



MODERN-DAY miracle

Doctors said there was no hope for Maria's son then a psychic came along

Jumping up in bed after a loud knock at the door, my stomach churned. "Who could it be?" I asked my husband, Paul. It was 3:30am and my heart leapt to my throat when I saw two policemen on our doorstep.

"I'm sorry, but your son has been in a serious car accident," one said.

It was July 23, 2007. I stood still, paralysed with shock. Our daughters, Natalie, 16, and Christina, 11, came from their rooms to see what was going on as the officers ushered us inside and sat us down.

They told us that our son, Nicholas, 18, had been thrown from his car after a truck cut him off on the highway. "It was a hit-and-run accident. He was left at the scene and lost a lot of blood," an officer said.

As the shock of the news washed over us, I knew I had to pull myself together. "I'm going to the hospital," I said immediately.

While I can't remember getting dressed, and the

drive to Royal Adelaide Hospital is a blur, I do remember the sight of the accident scene as I drove past. Nicholas's mangled car was still there and as I saw the wreckage, I hoped my son would be okay.

I was sick to my stomach, dreading what I'd see when I arrived at the hospital.

"He's in a pretty bad

Elisabeth ran her hands over Nicholas from head to toe

way," doctors warned me.

His right arm was crushed, his spine, neck, hips and pelvis were fractured, and he had lacerations to his liver and kidneys.

He'd also suffered severe internal bleeding and had critical head injuries.

They operated on him for 10 hours and, when I walked into his room afterwards, I collapsed in tears.

Nothing could have prepared me for the sight.

He was swollen, bloody, bruised, bandaged from head to toe, and completely unrecognisable.

"I'm sorry, but he'll be lucky to pull through the night," a surgeon said.

Refusing to believe him, a sudden wave of strength swept over me.

I insisted he'd be fine as I kept a bedside vigil.

After three days, doctors tried to rouse Nicholas from his induced coma, but couldn't. "He'll wake up, he has to," I insisted.

Days, then weeks, went by without a change.

I sat by his bed for 15 hours a day as Nicholas remained unconscious and motionless. Doctors said there wasn't much hope.

"Due to being deprived of oxygen for so long after the accident, his brain isn't functioning, so perhaps you should turn off his life support," a specialist said 10 days after the crash.

As the rest of our family cried, I stayed strong.

"No way," I said firmly. I knew that I had to do something for Nicholas.

I called my sister-in-law, Stella, who is passionate about holistic healing.

She gave me the number

of Elisabeth Jensen, a psychic and healer. I rang her immediately.

The following day, as Elisabeth walked into Nicholas's room, a positive feeling came over me.

"I'm going to do a scan of his body to determine how he's doing," she said.

Without touching him, Elisabeth ran her hands over Nicholas from head to toe. "He's going to be okay," she concluded.

She said she hadn't sensed any fatal injuries in his head, and he could be healed in time.

I smiled for the first time since the accident.

When Elisabeth returned the next day, Nicholas's heart rate rose as she entered the room.

"He senses you're here," I said, excited.

Each day for the following week, Elisabeth did energy healing on Nicholas, and placed crystals for wellbeing in his hospital room.

Although Paul hadn't believed in the healing when I first brought it up, he became optimistic.

"Whatever she's doing is

working," he said, smiling.

As Elisabeth continued to visit and heal Nicholas, I had a dream that he told me he'd wake up in the fourth week, and I saw him walking out of hospital with his right arm still damaged.

For the first time since the accident, I started doing my hair and putting on some make-up before arriving at the hospital, wanting to look good when Nicholas first saw me.

"He'll wake up soon," I smiled calmly to Paul.

And then, one day four weeks after the accident, Nicholas opened his eyes, defying the odds.

I'd never felt such joy. "Hi Nicholas," I cried. "You're going to be okay. We love you."

Over the following weeks, he wriggled his toes and fingers and started to communicate through sign language and pictures.

Although he was suffering from amnesia, and didn't remember many faces at

first, he improved each day.

That October, he was taken to a rehabilitation facility. And as in my dream, he walked out of the hospital doors, his right arm still stiff due to his injuries.

Elisabeth continued to visit Nicholas for eight months, teaching me how to heal him as well.

His condition steadily improved and he began talking again. Nicholas said he was shocked at how close he'd come to death – and how he'd been saved.

"I can't believe a psychic saved my life," he said.

However, still suffering short-term memory loss, every day is a new one for



Healing hands



As a former nurse, I've always been interested in healing. In 1992, when I was quite ill, I had an amazing experience with a person known as the angel of miracles, called Hamied, who healed me.

It led me to become a healer. In 2003, in Egypt, I learnt of a very effective way to heal, called Isis lotus healing energy.

I then formed the Isis Mystery School. I truly believe that we all have natural healing abilities that can be activated by meditation, prayer and tuning into our energy. Elisabeth Jensen, 63, Brighton, SA.

him, as he often forgets what he did the day before.

Now, three times a week he does physiotherapy, occupational therapy, gym and recreation, and he still has a long road to recovery. But he's alive.

I'm so glad that I trusted my instincts and found Elisabeth. We've remained in contact, and always will.

I believe Elisabeth's healing saved our son.

Maria Yiannidis, 43, Virginia, SA.

For more information on Elisabeth visit www.isismysteryschool.com



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