



Saint John


(Maximovich)

Wonderworker of Shanghai
and San Francisco
(1896 -1966)

Memories of the Living Saint John
and Testimonials

On Occasion of the Twenty Fifth Year
Anniversary of His Glorification
June 29, 2019

San Francisco, California



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Archbishop Peter of Chicago and Mid America*

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Introduction

Many books and articles have been written about Saint John, Wonderworker of Shanghai and San Francisco. Some of these were written by people who never knew or understood him, and some fallacies have been introduced. One such notion is that he was a ‘fool for Christ’. That is absolutely not true. Another is that he was always serious, never smiling or having a sense of humor. This also is absolutely not true. Saint John becomes known to a person through the heart and soul, not through the intellect alone.

This brochure is in two main parts: part one are the Remembrances by those who personally knew him and write first-hand accounts; part two are the Testimonies from people all over the world who never personally knew or saw him, but attest to happenings and miracles associated through his intercession before God. Both parts re-affirm “God is Wondrous in His Saints.”



Св. ИОАНН,
Шанхайский и Сан-Францисский чудотворец
St. JOHN, Wonderworker of Shanghai & San Francisco

ТРОПАРЬ, глас 5:

Попечение твое о пастве в странствии ея, / се
прообраз и молитв твоих, за мир весь присно
возносимых: / тако веруем, познав любовь
твою, святителю и чудотворче Иоанне! /
Весь от Бога освящен священнодействием
пречистых Таин, / имиже присно укрепляем,
поспешал еси ко страждущим, целителю
отраднейший: // поспеши и ныне в помощь
нам, всем сердцем чтущим тя.

TROPARION, in Tone 5:

Lo, thy care for thy flock in its sojourn / prefig-
ured the supplications which thou dost ever of-
fer up for the whole world. / Thus do we believe,
having come to know thy love, O holy hierarch
and wonderworker John. / Wholly sanctified by
God through the ministry of the all-pure Mys-
teries, / and thyself ever strengthened thereby,
thou didst hasten to the suffering, O most glad-
some healer. // Hasten now also to the aid of us
who honor thee with all our heart.

Brief Outline of Saint John's Life

The future Saint John was born in 1896 in the eastern part of the pre-revolutionary Russia Minor, (Ukraine), and was from the noble family of Maximovich, refugees from the Turkish occupied Serbia. Among his ancestors were Saints John of Tobolsk, and according to some documents, to Saint Ioasaph of Belgorod.

His parents were Boris Ivanovich and Glafira Michailovna, maiden name Sevastianova. Both died after the Second World War in Venezuela, where they were buried.

Baptized at birth as Michael, he had two brothers, Alexander and Constantine, and sister Maria. He was the eldest of the siblings.

Michael Maximovich received his primary education at the Poltava Cadet Academy, completing it in 1914. Following that, he studied law at Kharkov University, where he graduated in 1918.

The Revolution and Civil War forced the family to abandon their homeland and relocate to Serbia, where the future Vladika completed his Theological Studies. (Vladika is an endearing name for a Bishop). The Blessed Metropolitan Anthony was the spiritual father to the future Vladika, tonsured him a Monk with the name of John, in honor of relative John of Tobolsk, and guided him through all the steps of priesthood.

The monk-priest John taught for a while at the Bitol Seminary in Serbia where he got to know the Blessed Nicholai Velimirovich, the Serbian Chrysostom and Blessed Justin Popovich. His consecration to Bishop of Shanghai was performed in Belgrade in 1934. Vladika arrived to Shanghai in time for the Feast Day of Entrance Into the Temple of the Mother of God that same year.

While he was in the Bitol Seminary, the students noticed the special ascetic sacrifice their teacher Fr. John, imposed on himself, that of sleeping while sitting, not laying in bed. This special manner of controlling oneself, St. John kept to the last day of his blessed life. Also in Bitol, the future Vladika began serving Divine Liturgy every day, which he continued until his repose.

In Shanghai, Bishop John immediately started to pay attention to the large number of orphaned and homeless children. Within a year after his arrival, he established the St. Tichon of Zadonsk Orphanage. During the time this orphanage was open in Shanghai, over two thousand children and teenagers called it home. After the Second World War, the orphanage was relocated to San Francisco. When Vladika was

appointed to San Francisco, the St Tichon's became his residence. His cell, or room, has been preserved just the way it was when he lived there, and now pilgrims visit it.

In Shanghai, Vladika would regularly visit the sick, and word of his intercession before God on behalf of the sick and needy were known throughout the city.

After the War, when the threat of the Communist takeover of China became apparent, part of the Russian population fled to a make-shift camp on the island of Tubabao in the Philippines. Blessed John went to Washington, DC where he beseeched lawmakers for a 'Bill' to allow these stranded refugees entrance to the US in excess of the then existing quotas. For this caring accomplishment, the Synod of Bishops awarded Vladika the diamond cross which is worn on the 'Klobuk', or Bishop's headgear. Before the Revolution, such a high honor was bestowed by the Emperor.

In 1951, Archbishop John was appointed to Western Europe. In 1962, during construction of the new Holy Virgin Cathedral, there developed a dispute. By that time Archbishop Tichon of San Francisco was in the Holy Trinity Monastery in Jordanville, NY due to age and health problems. He asked Blessed John to go to San Francisco to restore unity among his flock. Vladika John arrived in San Francisco at the end of 1962. In 1963, after the repose of Archbishop Tichon, Blessed John became the Archbishop of Western America.

As in Shanghai and Paris, Vladika remained true to his monastic ascetic sacrifice: serving Divine Liturgy ever day, visiting the sick and needy, and slept sitting. Blessed John reposed on Saturday, June 19 (Julian calendar)/July 2 (Gregorian calendar), 1966 in Seattle, WA, while accompanying The Miraculous Kursk/Root Icon of Mother of God.

That Saturday was the beginning of the three day Fourth of July holiday. Despite this, approvals were obtained to transport his un-embalmed body to San Francisco. The requiem service was on Thursday, Feast Day, Nativity of St. John the Baptist. On Monday, July 11, the San Francisco Board of Supervisors amended the City Ordinance to allow burial of the Blessed John in the newly constructed Holy Virgin Cathedral, Joy of All Who Sorrow. All saw in this speedy approval of the petition the Hand of God.

Glorification of Blessed John into the ranks of Saints occurred in 1994.
Holy Father John, pray to God for us.

Archbishop Peter of Chicago and Mid-America. May, 2019



Holy Virgin Cathedral, San Francisco





St John's Sepulchre in the Cathedral

Remembrances

1. Archbishop Peter
2. Peter I. Ionin
3. Lydia N. Ionin
4. Nikolai Massenkoff
5. Zoya Bogdanov
6. Irene Collaco
7. Sergei Bogatsky
8. Michael Loukianoff
9. Nadine Buick
10. Vitaly Troyan
11. Oleg Reoutt
12. Cy Sinelnikoff
13. Natasha Sabelnik
14. Nicholas Loukianoff

1. ARCHBISHOP PETER

In 1991, for the 25th Anniversary of the Repose of Blessed John, the late Archbishop Anthony of San Francisco, gave me an assignment - to write my remembrance of Vladika John, then not yet Glorified by the Church. I completed his request and my brochure was published by Holy Trinity Monastery. I included in my work excerpts what by then was written by others about Blessed John with which I did not agree. My brochure can be found on the internet and it has been translated into several languages. This year is the 25th Anniversary of his Glorification, and I was again asked to write my remembrances. I can't write anything new, but I can clarify that which I wrote or what I stated in the past.

