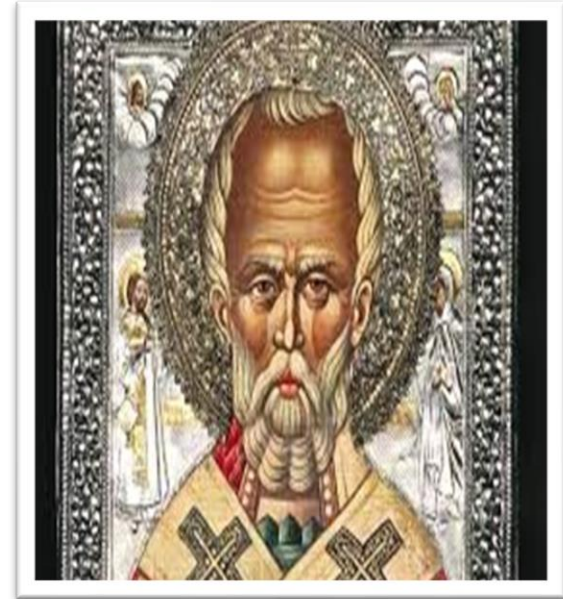


St Nicholas

270–c. 346

Saint Nicholas of Myra, also known as Nicholas of Bari, Nicholas the Wonderworker, and Saint Nick, was a fourth-century bishop in Myra, Asia Minor, modern-day Demre, Turkey. Nicholas was born into an affluent and devout Christian family. When Nicholas was young, his parents died from an epidemic, leaving him an orphan and heir to his family wealth. Conscious of the exhortation Jesus gave to the rich young man to “sell what you have and give to the poor,” Nicholas did exactly that. He sold his inheritance and distributed it to those in need. Some accounts of his life state that his uncle instead was the Bishop of Myra and that he ordained Nicholas a priest.



The miracles of saint Nicholas

1. St. Nicholas worked numerous miracles, such as the rescuing of three maidens from being forced into prostitution.
2. **saving three men wrongfully condemned to death.**

St. Nicholas' presence was found in a separate occasion involving three imperial officers simply on their way to duty in Phrygia. When the men were back again in Constantinople, the jealousy of the prefect Ablavius caused them to be imprisoned on false charges and an order for their death was procured from the Emperor Constantine. When the officers heard this they remembered the example they had witnessed of the powerful love of justice of the Bishop of Myra and they prayed to God that through his merits and by his instrumentality they might yet be saved. That night St. Nicholas appeared in a dream to Constantine, and told him with threats to release the three innocent men, and Ablavius experienced the same thing. In the morning the Emperor and the prefect compared notes, and the condemned men were sent for and questioned. When he heard they had called on the name of the Nicholas of Myra who appeared to him, Constantine set them free and sent them to the bishop with a letter asking him not to threaten him

any more, but to pray for the peace of the world. For a long time, this has been the most famous miracle of St. Nicholas, and at the time of St. Methodius was the only thing generally known about him.

3. Saint Nicholas Miraculously Saves A Chinese Man

Before Communists came to power in China, there was an icon of St. Nicholas in the Harbin train station(1), as many Russian immigrants had settled there. The icon was respected by non-Christian Chinese as well as the Russian Orthodox immigrants.

One day a Chinese man, dripping wet, ran into the station, throwing himself down in front of the icon. He was speaking Chinese and it is said he was thanking the saint for saving his life.

During the winter, when the Sungari river that flows through Harbin, China, is frozen solid it becomes a short-cut to go from one side to the other.

The ice breaks up in the spring and chunks flow down the river. On that day this man was in a great hurry to get to the other side of the river. Even though the ice was breaking up and floating in the water, he ran across, jumping from floe to floe. Then he slipped and went down under the ice.

As he was beginning to drown, he remembered the train station icon and cried out, "Old man from the train station, help me!"

Then he became unconscious, slipping completely under the ice where he would surely perish.

