

# *Breaking Light: Healing of the Hearts-*

## *Excerpt 3*

### **Chapter 11 The Blind Soldier – Excerpt 3**

Gloria Otis, a professional singer, and her friend, Michael, are at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D.C. to minister to “Nathan”. Nathan is completely paralyzed with no voluntary movement or speaking. He breathes with the help of a ventilator, and a stomach tube supplies nutrients. He is slowly dying. The wealthy father is offering Gloria any amount of money if she can bring him alive in two weeks. For two days, with others, Gloria has been singing, praying, and reading scripture – yet at no time is Nathan able to acknowledge Gloria is even in the room. Nathan just stares at the ceiling. Gloria and Michael decide to leave for the day.

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Late that day, hungry and tired, we started leaving the hospital for some supper and rest. As we walked the corridor and had almost reached the door, we heard a nurse yelling from behind us.

“Gloria! Gloria! Another soldier wants to see you.”

Behind the nurse and much further back down the corridor a soldier came out of his room and started bellowing, loudly.

“Where’s that music coming from I heard today? Who’s doing that? Is the singer here? I want to meet the singer. Who is the singer?”

I turned to Michael. “Let’s meet this guy then we’ll go.”

We turned, walked the corridor and entered the soldier’s room behind the soldier as he continued the bellowing. Noisy guy. Once we were in his room, he quieted down and turned to face me. I was suddenly shocked at seeing he had little left of his face. It was destroyed, with no bandages at the moment. He was probably waiting to start some reconstruction surgery. Something, probably an IED, had blown up in his face. He was physically blind. He was casually dressed. No hospital gown. The room, except for Michael and me, was empty except for the blind soldier and his nurse.

“Come closer a minute,” he said in what was now a soft voice. “My name is Dale. My face is almost healed – at least what is left of it. There is some infection, so that is why I’m in the ICU. They will start reconstruction on the face soon, except for the eyes. I will still be blind. Are you the lady who was singing?”

“Yes. My name is Gl...”

“May I feel your face?”

“Yes.” I moved in closer and gently lifted both of his hands to my face. Slowly, quietly, he began moving his hands over my face.

“I sense a fragrance,” he said. “‘Ogilvie Sisters Soap’?”

“You are correct. Amazing! My mother gave it to me.”

His hands were moving with sensitive softness, feeling my lips with their smile, and then there was a sigh from Dale as he remembered the voice. I softly sang.

*Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.*

I began to hear a choking, crying sound. He felt my nose, pausing as my nose moved with my breathing. Gingerly, he felt my soft skin, delicately exploring. Then he tenderly felt my eyes. I closed my eyes and tried to be sensitive to his touch. It was then He fell on my shoulders and he softly cried as I opened my eyes. He spoke again as his hands continued moving.

“I see sapphire blue eyes with a hint of purple in the blue. The color changes as the lighting changes the color when you move.” He lightly felt and then massaged my soft facial skin again, wiggled my ears, then moved his hands through my hair and ruffled it gently and felt its softness. On my neck he found my pulse, paused and tried to synchronize his breathing with my own. I could sense his breathing. His description of my eyes was right on. Then he dropped his hands.<sup>3</sup>

“Blonde hair,” he said, “that offsets the blue eyes. You are very beautiful. I don’t mean just outside. I mean inside you are incredibly beautiful. Something emanates from you that is more amazing than your voice. I sense light, an intense light, and warmth. And you sing like.... You must be an angel.”

“Dale,” I said, “may I feel your face?”

“Certainly.”

I closed my eyes. Keeping my eyes closed, I slowly moved my hands across Dale’s face, feeling each of the scars that were there all over his face. I felt the stubble of his beard, the unsmiling mouth, the ears, the damaged nose, and finally the sightless eyes. He jumped a bit as I touched his eyes.”

“Did that hurt?”

“No, no, Angel. Quite the opposite.”

About that time, another lady entered the room carrying a tray with some food. When she saw me, the tray started shaking, and she finally opened her mouth with a bit of a scream. Michael and the nurse grabbed the tray and moved it to a side table. At the same time, the nurse spoke to sightless Dale to help him understand what had happened. Then I was finally introduced to Angelica, his wife. Angelica started telling Dale about me.