Vladika knew me from my birth. When he arrived in San Francisco in 1962, God granted me the opportunity to serve him as an Altar Attendant, travel with him, and perform duties as his cell (room) attendant. This gave me an opportunity to observe him in various aspects of his life. Vladika was not a large man physically, but he was strong. He walked fast, without effort could pick up heavy Gospels, could endure hard physical conditions, could serve long services, slept very little - and that not in bed but sitting. That however caused him leg circulation problems and it hurt him to wear shoes. Because of that, in his cell or room, he would be bare-foot. When he went somewhere, he would wear sandals. Keeping that in mind, I am not in agreement with those who insist that Vladika was a 'fool for Christ.' Vladika would never permit the high rank of Bishop to be mocked or depreciated.

In his personal life, he was very humble and not demanding, but when he was in church - he was God's Bishop, strict and demanding. He made sure the service was conducted correctly and was being performed to all canonical and church rules. At the Commemoration Table he read the long lists of names of those who asked for his prayers.

Vladika was present at all services, and served the Devine Liturgy every day. Several times a week, he would visit various hospitals, and definitely on Sundays. I remember the volume of letters he received daily. He would respond to each letter personally. Because of such demands, Vladika would often be late, to services or other places. This aggravated people who were not sympathetic to him. In the Synod's archives, there are letters complaining about him being late and having long services. During the Service, Blessed John would be totally immersed in the prayers, and did not hurry to leave the church after completion. He would venerate the icons, giving the feeling that he is communicating with that Saint, with whom he is personally acquainted. He was very careful and respectful of anything pertaining to the church, be that a book or any other thing.

Blessed John was very outgoing and gregarious, had a keen sense of humor and liked to joke, especially with young people, and was sincerely interested in the young person's progress and ambitions. He remembered everything, including their previous conversations. I am writing this because there are those who continue to assert that he never smiled or never laughed. This is totally untrue. Vladika knew life and understood people.

Vladika had a marvelous memory. He knew the lives of Saints, and days of their commemoration. He attended the God's Law exams in schools and always asked the students about the lives of their respective Saints. He remembered people's names, their Saints Days and birthdays.

Vladika John had a slight lisp, but those who were with him often, had no problem understanding him. The outstanding feature of Saint John was his kind smile and gentle, caring eyes.

Saint John was from a noble family, received a caring upbringing and a good education: military and legal. He was fluent in Russian, Serbian, French and Greek languages and understood and knew basic English. He followed current events, read different newspapers, was conversant with many issues and could give an opinion on various topics.

Vladika John loved pre-revolutionary Russia and knew its history very well. Personally he was a monarchist, but that did not prevent him from fairly and evenly discussing things with people of different opinions or perspectives. He had pastoral love and caring for all. There are many memories of miraculous help received from Saint John while he was still alive. However the testimonies of his help after his repose, especially to the sick, could fill a whole book. Holy Saint John, pray to God for us.

2. PETER I. IONIN

In Shanghai my father served, for a period of time, as Bishop John's Secretary of Chinese Affairs, and I often served as an Altar Boy both in Beijing and in Shanghai. In 1948 my father asked Bishop John to accept my brother Andrey and myself, temporarily into the Saint Tichon Zadonsky Orphanage in Shanghai.

Bishop John, or Vladika as we lovingly called him, frequently visited the Orphanage. He often carried a bag around his neck full of prosfora (Holy Bread). As he passed out the prosfora, he would playfully be looking into your eyes and find just the right

one that was made especially for you. He would even visit us late at night when we were already sleeping. He would come into each bedroom and pray, bless each one of us before moving on to the next bedroom.

When he was not physically at the Orphanage, the older boys and girls would sing the hymns, troparions and kontakions of the day to Vladika by telephone. Vladika was truly our spiritual father, protector and benefactor. When he was with us, we knew he would take care of us and all our needs.

In 1949, during the war in China, the Orphanage and its 30 some orphans left China. After a two year layover on Tubabao Island in the Philippines, 24 of us arrived in San Francisco. During this period, Vladika was assigned to Europe. Although Vladika would often write to us, it is this period of time that we truly felt like orphans.

When Vladika returned to the Orphanage from Europe in 1964, the orphans were now adults. Each of us settled wherever possible. Few remained in the Bay Area. I joined the Army and was deployed to Germany. After serving three years, I returned to San Francisco. With the G.I. Bill, I was able to attend college, was married, had children and found a job. We saw Vladika often. Sometimes I would drive him to hospitals after Sunday Liturgy, to pray and give communion to the patients.

Occasionally Vladika would ask me detailed questions in his Kelya (room). As I answered, he would sometimes fall asleep, sitting upright. But if I would stop speaking, he would urge me to continue, with his eyes still closed. It seems as though Vladika never slept on his bed. His bed was always full of letters and other documents.

One very memorable day was when Vladika, together with Maria A. Shahmatova came to bless our house. It was in the evening, all the lights in the house were on. Vladika had blessed every room in the house and yard. As he was saying the last prayers in our dining room, suddenly all the lights in the dining room went dark. I checked the fuse box, but it appeared fine. Vladika calmly continued his prayers, when all of a sudden, the lights came back on. Vladika finished his prayers smiling. He never mentioned a word about the lights. He knew what just happened.

3. LYDIA N. IONIN

I first came to know St. John when I was two years old, together with my sister, Tamara who was only ten months old. St. John took care of us in St. Tichon's Orphanage ever since that time.

One of the most memorable days with St John was that one year during Easter, I was then 13 years old, Vladika (as we all called St. John, then Bishop of Shanghai) said to me “Lilia, would you like to go with me to visit sick people in the hospital?” I gladly agreed. We visited the mental hospital (Ming Hong) which was located just outside of Shanghai.

When we arrived, Russian Orthodox men and women already gathered together and were waiting for Vladika. They were all so happy to see him. Some men were standing stiffly at attention in military fashion, called out orders and gave Vladika a hand salute. Women were running towards him, asking for his blessing, and kissing his cross. Then they all had confessions and received Communion. Vladika was smiling and gave each one a bag of presents, which consisted of a kulich, Easter eggs, garlic and salami which were prepared by the Sisterhood of the Cathedral. That was one of the most blessed days I spent with Vladika.

In 1966 I saw Vladika in my dreams. In one of those dreams Vladika called my name, smiling happily and said to me: “Here it’s so good. I am close to the Mother of God.” He said that twice. In October 1967, I saw Vladika again. He was joyfully telling me: “I am now close to Mother of God and am very happy.”

4. NIKOLAI MASSENKOFF

*St John’s Orphan at St. Tichon Žadosky Orphanage
San Francisco, CA*

From the Streets of Shanghai to the Olympic Stadium, Seoul, Korea
With the blessings of Saint John of Shanghai and San Francisco

St John was more than I can imagine in my life. Looking back in history, my mother, Maria Gardeevna Massenkova, made it to China escaping communists together with other White Russians. She was in Tientsin, China when I was born in 1938. Due to a very devastating flood, she moved to Shanghai. Shortly afterwards, she lost her husband, Nikolai Romanov and was on the streets of Shanghai, a homeless person. By the Grace of God, she found help in St. John, who accepted her children. I found a letter in my mother’s possessions which stated that St. Tichon’s Orphanage could not accept any more children. Only a year later, they accepted me when I was two years of age.

At that time, the Orphanage was in one house, where the girls were on the upper floor and the boys on the lower. There, every day began and ended in church with

morning and evening prayers. St John kept in touch daily and checked on the phone if the next day's Tropars were being prepared and sung in the proper tone. I discovered my singing voice because of the regular singing of hymns. When there was a problem with singers, they would point at me to help in the Cathedral, where we went every Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

We went to the early Liturgy, with St John always with us. I was blessed when St John asked me to be the Altar Boy for these services. Also, he had me come to some important services during the week, and gave me more responsibility than I was ready for. But since he did not have the necessary assistants during the week, I had to help him with his vestments. I couldn't reach the top of these, but he never said anything. Those were unforgettable moments, my trying to do it correctly with the Amafor, but not being able to reach the top buttons.