The very next thing he knew, he was on the riverbank! Freezing water soaked him to the skin, but he was alive and well! As fast as he could, the man ran the long distance to the train station. He stopped in front of the icon, throwing himself down, thanking the great hierarch Saint Nicholas for such an amazing miracle of his mercy and love.

4. Saint Nicholas Heals A Muslim Woman

A Muslim woman from the Russian Republic of Bashkortostan, who for 4 years underwent tests and treatments to become pregnant, achieved her desire after praying before an icon of St. Nicholas.

"I am a Muslim, but for some reason I believe that the icon helped me", testified the happy mother to Komsomolskaya Pravda.

Her friends advised her to go to church: Her marriage had failed though her diagnosis was like a knife stab to her family; her illness should not have allowed her to become pregnant. It was her first time she went to a church. She was a little scared and did not know how to pray. The parishioners told her to pray from her heart.

She then prayed saying: "Wonderworker Nicholas, help me to acquire a son", and she left a golden chain next to the icon.

After a month she became pregnant and eventually gave birth to a healthy baby.

5. A Miracle Wrought By St. Nicholas in Kiev in the 1920's

During the mid-1940s (I can't recall the exact date), I had to spend the night in the city of Munchen [Munich] in West Germany. The city was in ruins after the war, and I would be forced to spend the night outside. Fortunately, there chanced to be a "Good Samaritan" church-house in the city, and I was provided with its address.

There were two of us in the room. Myself, and a man unknown to me, some 40-45 years of age. We introduced ourselves, each to the other. I do not remember either his name or his surname - and they probably would not have been "real" anyway. We had to sleep on wooden benches and chairs. So, in order to pass the night more quickly, we fell to talking. I can't remember why, but my co-locutor, for some reason or other, asked me

whether I was acquainted with the miracle of St. Nicholas that took place in Kiev in the 1920s. I did not know of it, and he related the following tale to me.

In Kiev, at Podol (the northern section of the city), there dwelt an elderly widow with her son and daughter. The old woman dearly loved St. Nicholas and, in all cases of difficulty, would go to his church to pray before the image [obraz] of the saintly bishop [sviatitel'], always receiving consolation and the easing of her misfortune. Her son, seemingly a student, became an officer.

The governments of the city changed frequently: Whites, Reds, a Hetman, a Directory, Poles, Germans, etc. All former officers were arrested on the spot, the old woman's son among them. His sister rushed about from one "department" of the time to another. She ran her legs off, but achieved nothing. But the old woman ran off to St. Nicholas. Long did she pray before his icon; then she returned home, consoled--the saintly bishop will help. She sat down to have a spot of tea, while her daughter's hands simply fell to her sides. O, woe!, her brother had vanished!

The son returned home at dawn of the following day. Famished, beaten, dirty, weary. According to him, a large group of officers under a strong convoy of guards was being led off to Pechersk. This is the hilly section of town, opposite from Podol, by the Kiev-Caves Lavra. There was a large hippodrome there, where horse races were held. Beyond it, there was a grove, and rampart-trenches which had been dug on Peter I's day, as a defense against the Swedes. It was in that grove, by the rampart-trenches, that the shootings took place.

They had come up to the hippodrome when, suddenly, some little old man or other stepped out from around a corner. He approached the convoy-commandant and asked: "Where are you taking them?"

The commandant replied, rudely: "To Dukhonin's H.Q.!" (which meant, in the jargon of the time, "to be shot"). "Go away, old man!" The old man left, but, in doing so, he took the old woman's son by the hand and said: "Let him go. I know him."

Neither the commandant nor the escort-guards replied with even so much as a single word, nor did they hinder him. The little old man led the young fellow out around the corner and, saying, "Go on home to your mother," vanished away somewhere.

The old woman was overjoyed and immediately set off to thank St. Nicholas. The son wanted to do nothing more than to lie down and have a good, long sleep, but his mother took him along with her to the church. He had probably been there on previous occasions, but had been but little interested in anything.

The little old woman led him up to a huge image of the saintly bishop. The son turned ashen-pale and began to tremble. He could only whisper: "Mother, dear, but that's the very same elder who led me to freedom..."

