

TWO WORDS THAT CHANGE EVERYTHING

The Transformational Power of Gratitude

By
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Christine Savory worked 25 years as a public school teacher specializing in alternative programs for at-risk youth. However her “real” career began with a profound spiritual experience she had as a teenager. This contributed to her life long quest to find a way to help people eliminate suffering in their lives by connecting to their Higher Power, Inner Healer, Holy Spirit (or any other term referring to their Creator God). This intense desire lead her to studying scriptures, spiritual texts, quantum physics, and the writings of mystics, saints, and healers. Her training includes: Transpersonal Clinical Hypnotherapy, NLP, Gratitude Therapy, Life Enhancement Coaching, Reconnective Healing®, Quantum-Touch®, EFT®, and The Reconnection®

She currently owns and operates her healing arts services at *Spirit Connection*, in Medford, Oregon. She invites you to enter her world at: www.SpiritConnection.org. Appointments or requests for speaking engagements can be

made through that site.

TWO WORDS THAT CHANGE EVERYTHING

An Introduction

Every difficult challenge that happens to you has a higher purpose. Challenges, trials, crisis', disappointments and frustrations are all gifts. Each one is composed of "negative" energy that is waiting to be transformed to its true, beneficial counterpart. But only *you* can release the power that does the transforming work, and reveals the hidden good into your life. All it takes is expressing two of the most powerful words in the English language.

The information in this little book can change your life. I believe the power of this teaching has deeper value when backed up with true stories of people who have utilized this life-transforming technique; thus the focus of this mini-book. Within these pages are true stories that show you how I released this power and brought forth the hidden gifts of healing out of

sickness, abundance out of lack, and happiness out of sadness and fear.

I regret that this mini-book format has space for only a small sample of transformative stories. However, this little book will give you a sample of the book to follow that is filled with a more complete collection of real life events utilizing this technique. The date of its availability will be announced on my new gratitude website:

www.GratitudeCreatesMiracles.com

If you wish further help to transform your life, the same website offers assistance in the form of blogs, free CD downloads and more.

I am passionate about helping people eliminate suffering in their lives, and receive the gifts hidden in each condition of pain. My prayer is that you may benefit from the stories and teachings shared here and begin a new life of increased happiness.

HOW COULD MY GRATITUDE HEAL ANOTHER?

In this chapter, you will learn:

- 1) How to heal yourself and another who is critical
- 2) That every “negative” challenge has “turbo booster” potential

My precious mother was my best teacher. She was a giver. And the most powerful gift she gave to me was her criticism and condemnation.

As a child, I was shown an abundance of love by my father. However, my mother, who had been abused as a child, had difficulty conveying love to her children much of the time. I knew she loved each of her six children deeply, but because of her own feelings of unworthiness, she often expressed criticism to those nearest to her. Additionally, on an unconscious level she feared that showing love led to loss. Her parents had died when she was very young; as a result, she lived with the belief that “when you love

someone, you lose them through death.”

Amazingly, my immature mind understood why it was difficult for my mother to show love. I was able to intuitively understand the reasons behind her behaviors. My childhood mission was to aid in her healing process. To help motivate me on that assignment, God gave me the experience of being selected more often than others, it seemed, to be the “listener” of her childhood stories. She had a need to tell those who would listen, the details of her abuse and terrifying childhood experiences. She would repeat her stories, and I would take them into my heart, in the hope of relieving her of her burdens. I remember crying in bed on many nights, after the family was asleep, feeling the pain of her memories. My deepest desire was to help her feel loved.

One way that I tried to accomplish this was to sit in her presence and listen as she would express her negativity. When she was not focusing on her terrifying past, she would shift to verbally condemning and criticizing me. I would respond in silence and accept, outwardly, her words. I felt that if she could just express

her unhappiness without being attacked back, she would eventually heal.

This went on for years. Her healing seemed slow in coming. One day, when I was an adult with children of my own, she had made some statements that were hard for me to take without feeling deeply hurt. I needed to talk to someone, so I called my friend, Jan. She knew my mom, and understood the situation. She also loved me. I felt that she could reassure me of my worthiness, and perhaps sympathize with my position. I was looking for a few words to validate why I was right in feeling hurt. (Since then, I have learned that any attempt to get sympathy usually makes the situation worse.)

“Jan, you won’t believe what my mom said to me today. She said that my dad told her that he never loved me. She said that I was a shame to the family, and an embarrassment to her. She said that people in the community have told her that I am not liked, and I am a bad teacher.....”

