

Favors Attributed to Gabriel Garcia Moreno¹

One should not expect to consider all the following favors to be first class miracles, but as all being, indeed, the testimony of so many Catholic faithful who think that Garcia Moreno was a true saint and martyr. In the year 1938 a renewal of faith and confidence in the intercession of the President-martyr took place. Until now only three [of the following] cases could be evaluated as having the character of first class miracles, following the examination and approval of Holy Church. All that is contained in these pages in this respect is a reproduction of what is already edited in my books, *Christian Hercules, Standard-bearer of the Heart of Jesus, Garcia Moreno. Is Garcia Moreno a Martyr? Knight of the Virgin, Fourteen Machete Blows and Six Bullet Wounds, Champion and Martyr of Progress, The Consecration*, etc., which have all been published with ecclesiastical approval. Since these editions have sold out, it is fitting that these favors be recorded in the following pages.

Patron of Travel

Many travelers entrust their journeys to Garcia Moreno's soul, remembering how that great man traveled along roads at the edges of cliffs, or infested with robbers. He forded torrential rivers, or went on marches while in bad health. The travelers, above all those from the province of Bolivar and the canton of Guano, offered stipends for Masses to be offered for this intention, and they declared that they were helped in an extraordinary way. The news of such favors reached the ears of Fr. Excobar, S.J., my professor who passed this on to me in the year 1938.

While I was in San Jose de Chimbo until the aforementioned year, they told me that Mariano Montenegro had to cross a river while walking on a plank of wood that was made to serve as a bridge. Being then middle-aged, he was afraid but he invoked Garcia Moreno by saying to him, "Give me a hand." He recovered his courage and walked on the board as though there were no danger.

The same Mariano Montenegro, knowing that a lady was in danger of death, with terrible pains of childbirth from being unable to give birth at the due time, directed his steps there and invoked Garcia Moreno. Thereupon, the sick woman gave birth to twins and recovered her strength and health to the surprise of all.

By the testimony of Msgr. Alberto Ordonez, bishop of Riobamba, the illustrious bishop of Portoviejo, Pedro Schumacher, was accustomed to commend his great apostolic enterprises to Garcia Moreno, and related that he had thereafter great success in them.

Reverend Father Virgilio Maldonado, Apostolic Administrator of Portoviejo, made a novena of prayers to Garcia Moreno, asking for the cure of a relative suffering from a

¹ Translated from the monumental biography, *Vida de Garcia Moreno* by Rev. Father Severo Gomezjurado, S.J (Quito, 1981; vol. 13, pp. 403-418). On December 20, 1939, the Archbishop of Quito, Carlos Maria de la Torre, formed a Commission of historians in preparation for the establishment of the beatification process of Garcia Moreno, "Martyr of Christian Justice." Archbishop de la Torre was later elevated to the cardinalate in 1953 by Pope Pius XII, and thus became the first Ecuadorian to be admitted to the College of Cardinals. Fr. Gomezjurado had been the leading member of the aforementioned Commission, and this article is taken from the final volume of his thirteen volume work.

chronic illness. Well, when the Sixth of August arrived, the anniversary of the death of the President-martyr, the sick man recovered in a marvelous manner, and suddenly became completely cured. Upon hearing this, Archbishop Gonzalez Suarez said with wit, *'The Sixth of August? But Faustino Rayo² also died on this day!...'*

The venerable Dr. Virgilio Palomeque, pastor of Colimes for many years, did not cease to wonder how he had invoked Garcia Moreno when he had been called to give the sacraments to a woman in a desperate condition from childbirth, and immediately after that, the sick woman gave birth with admirable ease.

