



Padre Pio with Leo Fanning (beside him),
Joe Asterita, and Mario Avignone



Father Leo Fanning holding his photo with
Padre Pio and his relic

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Eublio Cardone's Story



M/S «VULCANIA»

The MS Vulcania was an Italian ocean liner built by Cantiere Navale Triestino, Monfalcone, northern Italy in 1926 for the Italian company, Cosulich Line.

This is the ship that Eublio sailed to America on in 1929, arriving at Ellis in New York on June 19th. It was a long hard trip across the Atlantic Ocean.

Eublio Cardone's Story

This story was taped and written exclusively for Pamphlets to Inspire in May, 2008.

My name is Eublio Cardone. The name Eublio is a one of a kind name which brought me much frustration going to school, and especially during my army service during World War II. No one could pronounce my name or spell it, so one day my sargeant came to me and said "from now on we will call you Ube." In reply I said, "Fine just don't call me late for dinner". So, I've been Ube ever since. Actually I tarried to explain to people that in Italian the letter "E" is pronounced "A"...doing this makes my name easy to say "Aublio", but they preferred to call me Ube, and still do as of today.

I was born in a small town in southern Italy called Pietrelcina on December 3, 1921. This little village became known all over the world as the home of a young priest better known as Padre Pio. On July 3, 1919, my parents Vincenzo Cardone and my mother Angelina Mustaccinlo were married. My mother and father were very close friends of Padre Pio's parents. Padre Pio's mother's name was Giuseppa, and his father's name was Grazio Forgione. We lived only a short distance from Padre Pio's family.

At that time Pietrelcina was a small farming town where everybody new each other, or was related to each other through marriage. Our town was a very poor town, but a loving town where everybody cared for each other and looked out for each other. There was no money exchanged for services rendered.

My mother was a dressmaker teaching young girls how to sew a dress, and to knit, in exchange she was paid by people giving her grain, oil, wine or whatever they were growing on their farms. We were poor, but full of love for each other.

When my parents were married, Padre Pio's parents gave them Padre Pio's bedding consisting of 4 pillows and a mattress which their son no longer needed, since he left Pietrelcina to study to become a monk in the Franciscan order for he was a devoted follower of St. Francis. After his studies, he was sent to a Monastery located high in the Gargonion mountains in Foggia, Italy. It was in the monastery that he received the 5 wounds of our Lord Jesus. (The Stigmata) on his hands, feet and side which bled for 50 years till he died.

Padre Pio became known all over the world as the Holy Man on the Mountain. He was able to read people's hearts, and minds in their confessions to him. He was able to tell when a person was not telling him the truth, he also had the power of bilocation, (being in two places at the same time.)

There was a woman from a wealthy family from New York, a devoted Presbyterian who was curious about all the stories she had heard about Padre Pio. Her name was

May Our Lord Jesus, Blessed Mary, and all the angels in heaven bless all of you and your families with good health and happiness.

And remember "There is always a miracle to happen by praying and having faith".

God Bless you all....Eublio Cardone or just call me "Ube" from Barnegat, NJ.



I first heard about the shrine in a news cast on channel #4 giving details of many miracles taking place there. We located the shrine on the website: www.Padre Pio.org, so my daughter Angela, her husband Luciano, my wife Marie and I, plus my sister-in-law Lucy and her husband Tony decided to visit the shrine. Doing so, we met Mr. and Mrs. Peter and his wife Marie D'Andrea. On later visits, we learned that her husband Peter had passed away. During our visits, we met the shrine trustee Mr. Joseph Trappani who inspired me to write a book on my life knowing Padre Pio, which I did, called "Touched by a Saint of Pietrelcina Padre Pio."

Mr. Joseph Trappani was good enough to pay for the printing of the book, all of the proceeds of the book to be donated to the shrine. As of this date we have donated \$2,000. to the shrine. Many people have purchased the book and they all love the stories. The book has traveled to Canada, Italy, Australia, California, Florida, etc..

To purchase the book, please call Mr. Joseph Trappani at 1-856-691-6663. at 553 W. Oak Rd., Vineland, NJ 08360. For quote of book and shipping cost (mail has gone up and so has everything else).