Wondrous is God in His Saints.

6. "Someone Is Knocking On the Window"

The following miracle happened at the beginning of the war in Balasich, a town near Moscow.

The Soloviev family had four children. The mother was on her death bed. Her ten year old daughter Paraskevi stood at the window crying. She suddenly heard a sound on the window. Wiping with her hand the frozen window she saw an old man with a cord wrapped around his shoulder. He said to her: "My girl do not cry. Your mother will not die." Paraskevi quieted down and went to tell her neighbors of this.

"My mother will not die. An old man told me."

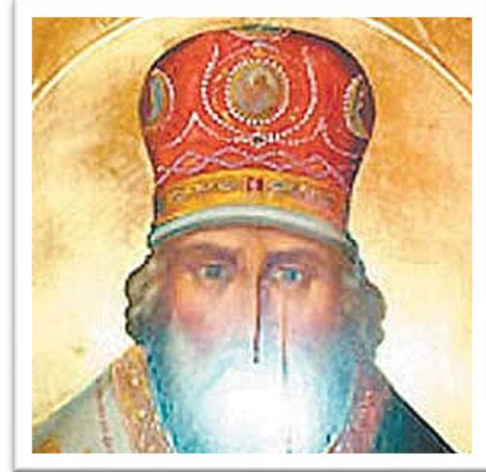
"Which old man?"

"The one who knocked on my window. He had a cord on his shoulder. He told me that mama will not die."

They showed her some icons. Among them she recognized St. Nicholas who was portrayed with an omophorion and holding a Gospel.

7. The Icon of St. Nicholas Which Gushed Myrrh

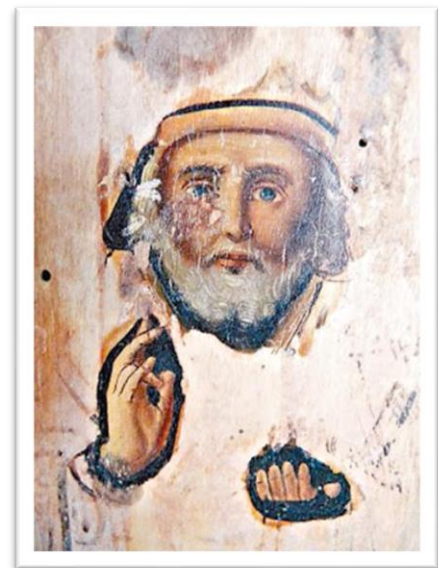
In August of 2006 an icon of Saint Nicholas in Donetsk of Ukraine began to weep. Large tears of myrrh ran from the eyes for one week. This occurred three months before an airplane carrying 159 passengers crashed near Donetsk.



8. The Face of Christ and St. Nicholas Appear On Burnt Icons In Ukraine

An unusual phenomenon occurred in the village Rassivka in the Poltava region of Ukraine: the face of Christ and St. Nicholas appeared on planks after being moved from a burnt area to a home.

"Before the war, our farm belonged to the priest. The old house was bombed by the Germans, and we had to build a new home. About five years ago the shed of the priest was burned. When we started to dismantle the wreckage after the fire, we found two small planks with an image size 10 x 15. We were very surprised that it was not burned. My husband decided not to throw it away", said the 85-year-old Maria Nefortouna.



Now, her fellow villagers come to her home like they go to church to venerate the icons, according to the newspaper Komsomolskaya Pravda.

In turn, the husband of the housewife, Basil Bouchanenko said, "It was initially impossible to see something on the boards, it was blurry, and it had a yellowish color, and was hit hard by the beetles."

The icons were moved to the summer kitchen and forgotten about until the grandchildren found them and started playing with them.