St. John's presence was always with me, although he could not always be with us because of his various obligations, assignments, etc. His presence gave me strength and confidence. In San Francisco, we were all living on 15th Ave and Balboa at St. Tichon's Orphanage. I can not forget all the wonderful people that were always around him, like the Loukianoff and Sokoloff families. There were always people coming and going to get the Saints blessings and advice. There were many calls from around the world and many letters which covered his bed, which he only used as a desk for his mail. St. John spent many hours praying in the little church, day and night. He would eat once a day in the kitchen and we would join him, together with Maria Alexandrovna Shahmatova, who took care of the Orphanage in China, Tubabao and in San Francisco. He would watch the clock to make sure he was not eating after midnight.

What is in my memory most of all, is St. John's love that he had for us, his smile and a great sense of humor. In Shanghai, we gathered around him after Liturgy and at times go to his Kelya - room - with him. Last time I was there, when he arrived, he immediately was on his knees in front of his Ikons.

In San Francisco, when I did my Senior Recital at San Francisco State University, St. John wrote me from Paris to congratulate me with my accomplishments that he learned about from reading the SF Russian Life Newspaper.

I am forever grateful, very grateful, to St. John for my life, for his role as my Father - I never knew my own father - for his inspiration to the orphans, his generosity, charity to the people of the streets of Shanghai, his unconditional love, always.

Every night in San Francisco, he would come up to our bedrooms and bless us as we slept, then return to church to continue praying. One such evening, he came up to

our room and asked me what would I like to become in life. I said that I wanted to be a singer. He looked at me with the usual, gentle loving eyes and smiled, not saying a word.

Thank you St. John for bringing me from the streets of Shanghai, where I slept on the sidewalk, visiting my mother, to a performance of Massenkoff Russian Folk Festival Starring: Nikolai Massenkoff, on the Olympic Stage in Seoul, Korea. Could not do it without your prayers, your blessing!

When there was no food and a war going on, it was St. John who held us together and managed, miraculously, to keep us alive and take care of us orphans. Although living in the Orphanage may at times be very gloomy and sad, as you wait every hour hoping that your mother will show up and you will be running towards the door to a voice that only sounded like hers ... in the end, it was St. John who gave life and courage to us all. I am forever grateful to St. John.

5. ZOYA BOGDANOV

I am writing what I remember.

When the Orphanage opened in 1935 (?), we were living together, but there were two houses, one for the boys and one for the girls. Then the boys were relocated to the Commerce School and we were moved to a house on Victor Emanuel Street. We had a church in that house but no boys to serve there. Vladika gave us girls, Tamara Bordokova, Galya Shebalina and me, his blessing to serve instead of Altar Boys. He taught us how to hold the Posoh, how to enter the Altar, how to put on his vestments, explained the various vestments, and we served until we were about twelve years old. Before the church was opened there, we went to the Cathedral every day.

Vladika would come to us during lunch time and would ask questions about what was read from the Gospel, or what Saints were commemorated that day. While we ate, he would tell us about lives of those Saints. In the evenings, he would come to where we were sleeping, and our Administrator told us that he came up to each of us as we slept and blessed us.

During the war with the Japanese, when there was a 10 PM curfew on being out on the street, Vladika would come to us late at night and he was never stopped, while other people were shot and killed. We thought they didn't see him.

When we would ask him if it is permissible to go to other churches, he would say we could, that we should be respectful and to behave, but better not to go. I think he

knew that young people are inquisitive and want to see. We went a couple of times to a synagogue, put on scarves or hats.

6. IRENE COLLACO

When we were graduating from the League of Russian Women's School for Girls in Shanghai, one of our classmates was living with a gentleman, not married to him. The school administration found out about this and prohibited this girl from participating in the graduation White Ball. The rest of the girls in the class thought this was unfair, that she was part of our class and should be graduating and celebrating with us. We tried persuading the administration to grant her permission to participate with the rest of the class in the White Ball, but they refused. So we collectively decided that all of the girls would not go to the Ball. We then decided to talk to Vladika about this. We met with him, told him of the situation and our decision to not participate in the Ball.

He listened to us, then had a discussion with this girl. He asked her if she planned to marry this man, and our classmate assured him that she would. Then St John overrode the administration and allowed her to graduate and participate in the Ball. She did marry the man, had children, and then grandchildren, raised them all in the Faith and to be firm church members. In this case, as always, St John showed wisdom, compassion and ability to see the greater good. All ended up well. Unfortunately, often in such cases, people are pushed away by rigid, unbending attitudes. But of course, that is why he is a Saint.

7. SERGEI BOGATSKY

My parents and two brothers immigrated to the United States in 1963. I was fourteen years old and my brothers were a year younger. Once we settled in, my parents enrolled us in American school as well as the Russian School and we started attending the old Sobor on Fulton Street, where I first met Saint John.

A few months later, I ended up in San Francisco General Hospital with a very serious illness. For three months I underwent treatment with medication, but unfortunately my body did not respond favorably to the medication. During my stay in the hospital, Saint John visited me from time to time as he did many other sick people in need of prayers and faith in God. Even though I was very young, I found his visits very comforting and always looked forward to them.

Since the medication was not working, the doctors decided that the best course of treatment for me was to undergo surgery. They were going to remove the upper lobe of my left lung. I don't think I understood the seriousness of the surgery at that time, but my parents were extremely concerned for their son, and once again asked St. John for his prayers. He told them that everything was going to turn out well.

This is not a chapter of my life that I think about often, but one thing that I will never forget is that immediately after the surgery, when I was still in the ICU, and just woke up from the anesthesia, Saint John was standing by my bedside holding my hand, with a huge radiant smile on his face that I am sure most people who knew St. John experienced. After the surgery, I completely recovered, and now 57 years later, I never had any issues related to that illness.

I have no doubts in my mind that the surgery and recovery was successful can be attributed to St John's prayers to God on my behalf, and I will be forever grateful to St. John that our family was blessed to know and ask for his prayers in time of need.

8. MICHAEL LOUKIANOFF

I was asked to write a few words about St. John of Shanghai and San Francisco, since I knew him. I shall refer to St John as Vladika because that is how we called him. I started serving in Vladika's Cathedral in Shanghai when I was 7 years old (1945). What I remember:

During his services, the Cathedral was always full of worshipers and the choir sang magnificently. The clergy: priests, deacons and Altar Boys - especially Altar Boys-were numerous. Bishop John had a rule that during his sermons, all the Altar Boys had to stand with him and listen.

There was to be no idle talk in church during services, especially not in the Altar. If the Altar Boys were tired and wanted to sit, sometimes on the steps or floor, they had to raise their 'Stihar' or Altar Boy's robe, so that they didn't degrade the Stihar by sitting on it, as the Stihar was considered 'Angel's Garb'. If an Altar Boy was wearing a tie, he had to take it off, as the tie was considered equivalent to a 'Epitra hile' or a component fo Priest's Vestments.

A Bishop's Posoh, or staff, was not to be taken into the Altar. On Easter and Christmas, Vladika typically gave the Altar Boys small amounts of money as gifts.

9. NADINE BUICK

My parents, Vladimir and Klava Motoviloff, myself and my brother Nick arrived from Paraguay in 1960. Our Sponsors were Nikifor Andreevich and Tatiana Andreevna Barsoukoff. Barsoukoffs arranged temporary housing for us (a room) at St. Tichon's, where we lived for six months prior to moving to Haight & Ashbury.

We had the pleasure of sharing the house with:

St. John, who had his room on the main floor, by the kitchen;

Fr. Leonid Upshinsky (priest) and his family, Matushka and their teenage son Seraphim;

Several young men, orphans, from Shanghai; and

Maria Aleksandrovna Schahmatova, who was THE onsite den-mother for ALL who lived in the house.