Jan’s words shocked me. Yet I knew they were true. Instead of saying comforting words such

as ‘*You poor dear, of course your dad loved you. You know that you are an exceptional person that everyone loves.*’ She said, “You are so lucky! I wish I had that happen to me! This is the best opportunity for your spiritual growth. This is your ‘*turbo booster!*’”

“What are you talking about, Jan?”

“Don’t you see? Because a mother’s approval and love is such a desired thing for children to have (even grown children), and you are getting the opposite, you are being given a potential power to lift you to a place in your spiritual growth that you wouldn’t have otherwise. This is powerful stuff! You know that the greater the hurt or challenge, the greater power to ‘be formed in His image’. When you can surrender your pain and really be thankful ***for everything*** she says that hurts, you will be in an expanded place of spiritual growth that you wouldn’t have been otherwise. Your mom’s words are the greatest gift to you. All you have to do now is what you have done before with other negative things that you have encountered in your life; Surrender and trust that there is a higher

purpose in this situation and give thanks and praise to God and to your mom with each condemning statement.”

I knew she was right. When I contemplated the value that this experience held for me to expand and grow spiritually, I got excited. So, after I hung up the phone, I immediately began to write down every negative and hurtful thing I could remember she had said or done, beginning from childhood.

With that list, I re-read each event, or statement, and said, “Thank you, dear God, that my mother said she was embarrassed to have me as a daughter... Thank you God, I was hurt when she didn’t want to come to my graduation. Thank you God, that she said I had a list of sins a mile long, etc...” I continued on until I thanked for every item on that long list. The more I thanked, the happier I felt. Now I wanted to do the same thing on the spot, the moment I was faced with the criticism.

The day after my talk with Jan, and my thankful exercise, I couldn’t wait to see my mother. I

called her up and told her I was coming for a cup of tea. Within the hour, I was sitting at her table. But this time I was ready to respond with gratitude and happiness, (rather than silence and acceptance) to each criticizing remark. Of course I was going to do this all in my own heart and mind, unknown to her.

I couldn't believe what happened. In the entire time I was there, she didn't say one negative thing about me or anyone else.

I was crestfallen. I was like an athlete who had trained religiously for the competitive race, and the event had been canceled at the last minute. *She must be having an off day*, I thought.

I was determined to "pass the test" so I vowed to try again the next day. On day two, I was excited all over again, and I knew I could do what I was primed for. We sat in her kitchen, and all I heard from her was positive remarks. What a disappointment!

On the third, fourth and fifth day the same thing happened. I couldn't remember her having gone

this many days without expressing her negativity.

I finally got it. She had actually been healed. In the following weeks, I realized that healing was permanent. She never again expressed anything other than love and encouragement to me from that moment on.

What a learning experience that was! Upon reflecting more on this miraculous situation, I learned that my desire to help her heal had actually been blocked by my hurt (in silence), and perhaps my habitual expectation of her rejection of me. In addition, my self-esteem was also affected all those years. I had subconsciously accepted the weight of her opinions of me, and carried a belief of not being “good enough”.

When I became “pro-active” and expressed happiness and gratitude for the very things that up to that time I had allowed to hurt me, it released power. This was the power that was needed to heal her.

I realized I had also received a healing from this experience. Soon I began to notice changes in my life; I was at ease with myself, I felt a sense of love and self-acceptance, and I had a new confidence at my work place. I could say “no” for the first time. I was less of a “people pleaser”.

I marveled at the results of this released energy of gratitude, love and praise. My only regret is that I did not do this sooner. I had known about the power of surrender and thanksgiving since my son’s birth, but did not think of applying it to dysfunctional relationships. Now I understood the wisdom that Jesus was trying to impart in his greatest sermon, *The Sermon on the Mount*. “Blessed are you when men cast insults at you, and persecute you, and say all kinds of evil against you falsely...rejoice and be glad, for your reward in heaven is great.” (Mathew 5:11)

I have since come to know that “heaven” is not only referring to the afterlife. In fact, the original Greek word for “kingdom of heaven” was *oranus*; translated into English it means

“kingdom or condition of expansion.” I was indeed expanded in this life here and now, not just at a later time after death. I was given to know that the growth and development of our spirits can be catapulted forward with greater speed and power *because* of seemingly negative and harsh experiences. But it is up to *us* to react to those experiences with pro-active energy of acceptance with love and gratitude. We, as children of God, and possessors of the indwelling Holy Spirit or Light of Christ, have access to His power of healing, change, renewal and expansion. Now that we are learning the tools to access that power, we no longer have to weakly submit to life’s harsh situations. We can become the fully mature spiritual beings we came to earth to reveal, *because* of these seemingly negative experiences.

