

†
J.M.J.

LITANY IN HONOR OF SAINT PEREGRINE



WWW.MOTHERSFORPRIESTS.ORG

Lord, have mercy on us.
Christ, have mercy on us.
Lord, have mercy on us.
Christ, hear us.
Christ, graciously hear us.

God, the Father of heaven,
Have mercy on us.
God the Son, Redeemer of the world,
God the Holy Spirit,
Holy Trinity, one God,

Holy Mary, Mother of God,
Pray for us.
Mother of Sorrows, pray etc.
Health of the sick,
Comforter of the afflicted,
Help of Christians,

St. Peregrine, *pray for us.*
Converted by the prayers of St. Philip,
Afflicted with a cancerous growth,
Completely cured by the outstretched
hand of Jesus Crucified,
Who performed many miracles in
your lifetime,
Who multiplied food and drink,
Who cured the sick by the power of
the Name of Jesus,
Who converted hardened sinners by
prayer and fasting,
Who received every favor you ask of
God,
Most confident in prayer,
Most austere in penance,
Most patient in suffering,
Most humble in the Holy Priesthood,

Most zealous for souls,
Most kind toward the afflicted,
Most devoted to the Passion of Jesus
and the Sorrows of Mary,
Victim with Jesus and Mary for the
salvation of souls,
Wonder-worker for the sick and
diseased,
Hope of incurable cases,
Universal patron of those afflicted
with cancer and running sores,
Beloved Patron of Spain,
Glory of the Order of the Servants of
Mary,

Lamb of God, who takes away the
sins of the world, *spare us O Lord.*
Lamb of God, who takes away the
sins of the world,
Graciously hear us, O Lord.
Lamb of God, who takes away the
sins of the world, *Have mercy on us.*

V. Pray for us O glorious Saint
Peregrine,
R. That we may be made worthy of
the promises of Christ.

Let us pray,
O God, graciously hear the prayers
which we present to You in honor of
Saint Peregrine, Your beloved servant
and Patron of Cancer patients, so that
we, who do not rely on our own
merits, may receive help in our needs
through the intercession of him whose
life had been so pleasing to You.
Through Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

PRAYER TO JESUS, THE DIVINE PHYSICIAN

Jesus, Divine Physician, You have created nature and all the wondrous functions of the human body. You are the Master of Your creation. You can and do suspend the laws of nature for those who have faith in Your goodness and entreat You in fervent prayer. You promised that my prayers would be heard when You said, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you. For everyone who asks, receives; and he who seeks, finds; and to him who knocks, it shall be opened" (Matt. 7, 7). You also said, "All things whatsoever you ask in prayer, believe that you shall receive, and they shall come to you" (Mark 11, 24). Full of confidence in these promises, I beg You to help me in my present affliction. (*Here mention your request.*)

Jesus, Divine Physician, during Your lifetime You have cured sickness and disease, and even raised the dead to life, because people asked You to do so in prayer. You stretched out Your hand from the Cross and touched the diseased leg of St. Peregrine and completely cured him because he prayed that his leg might not be amputated. I firmly believe that You will hear my prayer also if this should be the Will of God.

Through the intercession of St. Peregrine, who was so devoted to Your holy Passion and to Your Mother of Sorrows, I ask for the grace to understand more and more the infinite love of Your Sacred Heart for me. I firmly believe that You love me with a love that ordains all things for my own good even though this should be difficult

for my nature to bear; a love that would turn to good all that I may at the moment consider evil. I love Your Heart that loves me so much.

Jesus, Divine Physician, I thank You for being my best Friend in my illness and my Companion in suffering, loving me with a Heart human like my own; a Heart that can understand my sorrows and problems since It has experienced all that I must bear; a Heart that can sympathize with me and befriend me in my hour of need; a Heart that can love me with the love of the best of friends. Like a real furnace of fire Your Heart burns all for me with a love that knows no end because It has its source in the depths of the Godhead—all for me, as if there were no other to share its infinite warmth. Not all the affection You pour out upon countless other souls lessens Your love for me. Even when I forget You and begin to complain in my illness, You pray for me. Even when I disappoint You by trying to shake off the cross You have placed upon my shoulders, You sacrifice Yourself for me at Holy Mass. When I have pain, You are ready to console and strengthen me, for Your Sacred Heart ever calls to me, "Come to Me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11, 29). Dearest Jesus, Divine Physician, behold how I am burdened with this cross of illness. I come to You and beg You to give me rest.

Jesus, Divine Physician, help me to realize that it is only through the cross that I can attain to glory; that it is only through suffering that I can possess the kingdom of heaven. Before Your own

dear Mother was crowned Queen of heaven, she became the Mother of Sorrows. All the saints suffered during their lifetime. Good Saint Peregrine has spent sixty-two years in penance and prayer. A cancerous growth on his leg consumed his flesh to the bone and he suffered intensely. I, too, have been blessed with suffering. This is the only way I can follow You, for You said, "If anyone wishes to come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me" (Matt. 16, 24).

Jesus, Divine Physician, I unite myself with You as You offer Yourself during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and renew Your Sacrifice of Calvary. Give my heart sentiments like Your own, so that through frequent Holy Communion and prayer I may become a worthy co-victim with You, holy and pleasing to God, and that all the actions, sufferings, tears, and disappointments of my life may be thus consecrated to You as a sacrifice for the glory of God. Everything that You send me, or permit in my life, whether favorable or unfavorable, sweet or bitter—even this illness which I must bear, is acceptable to me, for I have resolved to conform myself to the Divine Will in all things. You invite me to do so, for You said, "Take my yoke upon you . . . My yoke is easy and My burden light" (Matt. 11, 29). May God's Will always be my will! Jesus, Divine Physician, cure me! Amen.

Our Father . . . Hail Mary . . . Glory be . . .

Jesus, Divine Physician, *have mercy on us.*
Mother of Sorrows, *pray for us.*
St. Peregrine, the cancer saint, *pray for us.*