The eminent Jesuit Ricardo Vasquez, in the year 1938, sent a letter to me from Quito in which he said, *"I am a great admirer and devotee of Garcia Moreno, and have received notable favors through his intercession."*

In the year 1929, I received a letter written from Lima by one of my aunts, Sister Elisa Gomezjurado, a religious of the Sacred Hearts, in which she said to me, *"I heard that Garcia Moreno works miracles; I have received some, but I do not dare put them into a letter."*

The Burnt Bread

In Mr. Jaime Vincio Sosa's museum there exists the scarf which some orphan girls from Cuenca had given to Garcia Moreno. The chaplain of the orphanage was Canon Leon. The latter, who had scarcely heard the news of the assassination of the great man, spoke to those orphans exhorting them to consider his death as a true martyrdom and to commend themselves to him in trials and tribulations. The lesson had its effect:

When their oven had been overheated, the bread was burnt. Mercedes Torres, who was responsible for the bread that week, was greatly alarmed. She knelt down and prayed, *"Blessed soul of Garcia Moreno, help in this disgrace. Restore the bread."* One of her companions and assistants, Ana Merchan, also knelt down and made the same prayer. Immediately the life-saving idea came to them of going to the chaplain, so that he would intercede before the Directress Carmen Maldonado, who was a strict disciplinarian, and who would deprive them of their supper and make them work the whole night making new bread.

The Canon verified that all the bread was almost completely burnt and closed the bakery with a key. When taking his leave he said, *'You have invoked Garcia Moreno and so sleep tranquilly. If there is no miracle by the holy martyr, I will speak tomorrow with Miss Carmen so that she does not punish you.'*

Minutes later the Directress asked them, *"How did the bread turn out? Let us go to see it."* *"Madam, the bakery is locked, and the Canon took the key"* *"What a strange thing for the Canon to do!"* replied the Directress.

On the following morning, Canon Leon came to the orphanage and said, *'Before celebrating Mass let us go and see the bread.'* He opened the door and they entered. *"Miracle, miracle!"* they exclaimed. *"The bread has become completely better. Yesterday it was black, and now it is golden."* They tested some pieces and what an exquisite

² Faustino Rayo, hired by the Freemasons, was President Garcia Moreno's assassin.

taste! The cleric shared their emotion and surprise, of course without tasting any, since he had to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. In the chapel he congratulated the orphans and again extolled the patronage of Garcia Moreno and his martyrdom.

Half an hour later, the patrons who supported the orphanage also marveled at the special exquisiteness of the bread of that day.

Mercedes Torres, the one in charge for the week, gave this account to Sister Josefina Iniguez, and she finally passed it on to me, the author of these pages, in the year 1949. Moreover, she told me, *“After Garcia Moreno did this marvel for me, there is no favor that I have asked of him that I have not obtained.”* Magdalena Chacon and Josefa Velez, companions of Mercedes Torres, also said to the aforesaid religious, *“The change in the bread is a certain fact.”* Finally, Ana Merchan, along with Mercedes Torres, transmitted this account to her younger sister, Encarnacion Merchan, who was still alive in the year 1949, and passed it on to me in that same year.

Cure of a Fistula

Pedro Aviles was a priest from Latacunga famous for his extraordinary devotion to Garcia Moreno, whose virtues he tried heroically to imitate. When he heard the name of the President-martyr, he invariably uncovered his head. An ulcer appeared on his foot, of a chronic type which is commonly called a fistula. The malady worsened to the point that the doctors judged it necessary to amputate his diseased foot. Then Aviles earnestly besought the intercession of Garcia Moreno, spending whole hours in prayer during the night, without omitting to sprinkle some white powder on the fistula, which had been used for some time with no success. During the course of the night the foot seemed to be so much better that, in the morning, the surgeons determined that amputation was unnecessary. He improved in a few days to complete health. The grateful man did not cease to repeat emphatically, *“Garcia Moreno is the one who cured me.”* One of the witnesses is a priest from Riobamba... Another person who told this same story is Sister Francisca Aviles, Pedro’s sister.

Advocate against Injustices

Reverend Mother Sabina, Superior of a community of Marianites, was in serious danger of being dispossessed of some lands, due to criminal maneuvers by unscrupulous lawyers. She commended the matter to the Blessed Sacrament and to Garcia Moreno. She set out for Quito and requested an audience with the Dictator, Frederico Paez, who had begun his term by troubling the Church. Having already entered the Presidential Palace, her constant prayer was this, *‘Garcia Moreno, do justice.’* Well then, the dictator by public decree ordered the lands to be returned, under penalty of the swindlers being sent into exile to the Galapagos Islands if they did not comply.

