



Jim's Life

a novel by Jason Matthews

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Sample 3 - Jim Heals Girl with Parkinson's

*The highest good is like water,
which benefits all of creation
without trying to.
It resides in the purest mountain snow,
and dwells in the lowest of places.
Thus it is like the Tao. - Tao Te Ching 8:1*

In Brison's cluttered office, the image maker showed a finely dressed man leaning against a mahogany desk.

Mr. Karl Johan spoke with a Danish accent. "It's a rare form of Parkinson's. It slowly degenerates the nervous system."

"I see," Brison said.

"The physicians have given up. We've tried every alternative."

"I'm sorry, sir. I don't think he can help you."

"We've watched your son's case from the start. My wife even dreamt that he could help."

"Sir, this is a serious case. You need real doctors."

"We've tried real doctors. They can't do anything for her."

Brison lowered his eyes. "Yes, you mentioned that before."

"Please, Mr. Ranck. I know you have concerns of your own. I know some of them are financial."

"Seem to always be there. I'm more worried about the circus that's going on."

"There's a chance we can be of great help to each other." After a pause Mr. Johan added, "For God's sake, she's only six years old. They don't think she'll make it to nine."

Brison heard the despair in the man's voice. He felt terrible, and yet he kept thinking, *This is a real disease!* Finally Brison gave up and said, "You'll have to gain access through the security they have."

The next evening a little girl was brought to the Ranck property. Brison and Flow welcomed her and her parents at the entry of their home. Haidi Johan was small, even for six. Her face was narrow, and her skull was underdeveloped. She was frail, pale in complexion and moved with a bent posture and peculiar gait. Her arms and legs showed hints of tremors. She also had a cute smile, hazel eyes that beamed with light and auburn hair that matched Brison's. The Rancks led them into the living room.

The Johans sat on one of the couches. Haidi walked to the window and pulled the curtain back with a shaking hand, hoping to get another view of the crowd. She was disappointed, only able to see the orange fence.

"She can't get over how many people are out there," Mr. Johan mentioned.

"Neither can we," Brison said.

Flow asked, "Can we get you anything? Glass of water? Bite to eat?" The Johans shook their heads. "I'll just get him then."

Flow walked down the hallway. She heard Iggy's voice before knocking on Jim's door. The boy called out, "Yes?"

"Jim, there's someone here to see you."

He opened the door, wearing only pajama bottoms. Iggy sat in a chair beyond him in the corner as he had been giving a history lesson to the boy. "Really? Who is it?"

"A young girl and her parents. The girl isn't feeling well. No one's been able to help her, so the parents were hoping... maybe you could."

"Where is she?"

Flow led Jim by the hand. When they entered the living room Jim made eye contact with the

young girl.

"This is Haidi," Mr. Johan said to him.

Jim glanced briefly at the parents then walked further into the room. Haidi dropped the curtains, letting them drift back to their position while she gazed at the boy. Her head and arms shook slightly as if she was shivering. Once Jim made it halfway to her, he dropped down to his knees to be at her height. He moved another meter closer that way, looking stunned.

He saw a magnificence of lighted entities all about her, the beautiful ones from beyond that he had seen in the hospital and had come to accept as heavenly beings. A tear welled up.

His voice broke as he said, "She has angels around her." On hearing this, the Johan's gripped hands even harder. "She's amazing," Jim said.

Mr. Johan politely added, "She's also in pain."

Jim understood. He knelt his way toward Haidi. She smiled at his approach, their eye contact unbreakable.

"Hello," Jim said softly.

He saw beyond the crippled appearance of her face to the shining essence of love and beauty that was so stunning. He could not begin to explain what the others were missing. Her aura contained a dazzling display like a field of wild flowers, beckoning the world to appreciate its splendor. He saw the stagnation in the radiance behind her forehead and throat. These areas were poorly lit and hardly spinning. He also began to see more clearly the array of winged angels in her company—men, women and children in white gowns who looked to him in appreciation. She was the most precious being he had ever seen. He felt not a trace of pity or sorrow. He actually envied her.

Haidi responded with a shaky turn of her head. He was close to her now. He reached out both arms with his palms upward. The girl instinctively grabbed hold of them, palms touching, her tiny hands on top of his.

Jim looked deeply into her eyes. The girl returned his gaze. He saw the wonder of a child looking back at him as he felt her energy join his. Haidi's eyes held the secret to her troubles. Jim let her speak to him without words, without effort, just by being there and gazing into his eyes.

The parents were mesmerized. Brison crept in minute amounts to seat himself, fearful that he might affect the environment. Tears welled up in Flow's eyes. She put her hands to her face in prayer. The Johan parents held each other. Iggy stood in the background, quietly interested. Haidi and Jim gazed at each other. In Haidi's eyes, he saw himself, he saw Haidi, he saw pure love, he saw the essence of life. Haidi saw it too.

