Breath of Life  
NATURAL HEALING CLINIC

**Prayer Changes Things**30 true stories of how God answers prayer

The purpose of this book is to encourage people

1. to have joy in their lives   
2. to have stronger faith in a loving God   
3. to pray more with the heart

Roisin is a mother of 4 wonderful grown up children, married to Peter and is a qualified children’s nurse, midwife, naturopath and herbalist. They have two beautiful grandsons.

From an early age, she has been interested in healing and has strong faith. She worked for 15 years as a nurse in Dublin before opening her own natural healing clinic, Breath of Life, in Portmarnock, Co. Dublin. Her daughter Aisling, Naturopath and Nutritional Therapist, also interested in healing, works with Roisin and has her own clinic, AOK Nutrition.

May these stories inspire you and bring you joy. Thanks to everyone who allowed their amazing stories to be shared. And Thanks be to God for all His blessings.

**The principles of Naturopathy we use in Breath of Life**

GIVEN THE RIGHT CONDITIONS, THE BODY HEALS ITSELF

LET FOOD BE THY MEDICINE AND MEDICINE THY FOOD

TREAT THE ROOT AND NOT JUST THE DISEASE

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE

Index

1. Mater Hospital  
2. Temple Street Hospital  
3. Loss of Mobility  
4. Phone call request  
5. Scout walk, Portmarnock Beach  
6. Mater Hospital - Eye Tumour  
7. Lost Engagement Ring  
8. Physical healing - Breath of Life oil  
9. Visit to Crumlin Hospital  
10. Visit from Padre Pio  
11. Lost Holy Spirit and Chain  
12. Benefits of Black Strap Molasses  
13. Severe Abdominal Pain  
14. Cayenne Pepper  
15. Prayer Changes Things  
16. Scout and Guide Den  
17. Lost Watch  
18. Ask and you shall receive  
19. Importance of Forgiveness  
20. Breath of Life Clinic  
21. Renovations in Breath of Life  
22. Medjugorje – A glimpse of Heaven  
23. Premature Baby  
24. Meeting the Lord  
25. Severe Asthmatic Attack  
26. Addiction to Cigarettes   
27. Depression   
28. Bronchiectasis  
29. Stroke –age 40   
30. Home Eucharistic Adoration

**1. Mater Hospital**

My earliest memory of the power of prayer being answered immediately was in the Mater Hospital, Dublin. I was 22 years old and I was on night duty. I had just qualified as a general nurse and had done well in my exams.

As I came on duty, a Donegal lady, who was suffering with bone cancer, was in a lot of pain. I confidently rang the doctor on call, for pain relief. He gave her an injection of morphine with no effect on the pain.

After about an hour of trying to make my patient comfortable, I was upset as I realised that she was no better. She was in tears and begged me to say a prayer for her. This was new to me. I mumbled that I would and muttered a prayer to myself. Sobbing, she said,

“Please, put your hands on my head and ask God to help, this pain is unbearable” Moved by her request, although self-conscious and embarrassed, I did as she asked. I whispered “Lord, you are all powerful, you know all things, you can see that this lady is in absolute agony, please help her, please relieve her pain”

I said the Our Father and before I was half way, she had quietly and deeply fallen asleep. “Wow”, I thought to myself, “Prayer works, I never knew that before” She slept for 11 hours and woke in great form. After that experience, I started praying more about all sorts of things and saw great results. Praise the Lord!

**2. Temple Street Hospital Healing**

One night, I was on night duty in Temple Street Casualty. I worked the 8pm until 12 midnight shift. An 8-year-old girl was brought in with a history of a sore arm. There had been no injury and it looked normal. The doctor examined the little girl and discharged her. The instructions were to return if the pain got worse.

I clocked off work at 12 midnight but shortly afterwards, Susan returned with an escalation of pain in her arm. There was still no obvious reason but gradually the arm started showing signs of severe bruising. Something was going on inside her little body that was very rare indeed. She was brought to theatre and a neurologist and orthopaedic specialist were called in to investigate what exactly was happening.

A life-threatening condition - D.I.C. Disseminated Intervascular Coagulopathy was diagnosed. In simple language, all her blood vessels had become porous and blood was leaking out into nearby tissues i.e. arms, legs, face, eyes, trunk etc. Soon her whole body was like one big bruise, she was bruised from head to toe. Even the whites of her eyes were very blood shot.

When I came on duty, I was told that no treatment had worked, that there was no change and that she was dying. I was asked by night matron to visit the ICU and to say a prayer with the family who were distraught. I was surprised to be asked as I had never discussed prayer with matron before but I agreed to do it. When I arrived at the big brown door and saw the sign **INTENSIVE CARE UNIT**, I felt really scared. I paused and prayed. "Give me courage, Lord, heal Susan, you are all powerful"

The Holy Spirit came over me and soon I found myself inside ICU saying hello to the unconscious little girl and her family. I urged everyone to kneel down including a visiting priest. I think I was quite bossy as if I had a job to do!

