

35 In the time of the most pious prefect Pulchari, a certain girl named Theodonanda was given in marriage to a man named Mauro. Having consummated the marriage, because she was not yet nubile, she lay close to death for a long time, each day she expected the wretched end to her torture. At that time there was a powerful doctor, Hieronymus, [providing] good health care with the best medicines at Salerno. When her parents brought her to him, in order that he might find some medicinal remedy for her, he rejected her, saying, 'Her illness is incurable, I will not be able to help her.' They pleaded with him to show her some pity and after several prayers, overcome, he asked, 'How long has this discharge troubled her?' They replied, 'Four months. Because of this, brought to desperation by her harsh misery, we came so that, with the mercy of God, she might receive good health through you.'

36 At these pleas the doctor, a servant of God, was overcome and began to consult immense volumes of books on his art, to see if by chance he could through reading recognise a cure for this illness: when he had read through all his diseases, and could find nowhere which illness she was suffering from, he said, 'Go away from here brothers, because I cannot offer her any medical help; know this, however, either she will be cured through the mercy of God, or she will be punished through just judgement.' Hearing these words, they began to shed bitter tears, and bidding farewell, they came to Reginna so that, just as the doctor had said, they might mourn their dead. And discussing their plight and coming to

agreement they got up to take her to the basilica of St. Trophimena (it was not at all far from the church's enclosure). The girl was brought to the tomb of St. Trophimena, a nun named Agatha took her away and laid her ?womanishly [in a ladylike way?] in front of the altar, praying, and then waited with her parents for three days for her to come out. Such was the illness of her body that she waved her arms back and forth... laying down underneath just like a bird of prey calls with a long flight in the air.

37 And when the girl was tired by these fatigues, her parents left her with the nun, and she slept a little in front of the altar, and behold the girl went out on tiptoe and headed for the river alone; for the hollow riverbed was not yet hastened. And behold she saw the most beautiful girl of all, giving her three blows on the back and saying, 'Why have you dared to leave the church, go back, and always fear me.' When the agitated girl went back and told the nun, she rejoiced ceaselessly, that St. Trophimena had appeared to her specially. Having sampled these benefits, the nun saw the pavement sweating large quantities of oil, full of perfume, and prayed intently to God, invoking the saint; she ordered the girl to undress and anointed her tiny body with the holy oil, and immediately she was cured of her illness.