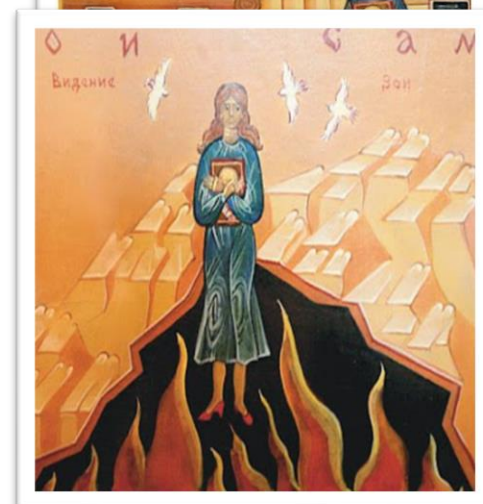
"Seeing it, I took a board in my hands and was shocked! On it seemed the face a saint. I went to church, had it sanctified, and then placed it in the most prominent location of the house, next to family photos. There was no doubt that this was an icon. In a few months there appeared the face and the hands of St. Nicholas the Wonderworker and even details of his clothing. Some details appeared in just one week ", said Basil Bouchanenko.

The head of the church in Rassivka, Father Bogdan, recounted that "the emergence of these icons" took place before his eyes.

9. A Strange Miracle of Saint Nicholas in 1956

A true incident which shocked and brought repentance to hundreds of people in the Russian Soviet city of Kuibyshev (modern day Samara), in the year 1956. In the city of Kuibyshev there lived a family: a pious mother and her daughter Zoë. On the evening of New Years Eve (December 31) of 1956 Zoë invited seven of her girlfriends - and just as many young men - over for dinner and dancing. At that time it was the fast for Christmas* and Zoë's mother begged her not to plan a dinner, but the daughter insisted on having things her way. That same evening her mother went to church to pray.

All those invited came over, except for Zoë's fiancé who hadn't arrived yet. His name was Nicholas. The young ladies and the boys got in pairs and Zoë was left alone. Not knowing what to do and without really thinking, she took down the icon of St. Nicholas the Wonderworker from the wall and said, "I'll take this Nicholas and I'll go dance with them," not paying any



attention to her friends, who advised her not to commit such a blasphemous act. "If God exists, let Him punish me," she said. And so she started to dance, did two or three twirls, when all of sudden there was a fearful noise in the room, a whirlwind, and a blinding light flashed like lightening.

The former joy turned into fright. Everyone fled from the room scared. Only Zoë stood there motionless, with the icon of St. Nicholas stuck to her chest, petrified and frozen like marble. The doctors, who arrived quickly, were not able to bring her to her senses in spite of their attempts. The injection needles, which they tried to stick in her, bent and broke as they hit her marbled body! They wanted to take her to the hospital, but were unable to move her from her spot. It was as if her feet were nailed to the floor. But her heart was beating! Zoë was alive. However, she was no longer able to eat or drink...

When her mother came back and saw what had happened, she fell unconscious and they took her to the hospital, which she didn't leave from for a few days. Her faith in the compassion of God and her warm motherly prayers for the forgiveness of her unfortunate daughter, by the Grace of God, restored her vitality.

Zoë came to consciousness and with tears she sought forgiveness and help.

Zoë's house was surrounded by a crowd of people for the first few days, faithful who came or, even yet, walked from afar: the curious, doctors, and spiritual personalities. But according to an order from the authorities, the house was quickly closed to visitors. There were always two policemen guarding the house, in alternating eight-hour shifts. Some of the guards' hair turned white, even though they were still young (28-30), from the fright of hearing the terrifying cries that Zoë made every night.

Night after night her mother was next to her praying.

"Mama, pray! Pray, because I'm lost on account of my sins! Pray!" Zoë would cry out.

Because of all the things that were happening they even informed the

Patriarch and asked him to pray for Zoë's recovery. The Patriarch replied, "The one who is punishing her will also have mercy on her!"

