

Make a Wish

Stories Written for Real People Where They are the Star

By

Marlayne Giron

Make a Wish

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FORWARD

I have personally gotten to witness the affect these stories have had upon the recipients. Many of them have come to me and told me how touched and blessed they were by their own wish story and how it has impacted their lives. They said that their story was the best gift they have ever received and many read them on a daily basis. I also have been personally blessed by Marlayne's writing and I believe you will as well. – Mary Fields

Dedicated to:

My “sissy”, Mary - my muse, champion and greatest cheerleader. I’m so glad we met. This book would not exist without you and your belief in me.

INTRODUCTION

The “wish fulfillment” stories that you are about to read had a very innocent beginning. A good friend of mine, Henry, who has been a quadriplegic since the age of 14 (and is now in his early 50s at the time of this writing), was really down in the dumps. He had been stood up for a fishing trip and because of his condition; he is subject to the schedules and whims of others. He wouldn't get out of bed, wouldn't do anything and his wife Vicki had given up trying to coax him. Henry and I had become good friends ever since Vicki reviewed my book, *The Victor*, on her blog.

I had already spoken with Henry several times before this so I was distressed when I heard how low he was feeling. But what could I do? I lived on the west coast and he lived on the east coast. How could I possibly cheer him up? Then a light bulb went on over my head and I thought, “*I can write him a story*”...and that's exactly what I did. I wrote “A Gift for Henry” in about one hour and then emailed it to them that night. The first thing the next morning I checked my email to see what the response was. Well...it was amazing! Vicki had written me and told me that they had wept for 20 minutes after reading it. That it had truly been inspired of God because of the details I put in that I were not aware that were perfect for Henry. Such as the smell of orange blossoms being his favorite, how he was always trying to wiggle his toes to see if they had started working and that all he wants to do when he gets to heaven is to run, run, run for the Lord.

All of these stories were written as gifts for others either because I was inspired to do so or because they were requested. Some are deeply emotional, heartfelt and inspirational while others are just fun.

Each story is preceded by a brief paragraph which gives a little bio on the person for whom it was written and why. Each person appears in their own story as the “star”.

If you would like your own story, all you have to do is contact me via email and... “Make a Wish”!

Marlayne Giron
thevictorbook@sbcglobal.net

Contents

CHAPTER ONE: “A Gift for Henry”	7
“An Arse-Whoopin’ for Henry”	10
CHAPTER TWO: “Three Wishes”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER THREE: “The Magic Quill”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER FOUR: “In the Land of Milk & Honey”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER FIVE: “More Than a Memory”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER SIX: “Tea Rooms & Romance”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER SEVEN: “Butterfly Kisses”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER EIGHT: “No Ordinary Day at the Mall”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER NINE: “Clay in the Potter’s Hands”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER TEN: “Courtney’s Adventure”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER ELEVEN: “Captivated”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER TWELVE: “Emerelda”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER THIRTEEN: “A Little Bayern Goes a Long Way...”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER FOURTEEN: “Heart of Darkness/Heart of Light”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER FIFTEEN: “Sword of the Spirit”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: “Two Peas in a Pod”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER EIGHTEEN: “Mary’s Wish”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER NINETEEN: “Wistful Wedding”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER TWENTY: “A Basket Full of Wishes”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE: “Waterfall Blessings”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO: “Appointment with Destiny”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE: “A Full Quiver”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR: “Cabin Fever”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE: “Romance to the Rescue”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX: “Something New Under the Son”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN: “Strength for the Journey”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT: “Woulda, Coulda, Shoulda”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE: “A Sword Shall Pierce...”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER THIRTY: “A Wink and a Smile”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE: “Cowboys and Roses”	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER-THIRTY-TWO: “At the Master’s Feet”	Error! Bookmark not defined.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE: "A Force to be Reckoned With" **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE: "Breath of Heaven" **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE: "A Dream is a Wish Your Heart Makes" **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

ENDORSEMENTS.....**Error! Bookmark not defined.**

CHAPTER ONE “A Gift for Henry”

Below is Henry’s personal account of the accident that resulted in him becoming a quadriplegic (yes he typed it himself):

SEPTEMBER 16, 1972 is a day that I will relive for the rest of my life. It happened at the Withlacoochee River in Florida, about two miles from my house. It was around 2:30 in the afternoon and I was 14 years old.