"Lord, medical science has not worked here, we need your help. Please lay your all-powerful healing hand on her, absorb the bleeding, undo the damage, let us pray the 3rd Glorious mystery of the Rosary... The Descent of the Holy Spirit” 

At the end of the decade of the Rosary, Susan opened her eyes and smiled. I returned to Casualty and repeated the same prayer with all the staff. 8 of us got together in the kitchen and made a circle, holding hands. We were all very upset as we had met her the previous night, so our prayer really came from the heart. During that night, she made a steady improvement. Believe it or not, the next day, she was back to normal. She sat up, ate a full meal and was transferred out of intensive care unit. I called in to visit her before I went on duty and she was in great form.

The doctors said it was a miracle as a bruise usually takes 2 weeks to heal. Her bruises took only a few hours and no long-term damage was done.

I also believe this was a miracle.

Praise the Lord for hearing our prayer!

**3. Loss of Mobility - Man from Kerry**

We had just moved to Ayrfield (Dublin). We had 2 children age 21/2 and 6 months. My husband and his brother were putting in new wardrobes upstairs and were making a terrible racket as they hammered in numerous nails.

I was busy with the children downstairs. The house was a bit hectic when the doorbell rang. A man on crutches with both legs bandaged stood there at my door. He was from Kerry. “Please help me; I can no longer walk without assistance. If you pray with me, I know I’ll get better”

I asked Peter to be quiet while I said a prayer but he said his helper had only a short window of time to help out. Peter said jokingly “I’m sure God can hear through the racket!”

I prayed through the noise. The next day, he phoned me to tell me his legs were perfect.

Praise God!

**4. Phone Call Request**

At the time, I received a lot of phone calls with requests for prayer. It was Friday night and we were just about to have our usual take-away. As I switched on the answering machine at 8.20pm, the phone rang and I answered it, hoping it was not going to take long.

‘Hello, this is Tom here from Castlebar; I need a prayer for a very special intention, regarding an important decision I have to make.’ I apologised saying I only had a couple of minutes.

I said, “Close your eyes, - Lord, Tom has a very important decision to make, please help him” As I closed my own eyes, I immediately saw a picture of a green field with a man standing in the middle. Jesus stood on the edge of the field and said, “Come out of the field now, please’’ I shared what I saw.

There was absolute silence for a moment then Tom said “That is amazing, I am praying about a decision to leave work permanently. I work in the Department of Agriculture. My wife thinks I should stay as it will mean more money in the future. But I help in the church and that is what I want to do. Well, I just got my answer, thank you” And he hung up. The whole thing took 2mins

Praise God for a speedy answer to prayer

**5. Scout walk on Portmarnock beach**

There were 8 cub scouts with me and we were hiking to the end of Portmarnock beach, about 45 minutes’ walk. On the way, we came across a bird with a badly damaged wing. The wing was hanging awkwardly to one side as he dragged it behind him along the sand. The poor bird was terrified as we approached him but I picked him up gently and slowly.

I encouraged the cubs to say a prayer silently and lovingly for the bird. We continued walking in silence to the end of the beach and I whispered, ‘Lord you are all powerful, lay your healing hand on this broken wing’. As we reached the end of the beach, I tenderly placed him on the sand. He staggered for a moment, and then opened his wings and the broken wing was perfect. We were all surprised. He flew away and we watched him for a long time going higher and higher into the sky. The children were delighted and excited. Needless to say, they chattered nonstop on the way home.

Thank you, Jesus.

**6. Mater hospital - Eye Tumour**

I was involved in The Mater Hospital Prayer Group for 30 years on a Monday night. Early one morning, I received a phone call from a very distraught Mum. She had a new baby who had just been diagnosed with a tumour behind the eye. The tumour was inoperable and it caused the eye to bulge and it looked awful.

I invited the family to come to the Prayer Meeting that evening. To our surprise, parents, grandparents and god-parents all arrived and we devoted a special time to pray for healing. There were about 25 people in the prayer group at the time. We prayed every day for the baby over the coming months.

Gradually, the tumour got smaller and smaller and then disappeared completely!

I met this beautiful little girl unexpectedly on her First Holy Communion Day. The Mum told me that her eye sight is perfect and she has never had a single sick day in her life since she was a baby.

Alleluia!

**7. Lost engagement ring**

I was in the Isle of Man on a scout camp. One morning, we were going on a day trip and it was busy getting a group of 30 organised for a 9am tram. We had the day planned, using public transport with lots of activities. The day was to end with a swim in Castletown swimming pool. Some of the scouts were doing a swimming badge and the details of the test were printed on a page which I had placed in the breast pocket of my uniform. My engagement ring was also in that pocket, placed there for safety the night before.

As we were walking from the tram stop to the bus stop, some of the children wanted details of the swimming badge. I obliged by giving them the page from my pocket. 2 hours later, I realised I was not wearing my engagement ring and checked my pocket. The ring was gone. I was so upset. Where could it be?

