, 'Please absolve me and forgive me father.' Fr. Faltaous then gently reprimanded me saying, 'Was it right for you to call me Satan?' I in turn apologized once again, saying, 'Absolve me and forgive me, father.' In response, he said, 'May God absolve you.' Afterwards I was silent, and I began to ponder his illuminated face. When I recalled the dream, I found that indeed it was him who appeared to me; he was wearing the same tunic, and he was the one who anointed my forehead with holy oil, after which I was healed.

I was then surprised as Fr. Faltaous began to tell me about my life, even though I hadn't mentioned anything to him about myself, he asked me, 'Do you want to become a consecrated servant?' And I answered, 'Yes, father'. He then continued to speak to me as if he knew all that was encircling my mind, and then he asked me, 'Did you travel to a particular convent for consecrated sisters and meet with the bishop who was responsible for that convent?' To which I responded, 'Yes, father, I did. So what do you think of this path that I am choosing to take?' After asking this question, I was confident that God would speak to me and declare His will for my life through the mouth of this saintly father – Fr. Faltaous. Fr. Faltaous then said to me, 'No, the Virgin Mary needs you at her church, do not leave the Virgin Mary.' I then asked him, 'Can I go to a different convent for consecrated sisters that is named after the Virgin Mary?' Upon hearing my question, Fr. Faltaous firmly answered, 'I said to you, the Virgin Mary needs you at her church...' Fr. Faltaous then repeated his words to me a third time and said, 'I am telling you, the Virgin Mary wants you, listen to what I am telling you.' In other words, Fr. Faltaous insisted on relaying heaven's message to me – that St. Mary wanted me to remain as a regular servant at her church. He asked me to obey his words so that I don't end up with any regrets. Indeed, I felt that this was a message from God to me, and I implemented what he said to me. I returned back to my home town, and I continued to serve at the church of the Virgin Mary, even until now.

I would like to thank the Lord of Glory – our Lord Jesus who healed me and guided my path through our saintly father, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May his holy blessings be with us all, amen."



“And when Jesus went out He saw a great multitude; and He was moved with compassion for them, and healed their sick.” (Matthew 14:14)

The same servant tells: “Prior to my mother’s death due to cancer, she used to suffer extreme pains, and it caused us heartache to see her suffering this way, especially because we knew that she was enduring a lot. During her time of illness she was 76 years old, needless to say that she was unable to endure the potent cancer pains. Our whole family was praying fervently on her behalf, that God may ease her pains and that He may grant her rest. Although we all knew that she was inflicted with cancer, we did not inform her whatsoever – out of consideration for her fragile mental state. She received her chemotherapy treatment at home and the doctors monitored her every step of the way. It is also well known that since there is no known cure for cancer, the person’s end may approach speedily, especially if God does not intervene in healing that person – according to His will. When we looked at our mother, we were deeply saddened, and we prayed that God may grant her rest from those endless pains.

One day, my nephew and I travelled to the Sourian Monastery, hoping to meet with Fr. Faltaous El Souriany so that we may ask for his prayers on my mother’s behalf. However, sadly, he was nowhere to be found in the monastery’s guest house – he was in his cell. My nephew approached Fr. Faltaous’ cell and I thanked God that he was able to meet him. He asked him to pray on behalf of his grandmother because she was suffering from cancer. Upon hearing this, Fr. Faltaous was deeply touched, and he brought out a vial of holy oil. He prayed over the vial of oil for a long while, and then he said to my nephew, ‘Take this oil and ask your grandmother to anoint herself with it twice a day, and she will no longer feel any pain.’ He then blessed my nephew and dismissed him in peace.

When we returned home that night, we gave the vial of holy oil to my mother and we told her all that Fr. Faltaous had said. She was overjoyed and she believed in the strength of his words. She continued to anoint herself twice a day, just as he had instructed. What was amazing, was that from the day she began to use the holy oil, she no longer experienced any pain, even until the day she departed to heaven. Fr. Faltaous’ words were fulfilled down to the last letter. We thanked our Lord Jesus Christ who lightened my mother’s pain, and gave her the ability to endure with gratitude and submission until the end of her life. This was because of the prayers of our saintly father, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May his blessings be with us all, amen.”



“...and healed those who had need of healing.” (Luke 9:11)

Mrs. Jumiana G. from El Erakiya/El Monofiya tells: “Throughout the year 1994, I began to feel extreme pains in my neck, and I also discovered some cysts developing around the neckline area. On the 11th of November of that same year I resorted to Dr. Adel Aziz, a surgeon at the Harmal Hospital in Manof. The doctor suspected that I had cancerous tumours in my lymph nodes. He also asked me to undergo an X-ray in order to make a more accurate diagnosis, and based on that he would decide whether or not I was required to undergo surgery – in order to extract the tumours that were present in the right hand side of my neck.

After completing all the necessary tests, I underwent surgery and the tumours were extracted. Afterwards, a sample of the tumours was taken for testing at a laboratory in Cairo that was founded by Dr. Elijah Isaac. When the results appeared, they indicated that the tumours were in fact cancerous. In seeing this, Dr. Adel transferred me over to Dr. Mohsen Barsoum in order to undergo the necessary treatment at his private clinic. After doing a complete examination of my situation and studying everything thoroughly, I underwent other various scans and tests, after which I was transferred to a cancer centre. When I arrived at the cancer centre, I was taken aback to see a multitude of patients; everyone present was inflicted with cancer in various parts of their bodies, and I prayed on behalf of their healing. After an extended period of time (due to the large number of patients), I was finally able to meet with the doctor whom I was assigned to, and he prescribed cobalt therapy treatment for my case (it is a type of treatment for cancer). Indeed, when I underwent my first treatment; however, after I returned home, I decided that I will no longer continue with this treatment. I made this decision because I was feeling emotionally torn and distraught, especially after I saw all the people at the cancer centre, and how much they were suffering from their illnesses.

Eventually, God granted me the opportunity to visit St. Mary’s Sourian Monastery, and I was longing to take the blessings and to ask for the prayers of our fathers the monks. There I met with one of the monks who happens to be related to our family. When I explained to him all that had befallen me with regards to the cancer, he was very sympathetic and he prayed – asking God to intervene. While I was present at the monastery, it was God’s will that Fr. Faltaous was present at the monastery’s guest house. So the monk took me to him and he asked him to pray for me so that God may heal me. Sure enough, Fr. Faltaous prayed above my head, and as he was praying, I was overcome by comfort and consolation. He then anointed me with holy oil and he said to me, ‘Don’t worry, everything will be fine, but you need to complete your treatment.’ He then blessed me and I departed from the monastery in peace. After returning home, I was full of peace and I was very hopeful that I would be healed. I obeyed his words and I completed my cobalt therapy treatment. Upon the completion of my treatment, I returned to the cancer centre in order to check on the status of the tumours. After the doctor completed the necessary scans and tests, he asked me, ‘Why did you come to this cancer centre – why are you here?’ When I explained the painful journey that I went through, and I showed him my previous test results and scans, he said to me, ‘That is impossible. There

is no way that those previous test results are for the same patient who is seated in front of me right now! The current scan indicates that your lymph nodes are perfectly normal and there are no tumours to be found anywhere!' It was here that I was certain that a miracle had occurred, and I thank God that I am currently enjoying good health. I would like to thank God who granted me healing through the blessings of the prayers of our saintly father, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



"O Lord my God, I cried out to You, And You healed me." (Psalm 30:2)

The following miracle occurred with one of the fathers the monks, and he tells: "At one point, I was assigned the responsibility of caring for part of a piece of agricultural land in the monastery. Part of my responsibility was to spray some pesticides when it was necessary to do so. One day, after I sprayed the pesticides, I became inflicted with a severe skin rash and my whole body began to swell and redden; I began to feel extreme pains all over. So I resorted to the help of an allergist by the name of Dr. Kamal Maurice Hanna; when he assessed my case, he concluded that I was allergic to certain fungi. Based on that diagnosis, the doctor prescribed some medications to remedy my situation. The doctor also asked me to stay away from certain types of food. Due to the extreme pain that I was experiencing, I was unable to sleep until after I took my medications. I remained this way for two months, however, the medications only helped temporarily and then my condition would worsen.

I then decided to go to our father, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany; I met with him and I asked him to pray on behalf of my healing. I explained to him all that had befallen me, after which he lovingly invited me into his cell and he prayed for me. He then anointed me with holy oil, and just as I was about to leave, he gave me a can of sardines and he asked me to eat it for lunch. I politely informed him that I was not allowed to eat any canned goods as well as some other types of food, because of my allergies. In response, Fr. Faltaous said to me, 'Don't worry, and eat everything as you normally would.' I then left his cell in peace.

Sure enough I fulfilled his words and I ate as I normally would, and I did not feel any pain or swelling. I also tried to eat some of the foods that I was forbidden from, and to my surprise, they did not cause any swelling or rashes anywhere around my body! It was then that I knew for a fact that God had healed me, and I thanked Him for sparing me the pain and the illness through the prayers of our righteous father, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."

He also tells: "One day, my brother came to visit me at the monastery, and he was going through a rough time in his life; hence, he was very depressed. Close to his wedding date, he

and his fiancée quarrelled and the engagement was called off altogether – this caused a shock for my brother.

My brother had no prior knowledge of Fr. Faltaous, so I took him to his cell and introduced them to each other. Fr. Faltaous welcomed my brother warmly, and even though he had never met him before, he called him by his first name! In hearing this, my brother was taken back, and he did not utter a single word. After we sat together, he prayed for my brother and said to him, 'Don't worry, God willing you will get married and everything will be wonderful.' Upon hearing those words, my brother was consoled, and he returned to his home in peace. For the following two months, God granted my brother a very decent young lady and they became engaged, and then later married. God also granted them a righteous offspring, and eventually he was ordained as priest. This was all through the prayers of our beloved father, Fr. Faltaous, and may the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



The key of the house of David I will lay on his shoulder; So he shall open, and no one shall shut; And he shall shut, and no one shall open. (Isaiah 22:22)

One of the monks who was close to Fr. Faltaous tells of this miracle which he witnessed, he says: "During the Holy Week, many visitors come to the Sourian Monastery to take the blessings of the Paschal prayers that were taking place. On Paschal Tuesday, the visitors increased in number in order to take the blessings of His Holiness Pope Shenouda III, as well as some of the other fathers and bishops who attended that day. People seized the opportunity to tape as much of this memorable event as they possibly could; hence, most people were equipped with their video cameras.

One of the photographers who was present that day came close to Fr. Faltaous in order to take a picture of him; however, Fr. Faltaous strongly refused and he waved his hand indicating his refusal – he said to the photographer, 'Please don't take my picture'. Nonetheless, the photographer refused to obey and he took the picture, especially because he loved Fr. Faltaous very much and he wanted to keep this picture for memory.

After the conclusion of the prayers, this photographer tried to replace the camera's film with a new one (because the first one was now full), however, he was unable to open the slot which contained the film in it! Many people tried to help him, but to no avail, and the slot remained shut tight. The photographer was very upset, but he knew the reason why this was happening, because he disobeyed Fr. Faltaous who specifically asked him not to take his picture.

The next day, the photographer went to church in order to apologize to Fr. Faltaous, but since he was not there, he awaited his arrival outside of the church. When Fr. Faltaous came, the photographer said to him, 'I have sinned, Father, please absolve me and forgive me.' Fr.

Faltaous then reprimanded him and said, 'I asked you not to take any pictures of me, and you disobeyed my words.' The photographer then responded, 'I have sinned, Father, and I will never do this again. From now on I will always obey your words.' Only then did Fr. Faltaous say, 'May God absolve you'. The photographer then said, 'Father, the slot in the camera where the film is stored is jammed shut – I cannot open it.' Fr. Faltaous then asked him for the camera, he anointed it with the sign of the cross and then he blew onto it, then he said, 'Open the slot now.' Immediately after those words, the photographer opened the slot with all ease, and he was extremely happy! He then prostrated himself in front of Fr. Faltaous and he took his blessings, after which he asked for his prayers. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



"And when they got into the boat, the wind ceased." (Matthew 14:32)

Mr. Eid Kiliny Sadik from Giza Sharuna, Maghagha/El Minya tells: "Ever since I was young, I was always weak, and I suffered from exhaustion from the slightest effort. I was abnormally exhausted to the point where I became extremely frail and I was unable to walk for long distances without having to rest in between. I used to walk a few steps and then I would need to sit and catch my breath. To make matters worse, I was unable to descend the stairs at the school where I was enrolled, overall, I was suffering.

In the year 2002, when I was in my third year of secondary school and exam time was close to approaching, my parents decided to take me to be seen by a doctor. After undergoing some tests and scans, he concluded that I was suffering from acute anaemia and an extremely low blood count, to the point where I needed an immediate blood transfusion. The doctor ordered three liters of blood and I underwent the transfusion. He also prescribed some iron medications and vitamins in order to strengthen me; nevertheless, despite all those trials to revive my frailty, they were all to no avail.

One day, my eldest brother Ibrahim who spent his summers working at St. Mary's Sourian Monastery, said to me, 'The next time I travel to the monastery, you need to come with me, because I will take you to meet with a saint whose name is Fr. Faltaous El Souriany, and he will pray for you. God will heal you through his prayers.' My brother saw the difficult state that I was in, and he insisted that I accompany him. Sure enough I travelled to the monastery with my brother and we headed straight to Fr. Faltaous' cell, and when he saw the frail state that I was in, he sympathetically asked, 'Why are you so weak and frail, son?' After I described the whole situation to him, along with the history of my abnormal exhaustion, I asked him to pray for me so that the Lord Jesus may heal me. Indeed, he prayed for me and he anointed me with holy oil, he also blew onto my face as well as in my mouth and he said to me, 'Okay son, you are now perfectly fine. Don't take any more medications and make sure you eat a proper lunch.'

And out of love, Fr. Faltaous gave me many memorable gifts to keep, as well as some money; he gave me words of encouragement and he dismissed me in peace. I left his cell feeling strong – it was as if I were filled with energy.

Eventually my health began to improve and I stopped taking all the prescribed medications. Only then was I able to lead a normal life and my health was restored to me. Later on in life I married a lovely young lady, and God granted us a son and a daughter. I no longer felt ill and I have been working at the monastery for eight years now; it is a true labour of love for me and I am feeling healthier than I have ever felt before. I would like to thank God who healed me through the prayers of His saint, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen.”



“And when He had looked around at them with anger, being grieved by the hardness of their hearts, He said to the man, ‘Stretch out your hand.’ And he stretched it out, and his hand was restored as whole as the other.” (Mark 3:5)

Mr. Magid S.G. from Shobra El Kheima/El Kalyobia tells: “When I was twenty five years old and newly married, I became afflicted with a weakness in both my finger and toe muscles, and I lost my balance altogether. As one can imagine, walking had become a nightmare for me, especially because I was unable to balance myself. In addition I was unable to sleep due to the pain that I was experiencing, as well as the sorrow that overcame me due to my state. I resorted to the help of many doctors, and each one prescribed a different medication for me, but all to no avail. Finally, one doctor concluded that the cause of my illness was a rare virus, and that was why I was feeling so dreadful and in severe pain. He also informed me that this virus had a known medical treatment, and that all the other medications I was taking were merely suppressants.

