

A saintly Fool for Christ in the heart of Athens (2)

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Holy souls live among living humans...

«I was under the impression that mister John was a theologian-professor. I surmised that, from his profound theological but equally simplified analyses. He knew the entire Holy Bible by heart, and he would exhort me with faith to read one or two pages every day, from the Bible that he himself had given me as a gift. He even counselled me to kneel before the icon of the Holy Mother every day and describe in detail the day's joys, sorrows and problems.

He used to say «Dear little Calliope, ask our Holy Mother to become your best friend and you will see everything changing around you. Our kind Mother is the kindest Mother of all, the kindest sister, the kindest friend. Talk to Her – She listens...»

Last night, when I rang up mister John and a gentleman who picked up the phone told me that mister John had died and informed me about the funeral, I felt as though I had just lost my father...

Mister Anastasy suddenly jumped up and asked:

–«When did you ring up?» [περισσότερα...](#)