

## A Miracle from Saint Gaspar Bertoni

It was Sunday, a glad day. We, the seminarians, were waiting the theater of the youth from the Congregação Mariana (*Marian Congregation*), when burst the notice:

- "Pino (family nickname of José Anselmi) is in a risk of life!"

Everybody abandoned the theater room running.

José Anselmi had been operated of a suppurated ulcer on stomach, with unsatisfactory results. The evil recrudesced, turning the patient more debilitate and reduced to skin and bones. The colleges, joking, had tried their caps on the more salient bones at his back.

On that day he didn't get up the stairs of the Escola Apostólica Santa Cruz (*Santa Cruz Apostolic School*) in Rio Claro-SP, where we were living. He fell lying face downwards on the first stair steps. Carried stairs up, he had vomited continuously. Burst ulcer. He didn't talk more. To the urgent help called, the family doctor, José Marciano, arrived quickly. He evidenced that, to stop the death, it had imposed a blood transfusion. Ângelo Dall'ara, a healthy fortress, gave the blood.

We had seen the doctor trying to insert the blood in the patient vessels. Frustrate tried: the blood didn't run on the already dried and empty vessels. Medical order:

- "Take him to the Santa Casa (*Hospital*) in an ambulance, on this manner lye down on the bed, but don't move him from the position he is now. The coagulated blood in his stomach is impeding that he die, and because that he is alive."

He was carried down stairs with extreme care, and the ambulance went on the more slow possible march. He passes the first night. On the day after, each time the telephone had rung in the Seminary, we, apprehensive, thought it was the fatal notice. By the power of shots, he arrived on the third day. He had got up to tell some words, but with a so weak voice that, to we understand, we needed to come our ears close to his mouth. On this third day, he said:

"Give me with water the relic of the Venerable Gaspar."

On that room of the hospital it was begin a nervous exchange of ideas. The doctor had prohibited that we gave to him even a swallow of water, which could reactive the hemorrhage and cause his death. Called the doctor, he maintained the prohibition.

New order from the patient:

- "I want to drink the relic of the Venerable Gaspar."

Nervousness and apprehension. They insisted with the doctor, who, irritated, answered:

- "You can give what you want to him, as after this moment I'm not more his doctor."

By a moment the assistances looked at one another, with no ideas about to do. The responsibility was too heavy. And if giving to him a relic, he died?! And if he died because we didn't had given the relic of the Venerable Gaspar, on that he is so trustful?! All by all: let us to give it. While a Stigmatine did the patient to drink a spoon of water, the minuscule relic of the vestment of the Venerable Gaspar, the nursery, knees down, was fervorly praying around the bed. On the same moment, José Anselmi sat by himself on the bed, saying:

- "I'm healed!"

It was a scare, sharing glad with stunning. Wouldn't be it the "mending" of the death? But José repeated:

- "I'm healed and hungry."

The Sister, trembling, showed to him tea with some cookies He ate all with taste, in front the eyes of the presents, still unsure.

- "I want more."

And the second order was also devoured as who is healthful. There were not more any questions. It was the complete and immediate miracle. Everybody embraced each other, smiling and crying. They did a call to the Seminary. The notice did the students forget the silence of the classroom to explode in a shout of glad and praise to Lord, who condescended to show the holiness of the Venerable Gaspar, consenting, through his intermediary, a singular grace.

José Anselmi, as a prudent measure, stayed on the hospital in observation on day more, until the radiography reveal a perfect stomach!

I was one of who exploded of glad on that hour.

Rev. Mário Zuchetto, css

Santa Cruz Province

Campinas, Brazil, August 7th, 2000.



Picture took probably in 1939 – Father José Anselmi (at right), with Mr. Antonio Buschinelli, who was laboratory technician on the Santa Casa (*Hospital*) and was present in his room when it happened the miracle of cure, in 1937.

José Anselmi, born in Verona, in 1914, was ordinate priest in 1939 and died in March 15th, 1994, in Ribeirão Preto-SP, Brazil, when he was almost 80 years old.