

I knew, the minute I saw the child.

I watched from my wheelchair.

The father lifted the boy from a smaller wheelchair onto his lap. They faced the smiling grandfather, who was bedridden. The grandfather's room was across the hall from the dining area in the nursing home where I lived. Many afternoons my nurse wheeled me to this spot so I could soak up the sun's rays. And I guess to feel a part of the activity.

But my attention wasn't on the warm sun or the people rushing around me.

My mind screamed. *I need to touch the boy!*

An aide hurried past, but my brain couldn't make my arm reach her.

My heart cried. *Someone! Help me ... get to him ... before they leave.*

The father adjusted the child's legs in a more comfortable position.

I looked down at my own, lifeless under the colorful afghan.

*Help, I cried. God help me get to him. Help me touch him.*

I shook in my chair.

Tom, my orderly, stooped down beside me. "Are you okay, Hattie? Do you need to lie down?" His green eyes studied mine.

I glanced at the child, back at Tom, then directed every bit of energy and focus toward the child.

Tom swiveled to follow where my eyes stared. “Isn’t he cute? His granddad has never seen him before today.” He stood. “I think I’ll wheel you back to your room. You can have a catnap before dinner. Okay?”

*No, I screamed. I can heal him.*

Tom unlocked my wheelchair and pushed me in the opposite direction.

*Help me, Lord. One more time. Help.*

A nurse stopped. “Hattie seems agitated today.” She leaned over and examined me. “I’ll check her chart. She might be due for pain meds.” She stood and looked over my head at the child. “She does this when special children are visiting.”

“I’ve noticed.” Tom faced me. “Was there someone in her past? You know, like a child who was handicapped?”

*No! I yelled. Hundreds are healed. Let me touch him!*

“I was going to put her to bed.”

“Okay. I’ll be along with her pills.”

My body spasmed. *God. Please.*

We flew by open doors on the way to my room.

“Here we are, Hattie.” Tom maneuvered the wheelchair. He lifted one foot at a time and flipped the footrest out of the way, carefully placing each foot on the floor. “Hattie, you okay? Something set you off back there.”

A lone, warm tear flowed down my cheek.

He dried it with the back of his hand. “You have so much in there.” He pointed to my heart. “I wish I had the key to open it.”

We locked eyes.

Tom sighed and lifted me onto the bed. He brushed the hair off my face.

I lay there and cried out to God. *Don't let that boy be carried out of here. Let him walk.*

Tom wiped another tear from my eye. “Hattie, you know I would help you, do anything you wanted me to, if I could only ...” He glanced into the hallway. “Look, it’s the little boy from the dining room.”

I struggled to see.

Tom studied my body. “Did I just see your body move? You want to talk to them?”

He hurried out of the room. “Excuse me, folks. Do you mind? Um, my little Hattie seems to know you. Or wants to see the boy? I’m not sure.” Tom cleared his throat. “Would you have a minute to come visit her? Just for a minute.”

“Of course we have time, don’t we Teddy?”

I liked the man’s gentle laugh.

Sweet brown eyes. Beautiful brown skin. Little knots of hair covered a perfect, round head. Skinny arms and legs crippled at odd angles.

Back to the eyes.

*Oh, God. Let me, please ....*

Teddy jerked his body repeatedly toward me in his wheelchair, making snorts and gurgles with his mouth, eyes never leaving mine.

“He wants closer.” The father leaned forward, looked at Tom. “Is that okay? He seems to have a gift with people, despite ... ”

Tom grinned at me and cocked his head. “Sure.” He rolled my body closer to the edge of the bed. “Hattie seems to have a gift, too. I’m still trying to figure it all out. Huh, Hattie.”

Teddy waved his hands and jabbered louder, the closer he got to me.

*Oh, God.* I watched his eyes, then his quivering hand. Back to his expectant eyes. So beautiful, they sparkled, locked on mine.

So he knew!

The moment his hand brushed against mine, spasms ripped through me as the Power passed into him.

The boy's limbs untangled and straightened. His body filled out with muscle where there had only been skin covering bone. His eyes sparked as the Electricity moved within him.

The father gasped, knelt beside the wheelchair and wept.

Tom slowly lowered himself onto my bed. Tears spilled from his eyes, as he grasped my hands in his. “Oh Hattie, my Hattie. You tried to tell me, but I—”

“What is all the commotion in here?” The nurse burst into my room, med cup in her hand.

“I don’t think we’ll be needing those now.” Tom winked.

The boy placed his hands onto the arms of his wheelchair and pushed up. He stood tall, strong.

The nurse shrieked. "What? Isn't that ... the ... " She pointed toward the hall.

The boy knelt beside my bed, grasping my hands in his. Power surged again.

I closed my eyes.

Tom’s voice faded.

When I opened my eyes, I wasn’t in my room. No nursing home issue furniture.

Just white light.

I was in the Presence. Those eyes drew me into Him.

“Oh, Jesus.”

He embraced me. “Well done, My Hattie. Well done My good and faithful servant.”

I stood before my Lord, life in my limbs once more. “Oh, my Jesus. Thank You.”

He leaned to kiss me.

When I woke, Teddy and his father were gone.

Tom sat in a chair next to my bed. “Hattie.” He sighed. “The boy and his father had to leave.” Tears brimmed his eyes. “He walked. The boy walked out of here.”

I sighed. I don’t know if he saw me nod. I closed my eyes.

A touch on my hand and my eyes peeked open.

Tom.

He tucked the afghan under my chin. “My Hattie. I’m with you everyday.” His voice caught. “I never knew. I-I ... wasn’t looking.”

He sat on the bed beside me, his face in his hands and wept. A small wheelchair was visible behind him.

I watched as he wiped his face. Then he looked into mine.

I slowly closed my eyes again, and then opened them when he clasped his hands over mine and said, “Oh, Father ...”