

INTERVIEW WITH ESTER BRAVO

My trip to the Philippines, and more specifically Urdaneta, was all about meeting this unique woman I've heard about... I knew that one needs to move on in life, follow his fate and even sometimes do crazy things; things that lift us above the everyday life, make us happy, light and soaring! Looking ahead, I would say that's what happened... In such a moment, it is important to open your heart, leave your prejudices and just accept everything as a gift of Heaven. Meeting with Esther Bravo is this kind of gift!

So here I am in Urdaneta! No sooner have I arrived and my luggage dropped at the Lisland that I'm on my way to Ester's chapel on the tricycle, not to miss her 2 PM Saturday healing session.

At the entrance to the chapel are a few dozen sandals, so I leave my shoes next to them and walk in. Inside, local people completely fill a dozen rows of benches set on each side of a center aisle leading to an altar. By then, people are forming a single line waiting in turn to walk up to the altar for Ester's blessing, so I join them. At that point, Ester is in a trance and the Holy Spirit enters her body. Ester touches each one softly, and scans the body with a white piece of paper while her assistant holds an open Bible in front of her. Ester seemed to me taller then. She looks not a day older than 30, even though she is 46. I was struck by her eyes filled with the mysteries of the universe — tired eyes of a Godmother carrying her cross from day to day...



The "healings" follow that ceremony. Well over 50 people quietly wait their turn in silence inside the unbearably hot and humid room of about 40 square meters. The Holy Spirit talking through Ester calls out a name and her assistants help that person to a table, where the person lays fully dressed. Women are covered with a sheet for privacy from others. Each treatment takes five minutes or so; I'm called after about 20 people. She smiles at me, as they help me on the table, then without a word, scans my body with a white sheet of paper. After, she fondles my lower abdomen with her very delicate fingers. I soon feel heat where her fingers are located and see a bit of blood; some of it remained on my skirt. A few seconds later, she pulls out blood clots, two to three cm in size; she says they were responsible for my upset hormones. She repeats the same operation on my heart and on my forehead, where more bloody things are extracted. After a small cleanup, her assistant massages the healed areas.

No payment is asked for all this; each makes a donation, according to his own means, which is placed in a box beside the altar. I would not call this a payment for such a priceless divine energy coming to you from the Holy Spirit! And no amount is sufficient for such a miracle!

I wanted to learn more about Ester's life, so I asked Ester for an interview. She accepted at first, but I could feel she did not appreciate such attention to her life so she postponed it for several days before I could actually talk with her. In the meantime, I tried to photograph her, because I wanted

to capture her inspired face, the "Godmother" gaze I had witnessed during the healing sessions. She agreed to the photos, but as soon as the camera was directed toward her, those expressions disappeared from her face... Definitely, the camera made her uncomfortable. Finally, after several conversations and one interview, she slowly forgot about the eye of the camera and granted me a lovely and natural image of her. There, in front of me, stood the childish, happy Ester I saw every day at the chapel.



Each time Ester entered the chapel, I felt that her presence enlightened the whole room! She bore a shy and tender smile to those she knew, full of spiritual purity and humility. She seems “out of this world.” At the same time, she may playfully try on the new sandals of a girl-assistant, joking and laughing, like a teenager! In such moments, it is difficult to believe that she is the mother of six!

On my third daily visit, after several other people, she did a long healing treatment on me and then handed me to her assistant, Brenda, to do massage on my treated areas; suddenly, Ester called back for her and I could see that she was healing herself in the forehead and that she needed Brenda to help her clean up her blood... This was a very powerful moment and tears flowed from my eyes... This absolute miracle happening in front of me went deeply to my heart. The wonderful feeling stayed with me for so long afterwards and kept me numb for words; I could not explain the miracle I had just witnessed so close to me. Nothing here fit anything I knew in my mind and I could not express in words the Divine energy that touched me this way. My soul was filled with joy, light and happiness. I could just take off and fly! The day just went on, with me barely touching the ground. I realized that I had flown halfway around the Earth for this exact moment! I felt God's blessing all over my being and it was so deep within me that even my husband in Canada felt it through the phone conversation I had with him that same day. Holy energy was transferred to him through me! He said that he felt extremely happy, although at first he had been very skeptical about my trip to the Philippines.