Increase of “Garcianism” since 1938

Due to the prayers approved by the Church, the new biographies, and finally the introduction of the Cause of Beatification by Archbishop Carlos Maria de la Torre, we very solemnly relate favors of greater importance:

In Guayaquil, a sick man had to undergo surgery on the following day. He decided to invoke Garcia Moreno. *“I fear the operation. Make me healthy without too much trouble.”* The fatal hour arrived. The surgeon examined the ailing man as a pure formality, and became perplexed. He examined the man more thoroughly, and being moved, he exclaimed, *“You have cured yourself without an operation.”* That is what happened.

During the first days of July in 1940, in Ambato, a religious of the Providence order was in bed with a temperature between thirty-nine and forty degrees Celsius.³ The Community besought the intercession of Garcia Moreno, *“If you are a saint, please let it not be typhoid, since the college mustn’t close.”* Moreover, a picture of the President-martyr was placed near the bed of the sick sister. The decision of Dr. Humberto Ordonez: *“Typhoid. The sick sister must go to the hospital and the College must be closed.”*

Other doctors had a less pessimistic opinion, and declared, *“It is a very serious matter to close a college, precisely when there are only fifteen days until the final exams. It ought not to happen, since it is not absolutely certain that it is typhoid”* As a result of this, the confidence of the religious increased and they doubled their prayers to Garcia Moreno.

To eliminate all hesitation, blood was taken from the sick sister and was examined in the laboratory: typhoid! Then the sister infirmarian, angrily snatched the picture of Garcia Moreno, crushed it, and threw it into the garbage.

Nevertheless, something extraordinary happened: the sick sister had a lower temperature: only one hundred degrees Fahrenheit; and she felt strong and brave. But the analysis did not give any room for doubt: the establishment was closed, and the sister with typhoid had to be brought to the hospital. She wanted to go on foot, but it was not allowed. In the meantime she was completely healed. The doctors were shocked. The little sisters, in fact, looked at each other with smiles, as though saying, *“Then Garcia Moreno is a saint.”* As a precaution, the recently cured sister still remained in the hospital for five days, returned to her Community, and the College resumed its classes. It seems to be a first class miracle.

Sudden Cure of Deafness

At the end of November 1943, the historic oleograph of the Heart of Jesus of Garcia Moreno was exposed in the Cathedral of Loja receiving the homage of the crowds, when the Franciscan brother, Diego Navarrete, joined them and raised the following prayer:

“Oh Garcia Moreno, you who consecrated Ecuador to the Heart of Jesus before this picture, work a miracle, make me recover the use of my ears. I was given no hope in Quito, a cold climate; I was given no hope in Guayaquil, a hot climate; I was given no hope in Loja, a moderate climate. I want to be a missionary in Zamora, to teach the catechism to the Jivaros.⁴ But how can I do it being deaf? You, who consecrated Ecuador to the Heart of Jesus before this picture, make me hear.” A few minutes passed,

³ i.e. 102-104° F.

⁴ The Jivaros are South American Indians of eastern Ecuador and northeast Peru.

he paid attention and relates that he heard everything: the bell that rings, the people who pray. He exclaimed, *“Now I can go to Zamora.”*

Some eight years later he spoke with me in Gualaceo and said to me, *“I was unable to hear for six months. I can swear that I was given no hope in Quito, in Guayaquil, and in Loja. The doctors who attended me can swear that they gave me no hope.”*

Here is a case that can be considered a first class miracle; an oath was signed by Brother Navarete and by each one of these three doctors. But after some eight years had passed, I found myself in Cuenca, engaged in working on the edition of the first volume of my monumental work on Garcia Moreno. I am confirmed in the persuasion that the Cause did not fail for lack of first class miracles.

