

My grandson named Anthony had just got his first glasses. While staying at my house, he took them off to have a game of football with a friend and placed them on his friends porch for "safe keeping". Going back to retrieve them, they were no where to be found. He and I went back and scoured every inch. No luck! We said a prayer to Saint Anthony, St. of miracles. No answer! The next day we asked St. Anthony to again help us as we searched again. Soon the neighbors puppy came running towards us with the chewed and mangled glasses. He had dug a hole under a shrub to hide them. True story--happy ending--the glasses were replaced free of cost.