I was 5 years old and my brother Nick was 4. Great memories of quietly sitting on the stairs of the house while St. John was in the Altar serving. St. John loved children and always acknowledged us with a HUGE smile and stroking our heads.

A few months later, I was admitted to Children's Hospital on California Street to have my tonsils removed. I awoke in the middle of the night and St. John was standing next to me, praying. He would know who was in the hospital and ALWAYS paid 'nightly visits.'

Holy Virgin Cathedral was being constructed. We participated in a huge procession from St. Tichon's to the Cathedral for the lifting of the Crosses. St. John led the procession.

10. VITALY TROYAN

I REMEMBER a story told me by my mother, Galina Troyan, who was a young student in The Law of God in Shanghai. As part of the final examination, she had drawn a ticket requiring her to describe the travels of Apostle Paul. Galina answered the question well. When she was done, Vladika asked "Galina, what was St Peter doing at that time?" Not knowing the answer, my mother answered, "He was travelling" Vladika looked at her, smiled, and said, "And so you too, Galina, may travel" and dismissed her.

I REMEMBER my father, Boris Troyan, telling me how he was a young teenager, ready to get into trouble. Vladika recognized his situation and brought him close,

giving him more and more responsibilities and keeping him occupied. At the age of 23, Vladika made him Treasurer of a small parish in Shanghai that was having financial difficulties. Much later, my father became Treasurer of the Holy Virgin Cathedral and would sit down with Vladika once a week, present each bill, and get Vladika's signature.

I REMEMBER being told about a Parish Council meeting in Shanghai. Vladika walked into the meeting and said "A group of children are stranded in harm's way. We need money to rent a plane to fly them to safety." Then he looked down at the table and sat quietly. One by one, Council members reached for their check books, wrote checks and handed them to Vladika. When a sufficient amount had been gathered, Vladika resumed the meeting.

I REMEMBER being told that Vladika visited the hospital where I was born, and blessed me, even before my father arrived.

I REMEMBER having a severe case of asthma when I was a child. I was told by friends of our family that after many trips to various doctors, my parents took me to see Vladika. Vladika held me and said "There is nothing wrong with this child." The asthma went away.

I REMEMBER being a subdeacon for Vladika and standing next to him during reading of the Apostle. Vladika saw that an altar boy was not paying attention, called him over, and asked him to explain what had just been read. When the altar boy was unable to do so, Vladika had him stand next to us and listen to the second part of the reading. Vladika then asked him what had been read. Unfortunately, the Reader read the Apostle so quickly that the Altar Boy told Vladika he still didn't understand a word. At that point I leaned forward and said "I didn't understand either, Vladika." And Nikita Buick, the other subdeacon said "Neither did I." Vladika looked shocked and thoughtful and let the altar boy go.

I REMEMBER being an subdeacon and trying to hold the crowd back as they surged toward the water which had been blessed during Theophany. Vladika called us all away. I protested "But, Vladika, they'll spill the water." Vladika replied, "If they do, then that's what they deserve."

I REMEMBER seeing Vladika bless the gifts during the Liturgy. ("Приложи Духом ТВОИМ СВЯТЫМ") His blessing was so emphatic that the sound of his hand on the ПРИСТОЛ was clearly audible to all, and I knew that at that moment the bread and wine had become the body and blood of Christ.

I REMEMBER seeing Vladika starting to eat his soup at the orphanage at 15th Ave, and sending it back because he could taste it. He needed it boiling hot to deny himself the pleasure.

I REMEMBER the telephone at home ringing at all hours and my father getting up because Vladika had to visit someone who was ill. When I asked “Why does it always have to be you?”, my father shrugged and said “Vladika needs me.”

I REMEMBER being a teenager and having to drive Vladika to places – the price of my getting a driver’s license. Nothing can be more awkward than a teenager trying to make conversation with a saintly Archbishop. Vladika always solved the problem by asking me what I knew about my patron saint, and telling me the entire story while I drove.

I REMEMBER studying too little and partying too much while I was at university. The time for finals arrived and I was in panic. I drove to the orphanage to get Vladika’s blessing at nine o’clock in the morning. As I folded my hands to receive his blessing, Vladika looked at me, really looked, and said “Wait.” He went into the altar, brought out some holy oil and blessed me with it. I passed the exam.

AND FINALLY. I REMEMBER the joy and the look of satisfaction on my father’s face when, after spending 25 years tending the Sepulchre, he told me about being one of two non-clergy people present when St John’s tomb was opened and Vladika’s remains were revealed, totally uncorrupted.

11. OLEG REOUT

In Shanghai we lived across the street from the Russian Orthodox Cathedral. I sang in the choir from age 7 or 8. Until the end of World War II, I attended the French School Ecole Remi, and then transferred to the Russian school. We had a six day schedule (half days on Saturday). Our family of five, had one room and a gas stove in the hallway. Weather permitting, after school, we were playing on the street or at the Cossack Grounds behind the Cathedral.

Archbishop John’s quarters were on the 2nd floor of the ‘Clergy House’, next to the Cathedral. St. John’s day started and ended at services in the Cathedral. In between, he often went to hospitals, jails, schools and other places visiting people who needed his help. When the Archbishop was either leaving or returning to the cathedral, kids playing nearby would run up to him to get his blessing and he would ask them about their family, their health, school, etc.

Once during the summer, my friend and I decided to venerate the main cross on top of the Cathedral. Getting there did not seem that difficult. Before the entrance to the choir loft, there was a plate in the ceiling through which one could get to the 'roof'. I had seen people do it before. Along the main dome, there was a narrow metal ladder going all the way to the cross. So we got to the roof and carefully approached the ladder. On the spot it was scarier than from the street. It was windy and the ladder appeared smaller and less secure. But we were 12 years old and nothing could stop us from our mission. With baited breath we turns to climb to the top and venerate the cross.

At this time, the Archbishop was returning from somewhere and saw one of us. When we came down, he was waiting and invite us to his quarters. There he examined our adventure, first by praising us for the desire to venerate the cross, but insisted that the possibility of falling and severe injury was too great. What would happen if other kids decided to follow our example? As punishment, we each had to do one hundred prostrations.

In the summer of 1948 a group of us students of the Russian School was sent to the resort town of Chapu for a week. Close to where we were staying there was 'Uniate' church and camp for students of St Michael's School, quite a few who were Russian. I had friends among them. They invited me to sing the liturgy and I eve read from Apostle Paul's epistles during the service.

When we returned to Shanghai, I told Archbishop John about it and ended up with another lecture. Even though our Liturgies are almost the same, the head of the Uniates is the Pope. We do not accept the Pope's infallibility: only one without sin is our Lord Jesus Christ. There are other differences and we are not in spiritual contact. Archbishop John directed me to attend services for several days, then he heard my confession and gave me Communion.

12. CY SINELNIKOFF

In February 1945, I just turned 8 and started serving as an Altar Boy to Bishop John of Shanghai. After Sunday service, I joined several other Altar Boys at Bishop John's chambers. They were in a large building a few feet to the right of the Cathedral. There we were treated to some cold cuts which were a luxury at the time in Shanghai. When Bishop John noticed that I was a new Altar Boy, he asked me what was my name? I answered: "Kirill, but not Methodious." He asked what I meant by that? I explained that my Names day is on February 27th, and Sts Kirill and Methodious are celebrated on May 24th.

On another such gathering, Bishop John asked me what I was talking about with another Altar Boy during the service? I said I could not remember, so he told me to do 20 or 30 kneel downs.