In seeing that my condition had deteriorated this way, my family took me to the Sourian Monastery. At the monastery we knew one of the brothers who served there, and he was saddened when he saw me this way. He then suggested to my father and my uncle that they take me to meet with Fr. Faltaous El Souriany at his cell so that he may pray for me, and that through his prayers, God will heal me. When we arrived at Fr. Faltaous’ cell, this brother went in and explained my situation to him. In response, Fr. Faltaous was extremely touched, especially because I was suffering from an unknown disease at such young age and I was newly married. When I entered his cell with the help of my father and my uncle, Fr. Faltaous welcomed us and he brought over a vial of holy oil which he prayed on. He then prayed above my head for a long while and then he anointed me with the oil, afterwards he said to me, ‘Son, after two or three days you will fall into a very deep sleep, and when you awake, you will be able to stand on your two feet and walk normally. You will be able to lead a normal life, and it

will be as if nothing had every befallen you.’ Both my father and my uncle were taken aback after hearing those words, and they said to Fr. Faltaous, ‘Indeed Father, ever since he was inflicted with this virus he was unable to sleep due to the pain and the sorrow that overcame him.’

We left the monastery feeling confident in God’s work, we were full of hope that I would become healed through Fr. Faltaous’ prayers, and we returned home. Indeed two days later, Fr. Faltaous’ words were fulfilled, for I fell into a very deep sleep, to the point where my mother wanted to awaken me so that I could take my medications, but she decided not to. In the morning of the third day, I awoke feeling rejuvenated and I was able to stand on my two feet and walk normally! I also began to move my hands normally, it was as if nothing had befallen me. I yelled screams of joy and I called everyone in my family to rejoice with me. My wife, my father and mother all raced into the room and they saw God’s wondrous work through me. We all rejoiced and we thanked God who granted me healing through the prayers and the intercessions of our righteous father, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May his blessings be with us all, amen.”



***“Delight yourself also in the Lord, And He shall give you the desires of your heart.”
(Psalm 37:4)***

Dr. Magdy Raouf Mawad, a vascular surgery consultant who resides in London, England tells: “My knowledge of Fr. Faltaous El Souriany began in the year 1997 when I used to work as an assistant surgeon at the Haya Hospital in Cairo. During that time I made many attempts to travel to England in order to complete my medical fellowship there; however, I was faced with many complications along the way, especially because prior to travelling I was required to register my name in the British Medical Registry. Since I was unable to register, this really complicated matters for me. Nevertheless, God – the one who plans and manages everything for us through His righteous saints introduced me to Fr. Faltaous through one of my friends. My friend told me that God would be glorified with me through the prayers of Fr. Faltaous. I was overjoyed and my hopes were resorted to me, especially when my friend informed me that Fr. Faltaous would be coming to the hospital (where I worked), in order to receive treatment. However, despite the fact that Fr. Faltaous was in pain at the time, he had no option but to postpone his visit to the hospital because this was during Holy Week; so he changed his appointment to Easter Monday. I thank God that I was working at the hospital that day, and I was very eager to meet him and take his blessings.

When Fr. Faltaous was admitted into the hospital, I went and visited him in his room and I greeted him. What was strange though was that even though I had not mentioned anything to

him about my desire to travel to England, he said to me, 'Come, son and allow me to pray for you.' He prayed for me a long while, after which I parted with him feeling overjoyed.

A few days later, the senior doctor – Dr. Rashad Bishara called to inform me that a doctor by the name of Dr. Magid from England called him and he requested that I call him back. Indeed I called him and he wanted to inform me that there was a job opportunity waiting for me in England! He also told me that I was required to undergo a telephone interview as soon as possible. I on the other hand was doubtful that I would be accepted into this job, simply because I was not registered as a medical resident in England. What was indeed amazing, was that two days later, Dr. Magid called to inform me that a telephone interview was already set up for me; however, he too was amazed as to how this happened, for never before has anyone been asked for an interview without being registered in the medical board! Clearly this was God's expertise – God's wondrous works through the prayers of His saint.

When I began my telephone interview, I was questioned by the head of the surgical department at a hospital in England, and he told me that I would be hired for this job opening. He also said that he would waive any obstacles that would hinder my acceptance into this job position (like the fact that I was not a registered medical doctor, as per the British rules). Indeed I travelled to England and I began my new job through the prayers of our father, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."

He also tells: "At one point my mother was bedridden and very ill. One day she asked me to help her stand up, because she was unable to do so alone, especially because she was heavy. When I began to help her up, I was struck by sharp pains in my back, and I suffered a lot because of this, to the point where any movements caused me pain. Even trying to exert efforts in speaking or merely swallowing water used to fuel severe pains!

Because I had confidence in the healing power of prayer that is attributed to Fr. Faltaous El Souriany, I decided not seek any medical help for my back. Instead, I went straight to Fr. Faltaous and I explained to him all that had befallen me. He in turn prayed for me and he anointed my back as well as my forehead with holy oil. Afterwards, the pain instantly ceased, and I thanked God who was glorified with me through His saint.

He also tells: "In the year 1997, during the same time when Fr. Faltaous was being treated at the Haya Hospital, there was a young boy being treated in the room next door to him, and his name was Ahmed (a non-Christian). Ahmed was in a very critical state, for he suffered from a blockage in his stomach. He underwent many difficult and complex surgeries and he was experiencing many excruciating pains. This young boy was the son of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs' assistant (in Egypt). His mom sat by his bedside not knowing how to help her son. She reached a point of frustration and she began to lash out at those around her, because she was feeling helpless and there was no remedy in sight for her son. The child was suffering drastically to the point where he could not sleep, and his mother began to threaten our medical team. She told us that she would inform her husband of our inability to find a cure for her son!

We in turn said to her, 'In the room next door there is a Christian priest, a true righteous man of God, would you like him to pray for your son so that he may be healed?' The lady instantly agreed in hopes that her son would finally find comfort and healing.

So I went to Fr. Faltaous and I asked him to pray for this young boy, and in all compassion he did so; afterwards he said, 'Your son's health will improve bit by bit...' Sure enough, Ahmed's health slowly began to improve: on the same day when Fr. Faltaous prayed for him, he drifted off into a very deep sleep. When his mother saw that her son was miraculously recovering, she went thank Fr. Faltaous, and she asked him, 'What have you done for my son? At one point he was unable to sleep, and even more than that, his health is gradually improving!' In response, Fr. Faltaous answered, 'Yes, he will improve bit by bit, every word must be fulfilled.' The lady thanked Fr. Faltaous very much and she left the room rejoicing at the fact that her son had obtained healing through his prayers. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



"But Jesus said, 'Let the little children come to Me, and do not forbid them; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" (Matthew 19:14)

One of the fathers the monks tells: "One day, my brother, his wife, and their two young daughters came to visit me at the monastery. While I was hosting them at the monastery's guest house, Fr. Faltaous was also present there, and surrounding him were many people asking for his prayers on their behalf. So we took advantage of his presence and we met with him. My brother's wife said to him, 'Please Father pray for our daughters so that they may find success in middle school, and that God may bless them through your prayers.' After she completed her words, something very strange happened: Fr. Faltaous prayed for all of them as a family, and then he took to pray for the younger of the two girls for a long while, after which he anointed her with holy oil. He then looked at her parents and said, 'Don't worry, there is nothing wrong with her, she will be absolutely fine...' He then blessed them once again and left.

After Fr. Faltaous left the room, my brother's wife said to me, 'Fr. Faltaous is truly a saint, because last week we felt that our youngest daughter was constantly feeling tired and very exhausted. As a result, we took her to one of the doctors who examined her and asked that she undergo an ECHO test for her heart. He also instructed us to encourage her to rest as much as possible, and he asked her not to exert any efforts.'

Because my brother and his wife were extremely busy, they were unable to take their daughter to undergo the ECHO test immediately after the doctor recommended it. However, after returning back to their home from the monastery, they were confident that a miracle was performed for their daughter after Fr. Faltaous prayed for her. Nevertheless, they still needed to take her to undergo the ECHO test.

After undergoing the ECHO test, the results indicated that her heart was perfectly normal, in contrast to how it was during the previous week. The doctor also confirmed that the young girl's heart was functioning normally – the way it should be, and that there were no other complications to be found. Clearly a miracle was performed for her through the prayers of our beloved Father and saint, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen.”



“You shall eat in plenty and be satisfied, And praise the name of the Lord your God, Who has dealt wondrously with you; And My people shall never be put to shame.” (Joel 2:26)

Mr. Boulis Agayby Awad from Ezbat El Nakhl/Cairo tells: “I own a piece of land on Gisir El Sueiss Street in Cairo, and this land is close to one of the factories, namely, the Wataniya Fabric Factory. One day, I decided to build on my piece of land, and I began to go through the necessary paperwork and formalities so that I could get a building permit. During this time, a dispute arose between me and the owners of the factory named above. The factory's owner wanted to take my piece of land from me, against my will. He was a very influential man, and he used his authority to threaten me; he told me that I would not be allowed to place a single brick onto this piece of land! He ended up signing illegal documents and forging papers claiming that he owned this piece of land! And because he did so, this complicated matters for me especially that I was applying for a building permit; hence, all of my trials were in vain, and my hopes in building anything came to a halt. Although I made many attempts to try and salvage the situation, everything escalated for the worst. Hence, I took this man to court and I brought along all the legal documents that proved the land was in my name only. I also wrote a letter to the president of Egypt, the prime minister, and some other politicians in hopes of gaining some support, but all to no avail. I remained immersed in this conflict for three years, and I could not make a single move with regards to my case; all my hopes of building on my piece of land were completely crushed.

Since I tried everything to remedy the situation and everything failed, I felt that all the doors in front of me were closed; hence, I became inflicted with extreme hopelessness. It was as if the world had begun to close in on me; as a result, I decided to resort to God and His saints – asking for divine intervention to resolve this catastrophe. Having once heard about Fr. Faltaous El Souriany, I travelled to the Sourian Monastery and I met with him in his cell. When I told him all about my ordeal, he consoled me and prayed for me, after which he anointed me with the holy sign of the cross and he dismissed me in peace. When I left his presence, I was full of joy, peace, and consolation; I had complete faith that God would resolve my issue through his prayers. Sure enough, in the course of three months everything began to change entirely, and my request for a building permit was accepted! Everything was going so smoothly to the point

where the employees who were putting together my file were in awe, and they asked me, 'What have you done to make this process go ever so smoothly and without any complications?!' It turns out that the manager in that division had ordered that my building permit be granted to me without any questioning or further issues! What was even more surprising, was that the man (the factory's owner) who once wanted to destroy me, had changed one hundred and eighty degrees, to the point where he proposed that we work together – this was a real shock to me!

I would like to thank God as well as my saintly father, the great Fr. Faltaous El Souriany, whose prayers changed everything for the better. Currently, all my official documents are ready and my building permit has been issued and delivered to me, and I have begun to build on my piece of land. When this building is complete, it will be a testimony to God's wondrous works through the hands of His saint, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



"Is anyone among you sick? Let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith will save the sick, and the Lord will raise him up. And if he has committed sins, he will be forgiven."
(James 5:14-15)

Mr. G.M.F. from Cairo tells: "When I was twenty two years of age, I felt that the vision in my left eye was weakening. I resorted to an optometrist who prescribed some medications for me, but all to no avail. In fact, my vision in that eye became much worse. After a while, the optometrist concluded that I needed to undergo surgery in order to try and remedy that left eye, and so I did. However, after the surgery, matters became much worse because I ended up losing the ability to see using my left eye! In seeing this, the ophthalmologist told me that I could no longer have any other surgeries in that eye, because it was a hopeless case. He also informed me that my retina was no longer functioning in that eye; sadly, I could only depend on my right eye. Nevertheless, I thanked God for that, but I felt extremely sorry for myself and I became emotionally distraught, especially that I was in the prime of my youth.

One day, one of my good friends came to visit me, and he suggested that I change scenery and accompany him to St. Mary's Sourian Monastery. He suggested that we could spend a couple of nights there – it would be like a spiritual retreat. I agreed and we set out on our way to the monastery.

During the retreat, one of the brothers who was under training to become a monk asked us as well as others to help him sort grains of wheat. I was one of the ones who volunteered, however, as soon as I began to sort the grains, this brother noticed that I was sorting at a much

slower rate than everyone else. In seeing this, he asked me to speed up my sorting process, thinking that maybe I was being careless or uninterested in this task. I then told him of the reason why I was sorting at a very slow rate, and that was because I could only see with my right eye – the retina in my left eye was damaged. After hearing this, the brother was extremely touched, and he advised me to go and visit Fr. Faltaous so that he may pray on behalf of my healing; he also described the strength of his prayer to me. Because this was my very first time to visit the Sourian Monastery, I had never heard of Fr. Faltaous before, and I informed the brother of that. Nevertheless, he insisted that I go to see Fr. Faltaous prior to leaving the monastery, and he described the location of his cell to me.

Soon afterwards I went to Fr. Faltaous' cell and I knocked on the door, when he opened the door I was struck by awe and amazement as to the spiritual aura that surrounded his face, and I felt his reverence all around me. Looking at his face filled me with peace and an extraordinary sense of comfort; he then looked at me and said, 'How can I help you, son?' To which I responded, 'I am ill, and I have come to take your blessings, so that you may pray on behalf of my healing. I cannot see with my left eye, because my retina is damaged.' Fr. Faltaous was extremely moved when I described my state to him, especially because I was young. He then said to me, 'Come, son let me pray for you...you are still at the prime of your youth...' Indeed, he prayed for me and he anointed me with holy oil, and he said to me, 'God willing, today you will be able to see with that left eye.' He then dismissed me in peace.

When I returned back to my home I told my family about all that happened at the monastery, and they rejoiced. We were all filled with faith that God would heal me; afterwards I went to my room to rest after a long journey back from the monastery. A few hours later when I awoke, the miracle was fulfilled and I was able to see everything very clearly using both of my eyes! Sure enough, Fr. Faltaous' words were fulfilled – on the same day I was able to see. It was a joyous day for me and my whole family, we thanked our Lord Jesus Christ for His marvelous works with me, and for answering the prayers of our beloved father, the great saint, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



***"The Lord is gracious and full of compassion, Slow to anger and great in mercy."
(Psalm 145:8)***

Mr. Nabil Sobhy Shehata from El Minya/Maty/Abo Hesiba tells: "I used to work in the agricultural section of St. Mary's Sourian Monastery, and from time to time I was responsible for cleaning the garden that surrounded Fr. Faltaous' cell, needless to say that Fr. Faltaous knew me very well. One day as I was going about my gardening duties, I tripped and I fell onto the ground, and my leg was twisted behind me. I was unable to walk whatsoever afterwards, so my colleagues lifted me and returned me to our residence (where we reside) in the

monastery. They then informed one of the attending monks (who practiced medicine prior to becoming a monk), and when he assessed my situation, he recommended certain medications for me to take and he advised me to rest.

On the evening of that same day, I was unable to go about my duties of cleaning the garden around Fr. Faltaous' cell. When Fr. Faltaous noticed that I did not show up that evening, he asked some of my colleagues about me, and they told him about all that had befallen me. Due to his great humility, Fr. Faltaous approached the workers' residence where I resided, and my colleagues all helped me up to greet him. He then asked them to seat me down on a chair, and he prayed a long while for me, after which he anointed my feet with holy oil, and then he said to me, 'Stand up and walk, son'. So I obeyed and I stood up, I found that I was able to walk with ease. Fr. Faltaous then said to me, 'Run, son, run till the end of the road and then come back...'. So I did, I ran swiftly without any issues and I returned to him – it was as if nothing had befallen me. When Fr. Faltaous confirmed my wellbeing, he blessed me and he departed to his cell. I would like to thank God who healed me through the prayers of our beloved Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."