Ester performs healing sessions, which she actually calls "cleanings," every day and occasionally twice a day. Usually she places the patient's head on a Bible and begins to penetrate the flesh with her fingers as I have explained before. She extracts pieces of flesh and blood clots, which she shows to patients and then throws them in a plastic-covered bucket at her side. Each time, Ester washed her hands with disinfectant liquid. The smell of blood sometimes made me feel sick, nearly causing me to throw up. She must have extracted well over 300 grams of flesh from me. No part of my body was left untouched after nearly one hundred spot interventions; when she got to the knee, which had troubled me for years, she pulled out something that looked like a vein of blood 10 to 12 cm long by 3 mm wide... She said that it was a nerve, which troubled me, because my knee was once frozen. Yes, I remembered then it happened in my youth; a time when we do not care for our health...



Changes in my state of health are innumerable after Ester's "healing sessions," but I cannot say more about the details because it is very personal... She materialized the body's negative energies that we allowed inside us and extracted them with the help of the Holy Spirit. So at once you began to feel differently: lighter, younger. Even my skin began to look younger and smoother! The tensions of life's experience leave the soul now filled with bright divine energy... When Ester is in a trance, they call her the Holy Spirit, and I admit that she really is not herself anymore during that time: her facial expressions and voice are quite different. Ester's voice is normally very soft and delicate, her motherly eyes full of love; when the Holy Spirit speaks through her, her voice is stern, the words are sometimes tough, her gaze is quite penetrating...

I was going to write this book and thought it is necessary to ask the Holy Spirit if I can write about her. The answer surprised me: "You can write about me, but it's better to write about the Mission, about the way to God, because I heal people, not for their bodies, but for the sake of their soul, which must come to God; it is easier for them to understand their way through the miracle of healing, so this is my Mission!" So the term "healing" means much more than just physical help... Before, I did not think about healing that way, but I'm happy I've asked. Miracles have greater meaning than we are able to see at first! I did not fulfill the Holy Spirit's wish in this book because I wrote more about my experiences and sensations than about the way to God... But I think about all this constantly, and hope a new book will appear from that.

This Saturday, Ester was in a trance from two to six in the afternoon... She healed 70 people and I photographed a few as they walked out of the chapel while I was waiting. Brenda said to me that I was invited by the "Holy Spirit" to meditate at the river. After finishing with her patients, Ester went home to change, and her assistant brought a plastic bag of waste, all that was taken out of people during the day. The bag was ten or twelve pounds, judging by how he was carrying it. I asked what he did with it. He replied that he burned and buried it. I think their nameless dog went after him and got a piece, because I noticed blood stuck to the fur on his cheek. It's as simple as that. So perhaps a miracle should be this way: common and incomprehensible!

I joined the 15 people headed to the river in two minivans for meditations. We settled on the rocky shore of the shallow river, behind which the beautiful background of Cordilleras rose, in the blue evening haze. We gathered around tables and benches, and children impatiently ran to swim. While all this activity is going on, Ester is walking along the beach; she is eating chips and smiling, then offers some to me. I tease her, "How can you eat chips? The Holy Spirit has banned fast food!" She laughs like a child caught in the act, saying that she actually bought them for the children... She seems so fragile at this moment, not strong at all, contrary to when she removes waste from people's bodies! We are having tea or coffee, mango jam and hot scones we bought on the roadside. Ester caring for me anticipates my question and tells me that the scones are not made with eggs. We hadn't eaten all day, so all this turns out to be quite a feast. After a while she takes a little mat and a pillow and invites me to follow her. We walk away from the group, about 30 meters, to wooden beach chairs. Ester lays down the mat for me and takes the pillow for herself. I tell her that she ought to take the mat, as I would be fine with the pillow, but she refuses and just lies down on her chair. I asked her why she cared more about me than herself? She just smiled and did not answer.

While I was meditating, lying down on my long bench, aware of mosquitoes buzzing around me but strangely not biting, I had a strange feeling of "oneness" with the universe. The night was dark, but lit with its overwhelming billions of stars, which strangely I now felt delightfully connected to. I had never seen that! It is a delight! Next to me was this unique woman, almost a Saint, deeply connected to the Holy Spirit and a mother of six. Every day she goes through her own "Golgotha" and returns after this crucifixion to our world to live solely for others. Does she feel this way? Or she does not think any of it, just following God's way, with a true Christian humility?... I do not know... All I know is what I felt at that moment, the presence of the Holy Spirit near me, which fills me with awe and delight; this is incomparable... When the mysteries of life are revealed to you and you see your place in this immense universe, tears run from your



eyes... There I was lying on the bench and crying... Maybe it is silly, naive? It does not matter...

