



## About Miracles

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[Below are accounts of four miracles attributed to St. John Vianney. They were cited during the process that led to sainthood.]

1.) The following is the deposition made on October 10, 1864, by Léonide Joly about her sister:

I was born at Saint-Claude on May 8, 1848. Adélaïde is four years younger than I. For five years, we have both been in the orphanage kept by the Sisters of Charity, in the parish of Saint-Jean at Lyons.

I always dressed my little sister in the morning. One day she complained of pains in her left arm. In September 1861, the mistress who came to inspect our work noticed that Adélaïde was not working, and that her arm was resting on her knee. She called her a little idler, whereupon we both burst into tears.

The child was taken to M. Berne, the head surgeon of the Charité. He said that Adélaïde had a white swelling, that her arm was disabled for life and that she would have to wear a surgical appliance. The appliance was not ordered, for our mistresses wished to try something else.

They made us begin a novena to the Curé d' Ars, and, as they possessed an old pair of shoes that had belonged to that holy priest, they took one of the laces and tied it round my little sister's arm.

After the lapse of seven days, Adélaïde said to me: "Léonide, my arm no longer hurts me." When I uncovered her arm, I saw that she could move it with ease. I ran quickly upstairs to tell the news to our mistress. She scolded me gently for having acted without her permission.

On the ninth day of the novena, the Sister herself removed the bandages from her arm, which she found perfectly cured. It could be moved freely, and bore the same appearance as the other one, showing no sign whatever of emaciation. The swelling was quite gone

Dr. Berne was astounded at the cure. He made no difficulty when asked to give a certificate, which was sent to the Bishop of Belley. In our great happiness we made a novena of thanksgiving, and ever since we often invoke the Curé d' Ars, who cured my little sister.

2.) A baker in Saint-Laurent-les-Macon (Ain), gave this account:

I certify that on January 1, 1862, my son, Léon Roussat, aged six years and two months, was attacked by nervous symptoms, which at first were only slight, but which soon grew in gravity and frequency. We called in Dr. Carteron of Macon, who treated him successively for worms, fever, taenia, and finally for epilepsy.

The doctor's prescriptions yielded no result and the boy grew steadily worse, so my wife and I went to Lyons where we showed the child to Dr. Barrier, the major of the big hospital. He prescribed the use of chalybeate water, a new treatment upon which he placed great reliance. The only result was an alarming increase of the number and intensity of the attacks; the boy collapsed on an average as often as fifteen times in a day.

When we paid a second visit to Dr. Barrier, he contented himself with giving us a few hints in writing, adding: "Your child is young. There are some who get over it; others who do not. In any case, it is useless to bring him back to me."

We were not satisfied with a reception of this kind, and it was with very heavy hearts that we started on the return journey. Now, as we passed through Villefranche, which is close to Ars, I said to my wife: "We must take our Léon to Ars."

On reaching home, we began a novena in honour of the holy Curé. Alas! Our prayers were not answered; the hour of grace had not yet struck. The attacks of the poor, stricken child were now so intense and so frequent that he collapsed oftener than ever. It even happened that, after an attack, he remained for two hours like one dead, cold and frozen. From that time, he became quite paralyzed, and lost all power of speech.

On Easter Monday, we wanted to carry him to the tomb of the Curé d' Ars, but M. le Curé of Saint-Laurent objected; our pious pastor was afraid. And his fears were only too reasonable that our child would die on this journey.

But on May 1, he could keep us back no longer. He, himself, was going to Ars, where the Bishop of Belley was to lay the foundation stone of the new church. We set out with him. Should we have the misfortune to lose our child, M. le Curé would be there to stand by us.

We arrived at the close of the ceremony, and had the good fortune to receive the blessing of his Lordship for our dear little sufferer. When the Bishop had entered the house of the missionaries, M. le Curé and my wife presented to him Léon, whom he embraced and blessed once more, recommending us to begin a novena to the Curé d' Ars. We were to say one decade of the rosary each day. Monseigneur was kind enough to promise that he would unite his prayers to ours, and to assure us that the child would be cured.

From the house of the missionaries, we carried the child to the tomb of the saint. On our return to the hotel, we had the joy of seeing the little one, who had been quite paralyzed, take his glass with his right hand, drink and then play with some matches, which he lit and then threw far from him.

On our way from Ars to Saint-Laurent, which we reached late at night, our dear Léon had only two slight attacks. His sleep was peaceful, and was prolonged until morning. We had to dress him as we had been in the habit of doing; his limbs were still paralyzed. And, in fact, my wife noticed two slight attacks.

At about ten o'clock, we sat down to the table. Shortly after, oh joy! Léon asked me by signs to move his chair away from the table. When I had done so, he jumped from it and began to run about. He was perfectly cured. True, his speech was still halting, but by the end of our novena, that too was restored to him. May everlasting thanks be given to God and his servant, the Curé d' Ars.

Ever since then, the boy's health has been perfect; he has never had a moment's illness. Having witnessed such a prodigy, I could not refuse to give my heart to the good God. I am, and I hope to remain, a convinced Christian.

3.) Soeur Eugene, a religious of Saint-Charles, began to suffer from varicose veins at the beginning of 1905. Before long, they started to bleed and this caused an ulcer six centimeters in length and five in breadth, which made walking impossible for the poor Sister.

In August 1905, some persons of Ronne (Rhône) where Soeur Eugene was stationed, spoke to her of a pilgrimage to Ars. The poor invalid besought them to take her to the village of the holy Curé. She was carried into the church and placed on a chair over the tomb in which M. Vianney had at one time reposed. There she remained for nearly an hour.

"Father," she naively told him, "it was my duty to cook for my community – I must do so tomorrow!" Suddenly she felt cured. Standing up, she walked unaided to the hotel where

the pilgrims from Ronno were staying. The following day, Soeur Eugene resumed her duties as cook.

4.) Mathilde Rougeol was born on September 23, 1878, at Villers-la-Faye (Cote-d' Or). As the result of influenza, she developed tuberculous laryngitis on reaching her 28th year. She lost all power of speech, and realizing that there was no hope, she gave up consulting physicians.

In July 1910, she took part in a pilgrimage to Lourdes, led by Mgr. Dadolle, Bishop of Dijon. The virgin of Massabielle refused to cure her. On the way home, the pilgrims stopped at Ars. Mgr. Dadolle conjured the blessed Curé to work the miracles necessary for his canonization.

Before leaving, the pilgrims gathered for the last time in front of the altar to kiss the relic of the heart. Whilst kissing it, Mathilde said within herself: "If you wish it, you can cure me!"

When she was once more back in her place, she tried to sing. Her voice, which she had lost four years earlier, broke forth as of old when she joined in the well-known hymn:

C'est notre saint, notre honneur, notre gloire, Le Curé d' Ars qu'on acclame ces lieux...

(He is our saint, our honour, our glory, The Curé d' Ars whom we acclaim on this spot...)  
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