

place.

The holy man would not take any personal credit for the deed but attributed it to the obedience of his disciple. Maurus, on the contrary, claimed that it was due entirely to his abbot's command. He could not have been responsible for the miracle himself, he said, since he had not even known he was performing it. While they were carrying on this friendly contest of humility, the question was settled by the boy who had been rescued. "When I was being drawn out of the water," he told them, "I saw the abbot's cloak over my head; he is the one I thought was bringing me to shore."

Our lives have been with the anawim (Hebrew word from the Old Testament which describes the "poor ones" who remain faithful to God in times of difficulty). We know ourselves to be the anawim. There have been many times that we have felt overwhelmed with difficulties yet God pulled us through, providing for us in wonderfully miraculous ways. Yet through times of challenge and of the miraculous, we begin anew to live the ordinary faithfully. We remain unswerving to God's call in our lives.

** (excerpted from: www.stplacid.org)

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SAINT PLACID

MARTYR (515-541)

FEAST DAY: OCTOBER 5



Spiritual Bouquet:

In one Spirit we were all baptized into one body.
1 Cor. 12: 13.

Saint Placid

*Saint Placid was born in Rome, in the year 515, of a patrician family, and at seven years of age was taken by his father to the Benedictine monastery of Subiaco, recently founded, to be educated. At thirteen years of age he followed Saint Benedict to a new foundation at Monte Casino, where he grew up in the practices of a wonderful austerity and innocence of life.

He had scarcely completed his twenty-first year when he was chosen to found a monastery at Messina, in Sicily, upon some estates which had been given by his father to Saint Benedict. He spent four years in building that monastery. There miracles made him known, and it was said that his humility was so perfect and had such charm, that it earned him the affection of all. He could not see a poor man without hastening to aid him. One day he cured all the sick of the island at the same time, when they were brought and assembled before him for his benediction.

The fifth year spent by the monks in Messina had not yet ended when a band of Saracen pirates who had already killed a great many persons, burnt everything to the ground in 541. They then put to a lingering death not only Placid and thirty monks who had joined him, but also his two brothers, Eutychius and Victorinus, and his holy sister Flavia, who had come to visit him. The entire flotilla of the invaders perished when these barbarians left the island of Sicily, amid a sudden storm; although they had a hundred ships and were 16,800 in number, not one ship or passenger survived. A religious who had escaped notice wrote to Saint Benedict an account of the massacre, after burying the martyrs. Saint Placid was the first Benedictine martyr, and the monastery of Messina, which was rebuilt not long afterwards, was henceforth known by his name. *(excerpted from: www.magnificat.ca)

Reflection: Adversity is the touchstone of the soul, because it makes manifest the degree of its virtue. One act of thanksgiving when matters go wrong, is worth a thousand thanks when all things please us.

**Most people have never heard of Saint Placid. He is one of the Church's early, although little known saints. We read in the *Dialogues* of Gregory the Great:

Once while blessed Benedict was in his room, one of the monks, the boy Placid, went down to get some water. In letting the bucket fill too rapidly, he lost his balance and was pulled into the lake, where the current quickly seized him and carried him about a stone's throw from the shore.

Though inside the monastery at the time, the man of God (Benedict) was instantly aware of what had happened and called out to Maurus: "Hurry, Brother Maurus! The boy who just went down for water has fallen into the lake, and the current is carrying him away."

Maurus asked for the blessing and on receiving it hurried out to fulfill his abbot's command. He kept on running even over the water till he reached the place where Placid was drifting along helplessly. Pulling him up by the hair, Maurus rushed back to shore, still under the impression that he was on dry land. It was only when he set foot on the ground that he came to himself and looking back, realized that he had been running on the surface of the water. Overcome with fear and amazement at a deed he would never thought possible, he returned to his abbot (Benedict) and told him what had taken