



The Faith of a Child

Sally was only eight years old when she heard Mommy and Daddy talking about her little brother, Georgi. He was very sick and they had done everything they could afford to save his life. Only a very expensive surgery could help him now and that was out of the financial question. She heard Daddy say it with a whispered desperation, “Only a miracle can save him now.”

Sally went to her bedroom and pulled her piggy bank from its hiding place in the closet. She shook all the change out on the floor and counted it carefully. Three times. The total had to be exactly perfect. No chance here for mistakes. Tying the coins up in a cold weather kerchief, she slipped out of the apartment and made her way to the corner drug store.

She waited patiently for the pharmacist to give her attention but he was too busy talking to another man to be bothered by an eight-year-old. Sally twisted her feet to make a scuffing noise. She cleared her throat. No good. Finally, she took a quarter from its hiding place and banged it on the glass counter. That did it!

“And what do you want?” the pharmacist asked in an annoyed tone of voice. “I’m talking to my brother.”

“Well, I want to talk to you about my brother,” Sally answered back in the same annoyed tone. “He’s sick... and I want to buy a miracle.”

“I beg your pardon,” said the pharmacist.

“My Daddy says only a miracle can save him now... so how much does a miracle cost?”

“We don’t sell miracles here, little girl. I can’t help you.”

“Listen, I have the money to pay for it. Just tell me how much it costs.”

The well-dressed man stooped down and asked, “What kind of a miracle does your brother need?”

“I don’t know,” Sally answered. A tear started down her cheek. “I just know he’s really sick and Mommy says he needs an operation. However, my folks cannot pay for it; so, I have my money.”

“How much do you have?” asked the well-dressed man.

“A dollar and eleven cents,” Sally answered proudly. “And it’s all the money I have in the world.”

“Well, what a coincidence,” smiled the well-dressed man. “A dollar and eleven cents... the exact price of a miracle to save a little brother.”

He took her money in one hand with the other hand he grasped her mitten and said, “Take me to where you live. I want to see your brother and meet your parents.”

That well-dressed man was Dr. Carlton Armstrong, renowned surgeon specialising in solving Georgi’s malady. The operation was completed without charge and it was not long until Georgi was home again and doing well. Mommy and Daddy were happily talking about the chain of events that had led them to this place.

“That surgery,” Mommy whispered. “It’s like a miracle. I wonder how much it would have cost?”

Sally smiled to herself. She knew exactly how much a miracle cost... one dollar and eleven cents... plus the faith of a little child.

☞ Author unknown

When a child tells you a beautiful dream in which he had many powers and all things were very beautiful, be very careful never to tell him, “Oh! life is not like that”, for you are doing something wrong. You must on the contrary tell him, “Life ought to be like that, and it will be like that!”

- The Mother