He also tells: "One day when I was going about my job around Fr. Faltaous' cell, he unexpectedly emerged from his cell and he asked me, 'Nabil, aren't you going to travel back to your home to see your father?' I in turn responded, 'No, father I am not going to travel now...'. In response, he ordered me saying, 'Please summon your eldest brother and come and meet me in my cell.' Indeed, I obeyed his instructions and I summoned my brother and I told him all that Fr. Faltaous had said – we both felt that something was wrong.

When my brother and I entered Fr. Faltaous' cell, he prepared a sum of money for us and he gave us a vial of holy oil as he said to us, 'Go to your father now and give him this money because he is in a financial bind and he is in need of some money. Afterwards, you need to anoint him with this holy oil. Make sure he is fine and then you may return back to the monastery again.' We thanked him and we asked permission from our father the monk who was responsible for us as employees, and we set on our way to our home town. Indeed, we found that our father was very ill and that he was in need of some money. We gave him the money that Fr. Faltaous sent with us, and we gave him the holy oil, which he anointed himself with. What was truly amazing, was that afterwards he arose from his bed and his health was restored to him immediately. We thanked God who healed our father, and who instilled mercy in Fr. Faltaous' heart. After we ensured our father's wellbeing we departed back to the monastery to continue our jobs. We thanked Fr. Faltaous for his great love towards us – we the undeserving, and for praying on behalf of our father's healing. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



“This man heard Paul speaking. Paul, observing him intently and seeing that he had faith to be healed...” (Acts 14:9)

Father R.W. from Alexandria tells: “After I was ordained a priest, I spent a 40 day retreat period at St. Bishoy’s Monastery in Wadi El Natroun. During that period, I heard about the life of piety and holiness, which Fr. Faltaous El Souriany led; I also learned that God was glorified through the many miracles that He performed through him. Hence, I decided to visit the Sourian Monastery so that I may take his blessings and his prayers on my behalf, so that God would bless my service as a priest.

When I met with him, I asked him to pray for me, and in his ultimate humility he said to me, ‘Son, you are a priest like me...’ At the time I was newly ordained, while he was a senior monk and a Hegomen – seasoned in the desert for many years; nevertheless, out of humility he apologetically refused to pray for me, and he kept repeating the same words, ‘Son, you are a priest like me...’

Towards the end of January of the year 2006 (during my 40 day retreat period), a church group from Alexandria came to visit me at St. Bishoy’s Monastery, and along with them were my wife and my children. At the time my daughter was nine years old and she was ill, she was inflicted with excess electrical impulses in her brain, and this caused her epileptic seizures. I seized the opportunity of their visit to take my ill daughter and her younger sister to meet with Fr. Faltaous at the Sourian Monastery. Upon our arrival, and on our way to Fr. Faltaous’ cell, I taught my daughter what to say to him when she meets him, and that was: ‘Father, I am ill, please pray for me.’ My daughter memorized those words.

When we arrived close to Fr. Faltaous’ cell my daughter pointed to the door of the cell and I allowed her to go with her sister to knock; I on the other hand remained behind and I hid behind a tree. As my daughters approached his cell, I was worried that Fr. Faltaous would apologetically refuse to pray for my ill daughter, because I as her father am a priest (as he had mentioned to me before). In any case, when my daughter knocked on the door, he opened and his face was beautifully illuminated with a very bright light. He then looked at my daughter and asked, ‘How can I help you?’ To which she responded, ‘Father, I am ill, please pray for me.’ He then re-entered his cell and he brought back a vial of holy oil and he anointed her with it. He then asked her, ‘Where is your father – Abouna?’ To which my daughter responded, ‘He is hiding behind the tree.’ Fr. Faltaous then laughed and he gave her the vial of holy oil and he said to her, ‘Give this to Abouna’.

When my daughter returned to me, she was full of joy and peace and she gave me the blessed vial of holy oil, which Fr. Faltaous sent to me. I too was overjoyed and I felt his true fatherhood as well as his compassion. I thanked God who answered our prayers and who did not let us down, instead, He had compassion on us. I also thank God for healing my daughter, for she no longer experiences any seizures or complications, and ever since that day (30/1/2006), she is enjoying great health.

He also tells: "Another miracle occurred through the blessings of the holy oil, which Fr. Faltaous sent to me with my daughter. In that same church group that came to visit me at St. Bishoy's Monastery, there was a man who was suffering from extreme pains in his gall bladder. It was causing him so much pain – to the point where he was screaming for the whole duration of the trip, from Alexandria to St. Bishoy's Monastery. When I anointed him with this holy oil, the pains immediately ceased and he returned back to his home as if nothing had befallen him. I would like to thank God who was glorified with us through the prayers of our righteous father, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May his blessings fill our lives, amen."



"Then the Angel of the Lord said to her, 'I will multiply your descendants exceedingly, so that they shall not be counted for multitude.'"(Genesis 16:10)

Mrs. Nabila Aziz Sadik from Cairo tells: "On the day of 4/5/1997 I was married to Mr. George Youssef, and we remained many years without any children. Although we underwent various types of medical procedures and tests, they were all to no avail. This really bothered us and took a toll on our emotions; we used to pray to God that He may grant us a virtuous offspring.

I happen to have a brother who is a monk at the Sourian Monastery, and we used to go and visit him, as well as taking the blessings of the saint's and the other monks who dwelled in the monastery. One day in the year 2001, we travelled from Cairo to the Sourian Monastery in order to meet my brother at the monastery's guest house. Just as we were seated, he said to us, 'Come and take the blessings of our beloved father, Fr. Faltaous.' We were overjoyed, especially because we had heard about him and his blessings, as well as the miracles that God performed through his pure hands. After we greeted him, he prayed for my mother (Lawrence Rizk Mgaly), after which she said to him, 'Please, father, pray for my daughter Nabila so that God may grant her an offspring...she and her husband have been married for many years and God has not granted them an offspring until now.' In response, Fr. Faltaous said to her, 'No, no, Madame, I have nothing to do with this situation, this situation is in God's hands.' When I heard him say this I was saddened, and I left the room in tears. However, when Fr. Faltaous saw me this way he said, 'Ask her to come back into the room and tell her that Fr. Faltaous will pray for you.' It took me a while to recollect myself, and I found it very difficult to re-enter the room; nevertheless, he calmed me down and he prayed for me, his fatherhood and his compassion became very clear to me.

Sure enough as the days went by, God granted me a beautiful gift from heaven – a daughter, whom I named Marie, and she was born during that same year on 28/12/2001. I was overjoyed and I thanked God who was glorified through the prayers of our beloved father and saint, Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. I ask God to protect us all through his prayers. Glory be to God forever and ever, amen."



***"For My thoughts are not your thoughts, Nor are your ways My ways," says the Lord.
(Isaiah 55:8)***

This miracle happened to one of the monks at the monastery, he tells us: "After I joined the Sourian Monastery, I was under my probationary period (prior to monasticism), and I was assigned to go about certain duties at the monastery's guest house. One day, the guest house was extremely crowded and there were a multitude of guests to serve. This really tired me out, to the point where I began to feel extreme pains in my back. Immediately after that, one of the monks who is responsible for health and safety gave me a pain suppressant in the form of an injection. Following this temporary relief, I continued to go about the remainder of my duties until visitation hours for guests were over.

Towards the end of the day, I fell to the ground in a sudden way and I was unable to move whatsoever. In seeing me this way, the monk who was monitoring my case gave me some medications to take and he helped me back to my cell. After examining me, he preliminarily concluded that I had torn some ligaments in my back, and he advised me to rest for no less than two months. He also told me that if my condition worsens, I would need to be transported to the hospital in Cairo. This really troubled me, and caused me to become emotionally torn; I was also worried because I had not yet been ordained a monk, I was still under my probationary period. My mind began to wander off and I thought that maybe I would be dismissed from the monastery due to my ill health. When the other fathers learned about my situation, they came to visit me at my cell, and they kindly helped me with whatever I needed.

Some of the fathers informed me that in the upcoming Sunday, Fr. Faltaous would be participating in praying the Holy Liturgy along with His Grace Bishop Metaous – the Abbott of the Sourian Monastery. They promised me that after the completion of the Holy Liturgy, they take me to meet with our righteous Fr. Faltaous so that he may pray on behalf of my healing. Sure enough this is precisely what happened. After the completion of the Holy Liturgy, my brethren helped me to reach Fr. Faltaous, who asked me, 'What's wrong, son?' When I explained to him all that had befallen me, he wanted to heal my thoughts before my body; it was as if he was able to read my mind, and he said to me, 'When a brother enters the monastery here, we don't dismiss him – he remains here with us until he is ordained a monk...are you listening to me, son?' I then answered, 'Yes, Father I am listening.' Only then was I consoled and filled with peace, for he had remedied the thoughts that were previously haunting me. Afterwards, he placed his hand onto my back and he prayed a long while, he then gave me a vial of holy oil and he said to me, 'Anoint your back with it, son.' I in turn kissed his hand and with the help of my fathers and my brethren, I headed back to my cell.

After everyone departed from my cell, I anointed my back with the holy oil, and after that I drifted off into a very deep and peaceful sleep. When I awoke towards sunset, I found that I was able to move and walk freely without feeling any pain in my back! I was overjoyed and I walked over to Fr. Faltaous' cell alone without anyone's help. I wanted to thank him for this miracle, and when I met him in front of his cell, he said to me, 'Son, return to your cell and thank our Lord Jesus Christ, for He is the one who healed you.' I returned to my cell rejoicing at the fact that I was healed. May the blessings of the prayers of our blessed father, Fr. Faltaous be with us all, amen."



"So they all ate and were filled, and they took up seven large baskets full of the fragments that were left." (Matthew 15:37)

Dr. M.A. from Port Said witnessed the following miracle, he tells: "I have a strong and a cordial relationship with our beloved Fr. Faltaous El Souriany, and I feel his blessings encircling my whole life. One day, precisely on Easter Monday he asked me to drive him to his cell, which is located in the monastery's garden. After I drove him to his cell, we found ten gardeners cleaning up the garden around his cell, and Fr. Faltaous called upon one of them, whose name is Milad. He asked Milad to enter the cell and to bring out the bottle of orange juice that lay on a table, so that he could divide the juice amongst the ten gardeners. When Milad brought out the bottle, I noticed that it was a one litre bottle and that it was only a quarter of the way full; hence, there is no way that it will be enough to share amongst ten gardeners! Nevertheless, I remained waiting to see what would become of the remaining juice in the bottle.

Fr. Faltaous took hold of the bottle from Milad, and he anointed it with the sign of the cross, after which he prayed and said, 'May your blessings be with us – our Lady the Virgin Mary, so that all those men can drink from this juice.' Afterwards, Fr. Faltaous began to pour some juice into each cup, one at a time and he would give it to each gardener to drink. As he was doing so, he continued to pray, saying, 'May your blessings be with us – St. Mina and Pope Cyril...' He prayed and he distributed the cups until every single gardener drank from the juice, which only occupied a quarter of the one litre bottle! Fr. Faltaous also gave me a cup to drink, and he too drank; despite the fact that everyone had their fill of juice, when I looked at the bottle, I noticed that the amount had remained the same as before! It was as if no one had taken any juice from it. I thanked God who has witnesses from generation to generation, and whose name is glorified through our beloved Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



“...and to have power to heal sicknesses and to cast out demons...” (Mark 3:15)

Mr. S.A. from Alexandria tells: “I used to suffer from diabetes to the point where my sugar levels reached 240 mg/dL. I used to follow up with my doctor, and I tried to abide by the strict diet and the medications that were prescribed for me. However, sadly, my condition did not improve whatsoever.

One day, I travelled to the St. Mary’s Sourian Monastery and I asked to take the blessings of our blessed Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. Indeed I met with him at his cell and I said to him, ‘Please pray on my behalf, father, so that my sugar levels can subside.’ I was then taken back as he stood up and he brought me a tall cup of concentrated fruit juice to drink! He anointed the cup of juice with the sign of the cross and he said to me, ‘Drink this juice...drink it, son.’ Although I was hesitant, and despite the fact that I knew the amount of sugar that was in it, including the harm it posed for me, I obeyed and I drank the juice. Afterwards I left Fr. Faltaous’ cell in peace.

On my way back to my home town, I had to stop for some refreshments, and yet again I had no other options but to drink sweet beverages! When I arrived home, I began to measure my sugar levels, and I was shocked to learn that they were low! When I went to my attending doctor, he asked me to undergo the necessary blood tests; when the results appeared, they indicated that my sugar levels were significantly lower than before. In seeing this, the doctor changed my medication, in addition to making adjustments to my diet.

As time passed by, I decided to go to the Sourian Monastery once again, in order to thank God for His marvelous work in my life, and to thank Fr. Faltaous for his prayers. When I met with him in his cell, I informed him of what had happened to me; he in turn stood up and brought some vitamins for me to swallow. Although the vitamins had nothing to do with my situation, he anointed them with the sign of the cross and he said to me, ‘Take this medicine, son, you will benefit a lot from it.’ Out of obedience, I took one vitamin pill and I swallowed it. What was indeed amazing, was that although I only took one vitamin, it altered my case significantly for the better, because after I measured my sugar levels that day, I found that they were astoundingly 85 mg/L, which is normal! This meant that I was healed from diabetes altogether, and I never took any other medications for diabetes again. This happened through God’s grace, and through the prayers of our beloved Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen.”

He also tells: “After being healed from diabetes, I had a severe issue with my colon, which I was suffering from for fifteen years. However, yet again God healed me through the prayers of Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. The way through which I obtained healing was truly amazing and it defied

all human logic, because it was God's work through His saints, and this exceeds our understanding.

In seeing that I had an issue with my colon, I used to suffer whenever I consumed any types of beans; as a result, I was forbidden from fasting throughout the Great Lent. During that time, I went to visit the Sourian Monastery and there I met with Fr. Faltaous once again, and he asked me, 'Are you fasting, son?' To which I responded, 'Father, I have an issue with my colon and I am unable to fast, I have come to you so that you can pray on my behalf so that God can heal me, so that I am able to fast.' Fr. Faltaous then said, 'Okay come with me, son, we will go to the monastery's guest house.' Fr. Faltaous then asked one of the brothers to bring me a bowl of cooked fava beans, marinated with salt and oil along with some olives and bread. He then anointed the food with the sign of the cross and he said to me, 'Eat with me, son.' Fr. Faltaous ate only two spoons, and then he said to me, 'Finish everything that is in this bowl, son.' Again, out of obedience, I ate, but I was afraid of the pain that would potentially accompany this meal. From my past experiences, the pain usually lasted up to two or more days; however, Fr. Faltaous said to me, 'Do not be afraid, son, these beans will be your source of healing...'

Indeed, after I completed the meal, I felt no pain whatsoever, it was as if nothing had befallen me. In order to test myself, I ate more beans throughout the days that followed, but I thank God that the pains never inflicted me again. I thanked my Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ for healing me, and I began to fast for the remainder of the Great Lent. That year, through God's grace, I was even able to participate in the Apostles fast, because I was able to eat without agitating my colon. All this happened through the prayers and supplications of our beloved Fr. Faltaous El Souriany, who intercedes on our behalf in front of the Throne of Grace, that God may have mercy on us, and that He may complete our days on earth as sojourners in peace, amen."



