

# Healing the leg

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## Symbolic Narrations

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I'm showing this fellow the Mackinac Bridge. It seems to be the future. Civilization doesn't seem to be the same. There is danger everywhere. We end up near the bridge and I become separated from my friend somehow. What tells me something is wrong seem to be his screams or the cry of help from others. I am horrified to find his leg in front of this beautiful house with the typical white porch. I pick up the leg and find his body further on. He is unconscious. He is being held by this beautiful mom and her two young daughters, one young one about 6 and perhaps 8 years old.

God has gifted me with the power of healing and I know that I can heal the leg. As I hold the two parts of the leg together and meditate/concentrate/pray the woman reaches out to help steady the leg. Immediately a shaking takes place and I chastise the woman,

'Don't touch the leg...'

Again I match the leg together trying to make sure all the edges match. I then begin to help 'heal' the leg. The well meaning woman reaches out and touch the body, my concentration is broken and the leg falls off again. Perturbed I tell her

"Don't touch the body."

I pick up the leg, cleaning off the grass and debris that had accumulated on the ends. The two girls are watching closely, the oldest at my right shoulder. For the third time I begin to match the leg together and for just a second the ends begin to heal but to my anger the woman reaches out to touch the head.

The body shakes, the connection with the leg is broken... With great indignation I turn to the woman.

'Three times I told you not to touch the man. Three times you've touched him and Gods anointing was broken...'

The woman began to shake and weep with great sorrow.