My daughter Sinead said " I remember where you were on the road when the scouts asked you for the swimmers badge page, there were doves on the roofs of the houses in that area. It might be on the ground”. We were about 10 miles away. Peter my husband said "Darling, that's it, your ring is gone! Accept it.”

I was insistent that I had to try to get it back. I was in tears as I prayed. "Please God, no one has found it, please God, it's still on the ground"

45 mins later, I located the houses Sinead had described. I walked slowly along the path, checking the ground, praying all the time. There glistening in the sunshine, undamaged, was my ring!

Peter was surprised but pleased to get my call. "I found it. I found it" How incredible is that! Praise God.”

Thank God I haven't lost my ring since!

**8. Physical healing – Breath of Life Oil**

Moira, an 80-year-old lady in St Francis hospice, Dublin was suffering with a severe itchy, red rash on her chest and both breasts. It had prevented her from sleeping for 4 months and the poor lady was restless and exhausted. I was invited to give my opinion and I very surprised when the nurse showed me 60 -70 different half used creams, lotions and powders which different expert doctors had prescribed with no improvement. It was sad to see such discomfort in the elderly lady. I returned to my clinic and asked the Lord what I could possibly offer the lady when there were so many experts looking after her!

Intuitively, I made up a small bottle of essential oil of lavender, tea tree and eucalyptus in a grape-seed base. No time like the present so I drove the 10mins back to the hospice between appointments. I massaged the oils onto her chest gently in the late afternoon. (It took about 2 mins!) I quickly returned to work. As I was in a hurry, there was no time for a prayer and I never even thought of it.

Early the following morning, the consultant phoned me to say he was very impressed with our oil as her skin was completely clear, itch gone and that the lady slept all night! He asked what was in the bottle. Could the hospice please use it in future?

After this amazing experience, I used the oil for many different conditions. We find it helps colds/flu, sinusitis, chest complaints, aches and pains, muscle strains, fatigue and is a great pick me up in any natural healing programme. It is also useful in Complementary Care of Cancer by helping to improve the quality of the patient’s life, which I feel is important.

Grapeseed has a proven anti-inflammatory effect; lavender is beneficial to the nervous system and helps sleep. Eucalyptus contains volatile oils which can relieve infection and tea tree is one of the best anti-fungal agents I know.

Thanks for the inspiration Lord!

**9. Visit to Crumlin Hospital**

From my earliest memory, I wanted to be a nurse. I remember dressing up in a nurse’s outfit, my Christmas present, when I was four years old. At seventeen, I was confident that the fourteen applications to nursing schools would provide me with the training I needed. Sadly, twelve hospitals had no vacancies and the two interviews I had were unsuccessful. I was quiet and shy and did not come across well. So, my first job was in the civil service. I found the job tiring and the day endless.

Soon I was down in the dumps and losing interest in meeting my friends.

In exasperation one day, (when I was moping about the house), my Dad, (Cecil) said "Get into the car, my darling" “Why?” I replied “Just trust me” he said.

I had no idea where we were going until we pulled up outside Our Lady's Hospital for Sick Children, Crumlin. It was one of the hospitals that had no vacancies. As we entered the hospital, my Dad stopped the first person we met, “Where is the matron’s office please?” She pointed down the corridor. We followed her directions and soon we were standing outside a brown door and Dad knocked with authority. Matron's secretary answered the door, surprised to see us standing there.

“Have you an appointment?” she asked.

I was praying silently “Please get me into nursing dear Lord” My Dad answered confidently “It is very important to see Matron as soon as possible"

Sister Ann Eucharia overheard the conversation and curiosity brought her to the door. "How can I help you?” she smiled at me but I was struck dumb. She invited us into her office. My Dad was charming and articulate.

"Matron, this young lady is a born nurse; please can you give her a chance? She is very special, kind and conscientious. You will not regret it. I can guarantee that.” "Well, that's extraordinary as we have just had a cancellation, starting next Monday. You are welcome to it!” I could not believe it. I will always be very grateful to my dear Dad and the Holy Spirit who led us to Our Lady’s Hospital that day.

**10. Visit from Padre Pio**

An elderly nun had a recurrent urinary tract irritation. She was up to the bathroom every hour and doctors could find no reason for this problem. When she came to Breath of Life Clinic, we recommended herbs and dietary advice with only slight improvement. She was lying down on the consultation bed and I placed my hand on her head

“Lord, bless this lady, you are all powerful... Our Lady Queen of peace, guide me. Padre Pio, please help”. As I said this, St Pio appeared at the end of the bed. He had a hood covering most of his head. He was looking directly at her face and did not glance in my direction at all. I knew what Padre Pio looked like but I never saw him with a hood before. “Give her Calcium and Magnesium” he said. I was stunned, just stared at him but managed to ask the lady “Do you pray to Padre Pio?” “Oh yes indeed I do - I have done his novena every day since I was seventeen, I have never missed a day, even on Christmas Day, I do the Novena” “Well, I sense he is giving you a message, you should take Calcium and Magnesium”

"O, silly me, sure I have been on that for years, I ran out a while back and forgot to buy it. That makes sense”. I never saw her again with kidney trouble.

