

# DOVADOLA

## Where we are

Blessed Benedetta lies in the Abbey of Saint Andrew in Dovadola, 15 km away from Forlì A14 highway exit.

## The Abbey

The Abbey is located 8 km away from the convent of Monte Paolo, where Saint Anthony of Padova stayed for some time. Dovadola is located at the crossroads of several paths: Via Francigena, St. Anthony's Way and Dante's Way.

## The Foundation

Next to the Abbey, you can find the headquarters of the Foundation: here you can find reception and refreshments services, you can visit the relic room and the archive, and there is a self-managed house for groups 1,5 km away.

## Contacts

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**Facebook:** Beata Benedetta Bianchi Porro



# PRAYER

**To ask for a grace by the intercession of Blessed Benedetta so that she may be counted among the Saints.**

Merciful Father,  
you have united Benedetta  
to the mystery of your Son's glorious cross,  
and you made her life  
a song of praise to you  
and a sign of hope  
for those who suffer.

Give us,  
sustained by the same faith,  
to experience in the trials of life  
the joy of loving you above all things.  
Through the intercession of Blessed Benedetta,  
fulfill the prayer  
I confidently address to you  
and grant me the grace I ask for.

If such grace is according to your heart, Lord,  
and for the sake of your Church,  
grant that Benedetta  
may be numbered among the Saints".

Through Christ our Lord

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

Scan the QR to browse all the books about Benedetta.



# BLESSED BENEDETTA BIANCHI PORRO

## WITNESS OF HOPE



# GIUBILEO 2025

# BENEDETTA

Benedetta was born in Dovadola, province of Forlì, on the 8th August 1936. She spends a happy and peaceful childhood. At the age of 17, she enrolled in University in Milano: first in Physics, basically to please her father, but after a few months she chooses Medicine, and she writes in her diary: "I want to live and struggle and sacrifice myself for all men". During her second year, in 1956, she realizes she's becoming deaf. That is the first symptom of the illness that was to destroy her. She is desperate: this deafness gives her no peace of mind, to such an extent that she confides to her friend Maria Grazia the temptation to throw herself out of the window rather than live without hearing. Benedetta set out to diagnose a living case history: her own. "She came up to me", recalls her friend Elettra, "opening an anatomy book and said:- Miss, that's the disease I've got-". It was diffused neurofibromatosis or Recklinghausen's disease. Until 1960 her life and writings do not hint at anything that will emerge from 1961, when her writings (diaries and letters) reveal an incredible spiritual depth. As her body fails (she is now deaf, blind and paralyzed, being able to communicate only with her right hand), her soul is enriched by a silent and discreet but certainly incisive Presence: the certainty that God is with her, in her. In 1962, she makes the first journey to Lourdes, with UNITALSI, still hoping for a miracle. In 1963, at the end of her second pilgrimage to Lourdes, this time organized by OFTAL, she writes: "I realized more than ever the richness of my condition and I desire nothing more than to preserve it. This was the miracle of Lourdes for me this year". She dies in Sirmione (BS) on the 23rd January 1964, saying "thank you".

# LETTER

Dear Natalino, I know you wrote a letter to "Epoca" and my mother "read" it through my hand. Like you, I'm 26, and I've been ill for some while. A wasting disease put an end to my long years of study. I was getting a degree in Medicine at Milan University. For some time I'd been suffering from a form of deafness which the doctors themselves didn't believe in at the beginning. And I went on like that, with nobody believing me, entirely dedicated to my studies which I loved desperately. I was only 17 when I started university and the illness halted me completely when I was at the very last exam, and all I did with my not-quite degree was to diagnose my own disease, because nobody up till then had realized what it was. Until three months ago, I still had my sight: now it's night. But I am not desperate in my Calvary. I know that Jesus is waiting for me at the end of the journey. First in an armchair, now in the bed which is my only living space, I have discovered a wisdom which is greater than that of men. I have discovered that God exists, and is love, faithfulness, joy, certainty until the end of time and beyond. Soon I shall be no more than a name, but my spirit will continue to live, here with my family, with all those who suffer, so that I, too, will not have suffered in vain. And you, Natalino, keep going through the path of time serenely and you'll discover the way on which justice is, not the justice of men, but the justice which God can give. My days are tough but sweet, because Jesus is with me, with my sufferings, and he gives tenderness to my solitude and light to my darkness. He smiles at me and accepts my cooperation with him. Ciao, Natalino, life is short, it goes very quickly. It's no more than a little bridge, dangerous for anyone who only wants to enjoy themselves unrestrainedly, but safe for whoever cooperates with him to reach our real country. I send you a hug  
Your sister in Christ, Benedetta

## MIRACLES

To report alleged inexplicable recoveries ("miracles") which happen with the interception of Blessed Benedetta, write to the Postulator of the Cause: [info@beatabenedetta.org](mailto:info@beatabenedetta.org)

