

"The Miracle David Brought Me" continued

I think I was just about the happiest girl in the world as I waited and waited for the day to come closer, and then, suddenly when it was just two weeks away, something happened inside.

I knew all along that when the day really came I wouldn't go to his concert. I couldn't bear for him to see me sitting small and helpless in a wheel chair. I wheeled my chair over to the long mirror against the wall of my room and looked at myself.

I wasn't real pretty, I had big brown eyes and long dark hair. But even I couldn't believe how pale I looked! I had kept myself shut away for so long that there wasn't much color to me at all!

As I glanced about my room at all the pictures of David I had hanging there, I was surrounded with the warm glow of his precious smile. In each picture there was a look in his eyes that seemed to be calling to me.



Soon I was leafing through my Tiger Beat Spectaculars re-reading all the stories I had loved so well. Stories that told of David's strength, of his faith, his courage, even his trials and fears and how he overcame them.

A NEW SPARK

It was dark outside when I finished, and when my mom came up to bring me down for dinner, she stopped in the doorway in amazement. There was a spark in my eyes she had never seen before!

During the next two weeks, with my parents helping me, I learned to stand! The doctors had been right all along—the paralysis was mostly in my mind! Of course I would never be able to race up and down the stairs, but I would eventually learn to walk again. All I needed was practice—practice and more practice—to regain control of the muscles that had become useless during my years in the chair.

SO SCARED

When the day of David's concert finally came, I thought I would have a relapse! I was so nervous and scared, and though I could walk maybe 5 or 6 steps at a time with the use of crutches, I thought I would surely become too weak with excitement!

I guess I don't have to tell you much more. The concert was beautiful and I had a special front row

seat right below the stage. It was just before David went into his last number that I somehow completely forgot myself and stood up without my crutch. I took a few steps to the stage and held up my hands.

HIS EYES SPOKE

David saw me, and he also saw the crutch, and my mom standing behind me, her hand over her mouth with pride at her daughter. As David bent down and clasped my hands warmly his eyes told me how truly wonderful he is. The next thing I remember, his lips had brushed lightly over my hand and he softly whispered, "Yes, you can do it."

Then he was back on stage singing "I Think I Love You" but I was much to dazed to hear him. I wasn't even aware of it when the concert was over and my mom gently tugged at my arm to tell me we had to go.

It seems like a dream now, when I remember back. I can walk now—though slowly and sometimes I've got to grab the wall for support. But every time I hear David's voice, or see his pictures and gaze into his deep brown eyes, I hear his precious words, "Yes, you can do it," and I know that I can, because he brought me the miracle of faith.

David, wherever you are now, thank you for being the miracle that changed me into a better person! Thank you and God bless you forever!