As for Padre Pio's feathers, I have been giving them out to people who are suffering from cancer and other illnesses in the hope of miracles, and I tell them that life is beautiful, to have hope and pray, because there is always a miracle which does happen with help of prayers to Our Lord Jesus, and to all the saints in heaven. As Padre Pio often said: "Pray, Hope and don't Worry".

I would like to say that I often dream of Padre Pio. My first dream of him was after my wife Mary passed away. My dream was so real that I actually saw Padre Pio in a robe standing at the foot of my bed and he said: "Don't cry any more, for Mary is now in heaven". Just recently I dreamed that Padre Pio was standing in my bedroom doorway talking to a man with their backs toward me, and that I touched Padre Pio and he turned around and said: "Eublio, how are you feeling"? My wife Marie called out my name and I woke up. But the dream was so real. (In Italian.. come stoie) Eublio

Yes, I've been blessed many times knowing Padre Pio. I pray to him everyday, and always will. Like I mentioned before "He is my personal saint and I love him."

I hope that you all like my story of St. Padre Pio here and in the tape. Like I said before, I am not a professional trained speaker, or a writer, I'm just a guy from New Jersey who loves St. Padre Pio.

Mary Pyle, she was always reading, in search of a Faith that would satisfy her needs, he decided to go to Padre Pio's monastery to meet this holy man on the Mountain.

Her search ended when she met Padre Pio in 1918. She was converted, and baptized a Catholic, she became Padre Pio's secretary answering many letters to Padre Pio that were coming from all over the world. Mary Pyle could speak and write in many languages.

Padre Pio received many donations from all over the world, and in turn he put this money into good use by building the most modern hospital in Italy. He named the hospital La Casa Sollievo Della Sofferenza. (the Home for the Relief of Suffering).

There are many stories to tell about Padre Pio and I would like to share my own story which I call "Touched by a Saint of Pietrelcina "Padre Pio".

At age 6, I was stricken with a severe case of pneumonia, and bronchitis with a very high fever, after an examination our town doctor Andrea Cardone (no relation) told my mother that there was little chance for my surviving this illness, that I would not see the coming day. He instructed my mother to prepare for the worst, and have my burial clothes and casket ready for as he felt that he had done all he could to save my life.

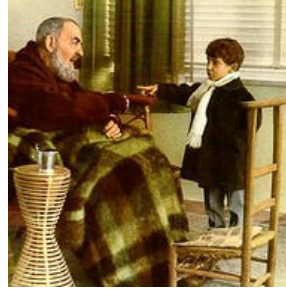
In those days they had no embalming fluid, they buried the dead the next Day. That night my mother got on her knees and prayed in front of a Padre Pio picture which we had in our bedroom saying "Please Padre Pio save my son, if you do so we will visit you at your monastery before we leave for America.

A miracle did happen in the middle of the night, my fever broke and I cried out "Mama, Mama" she cried with joy for her son had been saved. Our towns people were overjoyed to learn that Padre Pio, their beloved priest had performed a miracle. During my recovery, Padre Pio's older brother Michael brought me a little puppy to love and to help me recover. I regained my health, thanks to my mothers prayers and the gift of healing powers of Padre Pio. As soon as I was able to travel we made preparations to leave for America.

But, we had a promise to keep before doing so...to visit Padre Pio at his monastery to thank him for my cure. So my mother, grandfather and I boarded a bus which was going to San Giovanni Rotondo and visit his monastery, which was located on a high peak of Mt. Gargano in Foggia, Italy.

There were no busses or any kind of transportation to the monastery, we had to walk this high peak of Mt. Gargano. As I remember, the road was made of cobble stones which made it hard to walk on. When we reached the monastery, my grandfather and mother paused to catch their breath, and I like a little curious kid opened the door to the chapel and walked in. As I did so, Padre Pio opened the door at the other end of the room and we walked into each other, Padre Pio put his hand on my head and said "you are Eublio", he called me by name. I was shocked for a moment, trying to figure out how he could possibly know my name since he had never seen me. We did not write to say that we were coming to visit, so how did he know my name?

We talked for awhile asking about my health, and once my mother and grandfather came in, Padre Pio asked about the conditions in our hometown and about his family. We visited with him for a few days, our visit was a memorable one for all of us, especially for him to know my name without ever seeing me or known me before.