From then on, among those who were allowed to visit Zoë were:

1. A professor of medicine of high prestige who came from Moscow. He had confirmed that her heart did not stop beating.
2. Priests, who the mother had invited in order to take St. Nicholas out of Zoë's hands. But neither were they able to pull the icon away from Zoë's petrified hands.
3. The Hieromonk Seraphim from the Glinsk desert, who had come to Kuibyshev for the feast of the Nativity, performed the Holy Water service and had blessed the icon. Afterwards he said, "Now we must wait for some sign at Pascha! If nothing happens, it means that the end of the world is drawing near!" showing by these words his deep faith in miracles.
4. The Metropolitan Nicholas, who also read the Paraklesis and said, "We must wait till Pascha for a new miracle," repeating the saying of the pious hieromonk.

On the eve of the feast of the Annunciation (which that year fell on the Saturday of the third week of Great Lent) some genial elder approached the guards and asked them to allow him to see Zoë. But the police guards refused to allow it. The elder came again the following day, but neither did those guards allow him. The third time, on the day of the Annunciation, the guards allowed him in. They heard with how much compassion he spoke to Zoë as he entered, "Now then, did you get tired from standing?"

A little time passed and when the guards wanted to kick the elder out, he wasn't to be found in the room...

Everyone was sure that it was Saint Nicholas himself. Thus, Zoë had stayed there standing for exactly 4 months (128 days) until Pascha, which that year had fallen on April 23 (May 6 on the New Calendar).

On the night of the Glorious Resurrection of Christ Zoë started to cry out especially loud: “Pray!”

The nightshift guards started to tremble and asked, “Why are you crying out so frightfully?” Pay attention to her answer. “How dreadful, the earth is burning! Pray! The whole world is lost because of its sins, pray!” From that moment Zoë was revived, her muscles started to become soft; she came back to life. They eventually put her on a mattress but she continued to cry out and call all to pray for the world which is lost because of its sins, for the earth which is burning because of its lawlessness.

“How did you stay living up till now? Who fed you?” they asked her. “Doves, doves fed me” was her answer. From this it was apparent that she had received mercy and forgiveness from the Right hand of the Lord Almighty. The Lord forgave Zoë’s sins, by the attendance of St. Nicholas the Wonderworker, and because of her great tribulations and her standing for the duration of 128 days.

All of these events shocked the inhabitants of Kuibyshev and the surrounding areas. Many people again found their faith in God, having seen the miracles, hearing her screams and her entreaties for us to pray for the people who are lost on account of their sins. They returned to the Church with repentance. Those who didn’t wear a cross started to wear one, when at that time you might have paid with your life just for that. The return was so en masse that the churches didn’t have enough little crosses for everyone who sought one.

With fear and tears the people sought forgiveness for their sins, repeating Zoë’s words, “How dreadful, the earth is burning, we are lost because of our sins! Pray! The people are lost because of their lawlessness!”

On the third day of Pascha Zoë left for the Lord, since she had traveled the difficult road of standing for 128 days before the face of the Lord for the forgiveness of all of her sins. The Holy Spirit had preserved her life all of these days for the resurrection of her soul from the death of sin, just as in that eternal day to come it will resurrect her bodily for life everlasting; for that matter, just as her name itself means: Zoë.

10. St. Nicholas, Patron Saint of the Holy Monastery of Grigoriou

Another miraculous event occurred on a feastday of St. Nicholas during the abbacy of Fr. Symeon. This time, the cellarer informed the Abbot that he would not be able to give any oil to the hermits. (At that time they were accustomed to give a certain amount of oil as a blessing to the poor ascetics who took part in the feast.)

"What is the difficulty?" asked the Abbot.

"We don't have much oil. There is only half a jar left."

"It doesn't matter. Give them what is left."

The cellarer obeyed. Portioning out the oil to the ascetics, he made them happy, but he himself did not feel any great joy. They had a little oil left; now it would be completely gone. These were the thoughts dictated by his logic, and - even more - by his lack of faith. That which followed, however, and which he was the first to ascertain, brought new life to his faith in the providence and power of God. Their kind and compassionate protector, St. Nicholas, again intervened. The level of the oil in the jar did not go down at all, not even by one centimeter. It remained where it was before.

