

Practical Experiences

**Short Actual Experiences
In the Life of
Father Bishoy Kamel**

Part One

March 21, 1995

For His Sixteenth Memorium

Life in Jesus is a living experience that was offered to us by his holiness Fr. Bishoy Kamel through his life, his worshippings, and his preachings as it has been experienced by many of whom followed his guidance in God.

In this booklet, I offer some of the actual stories of the life of our Fr. Bishoy which I tried to document in a manner that suits the youth, hoping to influence their behavior and hoping that God may build spiritual souls.

In Memorium of Fr. Bishoy Kamel's Departure

Fr. Tadros Malaty

March 21, 1995

He Was Alone With Me!

A man sat next to Fr. Bishoy whom he felt happy with. He told him:

- I hope all your problems are over. I see that you seem cheerful.
- No Father Bishoy, all matters are still the same.
- Then why are you so cheerful?
- I realized that Christ stayed with me to the end of my problems.

I shall tell you about a dream, but it's not just a dream, it is also a revelation that pulled my heart and filled me with joy.

I slept a broken heart surrounded by deep despair from all around, until I thought of seriously committing suicide. I saw myself very sad in the dream as I decided deep in my heart to end my bitter life. I was running towards the peak of a mountain, deciding that I was going to throw myself from the top! my friends met me one after the other. Each one tried to offer me words of comfort, but I felt, that even with their love, they couldn't share the pain with me. It was just words or feelings! But where is the solution?

I decided to continue my path. A priest met me and started talking to me. His words were pleasant to me. Yet since I was trapped in my pain, I did not respond to his calls for me to change my mind.

Later, an angel came to accompany me on the road and kept talking to me about the heavenly life and how beautiful it is. Life, with all its pain, is nothing but a passing moment. But because of my foolishness, I did not listen enough to him. The angel did his best to stop me from continuing my walk, but I still persisted.

I kept on going until I reached the peak to throw myself to the bottom. Everyone was shouting. My friends, the priests, and the angel were screaming loudly. I did not care. The shouting became stronger as I got closer to the point of danger. I realized that they truly love me, but they were unable to solve my problems.

Finally, I threw myself from the top. My body collided into the rock at the bottom of the mountain. Blood gushed out of my wounds and as I was thinking, I heard a sound of strong banging. I looked around and saw that my Jesus had thrown Himself after me to save me from the absolute death!

My friends, the priest, and the angel did all that they could, but at a certain moment, they stood helpless. Their hands were tied. My Jesus alone came down with me to the death to give me his life! He stayed alone with me.

Him alone is able to enter with me as He had entered into his grave to grant me resurrection from the death. Him alone changed my darkness into light and my bitterness into sweetness.

I shall never be afraid again!

I shall never be in despair again!

He is with me!

I Carried His Cross With Him!

A young man used to come with me to Fr. Kamel complaining to him about his troubles. He has suffered a lot from his unemployment. Finally, a factory owner hired him and was exceedingly over working him. He was giving him a big amount of papers to deliver on his bike.

One day, the young man came to him cheering. Saying to him;
Father, I carried His cross with Him. The Father asked Him: How?

I carried the heavy papers on the bike and at the end of Port Said St., the road was upgrading (at Cleopatra Baths). I felt the weight of the heavy load and was unable to keep going with the bike. I couldn't cope with the pressure that was exerted on me from the heaviness of the papers!

On the road, nobody offered to help me. I shouted the bitterness, asking for heavenly help. I was lying under the heaps of paper, and I looked to my right, and I found my Lord Jesus falling under his cross. His sweat was pouring. I realized that I'm sharing his pain. I became very happy and I considered this an unusually worthy honor. With joy, I thankfully told my Jesus, Oh my Lord! Can I carry your cross with You? I am happy with Jesus' pain in me! I have carried his cross with Him!

I Am (Angry) From God!

A sick person visited Fr. Bishoy. He was suffering from severe pain in his back. As our Father was comforting him with God's words, the man said in bitterness:

- I am not asking for a complete recovery, all I'm asking for is that God give me the strength to stand to pray, and to get rid of the severe headaches so I can concentrate on my prayers.

- Don't be afraid, if you cannot come to church, or stand to pray or concentrate on saying The Lord's Prayer, but you should join the Lord Jesus who is lying under the cross. Thank him because you are sharing his pain. Jesus was suffering from the pain in His back while carrying the cross.

A few days later the man came to him in the church. Fr. Bishoy welcomed him with his usual smile and his kindness. The man said: I am angry at God. The Father asked him: Why?

The man said: When I enjoy the pain, I consider myself not worthy to share Jesus' back pain. He lifted the pain from my back and cured me!