

## “Only a little”

I have known Vickie and Carl for years. They are a dear married couple who have long lived in the Deep South of Texas. Unfortunately, though, in the last 8 or so of these years they had looked forward to as their golden time together, Vickie has struggled with increasingly severe dementia. She and Carl have both struggled. Long gone is Vickie’s ability to communicate and engage with others, and, at little more than 80 pounds, her body seems little more than a fragile shell. The toll on Carl has been beyond words. He can’t even tell if she’s cold, or in pain, or, or, or . . .

When I told another friend about Vickie and Carl, she gave me a blessed St. Michael/ Guardian Angel medal to send to them, and I did. Carl got the medal ok and asked what he was supposed to do with it. “I don’t know – tape it to her bed” was all I could think to say. And he did.

Vickie used to get terrible migraines, or at least she used to be able to say she had one, but that had been a long time ago. Anyway, Carl asked her one day if her head hurt and *she moved her hand to her head and said “only a little.”*

I believe St. Michael just might have worked a miracle for my friend Vickie, and I am forever thankful.

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