Thus the hermits received their alms, the Monastery suffered no loss, and the monk who was lacking in faith received a valuable lesson.

If someone had the patience to search through the various books and records of the Monastery, he would find countless miracles of St. Nicholas. Many times he protected the Monastery from sure destruction by fire, and saved monks who had fallen down steep cliffs. Many times also he saved boats and ships from certain shipwreck.

In the Katholicon of the Monastery, from the great ring above the chandelier, there hangs a silver model of a schooner. What does it represent? It represents a certain schooner that had come to pick up a load of lumber at the Monastery. The sea was so heavy that it was in danger of foundering. As

soon as the sailors called on St. Nicholas, however, the tempest was stilled, and, beyond hope, they were saved from certain death.

Elder Athanasios gave the following advice to his successor Abbot: "The Abbot must be very charitable, as was St. Nicholas, and must assist all who come to the Monastery asking for help. God will never forsake anyone, but will provide so that nothing is lacking."

11. How the Village of Saint Nicholas in Solia Got Its Name

The village of Saint Nicholas in Solia did not have its name from the beginning. But a miracle of St. Nicholas prompted the residence to rename their village.

One day a farmer, while tilling his field, came upon a difficulty. The ploughshare of the plow was caught under a large stone. With a spade the farmer unearthed the stone and pulled it to the surface of the field. There he noticed the stone had a hole at one end equal to another at the other end. The farmer thought that such a stone was useful, and in the afternoon went home carrying it to his yard. Through the hole he passed the cord of his ox to tie him there. In the morning when he woke up, he found his ox dead. He called his neighbors to tell him how his ox died from the stone, since it may have carried demonic energy. His neighbors said his ox died from some grass, and not from the stone. The farmer insisted, however, to the point that one day an old man told him how the ox died. He said it was a miracle of St. Nicholas, because he heard from his grandfather that in the area where the stone was found a church dedicated to St. Nicholas once existed that was destroyed by the Saracenes.

The farmer suspected the old man to be right. One Saturday night St. Nicholas appeared to him and told him that in the area the stone was found there existed his church which was buried deep. He was then ordered to uncover it.

That Sunday the farmer went to church, and after the Liturgy told the villagers of his vision, and begged them to go there with him to uncover the church. Before sunset they followed him, and they found the walls of the church. They dug around the church till the walls came up to their waists, and

they were painted. On one wall was an icon of St. Nicholas full-bodied. The villagers then decided to build a church on that spot and named their village after Saint Nicholas.

12. A Miracle of Saint Nicholas in Limassol, Cyprus

My grandfather, that is the father of my mother, was named John Kyriakides. He served in the small Church of Saint Nicholas as a sexton for more than thirty years. He was an honest, sincere, humble and good man who loved the Church very much and had a great weakness for Saint Nicholas. He always had him as a protector and helper.

The Holy Metropolis of Kition (Limassol belonged to the Metropolis of Kition) granted to my grandfather one of the two houses that were near the church, where today is housed the Parish Center, and he lived with his wife Helen. In another house the priest lived with his family.

One night in winter, when rain came and went, there came a big storm. It was chaos. Thunder was heard from afar and lightning ripped the sky from east to west. Great desolation and deep darkness reigned everywhere. Nor were there lights, nor moon, nor stars, because the sky was covered with black clouds.

My grandfather had lied down early. The midnight hour passed. My grandmother suddenly heard him get out of bed and hurriedly put on his poor jacket, ready to go out of the house. Immediately my grandmother began to yell: "John, where are you going at this hour?" My grandfather replied with a calm and gentle voice: "Don't be afraid Helen. Saint Nicholas came and told me his silver icon dropped to the floor in the church and I'm going to pick it up."

Despite the exhortations of my grandmother for him to not go out on such a fearful and rainy night, my grandfather quickly went to the church without losing time.

After some time he returned soaking wet like a duck, but satisfied. He was in fact correct. The silver icon of St. Nicholas was on the floor of the church, just

like the Saint notified. Grandfather picked up the icon with great respect and placed it back in its permanent position. After doing his cross three times he venerated St. Nicholas and locked the door to the church. He returned in the rain to his poor bed to continue his sleep, delighted and happy now that he had done his full duty.