I had snuck away from the house on my bicycle when I was told I could not to go swimming that day. I met two of my friends on the way to the river as planned, where we had swam many times before. If only I had known what was going to happen that day, I would never have gone! When we got there, there was a man, his wife, and their two daughters swimming.

We put our bicycles down, took our shirts and jeans off that we wore over our swimming trunks, and headed down to the river edge and dove in. The water was cool and the current was flowing as usual. We swam back to the river bank and got out of the water. We decided to climb a tree which leaned over the water. We had dove out of that tree many times in the past.

I was the first to climb the tree and dive into the water, followed by my friends. We all swam back to the bank and got out. We climbed the tree again but this time we did a canon ball, swam back, got out again. Then one of my friends asked the other if he wanted to dive off his shoulders. He said yes, so he squatted to let him get on his shoulders and then stood up so he could dive into the river. After he dove in he swam back and as he was getting out he slipped back into water because the bank was getting very slippery. I ran and did a cannon ball again off the bank and as I was getting out, I too noticed that it was not so easy. I slipped a few times before I was finally able to climb back up on the bank. The wet clay was sticking to my feet so I rubbed my feet on the ground and removed most of it. My friend asked if I wanted to dive off of his shoulders and I said, “Sure, why not”. So as he squatted down I climbed onto his shoulders and then he stood up so I could dive into the water.

*Just as I was ready to dive, **IT HAPPENED!!** My right foot slipped off his shoulder and I fell straight down on top of my head and rolled off into the water. I knew immediately that something was wrong. First of all, there was a tingling sensation all over my body, as though a thousand needles were sticking me! Secondly, I could not move anything. I tried so hard, but nothing would move. I **KNEW I WAS IN TROUBLE**. My body was not responding no matter what I tried. I was in the fetal position (where your arms and knees are drawn up to your chest), floating face down in the water, drifting along with the current. I could not see anything but the black water as the river towed me further and further away! You cannot imagine everything that was running through my mind all at the same time! But the main thing that I was thinking was, “**I NEED TO BREATHE!**” All of my thoughts changed from what was wrong with me to, “**I am going to drown if I do not breathe NOW!!!**” I could not hold my breath any longer (your body will take a breath whether you want to or not, IN or out of water). I knew that if took a breath my lungs would fill up with water, but **I HAD TO BREATHE!!** I was so terrified by now because I just knew I was going to **DIE!!***

*Just as my body forced me to take a breath, which would have been nothing but water, my friend grabbed me and turned me over. I was finally able to take a breath of air, which felt like I had waited an eternity for! My friend swam back, with me in tow, to where my other friend was waiting to help pull me out of river that had almost taken my life!!! The family that was there swimming took me to the nearest hospital where they said I was now a quadriplegic (you are paralyzed from the neck down and cannot feel anything) and would never walk **AGAIN!!** The doctors said I would probably not make it and if I did I would be a vegetable for the rest of my life! Many times my family was called by the doctor who said I wouldn’t live through the night. I did die three times but God brought me back! Everyone wondered “**Why did God let this happen?**” But God’s wisdom is far greater than ours and out of this tragedy came faith, hope and inspiration! God was there all the time. God had other plans for my life, that plan was for me to serve Him! God is using me in so many ways it is amazing!*

People used to shy away from me because of my condition, but now they are drawn to me like a

magnet. For example, the longest I have been able to “witness” to someone was over two hours and had him in tears! If I go anywhere with my wife to whom I have been married to for twenty-two years, someone will approach me and I just have to testify. I have given my testimony in church and spoken to the teen youth group, and it has changed so many of their lives. I will praise God one glorious day, with no wheelchair, handicapped van, horrible muscle spasms, or confinement. I will be free, all because of our precious Lord and Savior Jesus Christ!!! Even though we suffer and are tried in this life, the next life will be unbelievably satisfying beyond belief.