***Behold, children are a heritage from the Lord, The fruit of the womb is a reward.
(Psalm 127:3)***

Mr. A.G. from the city of Sadat tells: "After my wife and I got married, we longed for the day when God would grant us a child, to fill our lives with joy and to share our home with us. We used to dream about children and we pondered how they gradually developed from infancy all the way to their youth, and that maybe someday they would support us in our old age. However, sadly, the years passed us by, and my wife was unable to conceive; as a result, we resorted to many doctors and specialists who prescribed various medications for us, but all to no avail. Therefore, the doctor suggested that a sample from my wife's uterus was required in order to determine what was hindering conception. After doing so, the doctor sent the sample to the lab, and when the results appeared, we were shocked to learn that there was no chance

for conception, because ovulation did not occur whatsoever as it should for any woman under normal circumstances. It was here that we knew for a fact that we would never have children, and this really saddened us. Nevertheless, we did not lose hope in God's mercy and His wondrous works, because when the field of medicine fails to treat anyone, God's hand intervenes, especially if this was a part of His will for us. So we began to visit many monasteries and holy places, asking for the prayers and intercessions of the saints on our behalf, so that God may have compassion on us and grant us an offspring.

One day we decided to visit St. Mary's Sourian Monastery, and there we met with one of the fathers the monks and we presented our ordeal to him; in response, he said to us, 'Go to the monastery's guest house and there you will find Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. Ask him to pray for you and through his prayers God will make everything go smoothly.' Sure enough we took his advice and we met with Fr. Faltaous, we explained our painful situation to him and we asked for his prayers so that God may grant us an offspring. And because he was a very loving person and a true father, he prayed for us and he anointed us with holy oil, as well as giving us the vial of holy oil to keep as a blessing, he then said to us, 'God willing, son, God will grant you an offspring through the prayers of Pope Cyril.' After we spent the remainder of the day at the monastery, we returned back to our home feeling hopeful.

A few months later, a miracle occurred because my wife felt that she was pregnant, and she decided to go to the doctor for confirmation. When the doctor checked her previous tests, he informed her that she could not possibly be pregnant, especially after the indications of the previous test results. Nonetheless, we were full of faith in God's work with us, and my wife underwent another test. When the results appeared, they indicated that she was indeed pregnant. We were extremely overjoyed, and we thanked God who granted us our son, whom we named Cyril. This happened through the prayers of our beloved Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



"The Lord preserves the simple; I was brought low, and He saved me." (Psalm 116:6)

Fr. Guirgis Adly Michael, priest of St. George's Church in Al Hamol/Kafr El Sheik tells: "After God granted my wife and me a daughter, we named her Demiana. After her birth, the doctors discovered that she had a haemolysis; hence, she would require a blood transfusion on a regular basis. This procedure took place at the University Hospital in Mansourah, after which she was sent the Abo Reish Children's hospital in Cairo. She remained this way for five years. We used to pray to God fervently to relieve her of this illness, and we visited many of the places where the saints' relics lay as we asked God to have compassion on her and to heal her.

In the year 2005, my family and I went to visit St. Mary's Sourian Monastery, and there we met with one of the blessed fathers the monks, and he assisted us in taking our frail daughter, Demiana to meet with Fr. Faltaous. When he saw her, he was very touched, especially that she was inflicted with such an ailment at such a young age. He prayed for Demiana for a long while, and then he anointed her with holy oil and he wished her well. After that, we left the monastery in peace. We left feeling consoled and peaceful, having all faith that God had fulfilled the prayers of the righteous Fr. Faltaous; indeed, she was healed.

Afterwards we took Demiana to undergo some blood work, and when the results appeared – to the doctor's ultimate surprise, they indicated that Demiana's red blood cell count was normal! This was the first time since her birth that her blood count was normal! When we did a follow up test in order to confirm the results, yet again they were normal. Demiana was completely healed from haemolysis. She is currently in grade five, and enjoying great health. We on the other hand were overjoyed and we thanked God who had compassion on us and healed her, through the prayers of our beloved Fr. Faltaous. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



***"Gather My saints together to Me, Those who have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice."
(Psalm 50:15)***

Mr. Magdy Fouad Shobra Masr/Cairo, tells: "I am a merchant and I occupy many different businesses including partnerships with other merchants. One day, one of my partners borrowed one hundred and fifty thousand U.S. dollars from me because he needed the money; however, after a while I noticed that he began to try and escape from returning my money back to me. Although I tried to speak to him in a civilized manner so that he would return the money, he did not respond and I did not reach any conclusions. As a result, I had no other choice but to report him to the police precinct, in hopes that someone would be able to help me retrieve my money. Sadly though, all my attempts were to no avail, because I was then informed that this man had left Egypt altogether – he fled to South Africa where he went to meet with another one of his business partners.

When I learned this news, I too travelled to South Africa in hopes of meeting him and trying to retrieve my money from him. In seeing that the area where he resided in South Africa was a dangerous area to be in, I hired some body guards and I set out to meet him; to my dismay, he was nowhere to be found in the area! I tried to reach him twice, but I failed yet again, so I returned to Egypt.

Eventually, God permitted for me to visit St. Mary's Sourian Monastery, and there I met with one of the fathers to whom I explained my ordeal. When he heard all that I had to say, he took

me to meet with Fr. Faltaous, and when I told him all about my situation, he consoled me and said to me, 'Son, Don't worry, God willing your money will be returned to you.' I then asked him, 'Would you advise me to travel to South Africa once again?' In turn, Fr. Faltaous said, 'No, son, your money will be returned to you while you are here in Egypt.' His words consoled me and I asked him to pray for me, after which I departed in peace.

As the days passed by I became very preoccupied with my job, and I set this ordeal aside. Two or three months later, I was surprised to find that an inspector from the police investigations unit was contacting me to inform me that the man who refused to return my money had been arrested and was sentenced to court. The inspector advised me to attend the court hearing so that I could request my money from him. Sure enough I went to court and I met with the inspector; after submitting all the official documents that confirmed my stolen money, the court ruled in my favour and my money was returned to me! Fr. Faltaous' words were fulfilled down to the last word, for I remained in Egypt and my money was restored to me. I believe that this miracle happened through the prayers of Fr. Faltaous. I would like to thank God and His saints. May the blessing of his prayers be with us all, amen."



“So He stood over her and rebuked the fever, and it left her. And immediately she arose and served them.” (Luke 4:39)

One of the fathers the monks witnessed the following miracle, he tells: “God is always glorified through His saints, and He never leaves Himself without a witness. Regardless of the time or the place, there are many righteous people who are witnesses to God; hence, He grants them the virtue of performing miracles for many.

Fr. Faltaous led a righteous life that pleased God, and it is no wonder that we see God being glorified through his hands. It was through his prayers that God healed a young child who was suffering from atrial septal defect at birth. When this same child was seven years old, he became afflicted with a fever of 39 degrees centigrade and he reached a very difficult state. Although his health deteriorated significantly, his mother refused to take him to any doctors; instead, she immediately brought him to St. Mary's Sourian Monastery, because she had faith in the powerful healing prayers of our righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. Sure enough, she headed straight to the monastery's guest house and she met with Fr. Faltaous, she said to him, 'My son has a high fever, father, and I am asking you to pray for him so that God may heal him.' After Fr. Faltaous began to pray for him, he said to him, 'You have such a high fever, it is affecting your head, your stomach, and your whole body...' After he continued to pray for him a second time, he said, 'Now the fever has parted with your stomach, it is only present in the remainder of your body.' Fr. Faltaous then continued to pray, and then he said, 'The fever is only present in your head now...' After continuing to pray for the fourth time, he turned to the

boy's mother and said, 'Please bring three limes, squeeze them really well and make some lemonade for him.' Indeed, the boy's mother did exactly as Fr. Faltaous instructed her. When she made the lemonade, Fr. Faltaous prayed over it and he anointed it with the sign of the cross, and he said to the boy, 'Drink this, son'. After the boy drank, he became instantly healed from his illness – his temperature returned to normal. He began to run around the room and play with the other children who were present in the room, it was as if nothing had befallen him. His mother was overjoyed, and all who were visiting the monastery that day were amazed by this miracle. Everyone thanked God, who healed this child instantly. May the blessings of the prayers of our righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany be with us all, amen."



"But Jesus looked at them and said, 'With men it is impossible, but not with God; for with God all things are possible.'" (Mark 10:27)

Mr. Abd El Masseih Philip from El Emraniyah/El Giza tells: "I have been working at the Sourian Monastery for most of my life, and my role was to watch the front entrance and admit visitors during visiting hours. However, as I advanced in age, I began to suffer from repeated heart attacks, and my health began to deteriorate. One day, I suffered from a significant heart attack that caused me to fall to the ground; I was experiencing a lot of pain and I was unable to move whatsoever. During that same instant I was surrounded by many people, and Fr. Faltaous was passing by the front entrance, he noticed the crowd hovering around me, and he also noticed that no one was able to help me. At that point, I could easily be likened to a dead man. Fr. Faltaous was passing by to speak to me; however, when he noticed the crowd, he asked about what had befallen me, and one of the men responded, 'Mr. Abd El Masseih had a very significant heart attack and he fell to the ground.' Fr. Faltaous then approached closer to me, he prayed for me and anointed me with holy oil, and then he said to me, 'Stand up, son'. Immediately afterwards I was able to stand on my two feet and I was able to move with ease. All the pain that I experienced had ceased, and it was as if nothing had befallen me. That was the end of the heart attack, and I thank God that from that time onward, I no longer experienced any heart attacks ever again. May the blessings of the prayers of our beloved Fr. Faltaous be with us all, amen."

He also tells: "Fr. Faltaous is the source of very many blessings, and his wondrous works with us are countless; nevertheless, I will record another miracle that glorifies God's holy name: At one point I fractured one of my feet, however, I thank God that although it took a long while for the bones to heal, I eventually was cured. But one day, as I was opening the door to my car, I tripped over my foot and I fell to the ground, I landed on foot that was once fractured. When I stood up, I found that I was walking abnormally and with great difficulty.

During that time, Fr. Faltaous passed by in one of the car's being driven by one of our fathers the monks. When he saw that I was not able to walk in a normal way, he asked me why, and I told him about my second fall. Fr. Faltaous then prayed for me, and he lovingly gave me some cookies, which he anointed with the sign of the cross, and he said to me, 'Here son, eat those cookies and you will feel better instantly.' After completing those words, he left. I on the other hand began to eat the cookies, after which all the pain instantly subsided, and I was able to walk normally once again! It was as if I had not fallen to begin with. I would like to thank God who granted me healing through the blessings of Fr. Faltaous. May his prayers be with us all, amen."



"And when He had looked around at them with anger, being grieved by the hardness of their hearts, He said to the man, 'Stretch out your hand.' And he stretched it out, and his hand was restored as whole as the other." (Mark 3:5)

This miracle was performed for the mother of one of the fathers the monks, he tells: "One day when my mother came to visit me at the monastery, I asked her about how her health was doing, and she told me that she was suffering from extreme pains in her hand, to the point where she could not move her fingers. Due to God's compassion and His watch over His children, He created an opportunity for my mother to meet with Fr. Faltaous, who was present at the monastery's guest house at the time. Hence, I took my mother to him and I explained her situation to him, asking for his prayers on her behalf.

In all love, Fr. Faltaous asked me to seat my mother by his side, and he brought out a vial of holy oil from his pocket and he began to pray for her over her fingers. After that he anointed her fingers with holy oil; he remained praying until she could move her fingers in a normal fashion, and she no longer felt any pain. I would like to thank God from the bottom of my heart, for healing my mother through the prayers of our righteous Fr. Faltaous. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



"Confess your trespasses to one another, and pray for one another, that you may be healed. The effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much." (James 5:16)

Mr. Osama Maurice from Australia, tells: "I have lived and worked in Australia for many years. At one point in my life I began to feel extreme pains in my stomach, and the pains only increased. When I resorted to the help of a doctor, he asked me to undergo some scans and tests, and when the results appeared, they indicated that I had a duodenal ulcer. In addition, he

insisted that I was required to undergo surgery immediately, and the surgery was a very complex one. However, I asked the doctor if I could postpone the surgery until after I visit my family in Egypt, and he agreed.

During my visit to Egypt, my family and I went to visit the Sourian Monastery where one of our relatives is a monk there. When we met with him, we informed him of my illness, as well as the surgery that I was due to undergo upon my return to Australia. It was then that he directed us to go and take the blessings of our righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. This visit was during Fr. Faltaous' final days on earth, and during those days he was confined to lay in bed. Nonetheless, we took the permission of the monk who was responsible for his care, and he allowed us to see him. When I entered the room, I said to Fr. Faltaous, 'Please, father, pray for me because I have a duodenal ulcer and the doctors are insisting that I must undergo surgery.' He then prayed for me and he anointed me with holy oil, after which he said to me, 'God willing you will obtain healing, son.' He then blessed all of us and we departed in peace.

Following my visit to him, I felt consoled and calm in an indescribable way. After my visit to Egypt I returned to Australia and I followed up with my doctor so that he may make the necessary preparations for my surgery. Prior to the surgery, the doctor performed some more tests for me in order to try and pinpoint the ulcer; however, to his ultimate surprise, he found no traces of a duodenal ulcer! He was shocked and amazed as he asked me, 'What happened to you in Egypt?!' I then answered, 'I went to visit St. Mary's Sourian Monastery – located in the desert of Wadi El Natroun in Egypt, and in this monastery lives a monk, he is a saint and his name is Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. He prayed for me and he anointed me with holy oil...' The doctor then said to me, 'Indeed, what happened to you was truly a miracle.' I thanked our Lord Jesus Christ who healed me through the prayers of our beloved Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May his blessings be with us all, amen."



"So Jesus said to them, 'Because of your unbelief; for assuredly, I say to you, if you have faith as a mustard seed, you will say to this mountain, 'Move from here to there,' and it will move; and nothing will be impossible for you.'" (Matthew 17:20)

Mrs. Marcelle Mofid from Asfara/Alexandria, tells: "During the year 1998, I was suffering from extreme pains in my neck, and when I resorted to the help of one of the specialists, he asked me to undergo many tests and X-rays. When the results appeared, they indicated that I had a herniated intervertebral disc in my neck. He also told me that the reason for this issue was because I had some bone deterioration in my spine. The doctor also informed me that I definitely required immediate surgery in order to avoid partial paralysis.

When I learned of these critical results, I returned home in a state of panic and anxiety. I was extremely afraid of undergoing this surgery, especially after I learned about its risks. When my sister and her husband learned about what had befallen me, and they saw how troubled I was they began to console me, saying, 'We will travel to the Sourian Monastery and we will meet with Fr. Faltaous. We will ask him to pray on your behalf because he is a saint and we are confident that God will be glorified through his prayers, and you will be healed.'

Sure enough they travelled to the Sourian Monastery, but sadly they did not find Fr. Faltaous at that time. So they took the blessings of the saints' relics at the monastery and then they travelled to St. George's Monastery in El Khatatba in order to take his blessing as well. On their way back to Alexandria they stopped at a rest house, and there they found Fr. Faltaous! He greeted them warmly and he prayed for them. Afterwards, when they explained my health situation to him, they asked him to pray on behalf of my healing. He then reached into his pocket and he brought out a vial of holy oil, which he began to pray on. He then blew in the vial and he anointed it with the sign of the cross, after which he gave it to my sister and he said to her, 'Here, take this oil and anoint your sister where the pain is, and through the blessings of St. Mary, St. Mina, and Pope Cyril, God will heal her...and tell her not to undergo the surgery.'

They returned home happily and my sister anointed my neck with the holy oil, and she told me that Fr. Faltaous is advising me not to go ahead with the surgery. What was indeed amazing, is that after she anointed me with the holy oil, I was overcome by a strange peace, and all the pain that I suffered from had ceased! I became a new person, as if nothing had befallen me. Only then was I sure that a miracle was performed for me. Ever since that year even until now (2010), I am enjoying great health, and I am able to walk with ease without any pain. I would like to thank our Lord Jesus Christ who healed me through the prayers of our beloved Fr. Faltaous, for he always prays on our behalf. May his blessings be with us all, amen."