I stopped serving as an Altar Boy in the Summer of 1948. Going forward to June 15, 1951, by then I was 12, we arrived in San Francisco. As my parents and I were walking off the ship - General Black -, less than 50 feet on shore, Bishop John greets me with a blessing and a "Ahh!, Kirill, but not Methodious." It was my good fortune that my first few steps on American soil, I was met, remembered and Blessed by a future Saint.

13. NATASHA SABELNIK

When I was born in Shanghai, Vladika came around, as he was visiting the ill at the hospital. He came in and blessed me and the other little girl who was born that same day. At the time, he told the mother of this girl to have her baptized that same day and he baptized her. My mother asked "Why don't you baptize my daughter also" and he replied "You'll baptize her at home". The little girl whom he baptized died shortly after, so guess he knew that she needed to be baptized.

14. NICHOLAS LOUKIANOFF

I was extremely blessed to have known Saint John of Shanghai and San Francisco, or as we all called him , Vladika, for 26 years of my life, first as a child in Shanghai, and then as a teenager and young adult in San Francisco. To keep this as short as I can, but to get all the main thoughts down, I'll write in brief paragraphs.

Many people who knew Vladika well during his lifetime, already considered him a Saint. He was universally considered a Molitvenik (person of great praying power), pious, kind, caring, gentle, humble, loving, generous, great administrator who accomplished much, easy to talk to, and protector - especially of young children. Great demands were placed on his time, which he never denied. His incredible, self imposed, ascetic restriction on sleeping in bed was known to many. For 44 years of his monastic life, he slept for 4 or 5 hours per night sitting in his chair.

Vladika had ways of doing things which made him special. During Liturgy, when he washed his hands, he would sprinkle water drops in the direction of the people.

When he was saying the sermon, he required the Prislushniki, - Altar Boys, or more accurately translated as Altar Attendants - to stand with him on either side, listening and facing the people. If he was in his room and you wanted to see him, you didn't just knock and wait for him to respond. What you did was knock and say "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on us", and when he responded with an "Amen", you walked in. During Services, when we held the 'Ripidi', he firmly told us not to stand with our backs to the Altar. Vladika always read all the names submitted for commemoration at Liturgy. Usually there were many lists with many names and this caused delays in the service. We, Altar Attendants, would hold the lists with the names while he was at the Commemoration Table and he would nod with his head for us to turn the page.

Some things he did, I wonder how he would do them today. Vladika had to fly often. Typically, those who drove him to the airport had to hurry, as people would delay him with urgent meetings or requests. I drove him several times and although he never missed a flight that I know of, he was usually the last to board the plane. In those days, when San Francisco Airport was small and uncomplicated, before the age of security checks and lines, we often just escorted Vladika straight onto the airplane, placed his luggage into the overhead bin, sat him down in his assigned seat and then left. When he visited the hospitals, he would go to the Admissions Desk, look through the rollo-dex file, pick out names of those who might be Orthodox, and go to their rooms and visit with them, often giving Communion to those who asked for it.

Vladika was a Molitvinic. As an Altar Attendant and Sub-Deacon, being in the Altar and observing, especially during Eucharist, the intensity and power of his praying was spell binding. It seemed to me that he was not standing on the floor, but elevated. I mentioned this to others, and they agreed. St John was not a big man physically, but when he blessed the bread and wine, at that moment, making the Sign of the Cross over the Challis and Discus (plate) as required, he would thump the Altar Table, as he made the Sign. He could not have reached so far without being elevated. Recalling it now, I still get chills. After Liturgy, with his intense praying, he literally needed time to cool off. He would take about 10-15 minutes venerating the icons, then he could leave. He either served or was at Liturgy and Vespers every day.

Before Easter, on Passion Friday, after the Service where the Plashanitsa is brought out, he wanted to venerate the Plashanitsas in all other churches. Several times I drove him to all of these churches.

He was a very good administrator. Having completed law school, he was precise and followed up and reviewed performances of the assignments he gave. One example,

each of the priests was assigned certain hospitals to visit the Orthodox and to know their needs. Each month he expected written reports. He was concerned and interested in various projects, church related, of schools or benevolent organizations and kept abreast of their progress or work. In 1964, after I graduated from engineering school, he put me on the Construction Committee completing the construction of the Cathedral and on the Parish Council. Our meetings would start after Vespers and continue as long as necessary, often to mid-night or later. Everything was timely decided, acted upon and followed up. All the clergy and the entire Parish Council or Committee were expected to attend and actively participate. Personally, he was very punctual and always carried a pocket watch. He was often late however, due to the constant, unscheduled and urgent meetings or phone calls. He personally replied, usually very late at night, to each of the many letters he received daily.

As Pastor and Caretaker of his flock, he would visit the sick, anyone in difficult situations, the schools and meet with various organizations. Every night after Vespers, at the Orphanage where he lived, often until 1 or 2 AM, literally dozens of people would wait their turn to speak with Vladika, get his advice or blessing.

My wife Valya and I got his blessing for our marriage after 1 AM.

He was especially concerned about the religious upbringing children received. He would attend the God's Law exams. He expected each child to know the life story of their Patron Saint. He often would ask a child to cross himself or herself. If necessary, he would say 'You are making the Sign of the Cross carelessly.' Some would do it with their fingers not held properly or go from the forehead to just under their chin. He would say 'You are making the Cross up-side down', and show how to make it properly.

Vladika was very strict in the Altar, but after he left the church, he enjoyed being with people, especially children and young adults. We Altar Attendants really liked going to other churches when they had their church's holiday. These Services are usually followed by gala reception and banquet. As always, Vladika would be seated at the table of honor. When everyone would start to take their seats, Vladika would stand and observe where we, the Altar Attendants, would be seated. By this time we were all smiling and knew what was coming. Typically, the hosts never thought of sitting us. When Vladika was urged to take his place, he would ask the person in charge of the banquet 'Where are my Altar Attendants sitting?' Typically they would be slightly embarrassed and say something 'Oh, we'll find them a place in the kitchen' or more often than not, just say 'We don't have a place for them'. At that time, Vladika would say that he is not sitting down until his Altar Attendants are seated. Then a slight panic would ensue, as people

scrambled for an extra table and some chairs. We loved that scene, and very much appreciated Vladika's loyalty and concern.

When he was away, Vladika would often send congratulations on the person's Saint's Day. Even small children received a post card. I have about a dozen such cards, going back to when I was 7 or 8 year old.

Despite the enormous demands on his time, Vladika never declined a special request. He Baptized our eldest son Peter. What an incredible honor to be Baptized by a Saint.

I did not live in the Orphanage, but spent a lot of time there. We used to have dances on Friday nights and Vladika would often give his own money to Maria Alexandrovna Shahmatova, Administrator of the Orphanage, so that we could buy Cokes, chips and other things. But God forbid if you didn't go to Vespers on Saturday or went to a party that night instead of church. At times, several of us would agree to leave early, meet outside and go to the Alexandria Theater located about 5 blocks from the Orphanage. As we received the anointment from Vladika before the end of the Service, one by one we would disappear and meet outside. Somehow Vladika would know this. One time he held me by my hand for a good 30-40 minutes, while others were waiting for me outside. When he delayed me long enough, and others were frustrated waiting for me, he let me go, but it was too late, we missed the movie.

Vladika was very pious, meek, never demanding things for himself. He rode the buses, never owned a car or employed a driver. He had one set of various vestments, typically old and worn, and Mitras. Maria Alexandrovna would call on a few people who would drive Vladika in the evening or sometimes late at night to visit the sick.

