

Dear Brothers and Sisters, all of you beloved of Christ,

Your kind prayers and messages have been received with great love and appreciation. As many of you inquire of my health, now that I have been diagnosed with pancreatic cancer and diabetes, it seemed easiest to sum up the situation more completely than could have been done individually for all of you. During Liturgy on Easter Sunday I nearly collapsed. From that moment on, the hand of God obviously began to act for my wellbeing. Two weeks before Easter, my brother Peter felt inwardly, “Go see Father Paul. Go see Father Paul.” As a result he was present at the Liturgy and took me to emergency in Woodstock where a mass was discovered on my pancreas.

For months I had wanted to change my primary care physician. One of our parishioners, Maureen Cunningham, warmly recommended a doctor from Kazakhstan, Dr. Roshelle Beckwith. She is an old school surgeon of very solid medical studies, one for whom the patient is far more important than pills.

From there I was sent to the Winchester Medical Center and encountered an unexpected series of fiascos. For instance, in an operating room already after I received anesthesia, they were supposed to do a biopsy on me, only to discover that they lacked the proper equipment. Coordination between the various doctors was virtually non-existent. Once the nurses even forgot to bring me two meals in a row. But the Lord drew much good from this lamentable situation.

This remarkable incompetency set my sister-in-law, Stacey—a wonderful nurse of the highest standards—into motion. For a number of days she searched and searched for an excellent pancreatic cancer surgeon in Boston. One name kept appearing, Dr Carlos Fernández del Castillo, one of the two finest in America. After repeated efforts, Stacey even managed to get me an appointment with him at Massachusetts General Hospital.

While waiting to fly up to Boston, Maureen took such good care of me that even the best of patients would be envious. God began placing all these golden angels around me beyond what I could have hoped for. My brother Peter, sister-in-law Stacey and niece Catherine received me warmly into their home despite all the inconvenience I was and will be causing them.

On May 2, several doctors met with me and explained the procedure they had determined after lengthy and conscientious study with a whole team of doctors. They explained that because my tumor was wrapped around an artery and several veins, surgery would expose me to a bleed-out and ensuing death. So they determined to give me four months of chemotherapy and five weeks of radiation before deciding whether surgery was feasible or not.

This is how things stand for now. They will begin by putting a “port” in my upper chest for receiving chemotherapy medications.

I am in the hands of God “who heals all our diseases” (Psalm 103:3), in the hands of the most competent physicians, and in your blessed and greatly appreciated prayers.

God love you all for all you are doing for me.

Bishop Paul (Dupuis)