Thank you, St Pio

**11. Lost Holy Spirit and Chain**

My neighbours and I went to Tamangos, a dance/night club on a Tuesday night regularly. It was a swinging sixties night for the overnight 40s. The 3 of us would meet in the hotel and each buy a drink and then head to Tamangos and dance the night away. We were not big drinkers. The 3 drinks lasted us the whole night. That was fine until my generous brother in law bumped into us as we were about to leave the hotel for our dancing evening next door in the night club. Declan kindly bought us another drink (a double) and we were all a lot more merry than usual.

As always, the music was great and the place packed. I remembered thinking,

“I have definitely had too much to drink" and with that someone fell against me and the chain on my neck snapped and my holy spirit medal went flying through the air. As I have worn this on my neck every day since my wedding day, I was distraught. I immediately went up to the D.J.

“Please stop the music...” I explained what had happened. “Please I need to find it; it's on the floor somewhere.” “You must be joking, love! No way can I stop the music, come back tomorrow”, he laughed.

I sobered up quickly and decided to go home deflated. Going to the cloakroom, I was in tears. “Lord, please help, I'm sorry, Holy Spirit, find my medal”. I stood alone in the queue and the man in front of me leaned forward, stretching to point to his coat to the girl in reception. He had lost his ticket. I absentmindedly noticed a slight flash from his boot and when we checked, there was the Holy Spirit medal lodged in a crevice in the sole of his boot.

It was not damaged in any way, my tears turned to joy. I was amazed and so delighted to get my Holy Spirit back. I felt it was a chance in a million how I found it.

Thanks be to God for a lesson learned.

**12. Benefits of Black Strap Molasses**

Black strap molasses is the sticky, black, residual part of the sugar plant when the white part is removed (that’s the addictive stuff we all love) It is highly nourishing and contain some b vitamins, iron etc.

I first heard of it from Sister Therese Feist, a Canadian nun. I have seen it help many patients with hair loss. Take 1/2 teaspoon daily but be careful of your teeth as it may stain them. It is not suitable for diabetics, as it is too sweet.

One day, a 55-year-old grey haired patient came to the clinic. She had had surgery, chemo and radiotherapy for breast cancer. I met her 9 months previously when she had no hair whatsoever and was exhausted. We had given her some advice on diet and herbs and black strap molasses to complement the doctors’ advice. Her thick curly black hair looked fabulous and I complimented her on her very nice wig.

“That looks super, very natural" I said.

"It's not a wig, it's my own hair, it grew back curly and black and not a sign of a grey hair and I had plenty of them! I take the black strap molasses every day"

I was stunned. Nature’s remedies are truly great.

**13. Severe Abdominal Pain**

I arrived in Casualty to the very loud screams of a young boy. I was taking over from another nurse who was going off duty and I tried to calm the little boy. The stressed doctor said that his testes were twisted and he may need to bring him to theatre urgently, if his own efforts were not successful in reducing them.

This can be a serious emergency as the testes can become strangulated and can cut off the blood supply, causing possible sterility in later life.

I prayed “Please, please dear Lord, do not let him need theatre, you are all powerful, restore this boy to full health, come Holy Spirit” Within seconds, the piercing screams stopped.

The doctor and I stared at each other, shocked, then at the little boy as he sat up, all pain gone. We checked. Everything was back in place.

Thank God!

**14. Cayenne pepper**

Martha had severe headaches since her first baby at age twenty. She was fifty-three when she came to Breath of Life. She described her headaches as a violent, incapacitating pain. They occurred every few weeks and the pain lasted for 4 - 5 days. Her concerned husband described the headaches as very debilitating.

Martha would take to bed in a darkened room and eat and drink very little. Work, family or social contacts were of absolutely no interest to her at these times as the pain was so severe.

Martha had been thoroughly checked out medically, scans, blood pressure, bloods etc. Nothing abnormal was detected. I advised her to come to the clinic when she had the headache.

Having taken her history, I measured 1/8 teaspoon of cayenne pepper to 2 teaspoons of cold water. It is knocked back quickly like a shot immediately followed by a half glass of cold water. I demonstrated how to take it. There is a knack in it. The aim is to swallow the cold water as quickly as possible.

Martha followed my lead and within minutes of taking the pepper, her headache cleared completely. She said was surprised as that was unusual as the pain always

lasted at least 3 days. I said to wait and see how things progressed. The pain did not return. Cayenne works by dilating the small capillaries in the blood circulation and very gently improving blood flow.

When I phoned her to see how she was, she was planning to visit her daughter in Australia as she had never flown due to the headaches!