About this time, I found myself in the hospital of Gualaceo where they had brought me to administer Extreme Unction to a boy in agony. The child was nine years old and he had fallen from a high place upon a rock. His skull had been split about three centimeters. I examined inside the gap, and I noticed that it was black and dark. The child’s mouth was half-opened; his eyelids were half-closed and trembling. His rasping breath or snoring was typical of the dying. The nurse injected him with blood serum and she covered the wound with a bandage. On my part, I anointed him and touched his neck with a relic of Garcia Moreno, asking the servant of God for a miracle. The nurse exclaimed, *“If he does not die, it will be a great miracle, because the meninges⁵ are threatened.”*

Upset from having seen an open skull for the first time, I went to the banks of the Gualaceo River to get a breath of fresh air. About twenty minutes later I returned to the hospital, and the boy whom I had left dying was found sitting up in bed, speaking with those around him, answering questions: *“Where is your house located; what is your father’s name; how did you fall on the rock?”* I exclaimed, *“It is a miracle.”* All agreed, including the sister who had injected the blood serum, who said, *“Without any doubt, this is a miracle.”* It was six o’clock in the evening.

The following morning I spoke with the hospital doctor, hoping for an official confirmation. But the doctor decided, *“There is no certitude of a miracle, because it is not certain that the wound had been deep.”* I objected to him, *“The state of agony did not indicate a deep cerebral disturbance?”* The doctor’s answer was, *“The state of agony can be unreal and only apparent, and for the latter a superficial disturbance is enough.”* I confirmed here the assertion of Rev. Father Molinari, Procurator in Rome of the Causes of Beatification of the Jesuits, *“The Pope will have to make do with the proofs of heroic virtue or of martyrdom, since the doctors will easily find reasons for judging more or less instantaneous cures as not being miraculous.”*

Again, about the same time in the year 1952, I was in the church of Jiron. At the end of the evening prayers, a woman came near and said to me, *“Father, Garcia Moreno performed a miracle for me.”* *“Would you like to tell me about it?”* *“Yes, Father.”*

“For many days I suffered from temptations of despair. I frequently turned to the patronage of the Most Holy Virgin, saying to her, ‘My mother! I do not ask you for riches,

⁵ The meninges is the system of membranes which envelops the central nervous system.

neither for a house, nor a job. I want to be a good Christian, fulfilling the Commandments of God's Law and of the Church. But deliver me from this despair that makes my life unbearable.' I immediately felt an interior voice, that of the Most Holy Virgin, who was answering me, 'Invoke Garcia Moreno.' 'I have indeed heard that Garcia Moreno is performing miracles; but I have neither devotion nor confidence. And are you not my Mother and are you not infinitely more powerful than Garcia Moreno? I then resisted the advice of the Most Holy Virgin and continued to suffer from despair, until one Saturday, after weeping profusely, I fell on my knees before the altar of the Most Holy Virgin and I repeated the identical prayer as before. She answered me as before, 'Invoke Garcia Moreno.' Then I gave way to her holy will, and addressing myself to Garcia Moreno I said to him, 'Since the Virgin wants me to invoke you: I do not ask for riches, neither for a job, nor for a house. I want to be a good Christian, fulfilling the Commandments of God and of the Church; but deliver me from this despair that for so long has made my life unbearable.' A marvelous deed! Immediately peace and spiritual joy of great intensity invaded my soul, which I had never experienced before or afterwards. The despair came to an end. Since that moment I began to invoke Garcia Moreno in all my works without ever being left disappointed."

Incurable Baby

In Tanicuchi, near Cotopaxi, a four month old baby became stricken with a violent whooping cough. One of the doctors declared himself defeated. Another also felt the matter to be hopeless and refused to prescribe anything. Only to placate the mother, he advised two drinks. But the sick child was unable to drink anything. He closed his eyes. The coldness of death had already come upon the child from his feet to his knees. His death that very night seemed inevitable. The parish priest suggested "a novena of prayers to Garcia Moreno," and he led the prayer in the presence of the parents and the servants. The following morning, to the admiration of all, the sick child became better. The novena continued and the improvement likewise continued. When the novena was finished, the child had completely recovered and his parents received Communion in thanksgiving.