One incident I recall: I was in the Orphanage, the phone rang, I picked it up and the lady asked "How do I bury my husband?" I asked "When did he die?" She responded "He's not dead yet." I was taken aback by such a reply, asked her to hold on a minute, went to Vladika and told him of this strange question. His response was typical, he asked "What is his name and where is he?" He asked for the name because he immediately said a silent prayer for the person. I went back to the phone and asked for the name and where the person was. She gave the name and said he was in the French Hospital, just a few blocks from the Orphanage. I had my driver's license by then so I drove Vladika there. When Vladika came to that person's room, the doctors and nurses were wearing masks, as he had some serious contagious condition. I only saw this man from the corridor, his neck was swollen to a size of a basketball, and they said he will die shortly. Vladika asked everyone to leave the room, closed the door, prayed and gave this man Communion. This man recovered and died several years later from something totally unrelated to that illness.

We would go to Vladika to get his blessing before exams. One time I went and he said, "Why are you asking for my blessing, you didn't study, go away." How he knew that is a mystery to me, but I knew that I would do miserably, and I did.

At the end of 1950's or early 1960's, a group of us were riding with Vladika, and someone asked him about the future of Russia. I remember him thinking for a while, very serious expression on his face, and he said "If the people return to God, if they repent, then Russia will be resurrected in greater glory than it was."

A group of us were working under the direction of Oleg Miram, structural engineer, on building classrooms on the level below the Cathedral, where the schools are now located. Oleg told me to go down to the lowest level where the storeroom was to be and break out some concrete for an air duct. I was doing that with a noisy jack hammer, the room was dark and dusty. Then Vladika came in and told me to "Work well, this is my place." That evening when I came home, I told my wife what Vladika said, but since I was tired and with the noise, I probably didn't understand what he said to me. Several months later, after his repose, that room, which was to be a storeroom, became his Sepulchre.

A few years after Vladika's repose, he was still in the lower Sepulchre, before his Glorification. I was cleaning the Cathedral for Easter. To pick up any papers or debris outside, I walked down the stairs on the right side of the Cathedral and saw a woman, not one of our parishioners, looking somewhat lost. I asked her if I can help. She gave me her name and said she was from the mid west. She was not Orthodox or Russian. She said she had something seriously wrong with her back, was in great pain and considering surgery. She had a dream in which a person she did not know, came to her, placed his hand on her back, said she will recover, and told her to visit him. She had no idea who that person was or where he was. Somehow she ended up in San Francisco and somehow at the Cathedral. I told her we have a saint here who is not yet glorified, but that many people attest to his help. I took her to the Sepulchre where there are a few photographs of Vladika. She saw those and exclaimed, almost yelled, "That's him!" I told her briefly about Vladika, left her alone for a few minutes and then walked out with her. She was visibly moved by the whole experience and left very happy.

My wife and I were living in Walnut Creek, CA. On Friday, July 1, 1966, we were invited somewhere that evening and were running late. About 6 PM, we received a phone call which I answered. It was Vladika calling from Seattle, WA. He spoke with me and then asked to speak to Valya. Vladika loved her very much. I gave the phone to my wife and they spoke for a few minutes. Since we were already late, I kept pointing to my watch to indicate to her to end the conversation, that we had to go. She kept

talking for a few more minutes. I still feel very guilty to this day, for that was the last conversation we had with St. John, he died the next day.

On Saturday afternoon, July 2, we got word of Vladika's repose. My brother Paul, now Archbishop Peter, and I flew to Seattle to bring Vladika back. State of Washington had a law that if the body was not transported out of the State within 24 hours, it had to remain there. Four of us worked on bringing Vladika back to San Francisco. Bishop Niktary and my brother put the vestments on Vladika, while George Kalfov and I found the casket and got the documents in order. No mortician was involved and Vladika was not embalmed. Vladika was flown out that Sunday afternoon. Thousands of people met his remains at the airport or at the Cathedral.

The City and County of San Francisco has no active cemeteries within its boundary and for decades, no one has been buried within its borders. (The Army cemetery at the Presidio is closed to new internments and Mission Dolores had its last burial in 1888). Other more influential and powerful groups have sought unsuccessfully to have certain of their members interned in San Francisco. For Saint John, City and State laws were amended in less than three days, despite the fact that many offices were closed and many people were away due to the 4th of July Independence Holiday, to allow him to remain at the Cathedral.



St John arriving in San Francisco by ship, circa 1950.



St John with group of Parishioners in St Tichon's Orphanage, San Francisco, circa 1956. From bottom left, clockwise: Galina Troyan, to her left in light color coat - unknown, to her right sitting - unknown, standing Helen Loukianoff, Boris Troyan, Vladimir Naumoff, , Natalie DeSassis, Priest - unknown, St. John, Olga Stupin, Nina Sokoloff, Maria A. Shahmatov, sitting lady in white blouse - unknown, young boy -Serge Loukianoff, young boy Paul Loukianoff - now Archbishop Peter of Chicago and Mid America, Andrei Loukianoff, young boy - unknown.



St John in the Loukianoff home, San Francisco, circa 1951. Clockwise, l. to r.: Serge Loukianoff, Nikita Buick, Michael Loukianoff, Alexander Buick, Nicholas Krikoriantz, Nicholas Loukianoff, Helen Loukianoff, Paul Loukianoff, now Archbishop Peter.



*St. John saying Sermon
with Altar Attendants, from
far left: Boris Fafstritski,
Nicholas Loukianoff, St. John,
in background Protodeacon
Theodore Zadorozni, and
Anatoli Fafstritski.*

Testimonials

Many letters are received at the Holy Virgin Cathedral in San Francisco addressed to Saint John, the Wonderworker of Shanghai and San Francisco, who's incorrupt relics are located in this Cathedral. These letters are considered private correspondence and are not read, but placed under his relics and after a while they are removed and burned.

There is a vigil lamp, or Lampada, burning continuously at the relics. Annually, thousands of requests from all over the world are received for oil from this Lampada. Small bottles of this oil are sent, with a brief note stating that this is pure olive oil from the Lampada at the relics of Saint John, and no other claims or representations are made. A brief, one page, description of St. John's life is also included.

Many people send public testimonials or e-mails attesting to the help received or miracle witnessed. Some of these are presented below:

The miracle occurred earlier this month when I went in for major surgery. My parish priest anointed me with Oil from St John Vigil Lamp before the surgery and that saved my life. I was very anemic before the surgery and in fact, I had to be wheeled into the operating room because I was too sick to walk there from the prep area. During the surgery, I lost 750 cc of blood, which is a considerable amount. Surprisingly, I made a rapid recovery and was able to leave the hospital Saturday morning after the surgery on the previous Wednesday morning. I can only attribute not dying on the operating room table due to the huge loss of blood to a miracle of St. John Maximovich”

-Shirley from WA State

I was suffering from an incurable disease, Pulmonary Fibrosis. I have a friend who told me to get Holy Oil from the relics of St John Maximovich. I applied the Oil and the disease was cured. Praise be to the Lord.

-Mioara from AZ

I'm very thankful for the healing I have received from St John of Shanghai and San Francisco.

-Victoria

Our heart-felt thanks for the health and salvation of my husband Samuel. He suffered a stroke in May 2011, but thanks to the miraculous intercession of St John of Shanghai and San Francisco, he is feeling much better. Special thanks for sending us the Holy Oil from the relics of St John. We anoint Samuel's head with the Oil, especially the forehead on the left side. Sam was baptized Orthodox in 2003, and we are thankful that we can pray for him in Church.”

-Elena

I had recently undergone a C-Section and my wound was becoming infected. That evening, I applied the Holy Oil from St John and by morning my wound was healed. Glory be to God.

Suzana from PA

Please send Oil soon, she is having breast cancer surgery. I was anointed with it during my battle and am now a survivor. Praise the Lord.

-Joanne from IL

Thank you for this special gift. St John interceded and healed my knee with the use of this Oil by my priest. This helped lead my family into the Orthodox Church. We will all be baptized in a few short weeks, Praise be to God.

-Brandon from OR

Please put a note under St John's relics and thank him for healing me of cancer. I have had it four times, and they said it was terminal in 2005. This July was the fifth anniversary of the first miracle when my tumor shrank by over half with no treatment and turned into a cyst. Glory be to God who is wondrous in His Saints.