Her quality of life greatly improved.

Praise God!

**15. Prayer Changes Things**

I was on a small committee in 2011 with 2 other men and our job was to design a prayer leaflet to be distributed to 2,500 homes in Portmarnock. At one of our meetings, it was agreed we should put something catchy into the leaflet to encourage people to do a quiet hour of Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament each week. I suggested simply "Prayer changes things" on the front of the 3 page leaflet and to put the times, days and venue on the inside. The other two men shot me down, "Not suitable, too holy sounding, definitely not on the outside, that will put people off..." I was disappointed. The first draft was sent off to the printer, (someone I do not know) and the phrase ‘Prayer changes things’ was typed inconspicuously inside.

The usual 3-hour monthly Medjugorje Vigil took place a few weeks later. It takes place before the Blessed Sacrament in the church. As I climbed into the seat in the church, to lead the meditation a few minutes later, one of the men on the committee whispered to me. He said that the printer asked could he make a few changes to the leaflet. I was handed a copy and there, larger than life on the front cover was ‘Prayer changes things.’ It looked great. The Holy Spirit got His way after all.

Alleluia!

**16. Scout and Guide Den**

For many years in Portmarnock, my husband Peter, a scout leader, had a dream. He wanted to build a fabulous scout den in Portmarnock but there was no site, no support and no money. Every avenue he tried was a cul de sac. Eventually, after 8 years, I suggested we put it on our 40 hours Adoration intentions prayer list. So, from 4 am until 5 am, everyone present asked God to remove all obstacles. Peter joked "Why does it have to be at 4 am... does God not hear the prayers during the day?" My reply was "Well it's more difficult to get up at 4 am to pray, so I feel the prayer is stronger, so more effective."

Within a few months, things began to happen. While driving one day, Peter received a call from a TD, James O’Reilly who said he had good news and told Peter to pull over in the car. “I would like to offer you 200,000 Euro towards your new den as I think it is a fantastic project”. After that, everything happened quickly and I felt it was greatly blessed by The Lord. I'm pleased to say that a most spectacular building, the Scout and Guide Den was opened in September 2015, just a few years later.

God does nothing by halves, praise the Lord and very well done to Peter for not giving up on his dream!

It was November and the days were short. As usual we went for our Sunday afternoon walk with the children. At the time, I was training for the 26 miles Dublin City marathon. I took the opportunity to do a few laps of the park and met Peter, my husband back at the car park. I had put my wrist watch in my breast pocket as it was loose and distracting while I was running. When I met Peter and the children it was 5pm and getting dark. To my consternation, my watch was not in my pocket! "I have to go and look for it. I love that watch. "

Peter’s reaction was “Don't be ridiculous, that's like looking for a needle in a haystack, look at the size of the park and it’s getting dark! The park is going to close soon " “I have to try" I said.

I started to run back the route I had come and met on the way, some generous German teenagers who had a torch. I prayed "Lord, let me find my watch, you are all powerful...tell me where to look." I got a sense, just a gentle whisper to try the playground, which was 10 minutes’ walk away. It was almost completely dark when one of the German lads asked. "Where were you in the playground?" I pointed to the swings and slides. As he flashed his torch, we all saw the gold watch, unharmed at the end of the slide.

**17. A Lost Watch**

We hurried back to the car park within seconds of the gate closing. Peter was amazed I had found the watch.

Praise the Lord for sending those German lads my way!

We were on annual camp in the Isle of Man with 24 scouts. The boat was delayed for 3 hours as the weather was bad, very wet and windy. We arrived at 1 am and everyone was tired. We were staying in Ramsey in a scout hall. The children were hyper and it was 3am before they settled down. When I went to organise my own bed for the night on the floor in the kitchen, I realised to my horror and frustration that I had forgotten my sleeping bag. What sort of a scout does that as the scout motto is ‘Be Prepared’. I felt like an idiot as I told the 3 male leaders that I had left my sleeping bag at home in the hall.

I talked to the Lord. "Lord what am I to do... It’s cold and windy, I'll never be able to sleep" As the men were settling down to sleep, there was a loud bang on the door. As I was the only one not in bed, I answered the door. To my surprise, 2 guide leaders stood there and explained they were setting up camp in the nearby field for their guides for the coming weekend. One of their huge tents had blown down in the storm and could they borrow some scouts to help it put it back up. I said "Sure, no problem" I got the 6 patrol leaders to get up again and they were delighted with the excitement of it all. Soon, the tent was re - erected and all was well.

**18. Ask and you shall receive**

While walking back up the field, I explained jokingly about my embarrassment of having no sleeping bag. To my delight, one of the guide leaders offered me a spare sleeping bag that they have in their first aid tent. It was brand new and of a very good quality a 15 tog. I was so grateful. When I arrived back to the 3 leaders with the lovely new sleeping bag, they couldn't believe it. “God is wonderful” was my reaction.