In Quito a young lady was near death, to judge from science and the services of three doctors, and in spite of prayers to different saints. Finally the three doctors gave the verdict: "*The invalid is going to pass away tonight.*" Then the priest, Fr. Benitez, suggested, "*Let us entrust the matter to the intercession of Garcia Moreno.*" But they objected, "*We do not have faith in that intercession.*" "*I certainly do,*" replied the priest, "*and if the invalid recovers her health, it ought to be attributed to him.*" "*Without any doubt,*" they answered. Fr. Benitez invoked Garcia Moreno, and the patient not only did not die that night but the next day she was out of danger, and was completely cured in a few days to the surprise of all.

A certain individual put the holiness of Garcia Moreno to the test, "*If the dignitary was a saint, may he make me get a house this very day, furnished in such a way, in such a neighborhood, and at such a price.*" Others laughed at him. Nevertheless on this same day the speaker obtained the house with all the conditions that he had made. Since then he has absolute faith in the sanctity of Garcia Moreno.

A certain person was accustomed to invoke Garcia Moreno in all his difficulties. He did this with much fervor when he felt the vibrations of the earthquake on May 13, 1941. So his house was not affected except for a slender crack like a thread, while some of his

neighbors' houses fell, and others were badly cracked or collapsed. And the prodigy was greater with respect to his nearby stable, which, without any need of an earthquake, was ready to collapse merely from its age and dilapidation. He went towards it before the sun had fully risen, and found it standing. He drove the animals outside. Then he felt a crash behind him. He turned around, and it was the stable that had fallen to the ground, as though it had been sustained by Garcia Moreno until the moment in which the animals left.

In the hospital of Ambato the aforementioned priest, Antonio Benitez, found an incurable woman, having within her womb a child which had been dead for three days. The priest invoked Garcia Moreno in the following words, *"President-martyr, save this woman's life: and so that I may know that you have performed the miracle, make that poor woman happily deliver, today, at one o'clock in the morning."* Four hours later he received news of the delivery of the dead child, partly corrupted. He asked, *"At what hour did it take place?"* - They answered him, *"At one o'clock this morning."*

In the canton of Milagro, Angela Quesada suffered very acute pains in one foot, caused by a fall. She was not able to take a step. She was unable to get to sleep the whole night. Just after daybreak she was able to invoke Garcia Moreno and applied his picture to the injured foot. At the cost of terrible discomfort and supported by other persons, she arrived at the church, where she began again to recommend herself to the President-martyr. When holy Mass was finished, she felt herself instantaneously cured and she returned to her house walking on her own feet without the least difficulty.

In the same Canton of Milagro, around the year 1959, a rich man asked his workman, *"What do you have in your hands?"* He answered, *"A picture of Garcia Moreno, who does miracles."* *"Ha, ha, ha...How can a tyrant work miracles?"* The workman remained silent. But the man, reflecting for a short while like one who has been keeping a sorrow in his heart, exclaimed, *"Good heavens! If it is true that Garcia Moreno is a saint and does miracles, then let him do one right now. For many years I have been searching for my mother and I have not found her. I have invoked St. Vincent, St. Joseph, and other saints, but to no avail. Let Garcia Moreno make me find my mother today and then I will believe that Garcia Moreno is a saint and I will promote his beatification."*

He said this and departed by car to Guayaquil. In this city he found a hotel and ordered lunch. A few moments later, a little old woman came in and begged, saying, *"Sir, give me alms, or if you prefer, that which is on your plate."* The rich man lifted up his eyes and took out a coin saying, *"Take a sucre, and who are you?"* *"I am so and so,"* and she said her first and last name. The rich man was struck, because a long time before he had heard that his mother was so named. *"And how is it that you have fallen into such misery?"* *"Oh, sir, many years ago my husband abandoned me, and bad luck followed me."* *"And what was your husband's name?"* *"His name was..."* and she mentioned his first and last name. The man felt his heart beat violently, as he knew well that such a first and last name matched that of his father. *"And did you have a son?"* *"I had only one small child, a little boy, but I had to give him away to a rich man, because I did not have the wherewithal to feed and clothe him."* *"How old would this boy now be and what was his name?"* *"Alas, this son of mine would now be about thirty years old and his name was..."* She said the name and both last names.