Annalee Skarin wrote several books explaining this. She had devoted her life to teaching, among other things, the power of trying experiences to expand our spiritual growth. She relates that the negative conditions of life are the “raw materials out of which the enlightened man builds.” She further explains that these

energies need to be converted to reveal the power of expansion they offer for each person's growth. She states that the method of transmuting the trials into blessings is revealed in the scriptures, but most people have glossed over it:

He who is thankful in all things shall be made glorious: and the things of this earth shall be added to him a hundredfold: yea, more!

Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks, for this is the will of God concerning you.

All things work together for good for those who love God.

“Whatever one sustains in his losses, as he takes hold of the higher laws, will be returned to him a hundredfold-and more. The conditions will be lifted from darkness and negation into glory and light and power.” She continues to explain that this method of expressing gratitude can and should be applied to “every tiny irritation, condition or personal inefficacy, as well as

every calamity or major tragedy.” If a person commits to responding in this way, these experiences are transmuted into “inexpressible power and glory.” (p. 247, *Secrets of Eternity*)

Betty Eadie gave a detailed account of her near-death-experience in her first book, *Embraced by the Light*. She addressed this issue, the higher purpose of facing trials and challenges, as she talked to Jesus in the spirit realm. She was told that all experiences were for our good. Our spirits are developed by going through, what appears to be, negative experiences. She was shown that each spirit was in heaven before he or she came to earth. One thing we each did, she was told, was to choose the major experiences we would have on earth that would enhance our spiritual development. We were shown, she relates, how valuable just one situation of negativity was to our growth. “We were very willing, even anxious, as spirits to accept all of our ailments, illnesses, and accidents here to help better ourselves spiritually.” (p.67, *Embraced by the Light*)

She further relates that it was important for her

to accept all experiences as potentially good and to accept her purpose and station in life. “I could take the negative things that had happened to me and try to overcome their effects. I could forgive my enemies, even love them, and thereby nullify any bad influence they may have had on me. I could seek good thoughts and kind words, and thus bring healing ointment to my own soul, as well as to others. I saw that I could begin to heal myself, spiritually first, then emotionally, mentally, and physically. I saw that I could spare myself the corrosive effects of despair. I had the right to live fully.”(p. 69, *Embraced by the Light*)

After this incident, I had a new understanding of the power of healing and growth that is “hidden” behind a negative word or action. From then on, I couldn’t wait for the next opportunity to “expand.”

And that opportunity came shortly after....

THANKFUL FOR A FINANCIAL CRISIS

In this chapter you will learn:

- 1) How to lose a lawsuit, and still win
- 2) How to feel love and forgiveness for your “accusers”
- 3) How to visualize and manifest a huge sum of money
- 4) The unlimited good arising out of being “falsely charged”

In my wildest dreams, I never thought I would be the object of a law suit. But God had big plans for me that included this experience.

Briefly, my husband and I were named in a suit that concerned a house we had sold. The buyers had claimed that we had not disclosed to them that they needed to get approval from the homeowner’s association to build an addition closer to the property line.

During the 18 months prior to the trial, I would thank God for the matter. I surrendered my will, giving the outcome to Him. I also was proactive in blessing, forgiving and sending love to the plaintiffs. My husband and I were assured by our lawyer that we would positively be cleared and not to worry, as we “were in the right.” Whenever I was in prayer, I could feel Jesus joyfully laughing. That warmed my heart, as I interpreted that as his assurance that we would win and have nothing to worry about.

As the non-jury began, I asked my attorney to submit to the court a copy of the homeowner’s association rules that the plaintiffs had signed prior to the escrow closing. This information was critical in that it verified that the plaintiffs were aware that their desire for a room addition required approval from the association. The attorney refused to bring this evidence to the attention of the court as he assured us that there was no need to as we would win anyway without it. I was disappointed in his response but I reasoned that he was the expert. I thanked God for this as well.

In the days that we were awaiting the judge's decision, I continued to fill my thoughts with thanksgiving to God for this situation, and asked him to increase the love in my heart for our "accusers." However, I failed for a few minutes when we were notified that we had lost, and that we had to pay \$180,000 (the cost of the house and the interest payments for 2 years) in 90 days.