I remember only that I wanted this feeling to stay inside me as long as possible. As I admired the dark moonless horizon and our own planetary Milky Way, I hadn't noticed that Ester had left to pray with the others; the sound of their prayers reaching me. I got up and walked toward the group, sitting close to a dimly lit lantern, making them stand out like silhouettes. I noticed they were all on their knees, seemingly unaware of the painfully hard rocky shore! As everywhere in the world, the children more or less careless of the adult world, simply played in the car.

Ester prayed with such anguish, such feelings, as if this would be her last prayer in life! It was a cry of a Godmother caring for all the people about her, sending them peace and health... It touched my soul deeply... Her voice penetrated me and became part of me, filling me with a powerful gratitude for our Creator... She was praying in Tagalog, so of course I could not understand the words, but the deep sense of humility and love they transmitted made translation unnecessary! I just asked her later what the word "APO" meant, which she repeated countless times, but I should have guessed by myself that it meant God in Tagalog.

Ester's Missions far exceed the spiritual "healings" and her helping the people; her Missions also include visiting villages far away in the mountains, where she has built eight chapels. However, the trips are not only for building and helping, they are occasions for praying and meditation. In the interview with me, she said that one trip took over 17 hours of mountain climbing by foot, part of which was in total darkness. For this trip she relied on the Holy Spirit for guidance. On another trip, this time to Sagada and Maket An, where she was opening a new chapel, they drove for nine hours with 18 people in one minivan, then climbed by foot for five hours. I had wanted to go on that trip, but needed to attend the inauguration of the Rizal monument in Manila and told her how I missed it; Ester replied that would I have been with them they would have used two minivans, to which I apologized for not having made their trip easier! It brought quite a laugh with her family.

I returned to the Urdaneta chapel, the same day Ester arrived with the group from the mountain trip. They had driven back for ten hours, were exhausted and all collapsed on benches in the chapel. Ester, on the contrary, still dressed in a raincoat from the trip, went directly to the altar to pray for a full 20 minutes, on her knees... Her prayer was as strong and touching as the one I had witnessed on the river. People got up and stood for the prayer. After she smiled at me, she left the room for a few minutes, and came back wearing a white robe for the healing. Again I was amazed at the willpower and the divine energy that this extraordinary woman could spread around! That evening, the Holy Spirit worked through her with such inspiration. Her hands were fast and precise; she "healed" everyone present including me, with such energy that she even sang and told funny jokes, which made all attending laugh. After the session, she asked that I be driven back to my hotel and they returned to their "night prayers." I must add that she never solicited me to join the prayers.

I wanted to do something special for Ester while I was in Urdaneta. I had several good portraits of her



that I had already worked on in Photoshop, so I printed two and had them framed at a local shop. She did not expect this gift and was pleasantly surprised! This beautiful woman had not a drop of narcissism! The next day, she gave me wonderful jewelry made of pearls. I thus learned that in her spare time, whenever that was, Ester designed jewelry! And she did it with impeccable taste and a good sense of style!

One day, after a "healing" session, Ester invited me to her home to celebrate the birthday of Serapio, her father. We left the chapel and walked a narrow passage through the fields; chickens roamed about and veal were grazing there. The road to Ester's house runs through rice paddies, with scattered banana trees. Finally we entered a courtyard, bordered by Ester's home on one side and on two guesthouses on the other. In the yard stood a roasting pit with a whole pig rotating over the fire. Behind the houses I could glimpse at the garden, blooming with orchids and several mango and banana trees. I also learned that the many roosters in cages I saw about the ground belonged to Ester's husband Arturo and were destined for a very popular event held all over the Philippines: rooster fights. The house is about 200 meters from the main road. After about an hour later, the pig was well roasted and Serapio took on the task of proudly cutting up the meat for all of us; close to 30 people, making the whole thing very family like. Ester had fish cooked for me, as she thought I didn't relish meat, but I did try the pork and must admit that it was ever so tender and tasty.



A while later, people began to take their leave, so I decided I should follow their example, trying to sneak out unnoticed, so as not to take Ester, tired as she was, away from her family. I knew that in less than an hour she would have an evening prayer in the chapel... She noticed me walking to the rice field and came after me, offering that someone could drive me home. I assured her that I was not afraid of darkness and that a tricycle ride to

the hotel would do. She would have none of it and escorted me down the path to the main road. On the way through the dark mystical rice fields, I realized that I would soon leave this paradise, not knowing if returning to it again would be possible...