Then the speaker, weeping tears of tenderness, lunged toward her and embracing her exclaimed, *"You are my mother, and I am your son!"* *"How can you be my son for whom*

I have been looking so long?” “Yes, mother, I am he, and from now on I believe that Garcia Moreno is a saint and I am going to cooperate in his beatification.” He put his mother into a car and brought her to his house. Before then he used to carry a revolver in his hand to threaten his enemies. Now he took out a small box to give them a cigarette and shook their hands, saying to them, *“We are friends. Through Garcia Moreno and my mother, I can do this...”* (What is here related is recorded in a letter which I received in the year 1959, in accordance with what is on page 128 of my little work, *14 Machetazos y 6 Balazos.*)

I have in my possession a letter which Brother Clemente de Tulcan sent me on May 28, 1958, in which he related to me the extraordinary favor which we are going to record below. Months later I departed to Tulcan and I questioned the aforementioned religious, *“From what source did Your Reverence know of this event”* *“Well, from a letter which the same person favored by the wonder sent me.”* I had spoken about this to Brother Hilario Yerovi of the Christian Brothers of St. John Baptist de La Salle, who told me, *“The fact related by Brother Clemente de Tulcan is substantially the same as what I heard from Miss Mercedes Ribera Murillo in Tulcan.”*

This lady, very advanced in years, was sleeping in her house in Pupiales, Columbia, accompanied only by a woman servant. In the silence of the middle of the night they realized that a few thieves were picking the lock or breaking the door of the reception room in which many valuable and easily portable objects were kept. (There was no avarice in the lady, who had made valuable donations to the La Salle School in Tulcan and to the minor seminary of Ibarra.) The miscreants were already inside, and the aforesaid lady had invoked Garcia Moreno, when in the same instant a horrendous crash, like an electric train and the collapse of the house produced by an earthquake, caused panic in the assailants who left the stately home in terror. Again there was deep silence.

When the day dawned, Miss Ribera and her servant were in the reception room and found the doors open and broken. They examined all that was contained in the chamber, and they noticed that everything was in its place and that not a thread was missing.

The letter by Brother Clement of Tulcan added a detail that can be more debatable: that a portrait of Garcia Moreno, which was not found hanging on a wall, was found high up on the opposite wall well fastened with strings and a nail; and that such a flight and change of place by the picture contributed to the terror of the bandits.

Again in the canton of Milagro, Mr. Rogerio Fernandez Ortiz, in the year 1964, spoke with me in these terms: *“A short time ago I left my house while invoking Garcia Moreno, the holy President, ‘Allow me to catch the thieves who have gotten into my bedroom and have stolen my suit of clothes and a thousand sucres which I had inside.’ As soon as I walked a short distance, I was met by a gentleman who asked me, ‘Where are you going in such a hurry?’ – ‘Sir, I am going to the police, because thieves have entered my house and have robbed some of my clothes and money.’ The gentleman said to me, ‘Do not be troubled: the man whom you suspect is the thief. Make him go to prison, and recover your clothes and your money. Good-bye.”*

Fernandez Ortiz went a few steps more, and he thought to himself, *“Why did I not ask this gentleman, what reason do you have to tell me, ‘The man whom you suspect, that very man is the thief?’”* In fact, this knowledge of Fernandez Ortiz’s suspicion, a thought imperceptible to others, also made him suspect that such a gentleman was not from this world. In any case, the wronged man calmed himself thinking, *“The gentleman has to be around here; it has not been more than a moment since he went away.”* He looked behind and he did not find him, nor was he ahead. *“It is a rare occurrence,”* he exclaimed. *“This road is long and straight. There are no doors where he could have entered or corners where he could have turned.”*

