 Reading time: 3 min.

This is the true story of an eight-year-old girl who knew that love can work wonders. Her little brother was destined to die of a brain tumour. His parents were poor, but had done everything to save him, spending all their savings.

One evening, the father said to the tearful mother: “We can’t do this any more, dear. I think it’s over. Only a miracle could save him.”
The little girl in the corner of the room, with bated breath, had heard this.
She ran to her room, broke open the piggy bank and, without making a sound, headed for the nearest pharmacy. She waited patiently for her turn. She walked up to the counter, stood on tiptoes and, in front of the astonished pharmacist, placed all the coins on the counter.
“What’s that for? What do you want, little one?”
“It is for my little brother, Mr. Pharmacist. He is very ill and I have come to buy a miracle.”
“What are you saying?” muttered the pharmacist.
“His name is Andrew, and he has a thing growing inside his head, and daddy told mummy that it’s over, there’s nothing more to be done, and that it would take a miracle to save him. You see, I love my little brother so much, that’s why I took all my money and came to buy a miracle.”
The pharmacist nodded a sad smile.
“My little one, we don’t sell miracles here.”
“But if this money is not enough, I can get busy to find more. How much does a miracle cost?”

There was a tall, elegant man in the pharmacy, looking very serious, who seemed interested in the strange conversation.
The pharmacist spread his arms, mortified. The girl, with tears in her eyes, began to retrieve her change. The man approached her.
“Why are you crying, little one? What is the matter with you?”
“Mr Pharmacist won’t sell me a miracle or even tell me how much it costs… It’s for my little brother Andrew who is very sick. Mum says it would take an operation, but dad says it costs too much and we can’t pay and that it would take a miracle to save him. That’s why I brought everything I have.”
“How much do you have?”
“One dollar and eleven cents… But, you know…” she added with a edge in her voice, “I can still find something…”

The man smiled “Look, I don’t think that’s necessary. One dollar and eleven cents is exactly the price of a miracle for your little brother!” With one hand he collected the small sum and with the other he gently took the little girl’s hand.
“Take me to your house, little one. I want to see your little brother and also your daddy and mummy and see with them if we can find the little miracle you need.”
The tall, elegant man and the little girl came out holding hands.

That man was Professor Carlton Armstrong, one of the world’s greatest neurosurgeons. He operated on little Andrew, who was able to return home a few weeks later fully recovered.

“This operation,” mum murmured, “is a real miracle. I wonder how much it cost…”
The little sister smiled without saying anything. She knew how much the miracle had cost: one dollar and eleven cents…. plus, of course, the love and faith of a little girl.

“If you have faith the size of a mustard seed, you will say to this mountain: ‘Move from here to there’ and it will move; and nothing will be impossible for you” (Matthew 17:20).