As we returned to our hometown we prepared for our trip to America, boarding a ship called The Vulcania. We arrived at Ellis Island in New York on June 19, 1929. It was a long hard trip across the Atlantic ocean.

We were here only a few months when the stock market fell, banks closed up, and the worst depression in America started, which lasted to around 1939. There was no work, banks defaulted, many people committed suicide in desperation of losing everything they had. They were the darkest days in Americas history, a Time that many people will never forget, including me.

Before the depression, my father had saved some money working on the railroad during the time he was in America, and we were able to open a shoe repair, hat cleaning and shoe shining store in Newark, NJ. I became my fathers helper in the store, learning the trade. At age 14, I had to leave school to help my parents in the store. I worked in the store till age 19, at which time I started to go to night school to become a machinist.

Becoming a machinist paid off a few years later when war broke out. Being a machinist, I was needed working in a factory producing war material, I was deferred from service for a period of 3 years. Seeing all my friends going into service I decided to give up my deferment and joined the army. This did not sit well with my parents, they were furious by my action.

I was shipped to Fort Dix, NJ, then to camp Lee, Virginia for more machine shop training. On my completion of training, I was sent to Australia, and eventually to New Guine, then the Phillipines and then on an invasion force for

engulfed with a gold vestment, gold donated by the townspeople. The Blessed Mother was just beautiful to look at. Everything in the town was a spectacular sight to see. My little hometown was no longer a poor little farming town it had grown into a beautiful city.

The next day as sick as I was, we started our journey home to America. I was too sick to walk, I had to be put on the plane in a wheelchair and on landing in Newark airport in a wheelchair again. My daughter Angela again came to my rescue for she had alerted my wife Marie to have a Limosine at the airport to take me home. It was a trip that I shall never forget.

In conclusion I would like to mention some people who have worked hard to have St. Padre Pio remembered always. One such couple are Mr. and Mrs. Nick Pino who have sent over 500 statues to churches all over the world, free of charge. I received 4 statues from Nick that went to different churches in Bellville, NJ, Avenel NJ and 2 for St. Mary's church in Barnegat, NJ. May Nick and Janet be always blessed by St. Padre Pio, and Our Lord Jesus with good health and happiness.

Another person is Diane Allen of San Diego, California who has a large Padre Pio society in San Diego, who writes a newsletter about St. Padre Pio. She also has a website for anyone who would like to receive them. Diane Allen P.O. Box 1915-45 San Diego, CA 92159. Website: www.Saint Pio.org.

Also the National Center for Padre Pio Foundation of America, 33 Prospect Hill Road, Cromwell, CT 06416 who have also dedicated funds for the restoration of our church in Pietrelcina, and the Home of Padre Pio's parents in Pietrelcina, and the Hospital in San Giovanni Rotondo, Foggia, Italy.

We have a Padre Pio shrine in Landisville, NJ. The shrine was built on a large farm in Landisville by Mr. and Mrs. Peter and Marie D'Andrea, who operate a large wholesale business selling to large stores such as AMP and Shoprite food stores. They visited Italy in the hope of finding farmers who grew chestnuts so that they could import them to sell in America. Traveling to different parts of Italy they kept on seeing signs reading Padre Pio and stories of miracles and cures by a holy man on the mountain in Foggia. They decided to find and visit the monastery in Foggia, but when they arrived they were told that Padre Pio had died.

I've met so many wonderful people during my life knowing Padre Pio. One such person among many was Diane Allen of San Diego, California. Diane Allen and I met on a trip to see Pope John Paul's mass in Rome when he proclaimed Padre Pio to Sainthood in 2002. It was a very hot day in Rome, St. Peter's Square was packed with over 200 thousand people from all over the world to see Padre Pio become a saint. It was so hot that some people were passing out from the heat. Water cannons were brought in to spray water in the air hoping to cool down the temperature. The Mass lasted for 5 hours.

My daughter Angela, myself and my son-in-law Luciano left before the Mass ended because of the heat. Our hotel was about 3 miles from St. Peter's Square, we walked about a mile in the hot sun, we finally saw a cab with 2 people in it, we stopped the cab and we pressured the driver to please let us also get in the cab before one of us would faint.