"If you diligently heed the voice of the Lord your God and do what is right in His sight, give ear to His commandments and keep all His statutes, I will put none of the diseases on you which I have brought on the Egyptians. For I am the Lord who heals you." (Exodus 15:26)

This miracle was performed for one our fathers the monks, he tells: "I used to suffer from pain in my sinuses, as well as asthma. During the month of December in the year 2009, I went to the Haya Hospital in Cairo and after the doctor examined me, he prescribed many medications for me, but all to no avail. So I traveled to Alexandria in order to seek the advice of a medical consultant who ended up prescribing different medications for me, but again – all to no avail, and my condition remained the same.

When I heard that Fr. Faltaous was ill, during his final days on earth I went to take his blessings, and I asked for his prayers on my behalf so that I may be healed. When I saw how ill he was, I was extremely touched, for his health was deteriorating significantly. He was bed ridden and he was also on intravenous medications as well as fluids. Although he spoke very little, I felt his warm welcome. I then said to him, 'Father, I have been ill for three months...' After I explained my whole health situation to him, I concluded by saying, 'Please pray for me, my beloved father.' I then held his pure hand and I placed it onto my head, then he began to pray for me for a long while. Upon the completion of the prayer I kissed his hand and I gently placed it onto his chest, then I said to him, 'Please absolve me, Father'. In response he asked me, 'Aren't you a priest, son?' To which I responded, 'Yes, father' And then out of his ultimate humility, he said to me, 'Then you absolve me, father'. He insisted that I absolve him until I said, 'Please absolve me, and may God absolve you'. In response, he said, 'That is perfect, son'. He then anointed vial of holy oil with the sign of the cross and he blew in it and said to me, 'Take this oil, son, and since you are a priest you can anoint yourself with it.' After taking these blessings I departed in peace.

What was indeed incredible, was that after I anointed myself with the holy oil I was overcome by a feeling of comfort, and I felt that I was healed from the pain in my sinuses as well as the asthma. It was as if nothing had befallen me whatsoever. I no longer needed to use any of the medications, instead, I sent them to the father who is responsible for treating the other monks so that he may keep them for others to use. I thank God that even until this day I no longer need to take any other medications because the illness parted with me through the prayers of our righteous Fr. Faltaous. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



"Then Jesus answered and said to her, 'O woman, great is your faith! Let it be to you as you desire.' And her daughter was healed from that very hour." (Matthew 15:28)

Mrs. Jihan Saad from Hadaik El Koba/Cairo, tells: "One day I began to feel extreme pain in my shin bone and the pain gradually increased. When I began to try and pinpoint the source of the pain, I found a swollen mass about the size of a lime. This really troubled me, and I resorted to the help of a general surgeon to learn about the cause of this swollen mass, as well as how to remedy it. During that same time my husband (Emad Kiliny) and I heard that Fr. Faltaous El Souriany was receiving treatment at the Haya Hospital in Cairo; hence, we decided to visit him at the hospital so that he could pray for me – that God may grant me healing through his prayers. We always used to hear about his high level of spirituality, and we believed in the power of his prayers.

On Friday 4/12/2009 when we arrived at the hospital, we met with the monk who accompanied Fr. Faltaous, and he permitted us to enter into Fr. Faltaous' room so that we could take his

blessings. Despite his illness and the fact that he was completely bed ridden, he still prayed for my family and I; he anointed us with holy oil and he blessed us. We decided to sit down for a short while in order to spend some time with this saint. As we were seated, my husband noticed some tears rolling down from Fr. Faltaous' eyes; my husband took a handkerchief and he began to wipe them for him. Fr. Faltaous then took the handkerchief from my husband and he began to wipe away the rest of the tears. As we were getting ready to leave, Fr. Faltaous blessed us once again, and when my turn approached to greet his hand, I asked him to pray on behalf of the swollen mass that was on my shin. He then began to wipe my face with the same handkerchief that he used to wipe his tears, after that we departed in peace.

On our way home, I felt an extreme burning sensation flowing down my leg in the area of the swollen mass; only then did I know for certain that a miracle had been performed for me. Nevertheless, I did not tell anyone until I could confirm that I was indeed healed. On Tuesday of the following week, the swollen mass had disappeared entirely as if it was never there to begin with. I then informed all of my family members about all that happened, and we were overjoyed. We thanked God who healed me through the prayers of our beloved Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



"They sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying: "Great and marvelous are Your works, Lord God Almighty! Just and true are Your ways, O King of the saints!" (Revelation 15:3)

Mrs. L.A. from Abo Krkas/El Minya, tells: "During the month of April in the year 1997, I began to experience very strange symptoms all over my body. I noticed a swollen mass below my left shoulder and this was accompanied by a severe infection in my left breast. When I resorted to the help of Dr. Saad Kamel and I explained the symptoms to him, he informed me that these are some of the symptoms of breast cancer. I was then overcome with anxiety and fear, especially because I felt that death was drawing near to me and I was the mother of six children – what would become of my children?

I had no other option but to continue on with the necessary procedures, tests, and scans, which all ended up confirming the presence of breast cancer. Based on the results, the doctor concluded that I needed to undergo surgery immediately in order to extract this cancerous tumour. So we travelled to Cairo in order to choose a surgeon who would perform the surgery for me, and we stayed over at a relative's apartment in Cairo. Prior to undergoing the surgery, I asked my relatives to plan a trip for us to St. Mary's Sourian Monastery, so that I may take the blessings of the saints before the surgery. Sure enough the trip was planned and we set off on our way to the monastery. Along the way I began to feel extreme pains, and when we arrived, I was crying fervently because of the pain and because of the terror I was experiencing.

God planned for us to meet with Fr. Faltaous El Souriany at the monastery's guest house, and there were many people surrounding him – asking for his prayers. Hence, my husband and I stood in line and waited our turn. When my turn was approaching and Fr. Faltaous saw me crying profusely, he had sympathy for me and he said to me, 'Come, and sit beside me'. He then calmed me down and he began to pray for me. It was then that I noticed the pain subsiding instantly, and after he completed his prayers he said to me, 'Don't worry, God willing you will undergo the surgery and you will be good as new again.' Then he reached into his pocket and he brought out a vial of holy oil and he gave it to me saying, 'Anoint yourself with this oil once in the morning and once at night, and God willing you will be healed.' I on the other hand became calm, and peace began to overcome my heart. In order for Fr. Faltaous to confirm the validity of his words to me, he began speak to me about things that happened to me on the previous day, and this was proof of his spiritual vision, he said, 'Yesterday you cut up a watermelon, and it was perfectly red and sweet...' In other words, he was trying to tell me that the surgery would be a huge success. He tried very hard to eliminate my fear from death, and he asked me, 'In certain rural parts of the country, before any wedding ceremony isn't it a custom for the bride to have a henna party?' I responded, 'Yes, father'. Then he continued and said to me, 'God willing you will have henna parties for each of your six children prior to their marriages.' After hearing those words, I was struck with amazement, especially because Fr. Faltaous has never seen me before, so how did he know that I had six children? How did he know that I was afraid to die and leave them behind? Indeed, it was his high spiritual vision.

I was now overcome with peace, tranquility, and joy and I was confident that every single word that Fr. Faltaous said, would be fulfilled – I was no longer afraid. After spending some time at the monastery, we departed in peace.

Sure enough I underwent the surgery, and the cancerous tumour was extracted from my breast; indeed the surgery was a huge success and I am now enjoying great health amidst my family. Everyone is happy and full of joy, as we glorify God's name, for He healed me and He saved me from a vicious disease. He restored my health to me through the prayers of our beloved Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May his blessings be with us all, amen."



"I sought the Lord, and He heard me, And delivered me from all my fears." (Psalm 34:4)

Mr. A.S.A. from Alexandria tells: "My knowledge of Fr. Faltaous began between the years 1997 and 1998 when I was going through a very rough time in my life. I used to work for one of the most prestigious banks, however, the devil used to persuade some of my colleagues against me, thus my life at work was miserable.

At the bank, we were faced with an ordeal where one of the customers was suing the bank for giving money away from the capital gain. I was one of the employees who was unjustly accused in this case. Hence, I was extremely upset and I was overcome by sadness and fear of losing my job because of false accusations that were made against me. Nevertheless, it was God's will that I travelled to the Sourian Monastery and there I met with one of our fathers the monks, to whom I told my unfortunate story. I also explained to him how it was affecting me both mentally and emotionally. He in turn advised me to meet with Fr. Faltaous, whom I had never met before, and this was my first encounter with him.

When I went and knocked on the door of his cell, he opened, and when I looked upon his face I froze in place because of the reverence and the high spirituality that encircled him. I felt that I was standing in front of a great saint; I was speechless when I looked at him, and then he asked me, 'What's wrong, son?' When I explained my ordeal to him, as well as the law suit that I was being faced with, along with the unjustness that hovered over me and the fear that overcame me, I began to cry in front of him. I asked him to pray on my behalf so that God may save me. Fr. Faltaous paused for a few minutes, and afterwards, he said to me, 'Don't worry, son, this is like a fire that is blazing around you, but God will extinguish it.' Then he continued to say, 'But don't forget to take your compensation, son.' He then prayed for me, and he anointed me with holy oil; I left his cell feeling calm and consoled – I was overcome by peace.

Sure enough after a short while, the court announced that I was innocent of all the charges that I was unjustly accused of, and I thanked God who was glorified with me. After the conclusion of this ordeal, my lawyer advised me to seek compensation, and I recalled Fr. Faltaous' words to me, 'Don't forget your compensation, son.' So I did appeal for a compensation, and I thank God that the courts ruled in my favour yet again, and I was compensated for all the pain and suffering that I had endured. I thanked my Lord Jesus Christ who saved me through the prayers of Fr. Faltaous. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



"But Jesus turned around, and when He saw her He said, 'Be of good cheer, daughter; your faith has made you well.' And the woman was made well from that hour." (Matthew 9:22)

One of the Fathers the monks was a witness to the following miracle, he tells: "One day I met with a young man who worked as an engineer, and as he spoke to me, I learned that he was having some family issues. God granted him and his wife fraternal twins, however, his daughter Monica faced a health issue immediately after her birth. She was lacking oxygen, and this affected a part of her brain that is responsible for movement; hence, from the time she was born and as she continued to grow, she was unable to move whatsoever. However, her brother remained unaffected.

This man and his wife resorted to the help of many physiotherapists in order to try and remedy Monica's case, but all to no avail, and there wasn't even the slightest improvement. So I asked this young man to bring his daughter to the monastery so that we could take her to Fr. Faltaous to pray for her, and I told him that through his prayers she would be healed. Indeed, he and his wife brought their daughter to the monastery and we took her to Fr. Faltaous, we asked him to pray for her, which he did, and then he anointed her with holy oil; however, he said to her father, 'Son, your daughter needs to see a physiotherapist.' To which the young man responded, 'Father, we took her to multiple physiotherapy sessions, but she did not respond to the treatment whatsoever.' Nevertheless, Fr. Faltaous repeated the same words, and he insisted that she required physiotherapy, he said, 'Your daughter will improve if she receives physiotherapy.' After that he dismissed us in peace.

Monica's father obeyed Fr. Faltaous' words and he took her to a physiotherapist yet again, however, this time she responded to the treatment from the very first time! This only happened after Fr. Faltaous prayed for her, and she obtained full healing. Monica is now able to move around as any child would, and she is currently enrolled at school. We would like to thank God who had compassion on this family, and he healed their daughter, Monica through the prayers and the supplications of our righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



"I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit within you; I will take the heart of stone out of your flesh and give you a heart of flesh." (Ezekiel 32:26)

Mr. Emad A. from Ein Shams/Cairo, tells: "After my marriage, God granted my wife and me a son who is our source of joy, and we thanked God for His great gift. As our son grew and learned how to walk, he was showing signs of exhaustion; as a result, we took him to be examined by multiple doctors. All doctors concluded that he had an issue with his heart. They also informed us that he would require open heart surgery, and it would be a very critical surgery. I was extremely saddened and afraid for what my son was destined to go through.

I decided to take my son to St. Mary's Sourian Monastery, so that we could meet with Fr. Faltaous and ask him to pray on behalf of his healing. I had faith that God would heal my son through the prayers of Fr. Faltaous. When we arrived at the monastery, one of the fathers directed us to Fr. Faltaous' cell, so I took my son and we went. When we arrived at his cell, we found him seated on a chair outside, and my son ran towards him and he embraced him! Fr. Faltaous treated him with kindness and he patted him on the shoulder; when I came closer I said to him, 'Please, Father, pray for my son because he has a heart problem, and the doctors are insisting that he undergo open heart surgery; this is a very risky surgery for him, and the results are not guaranteed.' Fr. Faltaous then welcomed us into his cell, and he brought over a

vial of holy oil; he prayed over it and then he placed his hand onto my son's head and he prayed for him. Following this he anointed him with holy oil and he looked at me and said, 'Son, your child is fine, nothing is wrong with him and God willing he will not undergo any surgeries.' He then blessed us and dismissed us in peace.

I decided to monitor my son as the days progressed, and I noticed that he no longer felt exhausted when he walked. In order to ensure that he was healed, we decided to take him to be examined by one of the foreign cardiologists (who recently arrived in Cairo from abroad). When he examined our son, he did all the necessary tests and scans, and when the results appeared, they indicated that our son's heart was perfectly normal! The doctor explicitly said to us, 'I wish that everyone could have a heart exactly like this child's, because his heart is in perfect condition.'

We thanked God from the bottom of our hearts, and we were overjoyed that God had granted our son healing through the blessings of the prayers of our beloved Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. I thank God that my son is currently at the prime of his youth, and he is full of life. May the blessings of the prayers of Fr. Faltaous El Souriany be with us all, amen."



***"And when He had called His twelve disciples to Him, He gave them power over unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all kinds of sickness and all kinds of disease."
(Matthew 10:1)***

The following miracle occurred with one of our Fathers the monks at the monastery, he tells: "I used to suffer from extreme exhaustion and I had difficulties in breathing. When I was taken to see a specialist at the Haya hospital in Cairo, I underwent an electrocardiogram about four times. When the results appeared, they indicated that I had an issue with my aorta. The doctors concluded that they needed to insert a stent in order to try and pinpoint the issue further, and I was scheduled to undergo this stent procedure after a week, so I returned to the monastery once again.

After a while, Fr. Faltaous came to visit me in my cell in order to ask about my health, and when I told him about all that had befallen me, as well as what the doctors had suggested, I asked him to pray on my behalf so that God may heal me. So he lovingly prayed for me and he anointed me with holy oil, after which he said to me, 'Okay, son, you are now completely fine.'

When the week came to an end, I travelled to Cairo in order to undergo my stent procedure; however, prior to doing so the doctor performed another electrocardiogram for me. What was shocking though, was that the results indicated that my heart was functioning normally! This really surprised the doctor, especially after he compared the results from only one week ago to the current ones. Nevertheless, he still insisted that I was required to undergo the stent

procedure in order to confirm these results. When he inserted the stent, it indicated that the aorta was completely sound; hence, I was discharged from the hospital and I returned to the monastery – I was overcome with joy and amazement at God’s marvelous works. I would like to thank God for the awesome works that He performs through His saints. Even up until this day I no longer feel any pain or exhaustion as I had in the past, and even my breathing is normal. I am currently enjoying great health through the prayers of my righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen.”



