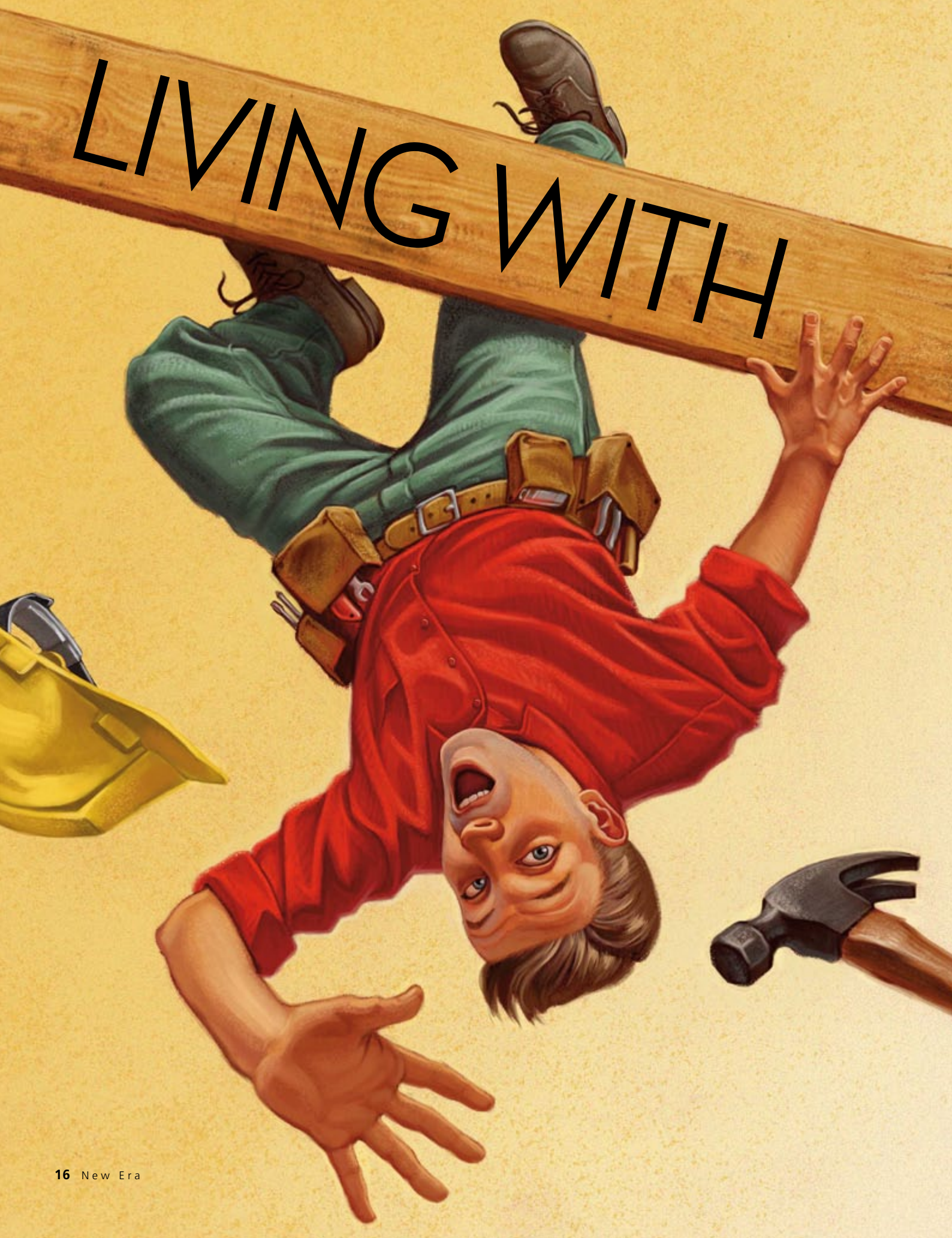


LIVING WITH



By Michael Richard Nankervis III

A MIRACLE

The story of my grandfather's blessing has built my faith.

My grandfather loves to tell my brothers and me stories about events in his life. Many of them are funny, others are scary, and I love them all. But the greatest story my grandfather ever told me has affected my testimony and my faith in the Church greatly. I still cry when he tells the story—even when I just think about it.

Before I was born my grandfather was a recent convert to the Church after many years of opposing it. He was a construction worker and would work on many sites, including the construction of large buildings.

Just one week after joining the Church, my grandfather was working on a building while 30 feet up in the sky. He was trying to get to one end of the building to do some work on the roof. In order to get to where he needed to go, my grandfather had to walk on a high beam hanging out over the ground. When my grandfather got about halfway onto the board it snapped, and my grandfather plummeted 30 feet onto the ground.

He was rushed to the emergency room. His neck was broken in three places, a lung was punctured, and a kidney was torn in half. Other parts of his body were ripped and bleeding. The doctors

said he wouldn't survive long enough to see the next day. During the whole ordeal my grandfather was still awake and in excruciating pain. He was sinking closer to death every second. Finally, my grandfather said he needed a blessing from a man with the priesthood.

Fortunately, a man who had helped my grandfather grow stronger in the Church had stayed home from work that day. When he received a call from the hospital stating that he was wanted there, he rushed to the emergency room and asked my grandfather what he needed.

My grandfather said, "I need a blessing."

The man told him the doctors had said there was nothing more they could do to help my grandfather. But my grandfather shook his head and repeated that he needed a blessing. Finally the man agreed and gave my grandfather a blessing.

After the blessing, my grandfather relaxed. The pain finally having left him, he fell asleep. Several days passed, and my grandfather was released from the hospital.

When he went back for a checkup, his doctor had some surprising news. "You are a walking miracle," he said. My grandfather had fully recovered from his deadly drop with no negative effects other than a few scars. The blessing from God that one man gave to my grandfather had saved his life and restored him to health.

When I first heard this story, I was too young to understand, but now that I am older, I understand it completely, and it has helped my testimony grow stronger. I know for a fact that through the priesthood, the Lord can heal those who truly ask for it in faith.

I will never forget the story, for I live with the walking miracle—my grandfather. **NE**