

The Precious Locket

By Sr. Rosita, India

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Having received the Locket from Fr. Francis Benac S.J. on 29th December 1988, I really wondered why I was the one chosen to possess such a treasure.

His words on giving me the Locket were **“Sister, our Blessed Mother Mary sends you her Christmas Gift!”**

On the 30th December at 5:00 am, I was praying in the Basilica, which is adjacent to our convent. At 5:30 am the doors and windows were opened to the public. That morning after breakfast, I left for my apostolic works. I was dealing at that time with different cases, either of drug addicts, alcoholics or other family problems. I was at the Hill Road bus stop when I heard a voice call out “Sr., Good Morning.” I turned to greet the voice and behold a white Ambassador car entering a “No Entry” road, collided with the voice. It was the Peon, (messenger) Dilip Manjrekar, who that morning had opened the doors and windows of the Basilica. He was thrown off his bicycle and landed on his side. The car stopped and two young men got out, put him inside the car, and moved on; I presumed to the Hospital. I continued on my work, when our Lady said to me **“You have seen an accident; go back and inform the Basilica.”** So I walked back (rather I climbed the hill) and went and told the Sr-in-Charge of the Basilica, Sr. Helen Murzello, that one of her peons had come across an accident. She informed me that whatever was necessary would be done. Now I felt calm and peaceful and continued on my way to work.



The next morning, praying in the Basilica as usual, I noticed a man come up to open the windows; only when he was behind me, I recollected that it was the same person who had come across an accident yesterday. I called out to him **“Beta (son), how are you; what did the Doctor say?”** He looked at me. His face was all bruised; a big lump on his head, and his eyes all swollen and face deep purple in colour. **“Sister, the Doctor said to come at 11:00 this morning and he will order an X-ray; I am in terrible pain.”** All this was said in Hindi. So I continued; **“Okay, go to the doctor and get treated; but if he says an operation is needed, don’t do it, come back.”** He continued opening the windows and I continued my prayers. Then our Lady spoke to me **“Very nice; you have My Relic, and you can’t touch him with it?”** I was stunned. Rising from my seat, I called him back. **“Come sit here; what is your name? I am going to touch you with Mother Mary’s ‘Kiss’.”** Of course I did not know the Hindi words for touch and Mary’s kiss; so I said them in English.

I then took my Locket (*ED*: Medal of ['kissed' piece of missal](#)) and touched his head and face gently praying to Mary. When I had finished, I told him to go and I continued with my prayers.

The next day was 1st January 1989, and as usual I was praying in the Basilica, when Dilip came to open the windows. I called out to him as he reached the window behind me. **“How**



are you Dilip and what did the Doctor say?" Looking at me with a most beautiful smile, his face so clear as he formally was, he said **"Sister, I left home all bruised and in much pain. When I reached the K.E.M. Hospital, the doctor said (in Hindi), "Why have you come, what is the matter with you?"** I touched my face and found that I was completely healed; no bruises, no pain, no hurts. I realised that on the train journey Mother Mary had healed me. **"Thank you Mother Mary."** (Dilip often on duty would open the Basilica door, look at the statue of Mary, make a 'Namaste' (a bowing gesture with hands folded at the forehead) and go about his work. Mary loved this softly spoken man and allowed me to touch him with the Locket. This was the first time our Blessed Mother gave **"her kiss"**. Countless times on my visits to hospitals, homes and cases, has Mary given **"her kiss"** and healed others; either mentally, physically, emotionally and above all spiritually.

I love You dear Mother Mary; thank you Mother Mary; may I be your humble servant now and forever, by always doing the Will of Your Beloved Son, Jesus.

Amen!

Sr. Rosita, India

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