I was hurt thirty-seven years ago and I am not a vegetable, I’ve lived longer than the fourteen years the doctors had predicted that I would in nineteen-seventy-two. I have graduated high school, gone to college, got married, and I have three kids and four grand kids; all because God had a plan for my life.

May God bless each and every one of you; don’t despair at your own circumstances, God has brought me through so many things in my life time and I give all the Praise and Glory to Him! Amen.

“A Gift for Henry”

Henry awakened with a start, his heart pounding and looked around. For a few seconds all he could do was to stare at the vista which greeted his eyes and then it hit him like a ton a bricks...he was sitting up for the first time by himself since the accident. He opened and shut his eyes slowly several times, the amazing view never changing and then slowly, as if he were afraid he would shatter and break like glass, he bent his neck down and looked at his lower half. Instead of thin, atrophied legs that ignored all of his mind's commands, there were two tanned and muscular limbs. Holding his breath...he did something he hadn't been able to do in decades...he wiggled his toes.

A shout of pure joy issued from his mouth, so loud it even scared himself. “YAHOOOOOO!” Then he did something else he hadn't done in years...he pinched himself... as hard as he could, right above the hips in the “tickle spot” and practically doubled over with mixed joy and disbelief.

“Vicki!” he shouted, wiggling and wiggling his toes more violently. “Will you look at this? Just look!” There was no answer. It wasn't until he found himself standing and then jumping up and down with glee that he really noticed and took stock of his surroundings. The sky was the deepest blue he had ever seen but there was no sun. Instead an incredibly pure and blazing glow of light originated from everywhere. In every direction that he looked he saw the loveliest terrain he had ever laid eyes on. Majestic mountains with craggy peaks (but no snow); fields of wildflowers broken only by gurgling brooks which fed into crystal clear lakes; wide open undulating plains of the greenest grass he had ever seen. No buildings, no bugs (except butterflies), the most delicious smell of orange blossoms permeating the air and a hint of lilting music that seemed to come from everywhere.

“VICKI!” he shouted again, frustrated that his wife was not there to share the experience with him and validate that it was all real.

“She'll join you later,” responded a deep and profoundly gentle voice. Henry whirled around and instantly fell onto his face upon recognizing who had spoken to him. “Henry, please rise,” said the man, lifting him gently onto his feet. “I want you to enjoy this time I have given you on your feet, not your face.”

At His touch, a surge of strength flowed through Henry's entire body that was electrifying. He felt like he could run all the way to China and back again and not even get winded. Jesus smiled a crinkly smile at him and pointed off into the distance. Henry followed with his eyes and saw the most gorgeous tree he had ever laid eyes on. It was indescribable but even from this distance he could tell it was laden with flowers and fruit; somehow he knew that this is where the lovely perfume was emanating from.

Henry looked back into the face of His blessed Redeemer, his eyes filling with tears and his heart welling with emotion so strong he felt it would burst with joy. Jesus laid his nail-pierced hand upon his shoulder and Henry felt a thrill pass through him.

“*Run, Henry!*” Jesus smiled broadly. “*Run!*” Despite his desire to not leave his Savior's side for even a moment, it had been as though the words were more of a command than a suggestion. The next thing Henry knew his legs were pumping, his arms were flailing and he was racing like a Cheetah through the fragrant grass towards what he knew was the Tree of Life, closing the distance faster than he dreamed could be possible. As he ran, tears of joy flew back in the wind – and a howl of laughter and sheer joy erupted from his throat. He was running. **HE WAS RUNNING!!**

He exulted in the sheer joy of feeling his once dead limbs alive and thriving again. Oh... if only the dream would never end...if only he would never have to wake up...but wait...he had pinched himself...and *it had hurt. What was going on?* He came to a stop just before the tree, amazed that he wasn't even breathing hard. Maybe he wasn't dreaming...maybe he was...

“You're not dead, Henry” whispered the voice of Jesus quietly in his ear as if The Master were standing just behind him. “And you're not asleep either. This is my gift to you for now...unwrap it and take it out whenever you feel the need and know that one day soon, it will be yours to enjoy for eternity with all your loved ones who have trusted in Me.”