When he arrived at the police station, he retold his story and spoke about the gentleman who had vanished into thin air. *“Here in this city,”* they answered, *“there are an immense number of thieves. Look at this long list. The matter is not going to be solved in a short time. Go back to your house, and we are going to investigate and search.”* While walking down his road, the troubled man kept asking himself, *“Who can this mysterious man be?”* He had hardly entered his house, when he cast his eyes on a portrait of Garcia Moreno and exclaimed with joy, *“He is exactly the same... Identical... He is the same man who appeared to me on the road.”*

Again he went to the police. He insisted so much that so-and-so was the thief that a group of three prison guards marched to the indicated address and obliged the householder to go outside for a moment. At the same time the one making the search entered into the rooms of the suspect, and immediately found Mr. Rogerio’s new clothes and the thousand sucres.

The following year, 1965, that same man devoted to Garcia Moreno spoke with me and told me, *“I confirm that it was Garcia Moreno who appeared to me on the road: the figure, forehead, the eyes and all the features are identical to those in the portrait. Those thousand sucres that were recovered were to pay the bakery. I buy in bulk and sell retail. Take another five sucres for making our holy President known.”*

I transcribe verbatim a narrative text published in *El Mensajero del Corazon de Jesus* of Santiago, Chile, September of 1953:

“La Serena, Chile. Mrs. Juana Rodriguez tells of the favor that she obtained from the Sacred Heart and the glorious martyr Garcia Moreno, President of Ecuador:

‘I was seriously injured in my left leg, especially my knee, and had acute pains, and not finding any improvement for a long time, it occurred to me to invoke the glorious martyr Garcia Moreno, so that I might obtain improvement from the Sacred Heart, promising Him to put His portrait in a frame. The time was twelve midnight. I slept until two in the morning. I awoke completely cured. Being thankful, I publish the favor of my glorious intercessor and distinguished martyr of the Sacred Heart of Jesus...’”

Story related by Rev. Mother Prioress Luisa Maria Palacios:

“In the month of May, 1975, kneeling before the mortal remains of the President-martyr, I said to him, ‘Morenito, for ninety-three years we have had you in our church without

charging you a centavo.⁶ Now I ask you for the sum of thirty thousand sucres with which I need to pay a debt immediately.’ This plea was made at three in the afternoon. An hour later, or at four o’clock of the same afternoon, I received an airmail envelope in which I found written, ‘To the Mother Superior of the Convent of Saint Catherine.’ I tore open the envelope and found a check for thirty thousand sucres to the bearer. I was not able to decipher the signature, try as I might. At once I sent the check to the bank, and they remitted thirty thousand sucres in currency, with which I then paid my debt.”

Father Aurelio Aulestia, S.J., at the advanced age of eighty-three years old, suffered from the following ailment: a kind of electric charge in his entire right arm, with discomforts that made him burst into prolonged cries. This affliction repeated itself about three times per week, for some three months. What did the doctors say? They said that such an ailment is the effect of insufficient circulation of the blood, caused by old age. How is it counteracted? By spraying the arm with certain liquids that have the power of invigorating circulation. But Father Aulestia was opposed to doctors and medicine.

When August 6, 1975, arrived, the cramp repeated itself five times. Such a turn for the worse, and on the exact centenary of the death of Garcia Moreno, impelled the aforesaid religious to take a fragment of the clothing of the President-martyr and to apply it to the infirm arm. Well, he never felt those pains again despite the advance of old age. Here is another case that, taking into account the doctors’ report, could be considered as a first class miracle.

