

## Through Blindness to New Vision

It should not have been such a shock when the doctor told me I was legally blind. I could no longer read a computer screen. Traffic signs were a blur. Passing a drivers test was sure to be difficult. My license was about to expire which is how I ended up at the eye doctor.

The optometrist said I had the eyes of a ninety year old. She had never seen this condition in someone so young. There seemed to be no logical medical explanation. The cataracts were so advanced she could not fully examine my eyes. Removal was the only option and I was given the name of a surgeon.

For most people cataract surgery would have been an easy fix. But, I had a major fear of surgery of any kind. Since my aunt went blind after cataract removal, operating on my eye was even more frightening.

I knew faith healing was possible. I had experienced it. When I was twelve years old I overheard the doctor telling my mother I would not live to be college age. If by some chance I did, I would be an invalid. That was more than forty years ago. So, I began to pray for a miracle.

A couple of days later I stopped in our local second hand store. As if by magic a book found its way into my hands, "*The Wisdom of Florence Scovel Shinn*". I opened it and at the top of the page in large print was the word "Eyes". Underneath was the following explanation:

*(Imperfect vision. Correspondences – Fear, suspicion, seeing obstacles. Watching for unhappy events to come to pass – living in the past or future – not living in the NOW.)*

That was a pretty good description of my life. Fear controlled me. I was always expecting the worst to happen. Which is why I thought eye surgery would result in total blindness.

After much soul searching and prayer I made an appointment with the surgeon. Fear was something I had to face. I also realized I was trying to control how the healing would take place instead of accepting the divine plan that could bring more than just physical healing.

The surgeon confirmed the severity of the cataracts but I was not prepared for what else she found. There was a retina problem that required surgery before the cataracts could be removed. (I was really being given the opportunity to look fear in the face.) The worst eye seemed to be the logical place to start.

I made it through the retina surgery. And, although it took some time to clear from the trauma of the cataract removal, I was finally able to see again. It was amazing. I could see colors, and read signs again. I could see the details in people's faces. It was awesome. I was so excited!

I returned to work and that same day the unthinkable happened – my sight began to change. By mid day one third of the sight in my eye was different. I tried to explain what was happening to the nurse. She scheduled an appointment for the next morning.

Instinctively I knew something was wrong, really wrong. I walked home in utter disbelief. Gripped by fear I tried to sort through the flood of emotions and thoughts of fear.

When my husband returned home I asked him to take me to the river. Once there I sat on a huge rock, closed my eyes and listened to the sound of the water rushing past.



Whatever was happening to the eye was out of my control. I saw myself wrapped in a blanket like a baby lying in the bottom of a boat. The boat was floating down the river without oars and I was the only passenger. I surrendered to a higher power trusting that whatever the

outcome I would be fine.

The visit to the cataract surgeon the following morning confirmed what I instinctively knew. The retina had detached. Rushed to a specialist I underwent major surgery that resulted in rebuilding my eye.

I wish I could tell you the journey was easy. There were many twists and turns with lessons to learn. Changing a lifetime of negative thought patterns did not happen overnight. Multiple surgeries on both eyes and a surprise threat of cancer (with yet another surgery) were all part of the divine plan.

What I can tell you is that I would not change a thing. My sight and health have been restored. I love myself now and spend more time playing in the present moment. I finally set my spirit free.

***The journey taught me that physical and emotional problems appear in our lives to tell us there is something we need to change.***

My husband says, "It's your spirit saying, "Can we talk"?" If you listen and allow your spirit to soar life can be truly magical.

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