13. Saint Nicholas Appears To A Pious Christian Woman.

My mother Chrystalla Andrew died on 2/3/1992. She was a very quiet and faithful wife and grew up there in the old homes of the Church of St. Nicholas.

One summer afternoon in 1985 while sitting on the porch with my father Andreas Leonidou and my little sister Angela Leonidou and all spoke together, suddenly my mother got up from her chair, opened her arms and shouted: "Welcome, welcome! Pass through." Her face glowed a little strange and seemed too happy. Others who saw and watched her movements and heard her words said they did not understand, but neither could explain why she did what she did.

After a few minutes she sat quietly in her chair. Concerned the others asked her what was wrong and what happened. Then my mother said naturally: "Didn't you see the three bishops who came to our house? Here with us was St. Nicholas, the Apostle Luke and the third I did not understand who it was. All three were dressed in the garments of a hierarch. I told them to pass through, but St. Nicholas told me that they were all in a hurry. Just at that moment St. Nicholas blessed our house and told me not to fear and that all will go well. All three smiled at me, they left from the yard and proceeded toward the Church of St. Nicholas. You did not see that they were here? Why are you asking me?"

My mother at this time was awake and had her senses. Also my mother was a very positive and honest woman, and said with confidence and enthusiasm that which occurred that summer afternoon in 1985.

14. Helen Ilia Speaks Of Her Father

Around 1920 when I was a little girl, we lived here in Saint Nicholas. We had great poverty. My father was a shepherd and had his own herd. One day he said he was going to cut wood. Where he went he hit at a point in a tree and "lost his light" (he was blinded). People said he beat the "table outside that we saw" (the devil).

He visited several doctors and was not cured. He went to various churches. At the end he decided to walk from Saint Nicholas to Saint Barbara in Zakaki. At night, in his sleep, a Saint said: "You went to all the churches and did not come near me."

"Who are you?" asked my father. And he got the reply: "I am St. Nicholas. I want you to come like this ..." and he raised his robes, showing his feet were clean.

My father asked me to boil water and he bathed. We took him along the reverse path to walk him, with my brother Harry and myself. That night my father slept alone in the Chapel of St. Nicholas. The next morning we went to take him from there but we did not find him. He had become well. Saint Nicholas healed his eyes and when he woke he saw as before. He had gone home to take the herd and drive it to the pasture.

We all praise God and St. Nicholas! The "old ones" had great faith you see.

15. A Miracle of a Prisoner of War During the Turkish Invasion

The following was written in the newspaper "ΣΗΜΕΡΙΝΗ" on 07/19/1998:

The constable Polydoros Georgiadis is not a person that bends easily. He lives life with a cool and unique serenity. When he remembers, however, the 100 days of captivity, in the dungeons of Adana and Amasa, it is impossible though he tries to hide his tears, and even more tears run from his eyes when he recounts the appearance of St. Nicholas in his cell on September 5th. Let him tell us what he saw:

"While I slept at 10pm St. Nicholas appeared, holding in one hand my wife, who wore the same clothes as on the last day that I saw her when I was captured, and in the other arm a baby. 'Here is your wife and the male baby she gave birth to' he said. 'Yes, but we dedicated him to the Apostle Andrew,' I replied. 'I know, but you should baptize him in my church,' said St. Nicholas, and he disappeared. At the same time I saw the Church of St. Nicholas in my village, in Nata of Paphos. A few days later the Red Cross came to the prison, and I wrote down what I saw on the night of September 5 when St. Nicholas appeared. My letter reached, through the Red Cross, the hands of my wife, who later told me she was moved and informed all my neighbors of the appearance of St. Nicholas. On October 28, when released, I went straight to Nata. It was 1:30 in the morning and all my fellow villagers, who were informed, were on foot, while the bell of the Church of St. Nicholas rang joyfully."