I left Urdaneta for Manila with the blessing of the Holy Spirit to return home safely. The 20-hour flight home, as promised, was uneventful, with no physical discomfort or fatigue! It was like in childhood, when you do not feel your body. I never went for departure, like this, without fuss or fear of being late and it was 200 km from the airport!

This trip to the airport itself took barely three hours through a beautifully light sky reflecting in the rice paddies filled with water along the way... As if the Philippines, not knowing if I would come back, wanted to impress me with their best view. I tried to capture and save into my heart the beauty of the country, which gave me the miracle of meeting with the Holy Spirit..

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When I asked Ester for an interview, I had very specific questions I wanted her to answer. Throughout the interview, she kept such an inspired, pure and spiritual stance and charmed me by her childlike movements and fascinating memories. Ester seems very young, almost a girl. Maybe because she managed to keep her soul innocent. She is a very humble person in everyday life and does not like to talk about herself. During the conversation, Ester joked, laughed and talked very vividly, with such emotions. So much so that I had the feeling that all these events were happening in front of my own eyes!

After getting to know Ester, you quickly realize that being chosen by God is not only a privilege, but a very heavy burden, that she carries with ease and dignity. You also realize that although she makes it look simple, it is really the result of hard work and many hours of prayers... Few would be able to carry this heavy burden with such dignity! Divine energy fills her face, as if she would be lit from within, you can almost sense it!



N. Please tell us about yourself; why did you choose to live in Urdaneta?

E. Well, I did not choose Urdaneta; I was born here, but my family moved for a while to mountains, then we came back. It is here that I got married and my children were born... It is here, our first chapel.

N. How did you come to "healing"?

E. Healing came to me! During my youth I was very far from God; I did not even know how to pray and I was rather closed on myself. I could not concentrate because everything distracted me... (*she thinks for a while*).

N. And now?

E. Now? Nothing distracts me! I learned to devote myself entirely to the Holy Spirit. My mother sacrificed herself for my sake, my destiny. For 20 years, she did

not leave the house, barely washed herself, and ate very little... Everyone believed she was crazy... Even her own family had difficulty understanding her. She wanted to teach us that material things were not important. Once, a priest came to look at her and said that she was not crazy, but that she was doing a sacrifice. Her suffering would cease when I would agree to my purpose, that is, to serve God. I did not understand that for a very long time; I struggled, refused and tried to be like everyone else. My father also did not understand this change in my mother. So he sold our cow, gathered his family and took us to the mountains. He was sure this change would help my mother...

I remember that it took all day by bus to get there; then we climbed the mountains by foot for a long time and reached a very remote place. So at first, it seemed my dad helped me escape my destiny to serve God. As a teenager, I just wanted to be the same as my friends. Later, when we had returned from the mountains, I went to a disco; I called a tricycle to get there, but soon asked the driver to return at my home for something. I went in the house for a minute, but when I came back out, the tricycle was leaving with another passenger girl. I was very angry with the driver for not waiting for me! I finally left with another tricycle and a mile later we saw a terrible accident: it was the first tricycle, totally crushed and the girl was dead... I realized at that instant that God had protected me for only one reason: to happily accept his gift and go on with my destiny. And I have been "healing" for 24 years now!

N. Did you realize it at once or were there other signs?

E. Once after prayers, I went to bed and around midnight I saw a glowing white figure... Of course I thought it was a ghost. Prior to this, a bird had flown in the room around me... I pushed it away, because I was very sleepy... For three nights the bird came and blew on me... On the third night, I got up and saw a shining figure that I thought resembled an image of Christ. His hair was long and in his right hand there was a bright light! I only realized much later that it really was Him!

B. But did he look like a man?

E. Yes, he had the form of a man with long hair. He looked straight into my eyes and I could not take them away from him... Then I lost consciousness... (Ester is very emotional as she recounts this passage).

N. Were you alone in the room?

E. Yes, no one but me. The next morning I was so surprised to be still alive that I kept saying, "I'm alive, I'm alive!" I can't believe it. So of course, I told the experience to my father, who kept asking why I was acting this way.