“And the Apostles said to the Lord, ‘Increase our faith.’” (Luke 17:5)

Mr. Hany Gamr Ghobrial from Tela/Miofiya, tells: “I spent most of my life doubting miracles as well as the saints’ abilities to heal illnesses. My mind was not convinced with these sorts of things, and I remained this way until I was faced with an extremely difficult issue, which could not be resolved without the intercessions and the prayers of the saints. It was God’s way of revealing His love to me, for He did not treat me according to my twisted ways, and His mercy endures forever.

During the summer of 2002, my wife and I began to suffer because we discovered a swollen mass in our six month old son, Bishoy’s underarm. So we resorted to the help of a general surgeon in the city of Tanta, and after undergoing many tests, the doctor concluded that Bishoy had a cancerous tumour and was required to undergo surgery in order to extract it. My wife and I agreed and the surgery was performed, however, it was unsuccessful because after it was removed, the tumour returned once again. As a result, we resorted to a different doctor at the Harmal Hospital in the town of Manof; this doctor was British and he had just arrived from England. He was offering his services to those who could not afford to pay their medical fees. When we took Bishoy to him, he examined him and he concluded that our son was in a critical state. He suggested that a sample of the tumour needed to be taken, so that it could be sent to a laboratory in England for assessment. Based on the sample’s results, the doctor would decide whether or not to operate on Bishoy. After the results appeared, indeed, the doctor recommended surgery, and Bishoy was operated on once again in order to remove this cancerous tumour.

As the days passed by, to our ultimate dismay, the tumour reappeared yet a third time! However, this time it was larger than ever before. We decided to return to the doctor who performed his previous surgery, however, he told us that there was nothing more that he could do and he could no longer help us. This really left us in a mode of shock, in that there was not a single doctor who could find a remedy for our son’s cancerous tumour!

Before we began to lose complete hope in his healing, we headed to St. Mary's Sourian Monastery, and there we met with one of the fathers whom we knew well. We told him about all that had befallen our infant son, and he was really touched. He advised me to take Bishoy and go to Fr. Faltaous in his cell, and he directed me there. I held my son and I arrived at his cell, however, because the weather was so hot that day, Fr. Faltaous looked at me and said, 'You have come all the way in the heat, son, and you are carrying a child who is ill with cancer?' I was struck by his spiritual vision, and the fact that he knew that Bishoy had cancer even though I had not yet uttered a word to him, so I responded, 'I came to take your blessings, father, so that you may pray on behalf of my son's healing.' Fr. Faltaous then brought out a vial of holy oil and prayed over it, he then prayed for Bishoy and he anointed him with holy oil. Afterwards, he said to me, 'Okay, son, the boy is now in perfect condition.' He then dismissed us in peace.

Indeed, the tumour under Bishoy's arm disappeared entirely, and the miracle was fulfilled! Bishoy is now enjoying great health, and as for me, my faith in miracles as well as the saints who perform miracles and wonders through God's grace, was strengthened. I would like to thank God for His grace and the gifts which He bestows upon us, through the prayers of our saintly Fr. Faltaous. May his blessings be with us all, amen."



***"To fear the Lord is the flower of Wisdom that blossoms with peace and good health."
(Sirach 1:18)***

Mrs. M.W.M. from Sidy Bishr/Alexandria, tells: "We used to visit the Sourian Monastery frequently in order to take the blessings of the saints who lay to rest there. We would spend the whole day at the monastery and we would also spend some time with our beloved Fr. Faltaous. Upon the completion of our visit we would return to our home in Alexandria, feeling joyful and overcome by peace.

During one of our family's visits to the monastery, my sons and I went to the monastery's guest house, and my husband went to escort Fr. Faltaous from his cell to the guest house where we waited. During that time I was suffering from an extreme headache, however, as soon as Fr. Faltaous entered the room, I stood up to greet him and he said to me, 'What's wrong, why do you have a headache?' He then allowed me to sit beside him, he prayed for me and he anointed me with holy oil, after which I was overcome by comfort and a heavenly peace – needless to say that my headache had disappeared entirely. I thanked God who revealed my aches and pains to Fr. Faltaous, because although no one had informed him of my headache, God chose to do so, and I was healed through the blessings of his prayers. May his blessings be with us all, amen."



***“This poor man cried out, and the Lord heard him, And saved him out of all his troubles.”
(Psalm 34:6)***

Mrs. S. A.A. from El Bajor/Minofiya, tells: “I used to suffer from redness all over my body, and the areas that were swollen and constantly itchy. When I went to the doctor, he told me that I had allergies, and he performed an allergy test for me, after which he prescribed the necessary medication. He also asked me to refrain from eating certain types of foods, which may have been the cause of this swelling all over my body. Nevertheless, the medications brought for no permanent results, only temporary relief – the redness and the itching would return once again. As time went by, the reaction became severe and painful, and I had no idea what more to do.

One day, I went to visit St. Mary’s Sourian Monastery and there I met with one of our fathers the monks; when I told him about all that had befallen me, he told me about a monk at the monastery by the name of Fr. Faltaous. He also told me that God is always glorified through his prayers. I learned that Fr. Faltaous was at the monastery’s guest house that day, and I went to meet with him so that I could ask him to pray for me. However, when I approached him, asking for his prayers he refused and he said to me, ‘I am busy right now’. This really saddened me, however, I did not lose hope, and I waited for him until he was about to leave the room, I hastily followed him and I said to him, ‘I am upset with you, Fr. Faltaous.’ When he heard those words, he stopped and asked, ‘Why are you upset?’ I responded, ‘I am ill and I am experiencing a lot of pain because of my acute allergies, and you refused to pray for me.’ He then said, ‘Come and let me pray for you, and please don’t be upset with me.’ Sure enough he prayed for me and he anointed me with holy oil, and then he said to me, ‘Okay, you may go now, and may God heal you.’ I left the monastery and I was rejoicing, I was also overcome by peace, and from that moment onward, even until now I no longer experience any more pain, redness, swelling, or itching. I am also able to eat everything that I was forbidden from, without having to worry about any allergic reactions. I am currently enjoying great health, and I would like to thank our Lord Jesus Christ who healed me through the prayers of our righteous and blessed Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen.”



“No medicine or ointment cured them. They were restored to health by your word, O Lord, the word which heals all humanity. You have power over life and death; you can bring a person to the brink of death and back again.” (Wisdom 16:12)

Mr. N.M. from El Erakiya/Minofiya, tells: "One day after my daughter Miriam returned from her elementary school, I noticed that her whole body was full of blue patches, and it was a scary sight. So I took her to a paediatrician who did a complete blood analysis for her. When the results appeared, there was nothing abnormal in her blood, hence, he did not prescribe any medications for her. Nevertheless, I still felt that something was wrong, so I took my daughter to undergo another blood analysis at a different laboratory, and when the results appeared, the attending doctor said, 'How is your daughter alive up until now? She has an extremely low blood count; the blood test indicated that her blood count is currently 30,000 and the blood count in a healthy human being is at least 140,000!' Hence, I took these test results to Dr. Adel Aziz at his private clinic, and he advised me to take my daughter to the Harmal Hospital in Minof. Sure enough we arrived at the hospital in the middle of the night, and there we met with Dr. Tagy, who saw the report, and he immediately decided that my daughter needed a blood transfusion in order to compensate her for her excessively low blood count. But sadly, she was a blood type O, and her blood type was unavailable at the hospital during that time. So I headed straight to another hospital in Cairo, and I brought over the necessary amount of blood that was required to remedy my daughter. After the blood was transferred to my daughter, she began to shiver tremendously, and the doctors all rushed to her side and tried to remedy the situation until she was stable once again. She remained at the hospital for one week, after which the doctors decided to discharge her, because there was nothing more that they could do for her.

After that I decided to take her to Abo Reish Hospital for children in Cairo, and after undergoing some more tests, Dr. Isis Edward – a haematologist, decided that despite her young age, she required cortisone treatment. So we continued to visit this hospital for cortisone treatments, for three consecutive years as per the doctor's suggestion. Every time that we visited the hospital, my daughter would be required to undergo a new blood analysis; despite all the treatment that she received, she did not show any signs of improvement.

During one of my visits to the Sourian monastery, I took Miriam with me, and there I met with one of the fathers the monks, and when I told him about my daughter's illness, he took both of us to Fr. Faltaous, and he asked him to pray for Miriam. It was known that Fr. Faltaous adored children, and when he saw Miriam, he asked her, 'What is your name?' She responded, 'My name is Miriam'. He then said to her, 'You have a beautiful name.' He then prayed over her head and he opened up a vial of holy oil, which he anointed her with, and then he said to her, 'You are fine now, Miriam, and our Lord will heal you through the intercessions of our Lady the Virgin Mary, because you are named after her.' We then took his blessings and the blessings of the monastery and we headed back to the hospital for our next appointment. After undergoing yet another blood test, to everyone's ultimate surprise, the results indicated that Miriam's condition had improved significantly! Especially when it was compared to the previous blood tests. This really stunned all the doctors, and Miriam continued to improve until her blood count reached the normal levels. Miriam is now in her final year at the faculty of engineering and she is enjoying great health. We would like to thank our Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ

who healed our daughter through the intercessions of our Lady the Virgin Mary, and through the prayers of our saintly and righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen.”



The Miracles which God Performed Through the Intercessions of Fr. Faltaous, After His Departure to Heaven

“...and the diseases left them...” (Acts 19:12)

This miracle was witnessed by Mr. A.R. from El Shatby/Alexandria, he tells: “On Easter Monday of the year 2010, the streets of our city were very crowded as they usually are at this time of year. The cars were also speeding, and one of the pedestrians by the name of Miriam Samir, was struck by one of those cars in the area of Abo Talat. She fell to the ground and due to the shock that she experienced, she looked as if she were dead. Everyone gathered around her and some people carried her to the Amiriya Hospital, but since she was in such a critical condition, the hospital refused to admit her (because they were not fully equipped for such a severe case). She was then taken to a public hospital, and when the doctors examined her, they found that her case was hopeless, especially because she was suffering from a fracture in her skull as well as hemorrhaging (bleeding in the brain), and she also had a fever of 41 degrees. Due to all these injuries, Miriam was in a complete coma, and she also became inflicted with severe seizures. Because her case was this critical, this hospital could not admit her either, for they too were not well equipped for such severe cases.

One of the church servants who saw what Miriam had been through, called Fr. Makar Fawzy, priest of the Saints’ Church, and he explained Miriam’s situation to him; he asked him to admit her to the hospital that belonged to the church. Despite her hopeless case, Fr. Makar agreed and she was admitted into the intensive care unit at that hospital. She was placed onto life support, and she remained in a complete coma for six days, without any improvement. A few other servants and I tried to visit her in the intensive care unit, however, the doctors forbid us altogether. Nevertheless, after insisting, they allowed me to enter the room to check on her. Seven days after the accident, she still remained in a coma, and seeing her this way really saddened me, it was as if she were dead; nevertheless, I did not lose hope in God’s work. That night, at around 9:00 pm I recalled that I had some of Fr. Faltaous El Souriany’s belongings, so I placed them onto Miriam’s head and I asked him to pray on her behalf in front of the Lord Jesus, the Lord of Glory so that He may have compassion on her and heal her.

When visiting time was over, I left Miriam's room and I went to the lobby to meet with her family members. Then at midnight, Miriam's attending doctor came to me and asked, 'what have you done when you entered to visit Miriam in the intensive care unit?' I in turn asked him, 'Why, what happened, doctor?' He told me something that really shocked me, and that was: 'Miriam emerged from her coma, she opened her eyes and she began to feel her surroundings, and this was a miracle under all circumstances.' Her family and I were all overjoyed and we thanked our Lord Jesus Christ as well as our beloved saintly Fr. Faltaous, who interceded on behalf of her healing.

Afterwards, the doctors began to perform different types of tests and scans for Miriam, and they prescribed certain medications for her. A few days later, she was discharged from the hospital feeling completely rejuvenated! She now enjoys great health and a new life, as she thanks our Lord Jesus Christ who saved her from a sure death and gave her a new chance at life. This happened through the prayers and supplications of our beloved and righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



***"For You have delivered my soul from death, My eyes from tears, And my feet from falling."
(Psalm 116:8)***

Mrs. Samia Rifaat Amin from Gizirat Sharona/Maghgha/El Minya, tells: "My husband (Ayad Keliny) works as a security guard for the front door of the Sourian Monastery. Due to the long hours that he spends at the monastery, we don't see him often; hence, on Sunday 3/10/2010, I went to visit him at the monastery so that I could check up on him as well as taking the blessings of the saints there.

Prior to the conclusion of my visit, my husband gave me a book that harboured the biography and the miracles of Fr. Faltaous El Souriany; this way I could read all about him and he would be my intercessor, especially because at one point God healed my husband through his prayers. We were confident in his piety and we constantly asked for his intercessions on our behalf. So I left the monastery and I entered a seven passenger van that would take me and the remaining passengers home. During our trip, I opened the book about Fr. Faltaous and I began to read all about him and the miracles that were present. I was touched by the greatness of this saintly father, and I lifted my heart up in prayer, asking for his intercessions on behalf of my whole family and my loved ones. As I read, I was overcome by joy and I felt that his blessings sustained me.

Throughout the trip home, the van's driver began to accelerate at a very high speed when we approached the province of Bani-Sweif, and all of a sudden, the steering wheel slipped out of his hands to the point where he lost control over the van altogether! At this point we all feared for

our lives, and everyone began to scream, but all to no avail; as for me, I was calling on Fr. Faltaous, saying, 'Fr. Faltaous, please do not forsake us...' A few seconds later, something very strange happened: the van came to a crashing halt, and one of the van's doors (right where I was seated) opened, and I was miraculously able to escape. What was even more surprising than that, was that I was by no means injured – only a few minor scrapes and bruises. As for the rest of the passengers in the van, including the driver, they all died on the scene due to the extreme collision that occurred.

The ambulance arrived a few minutes later in order to try and rescue the other passengers, but sadly, they had all died, except for me – I survived because of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the blessings of the prayers of Fr. Faltaous. When the doctors examined me, they were shocked that nothing had befallen me, and they questioned me, 'Were you really a passenger in the van that collided?!' All the other pedestrians who gathered around me were left in a state of shock as to how I survived this treacherous collision.

Despite the fact that the collision was indeed a very difficult one, and I was emotionally shaken, (especially because everyone around me died), I thanked God for extending His compassionate hand to save me. This was through the blessings and the intercessions of our beloved, saintly, and righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May his blessings protect us for the remaining days of our lives, amen."



***"I called on the Lord in distress; The Lord answered me and set me in a broad place."
(Psalm 118:5)***

Mrs. N.S.S. from Kosina/El Minofiya, tells: "I used to suffer from severe depression, and in July of the year 2010, my husband and children decided to take me to a resort area in Ras El Bir so that I would be able to change scenery and enjoy some quiet time. Sadly though, as we were spending time there, someone drowned in the sea before our very eyes, and despite the fact that we did not know him at all, I was emotionally distraught and I could not bear what had happened to that man. My depression increased even more to the point where I contemplated suicide; I was in a constant mode of crying and I no longer felt that I was amidst my husband and my children.

After we returned back to our hometown, my husband took me to see a psychiatrist – Dr. Victor Sami, who prescribed some medications in order to try and remedy my case. Nevertheless, the medications were all to no avail.

It was God's will that our church planned a trip to the Sourian Monastery in Wadi El Natroun, and so we joined the trip. At the monastery, my husband has a very dear friend who happens to be a monk, and when we met with him, my husband explained to him what I was suffering

from – depression and emotional instability. Hence, this Father showed us around all the churches of the monastery and he also pointed out the saints who lay there, and we took their blessings. Following this tour, he took us to a large indoor burial site, where all the monastery's monks were buried, and he asked me to stand in front of the burial place of Fr. Faltous El Souriany, that I may ask for healing from my mental illness.'