I remember letting my fears take hold of me. My thoughts immediately went to the possible scenario of what would happen as a result of not being able to pay the judgment amount: bankruptcy, a lien on our home and bank accounts, my husband's inability to continue to operate his contracting business due to a frozen business checking account, etc. I forced myself to stop the downward spiral of negative thinking. I shouted, "Thank you, God!" Then I went to Him in prayer.

I remember talking to Him: "Jesus, this is no laughing matter. I am really disappointed. I thought that power of gratitude, praise and

loving forgiveness would turn this around ‘for our good.’ But from my perspective, there is *nothing good* about this. Now, here is the situation: We have \$600 in savings and we need a miracle. You’re going to have to do something. We have to pay \$180, 000 in three months. We have no other financial resources. So you take over and find the money. All I can do now is to continue to thank you that you are going to bring in that money by that deadline.”

I immediately went to work to do the next thing that had helped me have faith in my prayers in the past. I wrote down in my prayer journal this statement: “By June 1st we will have received a check for \$180,000 to pay this amount due.”

Then I constructed a scene in my imagination. In response to the scripture, “Whatsoever you pray, believe that you have received, and you shall have what you have asked of God.” I knew that if I was to believe that I had received what I was asking for, I needed to focus on it as if it had already happened. The scene I selected was this:

I visualized holding the phone in my hand, calling my husband and saying, “Guess what! We have the \$180,000! You don’t have to worry about a thing.” What I did not include in the visualization was the “how.” From all my readings on receiving answers to prayers, I had been taught to let God work out the “how” and to only focus on the feeling of the answer as an established fact.

About one week before the deadline, I was still trusting God to do his miracle, as I was doing my part in thanking Him, visualizing the above scene, and casting out any worry or fear that tried to creep into my thoughts. Then it happened...

I received a call from a lawyer’s office in Seattle. The secretary said, “Are you sitting down? Get a pen and write down this number: One-hundred eighty thousand four hundred dollars. The class-action suit for Dalkon Shield has been settled and your portion of the claim, minus our fees is this amount.” (This settlement was a result of my son’s premature birth caused by a Dalkon Shield IUD, made by DuPont. I

was told when I was solicited six years earlier to join a class-action suit that I could expect a settlement between one and two thousand dollars, as I was a “late claimant”.)

She continued to explain that of the hundreds of clients that her firm represented, the amount paid out to our case was one of the largest amounts. She commented that it was highly unusual that this amount was offered, considering that my son was alive and had no birth defects as a result of experiencing a premature birth.

I rejoiced! God did it again. But the miracle did not stop here. When it came time to pay the money, it was discovered that the plaintiffs had requested an additional \$40,000. Because my attorney was no longer paying attention to this, their claim was unchallenged. All I knew to do was go to God, and thank him that this happened and tell him that I needed more money. I asked Him what to do. He spoke to my heart in definite instruction: “Dismiss your attorney and represent yourself. I will guide you in everything you do.” For the next month, I

filed motions and sent letters to the plaintiff's attorney, telling him that I was going to ask for a retrial. I knew nothing about law, but I just followed instructions that the Holy Spirit was giving me.

Within three weeks, I got a call from the plaintiff's wife. She asked me if I would meet with her, without lawyers or our husbands. "I am so tired of this thing being dragged out. I wonder if you and I can settle this by ourselves." We met within the hour. I was amazed at the amount of love that I felt for her. All those months of gratitude and forgiving had left no room for anything but deep compassion and love for her and her husband.

She began, "You and Tom must hate us for what we have done."

I sincerely replied, "Not at all. We have taken this experience as an opportunity to learn to love, forgive, and trust that God would bring something good out of this challenge."

She softened. "How can we finish this today?"

What can we do to settle this? Our attorney's fees are over \$18,000, and we need to pay him soon." (The court order stipulated that we were to pay their fees and the payment from us would have been delayed as a result of my request for a retrial.)

I felt for guidance from the Holy Spirit before I replied. "How about \$30,000 today, and that satisfies the entire judgment." She expressed relief, and within the hour her lawyer had faxed the release papers for all of us to sign.

Now I knew why Jesus laughed. Of the \$180,000, we only paid out \$30,000. We had \$150,000 more than before the entire suit came to our attention. I was able to give to our son, Jeremy, half of that amount which paid for his college education and a down payment on a house.

Later, when the entire situation was behind us, I inquired of God why DuPont awarded us so much. It was explained to me that the multiplication of the intended amount allowed by DuPont was in response to what we did.