**19. Importance of Forgiveness**

I started Breath of Life Clinic in 1991 to help alleviate suffering and encourage faith in a loving God. A single lady, named Mairead, was one of my first patients. She was not well and her diet and lifestyle were not great. She suffered with severe migraines.

She booked in to do a Christian Healing Programme which included advice on natural diet, exercise, relaxation, positive thinking, meditation and prayer. At the end of the first consultation, I suggested doing a short meditation where Mairead would meet Jesus on the beach, in her imagination.

During this meditation, Jesus led Mairead to a house in the country which Mairead said was probably her Mum’s house. Her Mum lived there alone and could be lonely at times. Mairead had a very good relationship with her Mum, visiting her often and helping her as much as possible. However, she shared that there was some lack of forgiveness for things that had happened in the past.

A few weeks later, Mairead phoned me and asked me to pray as she was going to see her Mum. She brought with her a little book, the Healing Light of the Rosary. As Mum and daughter prayed the rosary together, a beautiful peace gradually developed in their relationship. Mairead also changed her diet and found this a wonderful help too.

Máiréad’s headaches were soon better and her health steadily improved when she let go of the hurts of the past and was able to forgive.

Our Lady, Queen of Peace, thank you! 

**20. Breath of Life Clinic**

Having set up a practice in my house in 1992 to help people who were chronically ill, I had hoped to work 3 days per week, as I had 4 young children. However, the house phone was constantly busy and my husband suggested renting a place. Peter and I visited a 2 roomed unit in Portmarnock Village. It had been rented by a chain smoker previously and the furniture was old and dirty, the floors an ugly grey and the desk, filing cabinets and wardrobe had seen better days. At the time, the Portmarnock Parish centre was being built. I asked permission to dump some furniture etc. in their skip, feeling I contribute a lot to the community.

I was disappointed to receive a firm ‘No’ but I did understand why they refused my request.

I prayed "Lord, I need you to help me get this place ready to welcome the sick." I said this prayer at 1 pm at home on a Wednesday. At 1.30 pm, there was a knock on the front door. A stranger stood there, a man I had never seen before... "Have you any old carpet or furniture love, that you want to dump? Someone ordered a skip and a trailer and no longer need it. "

In my 35 years plus living in Portmarnock before or since, no one has ever knocked on our door to offer this facility. I hesitated, "Eh, yes, but I have a big wardrobe that needs to be broken up and carpets to lift. "I have a helper in the van, love. No problem.”

By 3pm that day, the future Breath of Life Clinic was stripped of every piece of carpet. The desk, old wardrobe and filing cabinets were broken up and brought to the dump. My husband called in at 5pm and was astonished. He expected it to take a week. The following day, the new floor was laid and within 5 working days, work had begun in Breath of Life Clinic.

Praise the Lord!

**21. Renovations in Breath of Life**

At a healing mass in the Mater Hospital, we had prayers of the faithful. I prayed " Lord, I need to do up my new clinic, please help me get new furniture, desks and units"

At the sign of peace, I shook hands with a man called Des. He said "Good luck with your new business, if you want to fit it out, come to see me tomorrow and I’ll look after you well." I said “Who are you?” He laughed. "Des Kelly" His wife, Youlanda had attended our prayer meeting for many years but we had never met Des. He was true to his word and he did a fantastic job of providing everything from floor to ceiling at a rock bottom rate.

Alleluia for work well done, and may dear Des rest in peace

**22. Medjugorje – a glimpse of heaven**

I went to Medjugorje for the first time in 1988 with a group from Ayrfield Parish. I did not know anyone very well. They had all been there before. They were very enthusiastic and believed that Our Lady was appearing there to 6 young visionaries. When we arrived at the guest house after a long journey, I was invited to go to Krizevac where Our Lady had previously appeared. I opted to go to mass instead. An elderly lady in a wheelchair accompanied me. The mass was long and in a language, I did not understand but I prayed as best I could.

As we walked home, the group from our house approached us in the distance. They were in great form. They told us they saw the sun spinning and the stars changing colour. I did not believe them but all 17 of them described the same thing. I went to bed a bit grumpy, wondering "What am I doing here?”

The following morning, I went off on my own. I sat in the corner of a field and started the rosary. After a few minutes, I heard a voice saying "Put your sun glasses on". I ignored it. Then more insistently, the voice again "Please, put your sun glasses on". I did as I was asked. Immediately, the sun hurtled towards me. I was not afraid. It stopped inches from my face. A small white circle detached and vibrated before me. I did not know what it was. Behind it, in old Irish Celtic writing, in letters all joined together were the words “Believe in me”.

It was then that I realised the white shape was the Eucharist and I understood the message. I was speechless and in shock. I walked back up to the house and I could not speak for about 2 hours. I thought about that profound message and what it meant.

Gradually that week, I came to realise that Our Blessed Lady was appearing in Medjugorje, gently encouraging us to read the bible, pray the Rosary, attend Mass, Adoration and Confession.