Henry hung his head and wept, his shoulders heaving with gratitude. The Lord's voice interrupted his thoughts again. “I have one more gift for you before you leave...if you'll accept it...”

“Lord,” sobbed Henry. “It is enough that you suffered, died and rose for me and have allowed me to live a life, though broken physically, that has been abundant for you. I will accept whatever gift you want to give me but what can I do in return for you?”

“You have been giving me the best gift for many years, Henry... *You*.” Replied Jesus, and suddenly Henry turned around to find Jesus standing before him again only he wasn’t dressed in his “typical” biblical clothes but in hip-waders and carrying two fishing rods. “I once told Peter, Andrew, James and John that I would make them fishers of men,” he continued with a broad smile that lit up everything about Him. “But today I think that you and I will just go fish for trout in that stream over there. I can guarantee a good catch but as for you ...well today you’ll have to clean and fry them up. Deal?”

Henry’s mouth just hung open and then he bellowed with laughter. “Deal!” he exclaimed.

Epilogue: Henry will still fall into occasionally depressions. About a year after I wrote him the first story I found out from Vicki again that he was in another one of his black moods. Wouldn’t get out of bed for a couple of weeks, wouldn’t see anybody, and wouldn’t do anything, just sulked. It’s understandable being in his position. I would probably be a lot worse if it were me. I found out late one night of the latest bout and despite the fact that I was tired and wanted to go to bed I got hit with another inspiration. Again, I typed it up and emailed it off. Then I contacted Darlene, his long-time friend and good neighbor (for whom I wrote “Three Wishes”), and asked if she would buy a German Chocolate Cake (his favorite) and deliver it the next day for me. Henry read his story and got out of bed in time to enjoy his cake.

“An Arse-Whoopin’ for Henry”

Henry stared up at the ceiling in a glum, dark mood. He didn’t know exactly what it was that was making him feel like this, all he knew is that he didn’t want to do anything. He didn’t want to get out of bed; he didn’t want to watch television, he didn’t even want to get onto the computer. His wife Vicki had tried several different things to try and snap him out of it but nothing had worked so far so she had let him be, praying and hoping that the funk would clear and he would back to his old self again.

Even the delivery of Mrs. Field’s birthday cookies from his author friend and adopted “mom”, Marlayne, had done nothing to lift the black mood. Yup. He was one unhappy dude at the moment and he didn’t care. He felt weary of life; he was sick of being stuck in his wheelchair and dependent upon everyone else for absolutely everything. He was just going to lay in bed and wait...wait for what...he didn’t know.

Suddenly he felt a presence in the room.

“Henry!” said a none-too-pleased voice.

Henry craned his neck around as best he could and felt his heart begin to race.

“Just want do you think you’re doing, laying in bed most of the day and moping?”

Henry’s mouth opened and shut several times but no words would come out. What do you say to a question like that when it comes from the mouth of the Son of God?

“Uuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhh,” was all he could manage. Jesus bent over his bed and looked him deeply in the eyes.

“Do you believe that I love you?” He demanded.

Henry nodded his eyes wide.

“Do you believe that I work all things together for good for those who love Me?” came the second question. Again Henry nodded.

“Where is your faith, Henry?” the words stung deeply but they also ignited a fire in his breast. He had allowed the devil to beat him down so that he would be rendered useless for his Lord. What had he been thinking?

“Your friend, Marlayne, prayed for you tonight and I am come in answer to that prayer.” Jesus informed him. “Now...no more self-pity and succumbing to depression and despair! I have work for you to do before I return!”

“Yes sir!” Henry replied, almost saluting. Jesus’ face became less stern and he cupped his hands upon Henry’s cheek with infinite tenderness.

“I love you, my son.” He said with a beatific smile. “Never forget that. I have entrusted much in you. Do not give up.”

“Yes, Lord!” Henry gulped, feeling ashamed but at the same time encouraged.

“Vicki!” he yelled, giving Jesus a relieved grin. “Come and get me out of bed; I’ve got to be about my Father’s business!”