“What did we do, specifically?” I queried.

I was told that when one is “falsely accused, and responds with love and forgiveness and gratitude, the power to change harmful intent to good, and then multiply that good is “a hundred –fold.” I was shown that without that “adversity” the amount awarded would have been \$1,800. (Remember that I was told before the settlement that the amount to expect would be between one and two thousand dollars.)

I was given to understand through this experience that good and blessings are multiplied when adversity comes and one responds with love, forgiveness and gratitude.

Jesus said in the Sermon on the Mount that we were blessed when we were persecuted, insulted and falsely charged (Mathew 5:10 and 5:11). Now I could understand why we are blessed, and why we could even welcome and even look forward to such conditions. Through experiencing firsthand the results of reacting in thanksgiving, trust, love and forgiveness, I knew that God’s promises were true. I knew

that “All things work together for good for those who love Him” (Romans 8:28)

The following account of the most miraculous event in my life proved to me that gratitude and surrender can even bring someone back from the brink of death.

THANKFUL FOR THE IMPENDING DEATH OF A CHILD

In this chapter you will learn:

- 1) How to turn despair into joy upon hearing a devastating report
- 2) How to activate the healing power in another
- 3) How to call in the help of Jesus to comfort another

The birth of my firstborn became my birth of a new awakening to the power of God. It was Mother's Day, 1974. I was five months pregnant when I went into premature labor. I was immediately hospitalized and given a grim prognosis by the attending obstetrician: "The baby is too young to survive. However, there is a two percent chance of survival. If this baby does survive, he will be damaged, perhaps severely." He went on to explain more, but my shock prevented me from comprehending any

further explanation.

My world seemed to tumble into a dark abyss of despair. Faced with losing the most precious thing in my life, other than my husband and my God, I was slipping into that dark shroud of self-pity that seems to wrap itself around us at the first thought of injustice and “why me” complaints. And then it happened...

I was caught in the arms of comfort. The “still, small voice” within me whispered, “Praise me, thank me, and surrender your son. Thank me that this is happening to you.” I had just recently finished reading Merlin Carothers’ book, *Power of Praise*, and was familiar with the teachings of praising and thanking God for adverse situations, but had not realized that God was going to take me seriously when I made the decision that I would try to live this teaching of praise.

I had my assignment, and I began to go to work, proclaiming to God thanks and praise for all the things that saddened my heart. I gave thanks that the doctor said that he would most likely

die, and that if he didn't he would be disabled. I thanked Him that my heart was breaking. I gave thanks for the loss. I continued on, and then dedicated this baby to God. "This child is yours first, dear Father. I love him so. But I surrender him to you. Do whatever you will."

I instantly felt as if I was standing alongside of Abraham, understanding for the first time, what he must have felt like, laying his firstborn, Isaac, on the altar of obedience. He was facing the death of his beloved son; able to do it only because of his love for God. I was far from the "Loving-God-more-than-anything," that was the foundation of the patriarchs. But I was determined. I would do this, or die of heartbreak... or maybe both.

As I continued to give thanks to God, a new joy and peace began to seep into my soul. Then I claimed God's promise in Romans 8:28: "All things work together for good to them that love God and are called according to His purpose." This loss of a loved one was included in "all things". This promise did not make any exceptions. It did NOT say, "Almost all things

work together for good,” or “Sometimes all things work together for good.”

When I remembered this promise, I fully surrendered. I prayed, “Father, You love me so much, and out of love You have allowed this to happen to my baby and me. So, I know that something good is going to come out of this. Either my son will live and it will be a miracle, or he will die and go directly into Your loving arms, and his death will accomplish a greater good for Your purpose in my life, and the lives of others. I know that through a broken heart, You are able to increase Your love in me and mold more of my character to conform to Yours. My son’s death would surely provide great heartbreak for my husband and me. If this is Your will, let Your great purpose be accomplished. I love You. I trust You. Amen.”

My soul was at peace. My mind and heart continued its melodic song of gratitude and praise to God. I didn’t dare let go for fear that I would slip and fall again into despair. I could not allow myself to forget my commitment to God, my surrender, my promise of trusting

Him. For the next two days, while I was in labor, I had a mission: to keep my attention on thanking God, loving Him with greater love with each passing hour. I was determined to do my part and “love God” and see how this seeming crisis would “work for good.” This love was to be beyond words. It was a consecration, a dedication to have every thought thankful, trusting and loving.