Medjugorje is truly a very special place in the world, maybe not for everyone but I feel so privileged to have been there many times since that first visit.

Our Lady Queen of Peace, thank you.

**23. Premature baby**

Nicola was born weighing only 1lb 8ounces and The Mater Prayer Group were asked to pray for her. Every week for many months, we prayed sincerely at our Monday night prayer meeting in the Pillar Room, in the Mater hospital, Dublin.

It was touch and go as tiny baby Nicola fought for her life. She had many, many infections and sometimes relied solely on a ventilator to breathe for her, but we did not give up, we kept praying. There were about 30 in the prayer group. We included her in all our daily rosaries and remembered her particularly at the consecration of the Mass as we raised her up to the Lord for healing. Eventually, after many months, Nicola was discharged, weighing 3lbs 7 ounces. She was stable.

Some years later, my Mum met Nicola’s gran who said she was 7 years of age and in great health. This was a case of a lot of prayer over a long period but it certainly paid off.

Thank-God.

**24. Meeting the Lord**

I was working in Our Lady’s Hospital and I had just qualified as a children’s nurse. I was living in the nurses’ home at the time. I had just broken up with my boyfriend, Peter, wanting to give nursing my full attention.

Although my exams went very well, I did not feel confident enough to be a staff nurse in charge of more than 20 small, sick babies. The Sister of Holy Angels ward was on holidays at the time. That first morning, I went to 7 am mass and I prayed all would go well. I was very nervous and felt I had not slept at all.

Unfortunately, a few hours later, a baby died on the ward. It was a terrible shock. We consoled the parents and helped in every way we could. On leaving the ward 13 hours later, hungry, deflated and exhausted, I actually questioned was I in the right career.

Arriving to the nurses’ home, I glanced at the notice board and saw an invitation to a prayer meeting in the nearby library. Without thinking, I entered the library where 3 senior nurses were singing and playing guitar. They made me welcome. They seemed happy but I was slightly uncomfortable as they shared about how much God loved us, reading from the Bible and praying aloud.

I found myself sharing that I had a terrible day and that a little baby had died on my shift.

At the end of the meeting, they asked me could they say a prayer with me. I agreed, not really understanding what they meant. They blessed me with holy oil and put their hands gently on my head, asking the Lord to help me in my life. I started crying, the tears flowed and flowed and all the angst from the day and previous months of study and worry were relieved through those tears. I had my head bowed, eyes open, throughout the prayer. Soon, I could see bare feet in sandals on the floor beside me. As I raised my eyes a little, I saw the white gown of Jesus and the tied tassel at His waist. I dared not look up any further as I did not feel worthy. As I thought this, a message came to me.....

“You will marry Peter and be very happy, don’t be anxious or afraid. I am with you. I have great work for you both to do, be at peace”

On hearing this, I cried even more. When I left the library, the 3 girls hugged me and said they would keep me in their prayers. I walked up the stairs to my room. I felt better as if a weight had been lifted from my shoulders. I started saying “Thank you, Lord”. To my astonishment, I spoke 2 words ‘Shalominock kubla’ which was the start of the gift of tongues. I had no idea

what it was until I asked a priest a few days later. I felt the Lord had come into my life in a new way that night.

I slept well and was more confident and at peace the next day. When the consultant called in, he explained that the baby was expected to die at any time due to a serious congenital heart condition and it was probably better that the baby had died in hospital with good support for the parents rather than at home! The parents were grateful. I was so appreciative for his encouraging words.

I felt a bubble of joy within me.

Peter and I married soon afterwards and have been very happy.

Thank God for all His blessings.

**25. Severe Asthmatic Attack**

A 12-year-old girl arrived in Casualty by ambulance following a severe asthmatic attack. Her facial colour was blue and the paramedics said she had not breathed for approx. 10 mins. All efforts of resuscitation failed. The medical team were about to give up.

I asked permission to say a prayer and for everyone to please join in. It was a simple prayer. "Lord, please help here, we can do no more, heal this young girl. You are all powerful, please help"

She suddenly took a very deep breath and her colour came back immediately. We all froze in what we were doing and could not believe what we were seeing.

She was soon sitting up and eating toast. All those present were touched by the wonderful power of prayer.

Praise God!

**26. Addiction to Cigarettes**

A 63-year-old man came for prayers at the end of the prayer meeting in the Mater Hospital. He was coughing badly and could hardly speak. As we started praying, I asked the Lord to heal his severe bronchitis, I felt the Lord telling me to ask him does he smoke.

When I asked him, he said "I do indeed, I'm hooked I'm afraid, 60 a day for 30 years, but if I can get rid of this bronchitis, I would be so grateful.”

I changed the prayer "Lord, set this man free, help him to give up cigarettes completely"

Believe it or not, he never smoked since that prayer and the bronchitis soon cleared up, Thank God.