N. How old were you then?

E. I was only 17 then. And when I told my father that I had seen Him — God — he was pleased and said that I was very lucky! He asked me why I hadn't awakened him because there were so many things he wanted to tell Him. He thought about it for a while and then asked me whether God had said anything. I replied that no, he had not...

N. But you did not realize what it meant for you then? When did the first "healing" experience happen?



E. No, I had not yet realized anything... It happened some time later, I'm not sure how long after. We read the Bible regularly and prayed the Holy Spirit in our chapel. During the prayers, I suddenly felt that I was leaving this world... I even thought, Am I dying?... I was very scared and just wanted to go home. My heart was beating strangely and something would not let me go... I suddenly got up and don't remember anything about that event, they say, lasted about a half hour; of course, now I know it was a trance. The people that witnessed the event said that I came to the altar with my eyes closed, called someone, who had a wound and something white on his head. Everyone there thought it was part of his brain... I took something away from his head and stopped the bleeding. No one thought of taking him to the hospital, which was useless since they had no money anyway... But through me, the Holy Spirit reassured them that it was not his brain and cured him... Then, there were other patients.

N. Now, the trances come willingly or are they still involuntarily?

E. Only when it is necessary to help someone. People come in the chapel at different times, with different situations, often quite injured... I read prayers and the Holy Spirit comes in me to help them. Most of the time, people cannot afford treatment in the hospital, so they come to me; some stay a while until they get better, some are able to leave right after the "healing." I cannot refuse anyone who comes to me.



N. Why?

E. Well, a few times I tried to avoid a session and asked people to come later. But every time I feel very bad after that, almost a physical pain when I cannot help... Now any time, I stop what I'm doing and help. I do my best because if someone comes to me, he needs it. Sometimes it's simply not a good time, I can be exhausted and maybe I have house chores... One day a woman came to me, I was

washing clothes; she comes up to me and asks to see Ester Bravo, so I tell her, "Go to the chapel, Ester will come to you." I did feel very uncomfortable with soap on my hands! (*laughing*) I left the laundry, changed clothes and went to the chapel. When she sees me she asks again, "Where is Ester Bravo?"... I was ready to laugh, but instead, went straight to the altar; then she realizes that it's me and says, "Why didn't you tell me at first that it was you?"... What could I answer her? The last thing she expected was to see a healer doing the laundry! (*laughing*)

N. But did you ever refuse to help someone?

E. Yes... Once, a long time ago when I was just beginning and I have felt so bad about it since, the person even offered me money, but I said, "It's not about the money..." In any case, the money is not for me, but for the chapels and it always was this way! After all, the chapels must not only be built, but maintained as well.

N. How does your family manage with this lifestyle?

E. My older children live and study in Manila and we send them money; once in a while, my husband Arturo and I visit them. I have three young ones living with us, but they are quite autonomous and don't require special care anymore. When they were babies, I took them to the chapel with me. Somehow they understood my work and were not too difficult; they usually fell to sleep the minute the Holy Spirit took hold of me, and woke up when all was over. I can't explain how this happened! Of course the Holy Spirit service takes my time away from my family, and at times my husband questioned its necessity, wishing I'd be like everyone else. Now he does not say anything against the healings or our trips to the Missions.

N. What exactly does "going on Missions" mean?

E. Missions are prayer and meditation trips that we do in the mountains; at the same time we visit the chapels that we have built in the remote villages. We usually go 10 to 15 people at a time. Besides the religious support, we bring goods to the village communities.

N. How often does this happen? When is the next Mission?



E. We do several Missions a year; the biggest one was this April. We had eight Russians and two Australians with us who suffered a lot because of the 17 hours of mountain climbing by foot! But we didn't know about this in the beginning... It was impossible even to stop and sit down for a rest, because there were a lot of insects that jump and suck the human blood, usually creating bleeding sores. We ran out of food and water with no sources around us. One Russian bled quite a lot from the insect bites and another hurt his head. Then, the Australians said they would not go any further because they were so hungry... I did not know what to do! It was my first time on this road and did not know when we'd arrive...

N. But didn't you know where the Mission would go?

E. Well, I did not know, of course - the Holy Spirit guides me... The Missions are always for prayers, meditation, and getting there this time was really difficult, plus we ran into darkness... So people began to ask when we would arrive.