“You know who this is, honey?”

“Sure, it’s an angel.”

“No, this is Gloria Otis. She’s a mega-singer. She goes all over the world. Big concerts everywhere. Very famous and wealthy. Millionaires. She has a friend with her.”

“No, she’s an angel.”

Angelica turned to me.

“Why are you two visiting this God-forsaken hospital? You could go anywhere. Why here?”

“Jesus sent us,” I softly replied, “And God hasn’t forsaken this place. He is here.”

“No, I mean specifically. Why are you here?”

“We came to see Nathan,” I said. “Jesus wants Nathan to wake up and take hold of his life.”

Dale snorted a loud guffaw, laughed and bellowed.

“Nathan? He doesn’t even know it when you step into the room. You wasted your time. Come on; I’ll show you.”

Dale stood up, and Angelica helped him as he banged his way out the door, bumping into things occasionally bellowing as he went, trying to lead the group to Nathan’s room. As he entered, Dale went near the bed, bumping the bed as we came on in. Nathan was there alone. Judy had left for the moment.

“Angelica, what are we seeing?”

“Nathan is lying there staring up at the ceiling. He doesn’t seem aware of any of us....”

Dale interrupted with a massive rant. “Nathan what the hell are you doing? Who gave you permission just to lie there with the rest of the world going to hell? Your wife needs you; your kids need you, Jesus needs you, and your country needs you. There’s a war going on – a revolution. Jesus is after you to fight in this war. And you just lie there like a bunch Christians on Sunday drinking their coffee, pot-lucking, and chatting about what’s wrong the world. You

need to get your butt out of the bed and get involved. This lady goes all over the world singing and loving. She goes all out to come here and try to love you. And you don't even know she's here. For God's sake, wake up, man. Get your butt out of that bed."

Nathan just quietly lay there, occasionally blinking his eyes.

"See? That's what I told you. You made the trip for nothing. Now, what?"

"I said for nothing," Dale spoke again, softly. "I'm sorry Gloria. I shouldn't rant like that. There's lots of stuff I'm wrestling with now. I get angry sometimes."

I gave him a soft smile. "No problem Dale. Really. Will you and your wife follow me into the hallway a minute? I will tell you a secret. Michael, you can come with me."

Once in the hall, I turned to Angelica.

"Angelica, take Dale's two hands and lift them to your lips. Tell Dale to read those lips."

I watched as Dale slowly moved his hands over his wife's lips.

"My wife is smiling."

"Do you know why she is smiling?"

"No."

"Angelica sees you come alive. And she likes that."

"Really?"

"Really, Dale. She likes that. You keep challenging Nathan. Nathan hears you. He hears me."

"What? He can hear?"

"Yes. We can't give you details, as his records are confidential. Trust us. Nathan can hear. Nathan can feel it when you touch him. He can sense the same fragrance from me you did. We've seen the records."

"Oh my God."

Dale paused. I continued.

"Dale, blindness may take your sight, but it cannot steal your vision. You said to Nathan what he *desperately* needs to hear. Every man has a deep need for an adventure to go on and a battle to fight. He also needs to hear he has the strength for this adventure and battle. Nathan is in the most critical adventure and the battle of his life. He sees himself as having lost both.

Emasculated. His manhood has been ripped away. That missing message that he does have strength has to come from another man, generally from his father. In the perfect sense, the message must come from God the Father. It cannot come from me, Angelica, or another woman. Dale, you carried that message to Nathan a few minutes ago, and he heard it. Always carry it with love and with faith. Always with love and faith. A love from a burden that is deep in your own heart to see him well.<sup>4</sup> You will see Nathan come alive. Repeat that to me.”

“I will see Nathan come alive.”

I gave Dale a hug; then we prayed for Dale, and finally watched as he stumbled back to his room with Angelica. Something was beginning to happen with Dale. I went back Nathan to sing a final song. I left word at the nurse’s station that if Dale wished to visit Nathan, I had no problem with that. I was beginning to realize Dale was a key person in the healing of Nathan; yet Dale had to begin to heal first. First, Dale had to take hold of his own adventure and battle.