-Margaret from WV

I can relate two occasions of healing related to St John: First is about a woman, Kathy, who came to me during and Iconography retreat we attended. I had never met her previously, but she sought me out to pray with her. She said that over the years, her cancer had metastasized from each stage to a more serious one, constantly involving more and more critical organs until just before her arrival for what looked to be her terminal opportunity to learn to write icons. She had a final thoracotomy and laparotomy only a few days prior to her arrival. The doctors had opened her up to discover such a hopeless mass of cancerous tissue, that they closed her back up as she was. She said that after she awoke, they told her there was nothing they could possibly do for her surgically, and sadly counseled her to go home, do stuff she liked for as long as she could and prepare to die in the near future. Her condition was beyond any doubt to them medically irreparable.

When she asked me to pray for her, I suggested instead that I pray with her, and asked if she would mind if I anointed her with the Oil from the miraculously incorrupt body of St John. I brought her to the icon of the Theotokos and we prayed there. We prayed for a little while then after her telling me thanks for praying for and with her, we each went back to our icons we were working on.

There was no obvious immediate change from the outside. She made no comment before she left the retreat regarding her condition changing, but on returning home, she went to her doctor asking him to check one more time. What more damage could that do? He did, and discovered that her cancerous mass of congealed organs was completely healed: no visible cancer anywhere! Several other doctors verified the complete remission of cancer. Praise God!

The Second: The man had this horribly painful, and just plain nasty, staph infection which he got from a serious and deep puncture in his thigh following a farming accident. I had noticed that he hadn't been around his farm which abuts our property, so I was concerned.

The day he came to see me, I was outside. When he approached, I know something was wrong, as he was emaciated, obviously weak and not himself. When I asked what was wrong, he told me that he had been stabbed by a dirty, broken piece of machinery several weeks prior, and because he didn't have time to waste on pitying himself, he'd done what he could to bandage it up himself rather than wasting money his family lived on going to some doctor. The nasty wound began festering and hurting and getting hot all around the puncture in the deep tissue. Finally, Peter did go to the doctor, but it was quickly apparent that the infection was far more advanced than the doctor's best treatment could overcome, it was so advanced by then that it would probably kill him. On hearing that, I offered to anoint him with St John's Oil. He agreed, so I did. We prayed pretty much as usual, that St. John intercede for him, and in the name of the Son, Jesus, that the Father send The Holy Spirit to heal him.

A few weeks later, Peter stopped back by, saying that not only had he almost immediately begun to feel better overall, but soon – as the formerly incessant leakage from the wound had subsided and the other symptoms ceased – he went back to the doctor. After testing him, the doctor said ‘something Peter did had evidently killed off all the staph germs in his body’. Peter thanked me for praying with him. I reminded him that all I did was anoint with St John Oil and prayed with him, the praise belongs with the Author. He agreed.

-Brendan

God has truly worked miracles through St John Oil and His Saints.
-Daniel from BC, Canada

I've read an article about two women who came to his tomb in your church and left letters. They got help soon. I need his help too, as I tried lots of things but they didn't work.

I asked for Oil and as soon as I got it, I prayed the Catholic Rosary and applied the Oil to my head, and the pain went away.

-Kevin from PA

We are an Orthodox Mission of Chile and ask for more bottles of Holy Oil of St John. We have seen miraculous things happen.

-EMV from Chile

I believe this wonderful Oil healed my sister's cancer in 2010.

Carol from MN

I am a Roman Catholic and am drawn to Orthodoxy which I know little about. I read about St John some time ago and keep praying to him. I have been ill for 18 years, in pain with fibromyalgia. I am seeking his help for myself and others through his intercession and the Holy Oil.

-Catherine from New Zealand

This inmate was accused of a horrible crime, found guilty of murdering a child and sentenced to death. He has been on Death Row since 1985. The inmate is son of a retired Army General, who as a youth was an outstanding student/athlete. At one time he was attempting to earn an appointment to West Point. At that time he drifted into drugs and alcohol and was himself kidnapped and sexually assaulted. He then suffered from PTSD, went untreated, engaged in criminal and radical counter culture, and was arrested several times. In 1984 he was arrested for the child's murder, which he claimed he did not commit. On Death Row, he studied various religions and was Baptized into the Orthodox faith. After writing a letter to St. John, he was granted a re-hearing on his conviction and as of last year, his appeal is not resolved;

-Letter from an inmate on Death Row

Thanks to prayers to St John and the intercession of the Most-Holy Theotokos, the schism at the University of Maryland has ended. This process began with a joint service of Holy Unction, followed by the Akathist to St John and was crowned with a visit from the Kursk-Root icon last week. We have adopted St John as our patron saint, recognizing his love and support for our ministry. Please ship the Oil as soon as possible as two women, one from my parish and one a work friend of my girlfriend, have been diagnosed with Stage 4 cancer, and I would like to give them the bottles of Oil as soon as possible.

-MA from MD

I heard many who gave testimonials about this great Oil. I hope this will heal my mother.”;

-Daria from Indonesia

Praise the Lord. I have many health problems. A person I know used this Oil and he is healed, and even gave a testimony.

-Pavan from India

I have been away from the Church for many years and have decided to return. I have suffered from severe mental illness for most of my life. I am on disability and declared bankruptcy. Please send me some Oil as I know that it will aid my faith.

-Mark, Nova Scotia, Canada

Truly God is good! I recently put some of the Holy Oil on an infected cyst on my left earlobe. The infection went away in 24 hours and my earlobe is healing nicely now. I gave a bottle to a friend who suffers from mental illness and the Oil helped her as well.

-Shirley from WA

We have a 15 year old girl and a man with serious cancer. People in Moscow Central Clinic said that your Oil helped, so we really hope that it will be the same with us.

-Elena from Russia

We met a family from St Petersburg. Their son (5 yrs old) is named after our St John. The mother had major complications during pregnancy and was told to pray to St John. the child was born completely healthy and so they named him John. We had some icons of St John with us and gifted to them.”;

-Protod. Nikolai

“Please send some more St John Oil because we are using the Oil in our healing apostolate through the intercession of St John. I assure you that many people already benefited from the Oil. They were all healed!”;

-Paulo from Philippines

My wife and I have had the privilege of making two pilgrimages to venerate the incorrupt relics of St John Maximovich, and found these experiences to be both comforting and inspiring.

I want to report that my wife recently delivered our second daughter. During the pregnancy, our anxiety was high because a routine screening exam, called the 'Triple Test' was abnormal and consistent with – though not diagnostic or conclusive of – Down Syndrome. We decided to forego conclusive diagnostic interventions in order to avoid the risk of fetal death, but we resorted instead to prayer. Nightly, during our evening prayers, we prayed for our new daughter and anointed my pregnant wife with the Oil from the St John vigil lamp. We begged St. John for his intercession that our daughter might be preserved from all illnesses and disorder, and we trusted God for the outcome. By the blessing of God, our daughter NEG was born in perfect health!

I shall also take this opportunity to report that a dear friend of ours was in the intensive care unit after brain surgery for a benign, but nonetheless fast growing and recurrent tumor. My wife visited her and prayed with her and anointed her with the Oil because our friend was not doing well and in constant pain. Nor could she see, as the tumor had infiltrated her optic nerve. My wife reported a sense of incredible peace and that our dear friend was finally able to sleep. Our friend supplemented this story by later revealing that when she was anointed, she saw her room clearly, and it was filled with light. Her pain immediately ceased (which is why she was able to fall asleep), and the following day she was discharged from the ICU to a step-down unit. This occurred about three years ago, and now our friend is healthy and able to see. Nor is she having the health problems the physicians predicted as a result of losing most of her pituitary gland.”

