



The Little Nun

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I was at a prayer breakfast with a table full of St. Elizabeth employees, including several women religious. While we waited for breakfast to start, I thought it was a good time to share my "miracle birth" story.

In 1956 my mother was at the old St. Elizabeth Hospital to deliver her sixth child. The doctor told her that the baby was dead and asked if she would give permission for some resident doctors to witness the birth of her child. After signing a consent, my mother sat alone, taking in the news that had been given to her. Then, someone my mother later described as "a little nun" came into the room and asked if she could pray for my mother and the baby. The nun took the rosary from around her neck, placed it on my mother's stomach, and said, "if anyone can save this baby, God can." She spoke a quiet prayer and left.

Well, that baby was me. I came out very much alive, to the shock of all the doctors present. I am now a grown, healthy Christian woman

who lives and walks in faith, I believe, because of the prayer of a little nun. Over the years, my mother lost the rosary, and when I became an employee of St. Elizabeth, one of the first things I did was go to the gift shop to purchase another. I am not Catholic, but I use it as a reminder to myself and my family of the power of prayer.

After I told this story at the prayer breakfast, one of the women religious at the table turned to Sister Barbara Ann, and asked "who would have been the sister assigned at the old hospital back in 1956?" Sister Barbara Ann quietly said, "I believe that would have been me." I could not believe that I was sitting with a very nun who had saved my life with her prayers. When I asked her if she remembered giving away a rosary, she replied, "Oh, dear, I gave away hundreds of them." I was humbled by the thought of the many lives this sister touched in her years of ministry. She truly is a St. Elizabeth treasure.