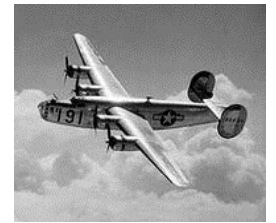
Once in our hotel room, I made the mistake of putting the air condition on high, and I took a cool shower. That was a bad mistake on my part because a few days later, I came down with a very bad cold and a fever. The very next day of being sick, we were to go to San Giovanni Rotondo to visit Padre Pio's monastery and visit his tomb. During that night, I got very sick and never was able to visit the monastery or tomb.

The next day we were to leave for my hometown of Pietrelcina which we did, arriving at our hotel called Lombardi Hotel, a very modern hotel with marble staircases, bathrooms all marble with very fancy fixtures. But I was too sick to care, for I went straight to bed. In the mean time, my daughter persuaded the owner to have the cook make up a large bowl of chicken soup which I finished all of it in my room.

The next day, we were to visit our hometown church and sightseeing of the town. Before doing this, my daughter was able to find the hometown doctor who took me into his home and gave me an examination and some medication. He also gave me the bad news that I had pneumonia and bronchitis. During our stay at his home we talked and I told him that I was born in Pietrelcina, he asked who my parents or my mother were, and it turned out that he knew my uncle Vincent's family. We had a great talk together, at the end I asked him how much was my examination. He took nothing for my visit. (This is in his home and on a Sunday). But sick or not, I had to go sightseeing in our town even if it killed me.

My daughter again came to my rescue, she contacted the monastery in our Town, told my story of being born in Pietrelcina and that I wanted to look over the town before departing for America, she was able to secure a Van and driver to drive us around. Doing so I was amazed on seeing all the gift shops, restaurants, pizza places, beautiful homes and gardens, it was just breathtaking. My little hometown Pietrelcina was now a flourishing little city. In my old church, St. Anne's, there was a full size bronze statue of Padre Pio. The statue of the Madonna de la Libera was fully

Japan. But midway to Japan, we dropped the atom bomb, and doing so saved many lives, for the Japanese were determined to fight us to the last man. I was stationed in Japan for 6 months as an occupying force, I came home in December 1945.



My outfit the 3498 Ordinance Company was a lucky outfit, and I believe that we were always under the watchful eyes of Padre Pio, Our Blessed Mother Mary, and Our Lord Jesus. My tour of duty in the Pacific was the most darkest days of my life, and thanks to Jesus, and all the saints in heaven, I came home in one piece with the exception of coming home with Malaria, which still keeps coming back.

On June 16, 1946 I married the girl who waited for me for 3 years, who I loved very much, Mary Marino of Elizabeth, NJ. We both worked hard and purchased a home in Newark, NJ. After two years of our marriage she gave birth to our daughter Angela, we named her after my mother. Our home was too small, so we sold it and purchased another home in Elizabeth, NJ. I found a job as a machinist with the Weston Instrument Company, my pay was 75cents per hour.

On our 4th year of marriage my wife Mary gave birth to our second daughter who we named after her mother, who I loved very much Raffaella, we were a happy family. But once again our home got to be too small, so we purchased a new home in Avenel, NJ. We enjoyed a good life being happy with our home, children and our families.

Tragedy struck our home. My wife Mary contacted breast cancer, this was a Devastating blow to our family. A year later my wife Mary passed away. But another miracle happened to us. The year my wife died, we had taken a trip to St. Anne's church in Quebec Canada where it was said that many miracles took place. I prayed to St. Anne and all the angels and saints in heaven to spare my wife Mary and make her well, but if it wasn't possible, then have her die without the pains of cancer. Our prayers were again heard for Mary was only hospitalized for only 4 days when she died in her sleep.

Our family was devastated at our loss, but thanked God and all the saints in heaven for allowing Mary to die in her sleep. My two daughters helped me during this awful time of my life, for I was devastated to the point of suicide. As they say "time is a healer" which is true. During my two years of the loss of my wife, I came across an article in an Italian newspaper that a Padre Pio society was being formed at St. Anthony's church in Bellville, NJ. So I decided to join it.

This was a gift from heaven, it gave me a chance to get over my depression and meet other people. When I told the members that I came from the same town of Padre Pio, I became a celebrity, everyone wanted to hear stories about him, who I regarded as my personal saint and still do to this day. I made many friends and also became friends with Father Casturo, pastor of Saint Anthony church. During my association in the group, I made friends with a very nice couple who always came together to the meetings. I did not know if they were married, or boyfriend and girlfriend.