After 42 hours of labor, our son was born alive. The moist eyes of the doctor and nurse gave away their feelings of gratitude that this child took his first breath unassisted. He was swept away into the neonatal intensive care unit. There he remained for the next three months, teetering between life and death for much of that time.

I continued praising and thanking, as my love and joy increased. I truly was experiencing how much God loved me and this tiny infant. At ten days old, my son went through heart surgery to close a valve that is supposed to close naturally when a baby takes his first breath (patent ductus arteriosus); as a premature infant, his heart did

not respond as nature intended for a full term baby. The surgery was successful, and I was beginning to believe that my son *was* going to live after all. My joy was increasing as I contemplated this possibility.

My new feelings of hope that it may be God's plan to let him live were short lived. A call came from the hospital informing my husband and me that our baby son had taken a sudden turn for the worse. He was in critical condition. We were informed to come and see him, perhaps for the last time, to say our goodbyes. When it appears that death is imminent, a baby is removed from the protective environment of the incubator so that the parents can hold him as he takes his last breaths. This would be the first and last time we would be given this privilege.

I asked what had happened that had caused this sudden change of his condition. I was informed he had developed double pneumonia, and both lungs had collapsed. The nurse was hesitant to tell me that his condition stemmed from formula being accidentally placed in his lungs (via a

feeding tube) rather than his stomach. Further questioning about his condition revealed to me that my baby was on a respirator, and could not be fed. I asked what was the best we could hope for, in the event that he did not die that day. I was told that if he lived for a few more days, the respirator that was taped to his mouth would be removed to determine if his lungs could inflate without assistance. They would then attempt to feed him. But in his weakened condition, this was a slim possibility.

After I hung up the phone, I literally went into my closet and prayed, with tears cleansing my selfish longing for my son to live... “Dear God, it’s OK if You want to take him. I love him so much. I affirm that he is Yours first, and I want Your will first. I again surrender his precious life to You. But father, I am going to ask a favor of You. If it is Your will that he live, I want to know today. I am asking that if he is meant to live, when I go to the hospital today, he will be healed and his suffering will be over. I am asking that all the doctors and nurses involved know that he is healed today, if he is meant to live. Thank You that only Your will is done.

Amen.”

Within the hour my husband and I, bracing ourselves, entered the neonatal unit ready to face the imminent death of our dear son, or the sign of our healed child. It was a moment I shall never forget as I closed my eyes, not wanting to see, perhaps for the last time, my child with tubes and machines attached to his tiny body.

As soon as the attending nurse spotted us, she raced over. She excitedly told us what happened just after she had phoned us an hour before. She said that her attention was taken off our child for “no more than five minutes”, as another infant was in distress. When she turned back to our son, she related that she was stunned. She said that he lay sleeping peacefully, displaying all signs of a complete recovery. Further observation and tests revealed all vital signs were normal and confirmed the infection was gone. She paused. “I don’t know how to say this, as it seems impossible. Something removed the tape from his mouth and placed the respirator to the side. We cannot explain how this happened. It would have taken an adult to

do this, and both my assistant and I were the only ones in this room. We did not touch his respirator. To do so, in his condition, could prove fatal..... But look at him.”

God not only healed his lungs, but he removed the respirator so that the attendants would know he was healed and begin to feed him. (When a baby weights less than two pounds, losing up to two ounces a day from not being fed could prove fatal in just a few days.) With this understanding I realized how important it was that the attending physicians were convinced that his lungs could function without assistance. Removing the attached respirator was the only way to convince them of his healing.

At the time, I didn't know that this healing was the least of the miracles that came through this experience.

A week prior to his healing, during one of our visits, a new concern filled my heart... Each day my husband and I would go to the hospital, sterilize our hands for ten minutes, cover our street clothes with sterilized hospital gowns, and

reach through the elasticized holes that gave us access to the little body of our beloved son. We would stroke him, telling him how much we loved him. But I could feel the sadness he felt as our visiting time ended and we squeezed his miniature hand for a “Good-bye for now” exchange. I came to realize that he had only known suffering since his first hour on earth. Besides the surgery, he had blood drawn from his heels every few hours around the clock to monitor his oxygen levels. He was fed through IV tubes attached to his veins in his head for the first ten days. Physical pain was his companion. Emotional pain was greater. There was no mother’s breast to nourish him, no warm skin to soothe him, no gentle words to comfort him. His world was bright lights, machines, tubes, needles, loneliness, and deep sadness that his parent’s love was not his to experience.