Jim went into a trance. By now, he felt quite familiar with it. He lifted his spirit through the top of his head and focused it above him. His spirit called for light to enter her body. It flooded directly down into her, the brilliant white light of universal energy. Haidi felt the pleasant sensation of warm tingles enter her head and disperse throughout her body. Silence remained as the two beings in the center of the room seemed to leave themselves and enter another dimension. Minutes passed.

The entire time Jim held a thought in mind. He thought it without framing the words, just by

emitting the vibration of the feeling. Jim thought, *The light of the universe is within you now*. He held that vibration as his focus intensified on the flooding of light to all parts of her body.

After several minutes Haidi let out a breath as if she had been under water. Her eyes welled up and she broke out into laughter. Still holding Jim's hands, her laughter came out in bursts and persisted. Jim saw her beautiful light centers had lit up brightly like colorful flowers and were spinning perfectly.

Her parents rushed to her. Jim let go as Mr. Johan picked her up. The child continued to laugh even more as the Johans held her. Jim moved back toward Flow.

Brison was concerned. "Is she okay?"

Mrs. Johan was crying. "Oh my God! Oh my God!"

"How did you do it?" Mr. Johan asked. "How did you do it?"

"Do what?" Brison said.

"She's laughing!"

Brison thought, *Big deal, so she's laughing*.

Mrs. Johan explained. "Our child has never laughed, not even once. A side effect of her condition."

Karl Johan delighted in the gaze of his daughter's eyes. He saw her as he never had before. Holding her in the Ranck's modest living room and hearing her gentle laughter was the most profound moment of his life.

Haidi calmly said, "Papa."

His voice broke as he answered, "Ja, Haidi." Still holding her, he regained a bit of composure and looked at Jim as he spoke. "What you just did has helped my baby girl more than anything."

Jim said, "I really haven't done anything—"

Brison grabbed the boy to restrain him but Mrs. Johan interrupted. "You most certainly have helped her."

Shortly afterwards, the Johans left with a GA escort alongside their vehicle. Brison watched from the front entry. He felt a pride for his son in a way he never had before. As soon as they were gone he raced back to the living room. He found Flow sitting with Jim. She held his body in her arms.

"Most amazing thing I've ever seen," Brison exclaimed. He noticed Flow was stroking Jim's head. "What's the matter?"

"He passed out."

"Is he alright?"

"He's worn from the experience."

Brison got down on a knee to see Jim's face clearly. The boy's eyes were focused on the floor with a dazed look.

"You okay, Son? What's happening?"

Jim sounded a bit concerned. "I'm not sure."

Flow said, "It must take a toll on him. Probably more so with extreme cases. Do you think that's right, love?"

"Yes, Mum."

"Just give him a moment, Bris."

"I see. Makes sense if you think about it. Lot more work than just my headaches or your mum's hands."

That night, Haidi Johan slept in her bed back in Denmark. She slept soundly for fourteen hours. Days later her physicians verified that she was completely cured. She began living a new life like a normal six-year-old. Karl Johan called Brison and told him the news.

After the call, Brison sat reflectively in his office. He took several minutes to actually check his financial account, the one that had been so deeply in debt. He never truly believed that Mr. Johan would honor his word. Brison looked at his account and saw the deposit from Mr. Johan had cleared. The amount was for ten million Global Alliance dollars. Brison nearly fell off his chair.

The news of Haidi flashed the globe. For Jim's followers who had held any doubts, they were gone forever. Jim was again heralded as the miracle healer.

"He performs miracles after all," Roger addressed his audience. An image of Haidi moving about normally in her parents' garden was shown in contrast to her past condition. "This Danish girl was seen by over a dozen of the world's best specialists, all of whom could do nothing but research her disease. Ten minutes with Jim Ranck and she's cured?"

Clarky added, "Seems the believers were right."

"Go ahead, Jana from Sonoma."

"We've been debating all along if he could heal or not. Now that we know he can, what are we going to do? Locking him away in a Fed prison would keep him from thousands of people who need him."

"Not to mention that he might be able to teach others his gift. Thank you, Jana. Next we have Shelby from Auckland."

"Miracle healer or not, what makes a person divine? I don't believe he's any more divine than you or I."

"Shelby is in good company. Sixty percent believe he's a mere human like the rest of us. But the divine-son believers have skyrocketed to a whopping forty percent in the last day. Those numbers are climbing."

"Second Coming?" Clarky asked.

"Let's get some numbers on that. Just over half of you, which is interesting if only forty percent believe he's divine. Is this a case of people not able to make up their minds or not understanding the difference? Devan, from Florence, what's your take on this? Is Jim divine?"

"I believe he is. But if so, would he really be able to teach his gift to others?"

"Good question, Devan. We know the reports that Fed thinks they can dissect him to mass-produce his talents, to create a flock of Jim Rancks. More on that in a bit."

(End of current sample)

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