One night feeling blue, and lonely I decided to call Marie and said to her "I don't know if you are married, single, and whether the gentleman you come to the meetings with is your husband or boyfriend if you are not married, I would like to go out with you." There was a pause in our conversation and laughter in the background, then Marie said: "You have a lot of nerve calling me in this manner, and for your information that guy is my brother-in-law Tony, and I am single... never married." I replied: "fine lets go out together" there was another long pause and then Marie said: "fine, I would be pleased. From that moment on, we started a relationship, and after two years we decided to marry. We went to Father Casturo and he was delighted to hear the news as he new both of us as members of the Padre Pio society. He then said: "when do you want to get married" ? Out of the blue sky, I said: "September." Fr. Replied "Fine what day"? I replied "I don't know... how about September 23rd". Father replied... "Great... you picked a wonderful day, as this is Padre Pio's Feast Day."

Since both of us were very devoted to Padre Pio, we felt that this would be a special occasion. At this time I looked up to heaven and said "Padre Pio you started this relationship, and you will always be in my life, and I thank you." Marie and I have been married now for 30 years. Thank you God and all the saints in heaven.

My other story I would like to relate to you is about two servicemen who were stationed during the war in an Air Field near Padre Pio's monastery and who became friends with Padre Pio. Their names are Leo Fanning, and Joe Poluso. As the war ended, both were due to be sent home to America, so they decided to go to the monastery to say goodbye to their friends and to Padre Pio. Before leaving the room, Leo Fanning turned to Padre Pio and said: "since you can read people's hearts and minds, what is in the future for us"? Padre Pio looked at Leo and said: "you are going to study for the priesthood". Leo was taken back by his remark. Then Joe remarked: "I guess you are going to tell me also that I'm going to be a priest"? Padre Pio looked at Joe and said: "No Joe you are going to meet a girl that I will pick out for you, and you are going to marry". Joe replied: "never". As it turned out, Leo Fanning did become a priest, and Joe did meet a girl and did marry her. Before Joe married, he received a letter from Padre Pio saying: "Joe marry this girl, for she is the one that I picked out for you". Joe and his wife had two sons born to them. Joe named one Pio Francis, and the other Francis Pio. I never had the chance to meet Joe before he passed away, but I did meet Father Leo Fanning many times.

The first time I met Leo, was around 1958 at a church in New York. I had read in a newspaper that people from Italy came to America in the hope of starting a Padre Pio prayer group, and to start a movement to have Padre Pio become a saint.

During the talk I found myself standing next to a young priest. We started to talk to each other and low and behold, it turned out to be Father Leo Fanning, he related to me that "yes" during his growing up that he did consider becoming a priest, but how did Padre Pio know this? Father Fanning is now retired and living in New Jersey.

Another person who worked hard to have Padre Pio become a saint was Vera Colandra of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Colandra had 5 children one of which was born without a bladder. Doctors at the Children's Hospital told her that her baby would die, but Vera would not accept this. She had heard about Padre Pio, the holy man on the mountain in Foggia, so she decided to take her child to see him and pray for a miracle. She met Padre Pio and asked him to bless her child and they prayed together and then he told her to "go home for the baby would be fine". In coming home she found a letter from the hospital saying to bring in the baby for more x-rays, she replied to her husband Harry "But Why, they took so many, why more". But her husband insisted on going to the children's hospital and x rays were taken. The new x rays revealed that a bladder was growing in the baby's body. Now Vera remembered Padre Pio saying: "take the baby home, she will be alright." Vera cried and looking to heaven said: "Thank You". From that day on she started her own movement to have Padre Pio known to people in America and to have him become a saint. She was the first person to have a life size bronze statue of Padre Pio sent to America and had a celebration at a church in Norristown Pennsylvania, it was at this celebration that I first met my wife Marie.

A few years later, Vera and her husband Harry purchased a large farm in Barto, Pennsylvania where she had erected an exact duplicate copy of the little church of Padre Pio in San Giovanni Rontondo, including a Padre Pio museum, library and other facilities. It's really a wonderful place to visit. Vera Colandra passed away about two years ago, and now her husband and children are in charge of the shrine. May God and Padre Pio bless her family always with good health and happiness.