-Dr. BJ, MD, from CA

My wife received an e-mail from my cousin Linda who has cancer of the liver and pancreas. She was having difficulty keeping down food several months ago due to a blockage in her colon. When my wife and I visited my cousin in her home, we felt led to pray over her with St John's Oil. Upon leaving her home, my wife made a suggestion to leave the bottle of Oil with her. I explained to my cousin how to make a Sign of the Cross and how to apply Oil to the area where she was having blockage. My wife also gave her a prayer of healing to say each morning and evening before applying the Oil. The following week my cousin's mother called my mom because her doctor gave her the news that there was no longer a blockage in her colon – Glory be to God.

-Brad from IN

Sorry I cannot cover for the postage fees and cannot promise any donations. But I can promise my fervent prayers for you through St John's intercession. He healed me of my skin allergy on my face and eye lids swelling. I thank God for the healing through his intercession by using the Holy Oil.

-Kahlil from Philippines

My mother has high blood pressure and cataracts. My father may have prostate cancer. My brothers and sisters have many problems. Please send us St John Oil and his icon. St John pray to God for all of us.

-George from Romania

This house really needs the Oil. The miracles done to people in this house by God through the Holy Oil are marvelous.

-Nigel from India

I don't have words to thank Saint John for all of his help in our Parish, especially for pregnant women with high risk pregnancies. Thank you for sending us the Holy Oil from St. John's burning lampada.

-Alexandra, Romanian Orthodox from Bordeaux, France

Blessed John has healed me time and time again through his intercession.

-Monica from NM

St John Oil has helped cure my ovarian cysts and kidney stones.

-Anessa from IN

Last time with St John's prayers for my mother, her surgery went very well. May St John bless you all.

-Pamela from France

I am Fr Tariq, a Roman Catholic priest. I have great love and devotion for St John. I quote his words and work for humanity. In our Parish, many miracles happen through the intercession of St John, who is very strong in his Faith and continues spreading the Faith to all faithful through his works. My Parishioners are also very devoted to St John.

-Fr Tariq, from Pakistan:

In 2015, my friend was sick with cancer in both her breasts and ended up having both surgically removed. We prayed with her and rubbed St John's Oil on her and her pain went away and she is still in remission. Now I am using the Oil on her husband who had a stroke. We believe that this Oil cures. Please send some more to us.

-Amanda from CA

My granddaughter living in Austria could not find a job for 8 years. I wrote a letter to St John asking for his help. Shortly there after, my granddaughter got a job offer. Thank God.

-Ludmila from Russia

This request is for an Orthodox Christian who had a stroke. I was healed when I was anointed with this blessed Holy Oil during my battle with breast cancer. God's blessings always.

-Alice from OH

Last May, I gave this Holy Oil to a few Orthodox Churches in Bucharest and wonders happened for sick people.

-Marian from CA

My wife and myself prayed fervently to St John to deliver her father from the consequences of a severe cerebrovascular accident. St John heard our prayers and he is now slowly getting better.

-Edward from Brazil

This Holy Oil has me through my breast cancer and now need some as my son is ill with diabetes and will have kidney surgery this March. We both are going through tremendous depression.

-Alice from OH

My daughter was having a hard time conceiving and after she used the Oil as directed, had a wonderful baby girl.

-Marsha from NJ

My wife is very sick and needs urgent surgery but we have no cash to do it. We trust in anointing oil for healing.

-Joseph from India

May God bless you all, and thank you heartily for the Oil. The Oil has helped to cure my incessant eczema. Now I am undergoing heart problems, I have constant chest pain which only the Oil of St John can help. His Oil has relived my pain and healed me. Thanks be to God.

-William from PA

Here in Lahore Parish, it is full of poor people and ill patients. May the Holy Oil help them to build their faith in the Lord. This is the first Orthodox church in our area.

-Umaar from Pakistan

To those who contributed and made this Brochure possible:
The people who sent in their Remembrances
The people who sent in their Testimonies
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With Gratitude, Nicholas A. Loukianoff

There is so much healing needed in my family, especially my husband who suffers from depression and spends most of his days in intense anger. This has caused damage to my son, who has, for all practical; purposes, not had much of a father for the 13+ years of his life. I know that there are many miracles attributed to Saint John and his intercessions, and I pray he will intercede for us and God will have mercy. Thank you for making this available.

-Petra form FL

Please send a bottle of St John Holy Oil to anoint my son John who has become "lost" spiritually, and gotten in with a drug crowd.

-Jocelyn from KS

In late October, 2018, the 29 year old son of one of our attorneys was suffering greatly from blinding headaches, nausea, neck pain and more. He went to the emergency room of UCSF. They ruled out meningitis and sent him home with some pills to control nausea. The headaches and other pains were so bad that he could not work. He could barely get out of bed. To compound matters, his vision began to deteriorate. The double vision was so bad he could barely see anything.

The father arranged for his son to see a renowned neurosurgeon in the area. Scans showed pockets of liquid pressing on the spine and cranium. A spinal tap was administered with no lessening of the pain. By this time almost a month had passed. I could hear from the conversations between father and son that both were feeling desperate.

I brought in a vial of Vladika John's Oil and an icon and gave it to the attorney. He told me that, as a Catholic, he believed in the intercession of saints and would use the Oil. He asked how it was to be used. I told him simply to make the Sign of the Cross on his son's forehead and ask St. John to help.

The attorney was with his son for Thanksgiving but had forgotten to take the vial and icon with him. Things were so bad that he returned two days later and signed his son with the Oil.

The next day, a Sunday, his son called to say that his vision was beginning to clear up.

The next day he called again. His vision was 100%. The following day he went to the neurosurgeon who told him he had no explanation for his improvement. The day after, that son went back to work after over a month's absence.

Glory to God Who is wondrous in His Saints!;

-CK from CA

My name is Andrew Egres and the following is my experience: I had diabetes. I applied the Holy Oil nightly. I did not exercise, nor follow special diet. My spouse did watch what I had to eat, but other than that, nothing special was undertaken. The doctor told us that there was no evidence of any diabetes. Glory be to God

I've had five heart procedures/surgeries since 2012. The latest procedure was this January, 2019. The two surgeons told me that they ran into significant complications in the beginning of the procedure, but that as they proceeded, things changed for the better. I believe that it was only through the prayers of St John and the application of the Holy Oil is the reason they overcame the complications. The result of the procedure was so good that I was allowed to skip the mandatory two day stay in ICU, was placed in ICU Step-down and was sent home at the end of the second day. The procedure involved replacement of my Aortic Valve and the insertion of a special mesh. Glory be to God for all things.

-Andrew Egres

My daughter was diagnosed with a rare form of cancer in 2010 at the age of 9 years old. After learning about the life-threatening nature of her illness, my initial emotion manifested in a long cry and a deep sob. I then prayed to the Holy Theotokos through her icon which has been in our family for over 300 years, accepted God's will, and got to work searching world-wide for the best oncology team for this unusual form of the disease. A doctor told me to prepare for the worst, as the early results we were getting continued to worsen, but I could not bare to share his declaration with my wife. Since then, we served regular molebens (services of intercessions) at the relics of St. John of Shanghai and San Francisco, and our daughter started to religiously apply oil from St. John reliquary to the area of her cancer - which she continues to do. Although she had several operations and radiation treatments that removed and affected a significant amount of flesh, our primary surgical oncologist, who still conducts regular check-ups, cannot explain why her tissue is regenerating in that spot when it should be wilting. We told him about St John and that our daughter was applying his oil, and he encouraged us to keep doing so - quietly acknowledging that he also believes in miracles. Our molebens have now turned to services of thanksgiving. We are truly blessed to have such a great saint among us. Glory to God in the Highest.

-Anonymous, May 2019

