

This is the story about John Traynor, a Liverpool Irishman, whom Our Blessed Lady cured at her shrine at Lourdes in 1923. John was wounded in the First World War in a bayonet charge. Seven bullets went through his body, one clean through his head. Other bullets went through his lungs and both legs, leaving them partially paralyzed. Epileptic attacks followed, and they came frequently, sometimes three a day. A bullet went through his right arm and severed the nerves, leaving the arm usless. A skull operation left him with an open hole about an inch wide in his head. A steel plate was inserted to shield the brain.

John was in hospitals and epileptic colonies for eight years. He had seventeen operations; but he still remained paralyzed and epileptic. He was finally brought home where a doctor and nurse dressed his wounds every day. His wife and daughter had to carry him up and down stairs and in and out of the house.

Then came a pilgrimage to Lourdes. No doctor, priest or layman would make themselves responsible for John on this trip. Everyone considered it sure suicide. But John went. He had to sell even his wife's wedding ring to get money for his train fare. Three times the pilgrims tried to take him off the train because they thought he was dying; but not finding a hospital they had to keep him on board. He was in terrible condition when brought to the hospital at Lourdes with the other sick.

But John kept well enough to go to the Grotto and to the baths adjoining it. On the fifth day of the pilgrimage, after bathing in the waters of the shrine, John was taken to the square for the blessing of the sick with the Blessed Sacrament. The Archbishop of Rheims came to John and made the sign of the cross over him with the monstrance and passed by. And then John felt a great change come over him. He brust the bandages on his arm and blessed himself for the first time in eight years. When he tried to rise from his stretchers, he was pushed back. The doctor thought he was hysterical and administered a hypo. Later another hypo was given and that night a guard was placed at the patient's door.

In the morning John awoke and jumped out of bed, knelt on the floor and finished the rosary he had started to say earlier. Then he dashed for the door, pushed aside the grards and ran for the Grotto. What followed is best told in John's own words.

"I ran towards the Grotto, which is about two or three hundred yards from the Asile (hospital). This stretch of ground was graveled then, not paved, and I was barefoot. I ran the whole way to the Grotto without getting the least mark or cut on my bare feet. The brancardiers (stretcher-bearers) were running after me, but they could not catch up with me. When they reached the Grotto, there I was on my knees, still in my night clothes, praying to Our Lady and thanking her. All I knew was that I should thank her and the Grotto was the place to do it. The brancardiers stood back, afraid to touch me... I prayed for about twenty minutes... At the far end of Rosary Square stands the statue of Our Lady crowned. My mother had always taught me that when you ask a favor from Our Lady or wish to show her some special veneration, you should make a sacrifice. I had no money to offer ... but kneeling there before the Blessed Mother, I made the only sacrifice I could think of. I resolved to give up cigarettes ... I went in to dress... I went to the washroom to wash and shave ... Father Gray, who knew nothing of my cure, entered the ward where I was and asked if anybody there could serve Mass. I answered that I would be glad to, and went off and served his Mass in the chapel of the Asile."....Doctors examined John. There was no epilepsy, no paralysis, not atropy of the arm, even the nerves were joined, and a slipht depression was the only trace of the hole in his skull. The doctors testified that the cure was "above the powers of nature." This story is told that you will love, and trust, and pray to Our Lady at the Grotto more and more.