

The Healing Power of God

FOR three years I suffered from the deepest of depression. Having being diagnosed with multiple sclerosis (MS), in 1997, not only my physical, but also my mental health took a nosedive, so much so, that my wife and I were compelled to sell our successful retail business in 2000.

When I was diagnosed with MS, I thought it was the end of the world. Little did I know that God had a bigger and better plan for me. As a result of the depression, I was unable to work a lot of the time, unable to communicate with customers, even friends. I just didn't want to see anybody.

It was during this time that I learned to pray the Rosary. In September 2000, I received an invitation to go to Medugorje. Being as depressed as I was, I did not want to go. I did not want to go anywhere; such was my feeling of lowliness. With encouragement from my wife, I decided to take up the offer of the trip to Medugorje. One week later I came back home, renewed and rejuvenated, feeling like I had never felt before in my whole life. I was on top of the world. Cured of depression, forever; cured of MS, forever, no longer afraid to face the public, no longer shy about speaking in public. In a word, I was a new person. Thanks to the power of God, who cured an illness which science or medicine has no answer to.

I know now, that my Mother, the Blessed Virgin, brought me by the hand to Medugorje, where the Light of her Son, burned away all that was preventing me from living a normal life.

When the sun shines through a magnifying glass, we know the power it has, it can burn through anything; in the same way, when the Son of God shines through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, there is nothing that cannot be healed. Nothing. No wonder, She said: 'My soul magnifies the Lord', and so it does. Ten years on, the wonder of God's healing power continues to transform my every moment.

Being cured of MS was wonderful; being cured of depression was also wonderful. But the greatest miracle of all that has happened to me is that the arrogant and haughty person who was full of pride, and looked down at anybody who did not measure up to MY standard of living, has gone. I needed MS; I needed depression to bring me to my feet. If your heart is not broken, Jesus cannot gain entry to it.

So, thanks God for the seemed to be BAD things in my life, which actually, turned out to be the GREATEST things that ever happened to me.

Michael Byrne

1. Why do you think Michael has faith in prayer?

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2. Is his story credible?

3. Have you heard of similar stories to Michael’s? If so share them with the class?

4. What surprised you most about this story?

This extract is written by Michael, write a response to him.