Simple changes to lifestyle can really make a huge difference to our health.

**27. Mater Hospital - Depression**

A depressed lady had no will to live. The doctor’s medication no longer helped. As I made the sign of the Cross with the Blessed Oil, a strong voice, like a reprimand spoke through me.

"Why do you not walk in the fields of the earth, why do you not eat of the fruits of the earth?" I thought it was a strange message and one I did not understand at all until she said. "I am hopeless with fresh fruit and veg. and I am far too depressed to go for a walk but I'll try that advice."

It was interesting that she understood the message and she followed it. Soon she was walking every day and eating a healthy diet.

I know depression needs specialist care but, in this case, her depression lifted in an amazing way,

Thank God.

**28. Bronchiectasis**

Joanna, a lady in her 50s was referred to the clinic by a G.P. She had a long history of bronchiectasis. It may be described as chronic chest infections, difficulty breathing with thick, sticky mucus which is impossible to clear. On arrival in Breath of Life, her lips were blue, her face deathly pale and she looked very ill and exhausted. Her X-ray was appalling; there was hardly any air entry. I said that I felt she would be better in hospital as she seemed very ill to me but she told me that she had just spent 12 weeks there and had lots of anti-biotics and steroids with no improvement.

She said "Please throw everything naturopathic at me, I'll try anything” I was dubious I could help but I prayed the Lord would inspire me to give her what she needed.

This was the programme and it is a variation of this that we give to most chronic patients who attend the clinic.

1. Cayenne pepper 1/8 on waking in 2 teaspoons of cold water for 2 weeks then twice per week indefinitely.

2. Less milk and dairy (reliable research is that it creates mucus)

3. More water 30mls per kg b/w. That’s about 2 litres daily.

4. Less sugar and processed foods 

5. More vegetables, more salads, more soups, 3 pieces of fruit daily

6. Vitamin c 1000mgs daily

7. Garlic 1000mgs daily

8. Breath of Life oil to chest and back daily after shower

9. Home-made free-range chicken and vegetable soup

10. More fresh air

11. Exercise, no matter how small and build it up

12. Foot massage

13. Immune assist, LM 8, 3 times daily

14. Herbal tincture elderflower, thyme, sage, echinacea, ginger, cinnamon, yarrow and mint

15. Buteyko method of breathing

16. Power nap daily, feet up!

17. Improve sleep

18. Magnetic therapy

19. De stress, forgive, heal relationships if you can.

20. Ask family and friends to pray for you

Joanna returned to the clinic 3 weeks later and colour, energy and vitality had improved considerably. She handed me her x-ray, what an improvement!

No one was more surprised than me. By 6 weeks she was so much better. Thank God.

This experience taught me to apply the principles of naturopathy, to support and encourage the patient and to leave the rest to the Lord!

**29. Stroke at age 40**

Bernadette’s husband, John had had a stroke. He was only 40 years old. Bernadette attended Breath of Life tired, disheartened and lacking in faith and hope. The stroke had come out of the blue. Bernadette had 4 young children to look after as well as her very ill husband.

There is a picture of the Divine Mercy on the wall in the clinic. The picture has a blue ray and a red ray radiating from the heart of Jesus. The blue ray denotes the Water of Baptism and the red ray the Life of souls. As she sat in the clinic, left alone to pray for a few minutes while I made her an herbal tonic, it was like a light shone from the picture. Both rays became illuminated and shone a light towards her. “Take heart, have faith, there is light at the end of the tunnel, keep going” was the message she felt. When I returned to the room, she was smiling and chatting happily. She told me what had happened.

"I feel the Lord is encouraging me to get John out of bed, I feel so blessed and I know John has been blessed."

John has been in the clinic many times since and is doing very well. Thank God!

**30. Home Eucharistic Adoration**

(told by Evelyn)

One of the regular attendees of the Prayer group was not sure about the Eucharist. This is Evelyn’s story.

At a prayer meeting in Portmarnock Parish, the subject of Transubstantiation came up. I prayed that God would help me to understand that Jesus is truly present in the Host. 

Having always had an issue with this, I expressed my doubts. I was taken aback by the shocked expression on most of the faces present. Nevertheless, I was glad I brought it up.

The following week, there were only 3 present at the meeting as it was holiday time. We met in my friend’s house where we had permission to have the Blessed Sacrament for the Holy Hour.

The host was a plain white one, no patterns at all. As we were concentrating on the Host at close quarters, gazing at it, trying to pray, gradually a cross started to form on it, faint at first then becoming quite raised. If that was not enough, the letter A appeared at the bottom left hand side, in what looked like a horse shoe to the right-hand side.

We were so shocked that we did not know what to think. We rang a priest friend who explained the A was The Alpha, the first letter of the Greek alphabet, that is, the Horse shoe, the first and the last!

Well, that was my answer.

Needless to say, I approach the Eucharist with a new reverence since then! Praise God!