

Blanca's Remarkable Healing

Put this medal on your daughter and pray much,
and you'll see how she recovers

by Blanca Movellon



Blanca Movellon, 51 years old, married and living in Santander, gives this account of what happened to her daughter, Blanca.

Some samples of Garabandal medals with a piece of missal kissed by Our Lady in Garabandal.

My daughter had an accident when she was 17 years old, falling six floors to the street, a distance of about 54 feet. On the way down she fell into an awning and her head struck several metal cables which she broke. Her head then hit the concrete sidewalk. In spite of the terrible blow she was conscious, but when she tried to move she lost consciousness.

She was transferred to the Hospital Marques de Valdecilla, where she was diagnosed with severe brain edema, pneumothorax of the right lung, multiple fractures of the right hip, a broken femur, broken internal and external ligaments of the right knee, and the right foot was “completely destroyed.” Dr. Quintana had ordered the scan that revealed all these fractures. They induced a barbituric coma on her, otherwise the pain would have been impossible for her to tolerate.

She was then taken to intensive care, where she was placed on a respirator and life support. The doctor in charge of the intensive care unit told us that she would die, that there was no hope, and that even if she did survive, which he doubted, she would be a vegetable. The next day, while making his rounds, the doctor repeated the diagnosis, telling us that she couldn't survive in her present condition.

That same day I made a second visit and was waiting with the father of another patient in similar circumstances when a woman I had never seen before – and never saw again – approached me. She was about 60 years old, dressed in black and she asked me, ‘Are you the mother of the girl who is going to die?’ And then said, “Are you a believer?” “Yes, we all are believers.”

She gave me a medal and said “Put this medal on your daughter and pray much and you'll see how she recovers.” She told me the medal was from Our Lady of Garabandal. My husband, who was next to me, didn't notice her and when I mentioned what had just happened and went to point her out to him, she was gone. From

that moment I felt my daughter would overcome all this with the help of Our Lady.

Eleven days later the doctor said that he would have to discontinue the barbituric coma because she couldn't take any more. Then he told us it might take days or months before she wakes up - if ever. If she did survive, she could be a vegetable or a thousand other things. Her frontal bone had been smashed in and had been pulled out to its normal position with a vacuum.

The doctor removed the tubes.

During our visiting hours, her father held her hand, saying, "Blanca, speak, answer me, keep fighting to live." Then I held her hand, and said, "Blanca, if you hear me squeeze my hand." And at that moment I felt pressure on my hand. I told this to the doctor and nurse, but they said it wasn't possible, considering the state she was in. The doctor then took her hand, and told me to tell her to squeeze, and he was astounded when she did.

They ran all sorts of tests on her, discovering that she could hear and also see. Then she began to vomit and that was interpreted as a positive sign that her body was beginning to react.

The next day, seeing how rapidly she was recovering, they moved her to the trauma ward. I have never prayed so hard in all my life as I did at that time. The nurses told me I had better keep the medal because it could get lost. So, after passing the medal over her body, I put it in my pocket. I spent all day praying to Our Lady.

When we came to see her the next day it was quite a surprise to find her out of intensive care and almost fully conscious! She asked me what had happened.

After my daughter recovered, she had six more operations and now has not the least impediment.

When we went to thank the head of the intensive care unit, he asked us if we were believers. He then went on to say, "I am not, but I think something 'else' happened here," and he looked toward the sky as if to say that the something else came from there. He added "We only did the little that could have been done for her." I still remember the doctors and personnel exclaiming every day as they made their rounds, "But she's still alive!"

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Translated from Spanish by Dr. Edward Serrano