My heart broke again at this realization, and I turned to God in sincere prayer. “Dear Father, my baby needs to be held. He needs to feel and know he is loved. Jesus is a man, as well as the Son of God. He has two arms and a heart of love far greater than the greatest mother’s love.

Please have Jesus hold him, love him and hug him until the day that I am able to do that. Amen.”

That prayer gave me peace. I didn't know how or if that prayer would be answered, but I was comforted. I continued to rejoice, and in time my son came home, and I could hold him. He grew strong and healthy, and did not have any respiratory or brain damage, as the doctors had grimly predicted.

The full impact of my prayer for his comforting was revealed three years later.....

One day, when Jeremy was a just over three he snuggled up on my lap and looked intently into my eyes. In his little person accent he began:

“Mommy, remember when I came out of your tummy, and the doctors wouldn't let you hold me?” I saw the sincerity in his face and the tears that formed in his eyes as he recalled the pain of not being held in his mother's arms at that time of painful separation from the once comforting womb that had been his home for five months.

I listened intently as his childish vocabulary took on a strange maturity. He began to describe the incubator, the bright lights, the tubes placed in the veins in his head. At times, we would cry together as he recalled the pain of the procedures, the fear of loss, the joy of seeing his parents come in to visit him and touch him.

I felt as if I were witnessing a miracle all over again. This child was granted the rare privilege of remembering his birth, and I was gifted to be his audience. “Mommy, I was so happy when you and daddy came to see me in your green dresses, but I was so sad when you left.” We both had tears in our eyes, as we remembered together those painful good-byes.

And suddenly, his face took on an unexpected joy. “But Mommy, when you prayed, Jesus came, and he held me.” The sudden memory of my prayer, asking Jesus to hold Jeremy flooded my mind. I was in awe as I realized that my prayer of three years ago was literally answered. I came to understand that Jesus had *really* replaced the missing mother’s loving touch and comfort. Jeremy continued to relate how Jesus

held his head in one hand, and cradled his body in the other, and looked deep into his eyes, loving him. He said that Jesus was filled with bright light. He shared how Jesus held him close the entire time of his hospital stay.

“Did Jesus stay with you after we brought you home?” I questioned.

“No, he didn’t have to. Then you and Daddy could hold me. But he would come into my room when you prayed, and He would put his hands on me.” Then I recalled that in his first year Jeremy had a few colds. I would pray for him and ask Jesus to heal him and visualize Jesus’ healing hands touching him.

This experience was a tremendous gift. It showed me the power of surrender and trust, and the power of prayer. It showed me that prayers are answered and received in the spirit even when we don’t perceive the answers through our five senses. This experience was not the beginning of my spiritual journey, but it was the beginning of my lessons of releasing the power of miracles into a “hopeless”

situation. I now had concrete proof that surrender, trust and focus on praise and thanksgiving let the power of God bring forth the impossible.

The miracles did not stop here. They continued on...

GRATITUDE DOES EVEN MORE

Many people, on hearing examples of gratitude, have questioned why a person would be thankful *for* a negative situation that was obviously *not* in keeping with the fact that God is good, and his ultimate will for us is health, abundance, joy and happiness. So why thank God for illness, financial problems, depression, and grief?

What we are grateful for is the good that is going to come out of this unhappy circumstance, and for the opportunity it has in serving us to increase our spiritual growth. We are grateful for being given the chance to overcome our human reactions of fear and doubt by exerting control over our thoughts and feelings and disciplining our minds to be positive. We are being given the opportunity to exert our faith and trust in God. We are diminishing the power of our ego, our human tendencies. We are growing into our spiritual stature, rather than remaining children. We are

being filled to overflowing with pure spirit or the Holy Spirit every time we surrender and express loving gratitude.

Metaphorically speaking, A negative situation or challenge is like weights to a weightlifter. If he is serious about building muscles, he welcomes those weights and the heavier the better. In fact, if he is training for competition, he *wants and looks forward to* those workouts with heavier weights each time. His efforts are rewarded: He may win the competition, he may get the attention of the woman he is seeking to attract, he is healthier, and in the event of an emergency requiring great strength, he is well prepared. In the case of gratitude, however, the rewards go much further.

Recent research studying the effects of gratitude on the physical body has found that it increases our health and immune response, lowers high blood pressure, increases T-cell count, releases more healthy hormones, a decreases the release of stress hormones, and increases energy.