N. You didn't take enough food and water on purpose? Or you simply ran out?

E. Of course not! We ran out of food, because we were not quite prepared for such a long trip. When we arrived at our destination, it was quite cold and everybody settled in for sleep. The Russians said that they liked such adventures and would do it again any time! But it's not the case for everyone. Before the Mission I asked the Holy Spirit about everyone who wanted to come - if it was dangerous for anyone to go there - so the Holy Spirit forbade one Swiss man to go because of heart problems. And every Mission is like this; it is the Holy Spirit that guides me in my

decisions. Our next trip will be in Maket An, about eight or nine hours from here, where we will inaugurate a new chapel, built last May.

N. And how do you choose the places to build the chapels?

E. The Holy Spirit tells me where to build them. Typically, it is in the mountain, in remote villages, often difficult to reach. The construction is expensive as we bring with us all the materials and manpower. Some are volunteers, like Andrea, who helped build the chapel in Maket An; he lived there for a month, with ten other workers; they slept and ate in the chapel also.

N. Are there services in the chapels, when you are not there and do you visit them again after they are opened?

E. Yes, of course... There's always someone watching after them, and on Sundays people come to pray and read the Bible. The mountain people live like in a commune. We also visit them as often as we can for praying.

N. How many chapels have you already built, and where?

E. Eight chapels are already finished: in Sagada, Maket An, Nangalisan, Kaalungan, Tawa Ngan, Lay Laya, Patiakan and Gaswiling. Then we plan on building three more in Tambuan, Mankayan and Pulag.

N. The city of Urdaneta has 100 thousand people and everyone knows about you! Do people recognize you?

E. No, of course they don't recognize me! (Laughs) Many know me by name, but imagine me as a middle-aged lady... They are usually surprised when they see me in person!

N. Ester, are you a happy person or do you need something else to complete your happiness?



E. I'm happy, maybe I miss the mountains!

N. So do you want to live in the mountains?

E. Maybe later, but not now... In the mountains I feel different, calmer and closer to God... I noticed that the mountains change people for the better, makes them more

open; everyone feels differently... I think that there we are closer to God. Our problems and our responsibilities seem to recede.

N. What else do you dream about?

E. About my family's happiness... I want my children to find their way, to realize themselves! And I hope to be able to build all the chapels that I want.

N. Do you ask the Holy Spirit for things about yourself, about your family?

E. Of course! No major decisions are taken in the family without asking the Holy Spirit!

N. Do you heal your family members?

E. Yes, all of them, family, relatives, friends. Some had very serious problems.

N. What was the happiest day of your life?

E. Oh, there are a lot of them! I like it when I have the day off, although I don't remember the last time that was (*laughing*)!

N. Don't you have holidays? Do you travel?

E. Rarely. Once I was in Switzerland, when my husband worked there. You might call that "holidays," but when I returned, I paid dearly the days I did not serve God. For several months I healed from 9 am to 9 pm! It was not easy... I was also in Malaysia, but we went there to pray.

N. Are you able to treat people in other countries or different places?



E. I could, but I am afraid the whole thing will turn to "money earning," even against my wish. And it should not be this way, because the Divine blessing may leave... You cannot be distracted by material issues even if others do. Everyone is responsible to himself and God is their judge.

N. Have you ever thought about the possibility of living in another country?

E. I never really thought about it! Maybe I'd like it for the children, but certainly not for myself.

N. Did anyone make a film or write a book about you?

E. Not as far as I know.

N. So, I have the chance to write about you first?

E. *(Laughing)* Yes, I think so... God bless you in all your projects!

N. Thank you! Do you communicate with other healers? I heard that they share their knowledge; can you call someone your teacher or mentor?

E. No, there was no teacher, only God! He is a teacher for all of us. And I don't communicate with other healers.

N. So you are alone and you don't belong to any group either? It's more difficult that way... And the people helping you in the chapel, how do they come to help you?

E. They are usually my patients first. Take Brenda, for example: she suffered a great deal, had family problems; she came here to live with her four children and I healed her; now she helps me! My two brothers help me a lot; they also live here on the premises. Two young girls helping me are from another town. Their families do not like the fact that I support them, but they are very poor... Others come from the mountain villages for a time; they help, I heal them, we pray together...

N. Many people depend on you then?

E. Yes, it is not easy... Sometimes I wonder, "Lord, why me"?

N. You didn't really ask for this to the Holy Spirit?

E. *(Laughing)* I asked!.. But I already knew the answers: because my life is a blessing; I should be honored and grateful to God, who chose me!

Natalya Bronzova

Writer, artist

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