Letter written in Las Lajas, Columbia, with the date, June 13, 1976:

“Reverend Father Servero Gomezjurado, S.J.,

Thank you for the holy cards, which I no longer have, since I had to give them away, along with the oil painting which Your Reverence blessed. Do you remember? I gave it to a niece of one of our Mothers, for whom it has worked many favors; among those that I know, it freed her from death three times. She says, ‘If it were not for my Gabrielito,⁷ I would not be alive now.’ When she invoked him, she said to him with all confidence, ‘Blessed soldier of Ecuador,⁸ help me with this!’ and she always got out of the predicaments. And not only she, but also the persons who go to her house to pray to him.

She lives in Ipiales, Columbia. As the picture had been only on vellum, she put it into a beautiful gilt frame with glass. Another lady, for a great favor obtained, financed the permanent lighting of the picture with electric light. All kinds of people go there, even currently incredulous students, to ask him for them to pass their subjects during the year, and he helps them. The lady who has the picture has had Masses offered in thanksgiving...

*Your affectionate and faithful servant in Christ and Mary,
Sister Maria Luciana Proano”*

⁶ A centavo is equivalent to a “penny.”

⁷ i.e. an affectionate form of Gabriel Garcia Moreno’s first name.

⁸ i.e. *Puendito bendito*, in Spanish. *Puendos* was the nickname given the Ecuadorian soldiers by the soldiers of Columbia during the Ecuadorian–Colombian War of 1863.

Three Different Novena Prayers (With Ecclesiastical Approval)

O Sacred Heart of Jesus! Remember the consecration that President Gabriel Garcia Moreno made to Thee of his Republic; of the enthronement of Thy sacred image in his presidential home; and of his blood shed to seal his unshakeable adherence to Thee and to Thy vicar, the Pope, and grant us the canonical glorification of such an exemplary ruler, that men powerful in deeds and words may rise up for the cause of religion and of country, and finally grant the particular grace which we ask of Thee, in accord with Thy good pleasure. Amen.⁹ (Ask for a particular grace and end with a Glory Be.)

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Remember, O most holy Virgin of Sorrows, that your servant Gabriel Garcia Moreno swore to defend the privilege of your Immaculate Conception; he was a member of your Congregation;¹⁰ an assiduous reciter of the holy rosary; he expired at the foot of your sacred altar, and according to the testimony of Pope Pius IX, “died as a victim for the faith and Christian charity for his country,” and obtain for us the canonical glorification of such an exemplary ruler, that men powerful in deeds and words may rise up for the cause of the same faith and of country, and finally the particular grace which we ask through your intercession and for his glory, if it be for the good of our souls. Amen.¹¹ (*Ask for a particular grace, and recite a Hail Mary.*)

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O Jesus, our God and Savior! Remember that His Grace Ignacio Checa,¹² Archbishop of Quito, and Gabriel Garcia Moreno, President of Ecuador, whose hearts always remained united, consecrated their country to Thy Sacred Heart and fell victims for their Catholic faith; and grant us the canonical glorification of both so that men powerful in deeds and words may rise up for the advancement of the same faith and of country; and finally grant us the particular grace which we request, for their glory, in accord with Thy Divine good pleasure. Amen. (*Ask for a particular grace, and end with a Glory Be.*)

⁹ This prayer has been approved not only by the bishops of Ecuador, but moreover by the bishops of Pasto in Columbia, of Santiago in Chile, of Sao Paulo in Brazil, by another in Argentina through the mediation of Fr. Herve Le Lay. It has been translated into Portuguese and English. More than 100,000 holy cards of Garcia Moreno with these prayers were distributed within forty years.

¹⁰ i.e. the Marian Congregation of Artisans in Quito directed by the Jesuit Fathers.

¹¹ This prayer was approved by His Eminence Cardinal De La Torre, Archbishop of Quito, on November 10, 1959.

¹² Archbishop Ignacio Checa y Barba was poisoned with strychnine during the Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday in the Cathedral of Quito on March 30, 1877, for his opposition to the liberal and anti-clerical demands of the liberal government which followed the assassination of Garcia Moreno. These two heads of Church and of State, consecrated Ecuador to the Sacred Heart in the same Cathedral where they both died, as it were, to seal their covenant with God in the same place with their own blood.