Indeed I stood in front of his burial place and I prayed to God with fervent tears as I asked Fr. Faltaous to intercede on behalf of my healing. I also prayed for my husband and my children, and while I was still standing there, I leaned my head against a wall where a picture of this saintly father (Fr. Faltaous) was hanging. It was then that I began to feel a strong yet pleasant breeze passing by me, and after that I was overcome by extreme peace and comfort. I knew that this was a sign from God, that He was glorified with me through the prayers of our saintly Fr. Faltaous.

Upon the conclusion of our visit, when we returned home I began to improve, and my mental illness was gradually coming to an end until I was completely normal. I would like to thank our Lord Jesus Christ who healed me, and I am currently enjoying my life – as a new person. This happened through the blessings of the prayers of our beloved saintly Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May his blessings and his prayers be with us all, amen.”



“...and to have power to heal sicknesses and to cast out demons...” (Mark 3:15)

The grandson of Mrs. S.K. from Shobra/Cairo was a witness to the following miracle that was performed for his mother, he tells: “My family lives in Shobra, Cairo, however, I live farther away from them. One day, I was calling to check up on them, and my sister informed me that our mother was suffering from extreme exhaustion and that she was having seizures. There were also times where she would not be aware of her surroundings. Although she was examined by multiple doctors, none of them could diagnose her illness, and there was no improvement in her situation whatsoever, to the point where we felt that she was possessed by an evil spirit.

When I learned about what had befallen my mother, my sister and I agreed that we would take her to St. Mary's Sourian Monastery, that we may take the blessings of the saints of the monastery so that they may intercede on behalf of her healing. Indeed, I met up with my sister and my mother at the monastery at the designated time, and upon our arrival, we noticed that our mother began to act very strangely, and her actions confirmed to us that she was indeed possessed by an evil spirit.

After we visited the monastery's churches and we took the blessings of the saints, we decided to go to the monastery's guest house to get some rest. It was then that our mother said to us,

'Why don't you go ahead to the guest house and I will catch up to you.' My sister and I agreed, and we went to the guest house, however, we waited a while and our mother did not show up; we were really worried about her and we began to search for her everywhere. My sister searched the area close to the cathedral, and I headed within the monastery itself to look for her, but neither of us found her. As I stood beside the tree of St. Mari Ephraim El Souriany, I heard a clear voice saying to me, 'Go to the indoor burial site where the monastery's monks are buried, and you will find your mother there, standing in front of the burial place of Fr. Faltaous.'

I obeyed the voice and I headed to the area where the monks are buried, and what was truly surprising to me, was that I saw my sister heading in the same direction. When I asked her why she was heading there, she told me that she heard a voice telling her, 'Go to the indoor burial site where the monastery's monks are buried, and you will find your mother there, standing in front of the burial place of Fr. Faltaous.' I then informed her that I heard the same voice!

So we walked to the indoor burial site together and sure enough, we found our mother standing beside Fr. Faltaous' burial place. She was in a very calm state, and she was full of joy and peace; she was glorifying God for the greatness of His mercy, and for the marvelous works that He performs through His saints.

When we asked her why she was so late to meet up with us at the monastery's guest house, she said to us, 'Just as I was leaving the church, on my way to the monastery's guest house to catch up to you, I found myself walking to the monks' indoor burial site, it was as if someone were pulling me there. When I entered the monks' burial site, my eyes fell upon the picture of Fr. Faltaous El Souriany, and I began to feel a tingling sensation on my side as well as my legs. I then felt as if I were being thrust forward towards Fr. Faltaous' grave, and as soon as I stood in front of it, my eyes were still fixed on his picture, and I was overcome by a strange peace. The tingling sensation that I felt had eased entirely, and I felt that I was completely healed from what inflicted me. I remained standing there and I was rejoicing as I thanked God as well as our saintly Fr. Faltaous for his compassion and for interceding on behalf of my healing.'

After hearing what our mother had to say, we were extremely happy and we thanked God for His marvelous work with her. We walked to the monastery's guest house together and we spent some time there, after which we returned back to our home full of joy and peace. From that time onward, our mother was perfectly normal and calm, and she never showed symptoms of that mysterious evil possession ever again. Every time that I call to ask about her, she tells me that ever since we visited the Sourian Monastery, she has regained her peace and joy back. We would like to thank God who was glorified through His saints, for He healed our mother through the intercessions of our saintly Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May his blessings be with us all, amen."



“The Lord has done great things for us, And we are glad.” (Psalm 126:3)

A church servant from El Shatby/Alexandria was a witness to the following miracle, he tells: “I know a young man who lived in the town of Abo Talat in Alexandria, and his first initials are M.K.A. This young man was in his first year at the faculty of engineering at the University of Alexandria, and as the days went by, something very strange happened to him: He began to lose weight very quickly in a very short period of time – (he lost thirty kilograms in a very short period of time), and this was a very disturbing symptom, especially as to how quickly it happened. This really disturbed his whole family.

His father accompanied him to one of the well renowned doctors, who performed multiple tests and a complete blood analysis for him. When the results appeared, they indicated that there was a particular enzyme that was not present in his blood, and this enzyme is responsible for building the bone marrow of the spine. The doctor informed this young man’s father that this was a very rare occurrence and there was no cure in sight– he would continue to lose weight until he dies! After hearing this horrific news, his father was distraught, and he refused to tell his son, fearing that it would have a negative effect on him.

One day, God planned for me to meet with this young man’s father, and he notified me all about the daunting details; as he spoke to me, he cried fervently for his son. I then said to him, ‘I was visiting the Sourian Monastery, and I was able to get a hold of some of Fr. Faltaous’ personal belongings.’ I gave him the belongings and I also gave him a vial of Holy oil and a picture of Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. I told him to anoint his son with the holy oil, and to take the blessings of his belongings; God willing he will be healed.

Sure enough, the father did as I had instructed him in all faith, and the whole family began to pray for this young man, with all their hearts they beseeched God to heal him through the prayers of the righteous and saintly Fr. Faltaous. A few days later, this young man’s health began to improve significantly, and this pleased everyone in his family, because they felt that heaven had answered their prayers. In order to confirm the miracle, they took him to undergo another blood analysis, and sure enough, when the results appeared, they were 100% normal! The doctor was struck with shock, and he said, ‘This is a miracle under all circumstances, this young man is 100% healthy, and everything in his blood is also normal!’ Everyone in his family rejoiced at the news, and they thanked God for His great gift and the marvelous work that He performed for their son through the intercessions and the prayers of our saintly Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May his blessings be with us all, amen.”



“...God testifying of his gifts; and through it he being dead still speaks.” (Hebrews 11:4)

Dr. Amin Ibrahim/Shobra/Cairo, tells: “I accepted a job in the tourist area of Hurgada, which meant that I would be far from my family, and I was always worried about them, especially because they were alone, and the distance between them and I was long. I was torn between my job and my family, and I would ask myself – should I continue to work here, or should I return home to Cairo to find a job there so that I could be with my wife and children? One night, I looked at the picture of the late Fr. Faltaous, and I began to speak to him, as if he were in front of me. I began to lovingly debate my case with him, as I said to him, ‘Fr. Faltaous, if you were present with us in the flesh, I would have come to ask you about what choice I should make and where to work, and I know that you would have advised me on what to do that would be the best for me and my family. However, father, I have faith that you can hear me now, and I am asking you: please guide me and comfort me with regards to this matter – should I continue to work here in Hurgada, or should I return to Cairo and search for a job there? Those were the only words that I recall during my conversation with him through his picture. At the time, I was very emotional, and I asked for his prayers on my behalf, with fervent tears.

That night I remained awake, not being able to get any sleep; at around 3:00 am, I heard the voice of Fr. Faltaous very clearly and it was coming from the picture that I had in front of me. He said to me, ‘Son, stand up and go.’ I in turn was taken aback because of the surprise, especially because I was wide awake and I could hear his voice clearly. I was overjoyed as to how quickly he responded to me, and I knew that he felt my pain and that he was going to sustain me through his prayers. Sure enough I obeyed his advice: I left Hurgada and I returned to my home in Cairo, and upon my arrival there I discovered that I needed to be there, because there were some issues that my family was facing, and my presence amongst them was necessary. I thanked God who resolved all the issues, and He granted me stability and calm in my life; this was through the intercessions and the prayers of our beloved saintly Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers guide us throughout all that we face in life, amen.”

He also tells: “I was accustomed to visiting St. Mary’s Sourian Monastery on a regular basis, and there I would spend some time on a spiritual retreat. I would also spend the Holy week there, and I would leave after the completion of the Joyous Saturday Liturgy. I used to know the late Fr. Faltaous very well, and I would visit him often in order to take his blessings and so that he may bless me and give me some of his holy oil as a long term blessing.

During the Holy Week of the year 2010, I became very emotional, because Fr. Faltaous was no longer present in the flesh, for he had departed to heaven on the 17th of March that year. Nevertheless, my sons and my nephews and I spent the Holy Week at the monastery as we were accustomed to doing. When we were getting ready to leave the monastery, we descended the stairs, and on our way to the car, my mobile phone fell from me and it collapsed

onto the stairs; it broke into a few pieces and stopped working altogether. Although my sons, nephews and I put the pieces back together, still it would not work –there was no hope. This really saddened me, because this phone was a gift from a dear friend of mine. In any case, we left the monastery and returned home.

Six hours later I asked my wife to bring me Fr. Faltaous' vial of holy oil, and I was getting ready to place a drop onto the phone so that it could work. In seeing this, my wife said to me, 'Stop hallucinating, or are you acting this way because you are emotional and you just returned from the monastery?' However, I paid no attention to what she said, because I was confident in God's strength, and in the fact that He can do all things, especially when we intercede with one of His sons, the saints. So I looked at Fr. Faltaous' picture that is hanging in my office and I said to him, 'Fr. Faltaous, please don't let me down, I am confident that through the blessings of your prayers, the phone will work again.' I then placed the drop of holy oil onto the phone, and I asked for his intercessions. I then pushed the 'on' button, and to my ultimate surprise, the phone began to work again! It was as if it hadn't fallen to begin with! I called my wife and I told her what happened; she was shocked, and she said, 'Great is God in His saints, for it is through their prayers that all miracles occur, even those that may seem impossible.' We glorified our Lord Jesus Christ and we thanked our beloved Fr. Faltaous El Souriany who never forgets us, even after his departure. May his blessings be with us all, amen."



"Seek the Lord while He may be found, Call upon Him while He is near." (Isaiah 55:6)

Mrs. N.N. A. from El Emraniyah/El Giza tells: "I used to suffer from extreme pains in my side, so I went to the doctor who asked that I undergo some scans and tests. When the results appeared, they indicated that I had a stone in my kidney, and it was in motion, it was by no means stable – hence the pain. The doctor prescribed the necessary medications for me, and I continued to take them until my condition was relatively stable.

However, after a while, the pain returned once again, and I resorted to the same doctor. This time he performed an ultrasound for me in order to determine the location of the stone, and why the pain had returned. The ultrasound indicated that the stone had moved from the kidney, and because of its large size it was trapped in my urinary tract. In seeing this, the doctor advised me to undergo surgery in order to remove this stone.

I returned home and I was extremely upset, because I feared the idea of surgery altogether. I asked for the prayers of Fr. Faltaous, and I interceded with him, especially because I knew him and I was confident that God would fulfill his prayers. I had some of the holy oil that Fr. Faltaous had given to us prior to his departure, I anointed the area of the pain with it and I asked God to heal me. A few minutes later, the stone moved to my bladder, and all the pain

ceased!! I thanked my Lord Jesus Christ for this miracle that was performed for me through the prayers and the supplications of our beloved Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen.”



“And it will be for a sign and for a witness to the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt; for they will cry to the Lord because of the oppressors, and He will send them a Savior and a Mighty One, and He will deliver them.” (Isaiah 19:20)

Mr. Attia Guirgis from Manof/El Minofiya, tells: “My family and I own a piece of agricultural land and at one point we had built a very small house on it; however, as many years passed the house became very old and run down. A few years later, we learned that the people who owned various portions of land surrounding ours (about 26 parcels of land surrounded our piece of land), had begun to renovate and to expand their old homes, which they too had once built. Hence, we decided to do the same with our old home, we expanded and renovated it. None of us required any building permits in order to build on our designated pieces of land, so we continued on until all of our homes were complete.

One day, a representative from the ministry of agriculture’s office came to our area, and accompanying him was an inspector, who began to search the whole area in order to determine what had become of this large piece of agricultural land (where our home as well as our neighbours’ homes were built). He began to make a record of all the homes that were built on the land, and he made note that they were all old homes, so that the owners would not be required to pay extra taxes. However, when the inspector came to inspect our parcel of land, and when he learned that it was under a Christian name, ‘Guirgis’, he became furious and he made a note that we had broken the rules by building a house on an agricultural piece of land without a building permit! He also made a note that the house needed to be demolished, because all the rules had been broken. We tried everything so that he may consider our case just like that of our neighbours, who built without any permits but he refused altogether, and he said to us, ‘Over my dead body...this house shall not continue to stand...’ He also threatened us by saying, ‘I will be summoning over the head of my department, so that he can implement the demolition of this home.’ He refused to reason with us, and he ended up leaving; this news really disturbed every member of our household. In seeing that everyone was shaken, I said to them, ‘Don’t worry, we will intercede with our saintly Fr. Faltaous El souriany, and we will leave this ordeal up to him to resolve; he knows what needs to be done, and he will bring this ordeal to a safe end.’ Sure enough, my family and I stood to pray in fervent tears, and we interceded with our righteous Fr. Faltaous – we were confident that God would intervene.

The next day, a different inspector and his crew arrived at our parcel of land, and they were really sympathetic towards us. The inspector wrote up a whole new set of documents, which

stated that the home was a very old one, exactly like all of the other surrounding homes in the area. The documents were then sealed, and were sent to the ministry to be approved, and everything passed in peace. When we asked the inspector about what had become of the previous inspector (who gave us a hard time and refused to reason with us), he said, 'He was transferred to Cairo on a different assignment, and I was assigned to your case in his place.' So we thanked God for His marvelous work with us.

The following day, we were surprised to find the very first inspector approaching our home, and he was asking about what had happened. He continued to flare up and threaten us, as he said, 'You have deceived me, and I will bring back all those papers, and I will turn your world upside down!' Although he was raging against us, we were only mildly shaken, and we began to pray once again as we interceded with our beloved Fr. Faltaous. We were confident that God would not let us down.

As the days passed, nothing had changed, and ten days later when we heard about what had become of our documents, we were informed that everything was completed in peace, and that our home would be officially registered in the province without any issues! When we wanted to know about what had become of that inspector, we were told that he was transferred to another job altogether! This was God's work and His answer to those who called upon Him in prayer. We thank God for His aid and for sustaining us; indeed, He did not forsake us, but He answered our prayers and He resolved our problem. This happened through the prayers of our saintly Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May his blessings protect us and sustain us always, amen."

He also tells: "After God was glorified with us through our home and our parcel of land, my sister Safa Guirgis came to visit us from Manof, and when she learned about how God was glorified with us through the prayers of Fr. Faltaous, she rejoiced with us. She also asked me for his book, as well as his picture, which I gave to her.

During that time, my sister had been married for many years, however, God did not grant her an offspring. Despite the fact that she and her husband had been following up with the doctors on a regular basis and they took many medications, it was all to no avail. She then told me that she would intercede with our beloved Fr. Faltaous, so that God may grant her an offspring through his prayers. When she returned back to her home, she placed his picture in front of her and she began to read his book; she then began to pray with fervent tears that God may grant her an offspring through his prayers.