One of the most powerful benefits of surrender

and gratitude that I have witnessed is the healing of emotional wounds and healing of mental illness. The following true story is the most remarkable account of spontaneous healing of severe brain damage that I have ever heard. The full story can be read in a pamphlet, "A Most Amazing Story", published through Merlin Carothers' Foundation of Praise. (www.merlincarothers.com)

Frank Foglio was a strong believer in prayer and the power of God to accomplish miracles. He needed a big one, and prayed many years for the healing of his beloved daughter, who had suffered a severe head injury in a car accident. She had spent those years in isolation in the most secure unit of a mental institution. For 12 years she had been strapped down most days because of her violence. She hadn't recognized her father for those years, and Frank began to wonder why he continued making his weekly visits. His longing to hear her voice recognizing him was taking its toll. On one particular day, driving to the hospital, he broke down sobbing. He began to shout out loud to God, accusing Him of not being a God of love, as He could

heal his daughter, but He didn't. God was doing nothing to help in this extremely difficult situation and Frank was at the breaking point. He suddenly remembered a talk he had heard about giving praise and thanksgiving to God *for* the heartbreak. Then he heard a voice within, "Praise me that your daughter is exactly where she is."

Recognizing it as the voice of God, he angrily replied, "Never! I would rather die than do that!" He was angry, but in a few minutes his heart began to soften. The voice repeated the request. Frank responded, "God, I couldn't praise you if I tried. And I'm not going to try because I don't believe I should."

As he continued to drive toward the mental hospital, his anger began to subside. As he walked toward her room and waited for clearance to the most restricted part of this institution, his heart broke in surrender. "Okay God, I thank you that my daughter is where she is. I know that you love her more than I do."

At that moment, a miracle occurred. A strangely

familiar voice cried out. “I want my daddy! I want my daddy!” Frank raced to Marilyn’s cell. She thrust her arms through the bars embracing her father. In an instant she had been completely restored! The attendants joined the pair in tears of joy.

Twelve years of prayer, agony, heartbreak did little to heal this child. One minute of surrender and praise did the impossible.

RESTORING MENTAL,

EMOTIONAL AND SPIRITUAL HEALTH

In my Transpersonal Hypnotherapy practice, I have witnessed the most remarkable recoveries of emotional traumas, addictions, phobias, and depression by clients applying “gratitude therapy”. I am fully convinced that the determination to apply gratitude to each hurtful memory that is behind these conditions is the one of the quickest and most complete methods of healing and restoration of mental health, physical health and spiritual freedom.

In life, we tend to reject those things that we don't like about ourselves, to the point of self hate that manifests in self-destructive behaviors, guilt, and shame. What if we could take a new approach and look at each thing we detest in ourselves and offer it to God with such words as, “Thank you God for my...(anger, depression, addictions, jealousy, fear, hopelessness, etc.), I believe that by offering this up to You, You can change it into something good. Thank you that I am exactly

like I am. I surrender all my negative feelings about this. Thank you, thank you, and thank you.” As you continue to give thanks, the new you will begin to emerge. And as you make “grateful for everything” a moment-by-moment habit, you will be amazed at the changes you will experience.

BECOME A CO-AUTHOR

If, after reading these stories, you are inspired to commit to be thankful for everything, you will have your own miracle experiences.

Consider sharing your results

I will be selecting 50 stories to include in my next book: *Gratitude Creates Miracles*.

JOIN OUR TEAM OF UPLIFTERS

Just write from your heart what happened as a result of surrendering and giving thanks:

www.GratitudeCreatesMiracles.com.

Click: Gratitude Story Sharing

Or write to Christine at:

csavory@GratitudeCreatesMiracles.com

For free video clips, classes, CD downloads, and blogs that will support you in your transformation go to the above website.

TOO GOOD TO MISS!!!

www.TrueStoriesofHope.com

A few comments from viewers:

“I listened to Charity tell about her amazing recovery from surgery, and it gave me the faith to do what she did...It worked! My recovery was the quickest that my doctor had witnessed in many years of doing this type of surgery.”

“I was inspired to do the “gratitude” treatment after listening to the healing stories. I put my hand on my back and gave thanks—with real strong feelings of love. My back was healed in minutes.”

“I loved Maya’s story on overcoming her rage problem in just one day. It motivated me to use her technique to help me overcome my anger fits. For the first time I can see a dramatic improvement in myself. I have been in therapy for over 5 years without the progress that I see now.”