Sure enough, one month after her visit to our home, God answered her prayers and she began to feel different. When she went to the doctor, she underwent certain tests, and when the results appeared, they indicated that she was pregnant, the doctor said, 'Congratulations, you are pregnant, and the fetus is twenty five days old.' Which is the precise duration of time from when she began to intercede with Fr. Faltaous. My sister and her husband were overjoyed at the news, and we all rejoiced that God would grant them an offspring. We thanked God who

answered our prayers through the intercessions of Fr. Faltaous El Souriany – our family’s patron saint. May his blessings be with us all, amen.”



“The mouth of the righteous speaks wisdom, and his tongue talks of justice.” (Psalm 37:30)

This miracle occurred to one of our Fathers the monks, he tells: “One day, I began to feel extreme pain in my mouth, and I noticed that some sores had begun to appear under my tongue. As time passed by, the sores and the pain increased on a daily basis, and I remained this way for six days, thinking that these symptoms may disappear on their own. However, when my condition began to worsen, I resorted to the help of a dentist, and he prescribed some medications for me, but all to no avail, for my condition was becoming worse. When I discovered that the field of medicine had failed to cure these sores, I recalled that I had a vial of blessed holy oil that the late Fr. Faltaous El Souriany had once given to me, during his life in the flesh. When I looked at the vial, it had very little oil in it, so I asked for Fr. Faltaous’ intercessions and his prayers on my behalf, after which I anointed the inside of my mouth with the oil, and I went to sleep.

The next morning, after I awoke, I found that the sores had disappeared entirely, and the pain had ceased altogether. I thanked our Lord Jesus Christ, who granted me speedy healing through the prayers of our righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May his blessings be with us all, amen.”



***“Do not be one of those who shakes hands in a pledge, one of those who is surety for debts...”
(Proverbs 22:26)***

Mr. W.A. from Kosina/El Minofiya, tells: “I travelled to one of the European countries for business, and I remained there for many years, and when my contract ended I returned back to Egypt. I met with one of my good friends who asked to borrow a large sum of money, because he needed it to start up his own business; he also told me that he would repay me as soon as he could. Because this person was a very dear friend of mine, I trusted him with all my heart and I agreed to give him the money that he requested so that he could begin his business project without any further delays.

Sadly though, when it was time for him to repay me the money, I found that he was avoiding me, and every time I would confront him, he would come up with multiple excuses. Many tried to intervene so that he would return the money to me, but all to no avail. This really saddened

me, especially because I felt that I was betrayed by my best friend – a friend whom I trusted with all my heart. Nevertheless, I submitted my case to God, because there was no proof or any official documents to prove that he was indebted to me. The days and the years passed by, and nothing had changed whatsoever.

One day, I went to visit the Sourian Monastery, and there I met with one of our beloved Fathers, the monks. When I explained my ordeal to him, and how saddened I was, he took me to the monks' burial site, and we stood in front of Fr. Faltaous' grave, and he said to me, 'Ask him to resolve this issue for you.' Indeed, I did, I prayed and I interceded with our beloved Fr. Faltaous that he may intercede on my behalf so that God would restore compassion to my friend's heart, and he would return to me what he owed me. I prayed with fervent tears because I was extremely distraught from what had befallen me, especially because I needed this money. However, I was confident that God would answer my prayers through the intercessions of the saints.

Afterwards, I was overcome by extreme comfort, and I returned to my home feeling peaceful. One week after my visit to the Sourian Monastery, I was amazed that my friend asked to see me, and when I went to meet him, he apologized profusely that he had delayed in returning what he owed me, he said, 'I will return your money to you in full, including the interest.' Sure enough he did, he quickly returned a large sum of money to me (because it included the interest). I would like to thank God for fulfilling His promise to me. Glory and honour be to our Lord Jesus Christ who resolved this issue for me, and restored my rights to me in full, through the blessings and the intercessions of our beloved and righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers sustain us throughout our whole lives, amen."



"Go and tell Hezekiah, 'Thus says the Lord, the God of David your father: 'I have heard your prayer...'" (Isaiah 38:5)

Mr. Nabil Samuel from Abo El Matamir/Magira, tells: "A friend of mine travelled to China to pick up some merchandise for his business. When he arrived, he paid part of the money that he owed, which was agreed upon with the Chinese merchant, and he called me to transfer the remainder of the money to him from Cairo. So I travelled to a bank in Alexandria so that I may make the money transfer to the designated account of the company's manager in China. I asked one of the bank tellers about the duration of time that it would take for the money to arrive to China, and she mentioned that it would arrive in forty eight hours.

After a few days passed, the money still had not arrived in China, and my friend called me, asking me to return to the bank and inquire about what had happened. In response, the bank teller informed me that the bank's swift code had already left, and this meant that the money

should have arrived at the account in China, but it didn't. We remained puzzled for twelve days, not knowing what to do, until the deadline for the money's arrival had dawned on us, and we had no idea what to do! However, one day, I received a phone call from one of the monks at the Sourian Monastery, and he was calling to inform me that Fr. Faltaous had just departed to heaven, and that they were making the necessary preparations for the funeral at the monastery. After I expressed my deepest sympathies and condolences to him, I told him all about my friend's ordeal. I explained to him that my friend was due to return to Egypt after two days, I beseeched this monk to approach Fr. Faltaous in his casket, and to ask for his prayers on behalf of this ordeal.

I was deeply saddened by the departure of Fr. Faltaous, and I asked for his intercessions on behalf of this ordeal, I said to him, 'Please help me to feel that you are amongst us, and that you will never forsake us until we meet with you in heaven.' Sure enough, the next day my friend called me and he was overjoyed, for the money had arrived in the account of the company's owner. This happened only one day prior to his arrival back to Egypt. I thanked our Lord Jesus Christ, and I truly felt the blessings of the prayers of our righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May his holy blessings be with us all, amen."



***"I know that You can do everything, And that no purpose of Yours can be withheld from You."
(Job 42:2)***

Mrs. M.S. from Manof/El Minofiya tells: "I used to suffer from breast cancer, and because of this I underwent surgery for the removal of my breasts, as well as multiple chemotherapy sessions. In order to administer the chemotherapy treatment, the doctor inserted a 22.5 cm long catheter into my neck, and this was how a part of the medication was administered to me. However, during my last chemotherapy session, the catheter malfunctioned, so the doctor administered the medication directly and manually into my neck. When the doctor began to remove the medical equipment from around my neck, he discovered that the catheter had disappeared. After performing an X-ray for me, he found that the catheter had drifted off into my vein, until it reached the heart! It was stuck in one of the arteries beside the heart, while the other part was inside the ventricle! The doctor then concluded that he would insert a stent in order to try and extract the catheter, and sure enough I was admitted to the operating room; I was put under a general anaesthetic, and the doctor began to make several attempts to remove the catheter tube. He spent two hours trying to extract the tube, but he failed to do so, and after I regained my consciousness, I was distraught because of this, and I had no idea what to do; hence, I interceded with the saints.

Soon afterwards, my son came to visit me at the hospital and along with him he had a book about the life of Fr. Faltaous El Souriany, and it included some of his miracles. He borrowed the

book from one of the church servants who had learned of my case, and she said to him, 'Intercede with Fr. Faltaous and he will make this surgery a success.' My son then said to me, 'Mama, this man is a great saint...' My son then began to recite a few miracles that were present in the book. Sure enough we all interceded with him, and we beseeched him with fervent tears that he may stand by my side for yet another surgery that was due to take place the next day. I prayed that the catheter may be extracted safely, so that I may move on with my life.

Early the next morning, the doctor admitted me to the operating room, and he began to make another attempt to remove the catheter tube. This time however, the catheter miraculously came out, and all the doctors and the nurses who surrounded me were rejoicing, especially because this was the first time that they had encountered such an odd case. After extracting the catheter, the doctor noticed that it had a clotted piece of blood, and this would have surely led to a stroke had it remained in my heart. So we thanked our Lord Jesus Christ who completed this surgery in peace through the intercessions of the saints, and the prayers and the supplications of our righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen."



"Cast your burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain you; He shall never permit the righteous to be moved." (Psalm 55:22)

Mrs. S.Z. from Cairo tells: "My husband died in the United States, however, his family members refused to send me any official documents of his death. Although I tried everything to obtain these official documents from the American embassy in Cairo, my attempts failed. Even though I continued to try for a whole year, I was unable to do anything.

One day I met with one of the church servants at our church, and when I told him about my ordeal, he gave me a picture of Fr. Faltaous El Souriany and he said to me, 'This is the picture of a saintly man, ask for his prayers and intercede with him, and he will resolve this issue for you.' Sure enough I returned to my home and I placed Fr. Faltaous' picture in front of me and I sat to speak with him – as if he were in front of me; I told him all about what I needed. I asked him to stand by my side so that I could obtain those important official documents, and I interceded with him. After my prayers I was overcome by comfort, peace, and consolation.

The next day, I received a phone call from the American Embassy, and they booked an appointment for me to meet with them. Sure enough I went to the embassy, and everyone was very cooperative with me, I was able to obtain the documents that I needed without any further complications! I thanked our Lord Jesus Christ who made everything proceed smoothly

through the prayers and supplications of our righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. May the blessings of his prayers be with us all, amen.”



“To the Chief Musician. A Psalm of David. I waited patiently for the Lord; And He inclined to me, and heard my cry.” (Psalm 40:1)

Mrs. N.A. from Manof/El Minofiya, tells: “At one point, I misplaced some important documents that belonged to my son, and I could no longer find them. It took me a long while to search my apartment, but all to no avail – they were nowhere to be found. In addition, my son was experiencing great difficulty in applying to replace those documents.

One day, I travelled to the Sourian Monastery and there I met with one of the fathers the monks whom I know. He spoke to me about the late Fr. Faltaous El Souriany and his many miracles. He also gave me a few of his pictures, as well as a book which harboured the story of his life and miracles. After returning back to my home that night, I began to read the book and I interceded with our beloved Fr. Faltaous, that he may retrieve those lost documents for my son.

The next day as I opened one of my cupboards, I found a sealed envelope in front of me, and when I opened it, I found all the lost documents inside it! This was despite the fact that I had already checked this cupboard more than once, but at the time I found nothing! I thanked God and I glorified Him for His work with me, through the blessings of the prayers of our righteous Fr. Faltaous El Souriany whom I interceded with. May his holy blessings be with us all, amen.”



***“When the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her and said to her, ‘Do not weep.’”
(Luke 7:13)***

Mrs. Fadya El Shayib Hakim from El Awamiya/Luxor tells: “On Thursday 2nd of December of the year 2010, on my way home back from work, I was struck by a speeding motorcycle as I was crossing the road. I was struck to the point where I was tossed to the ground and I could not move whatsoever.

All the pedestrians surrounded me, and they called for an ambulance; upon its arrival, I was transferred to the Luxor General Hospital. There I was examined by multiple doctors, including Dr. David Nabil Gayed and Dr. Mamdoh Hamed. After undergoing a regular X-ray, they concluded that I had a fracture in the ninth disc of my spine, as well as a hairline crack in my ribs. Hence, they decided to keep me at the hospital so that I could undergo an MRI the next

day, after which I would be required to undergo surgery. Accompanying me to the hospital were my sister and her husband, but because we noticed that many of the patients had begun to die at that particular hospital that night, we were overcome by fear and I asked to be discharged. The doctor then wrote a detailed report pertaining to my condition and I was discharged according to my will.

My brother in law then took me to the Rodwaniya Centre for Diagnostic Testing in Luxor in order to undergo the MRI. When the results appeared, they confirmed the fracture in the ninth disc of my spine, after which I was examined by many other doctors at the centre, namely, Dr. Rafiq Ramsis Aziz and Dr. Sohry Bolis. They all concluded that it was necessary for me to undergo an immediate surgery. I was then transferred to a well renowned doctor in Assiut, by the name of Dr. Esam El Sharif, and I booked a preliminary appointment for the day of 5/12/2010.

Until then, the doctor advised me to lay flat on my back, to watch out for any sudden movements, and he informed me that I would need to be transferred to the hospital through an ambulance. These precautions were meant to minimize any implications for my injured back. As I waited to be examined by Dr. El Sharif in Assiut, the following is what happened:

My family knows a monk who resides at the Sourian Monastery, hence, my brother in law seized the opportunity to inform him of all that had befallen me, and he asked him to pray on my behalf. He then wrote my name onto a piece of paper and he placed it onto Fr. Faltaous' grave, located inside the monks' burial site inside the monastery. We had full confidence in the power of his prayers.

I began to read Fr. Faltaous' book of miracles, and as I continued to read it I called on our saintly Father, in fervent tears. I asked him to intervene and to perform a miracle for me. My sister also brought me some of the holy oil that belonged to Fr. Faltaous and she anointed my back with it, especially because I was in a lot of pain – I was unable to move whatsoever. I was also given some of Fr. Faltaous' belongings, and I took their blessing – I kept them with me, and I continued to pray on behalf of my healing.

In my apartment, I have a large picture of Fr. Faltaous hanging on the wall of my living room. Every member of my family, even children would stand in front of this picture and they would pray fervently, asking for the intercessions and the prayers of our beloved Fr. Faltaous so that God may grant me healing through his prayers. We were all filled with faith, that God would answer our prayers and that He would heal me through the prayers of Fr. Faltaous.

In the evening of 4/12/2010, I was experiencing so much pain to the point where I was in tears. I prayed with fervent tears that God may be glorified with me and I cried myself to sleep. The next morning, which was the day of 5/12/2010, I awoke feeling strangely calm, and all the pain in my back had ceased entirely. So I thanked God as well as His saint – Fr. Faltaous, for this miraculous healing.

My brother in law, who happens to work at the Luxor police station, began to contact the ambulance that was due to transfer me to Assiut so that I may be examined by Dr. El Sharif, as per the doctors' orders. However, I refused to ride in an ambulance, and I said to him, 'I feel that Fr. Faltaous has performed a miracle for me, and I have become healed from the fracture in my back as well as the hairline crack in my rib bone. Nevertheless, I will go with you to the doctor in a regular car, and I will sit (as opposed to laying on my back). After hearing what I said, everyone rejoiced, especially because heaven interceded in a speedy manner.

Sure enough they took me to Dr. Esam El Sharif in Assiut, and after examining me, he informed my whole family, saying, 'This is a miracle under all circumstances, because the fracture has healed without the interference of surgery or any other procedure! This is something very strange.' He began to pat every part of my spine, especially the area that had the fracture, and he tested every part, but I did not feel any pain. He then said to me, 'Congratulations, you have no fractures!' We all rejoiced because the miracle from heaven was confirmed to us by this doctor.

I then began to walk normally and for long distances, until we arrived at the hotel where we would lodge at (during our stay in Assiut); nevertheless, I felt no pain whatsoever. In fact, I felt perfectly normal, and I thanked our Lord Jesus Christ who granted me speedy healing through this amazing miracle that was performed through the prayers and the intercessions of our compassionate Fr. Faltaous El Souriany. Ever since that time he has become our family's patron saint. May his blessings be with us all, amen."



A Note to Our Beloved Sons and Daughters

If God has performed a miracle for you through the prayers of Fr. Faltaous El Souriany, please send it to us, because it could be a message from God to other readers who may benefit from it and become inspired by it – as it leads them closer to God. Please include your full name, your telephone number and your address. We will not include your name if you do not wish to do so; however, we will need it in case we need to contact you for further details about your miracle.

You may send your miracles to:

fr.fltaous.alsoriany@gmail.com