



*With all that is going on in the world right now I felt it would be good to share Chapter 3, The Path of Miracles, from my book *Mary's Miracles and Messages*, in the hopes that it will help us all to remember that miracles are at work in our lives, and in the world, now, and more than ever. It's important to stay rooted more deeply in the awareness of who we really are, and the miracles we can create for ourselves, our families, and our global community of humanity. ~ Claire Papin, LightedPaths.org*

## **Mary's Miracles and Messages - a True Story of a Visionary's Journey**

In this time of unprecedented shift that humanity is in the midst of, author Claire Papin provides inspiring stories and messages that uplift and strengthen our understanding of the Divine forces that are always in our presence and lovingly interact with us in our lives.

With no religious background in her upbringing, Claire's experiences with Mother Mary, the mother of Jesus, were not bound by any preconceived ideology. The life altering visitations led to sharing *Mary's Lullaby* and Mary's messages as a way to spark inspiration, hope, and encouragement during times of great change. She takes us on an extraordinary spiritual journey sharing miraculous experiences that propel hearts to open more fully and awaken humanity's destiny of coming together as One unified global family.

## Chapter Three

### The Path of Miracles

A few years ago I had a dream that showed me how miraculous life can be when followed with the heart.

In the dream, I was driving down the freeways of Los Angeles on a beautiful sunny California day. I ended up at a small strip of a white sandy beach with crystal blue waters and about twenty or so people romping and having fun. They didn't seem to notice me standing there, almost as if I was invisible. I was dressed in business attire, a dark blue dress, stockings and dress shoes. I walked toward the shoreline, stopped, looked down at my right hand and in it was a Miraculous Medal.

The thought came to me that I needed to throw it into the ocean, but I didn't know if it would make it that far. I drew my hand back as far as I could, then gave a forward thrust with all my might and threw it into the water. All of a sudden an explosion of Light burst before me, and encompassed me. I didn't know exactly what was happening, but I knew it was something wonderful.

When I awoke I remember thinking, "Wow, what an Amazing dream, not sure what that was all about though." It had the feeling of a Divine origin, and left me with a strong sense of hope.

It was time to get dressed and head out to my new job anchoring traffic on Houston's news station KTRH. It was my first time to do live broadcast radio, and I was pretty nervous. I sprang out of bed, got dressed, and headed out the door.

My mother's house was on the way, and as it turned out, there was plenty of extra time so I decided to make a quick stop off at her place to say hello.

After our hugs, she mentioned that she had found something on the floor in a used book store and somehow knew that she was supposed to give it to me. As she placed it in my right hand, I looked down and saw that it was a Miraculous Medal.

"Mom, this is amazing, I just had a dream this morning where a Miraculous Medal showed up in my right hand."

"Really?"

"Yes. I think that's very interesting. But good interesting. Well, I gotta go. I'll tell you more about it later" I said.

She gave me a big kiss on the cheek and sent me off with a snack for later.

As I walked into the studio there was an older man with a kind looking face sitting in a wheel chair at a long white counter with a microphone in front of him delivering the latest traffic report on the air. A moment later he removed his headphones and smiled as he introduced himself.

“Hi I’m Steve, you must be Claire.”

Before I could open my mouth a thought shot through my head, “So how long do you think you’re going to be in that wheel chair?”

I gasped at such a confrontational thought, not being a very confrontational person, I couldn’t imagine myself even thinking such a pointed question.

“Y...Yes, I’m Claire. Very nice to meet you,” I finally got the words out.

And then the most extraordinary thing happened. He answered my unspoken question without having spoken it out loud as he pointed to his wheel chair saying “Ohhh, you mean this”?

“Oh my God,” I thought to myself. He had actually heard my thought. I silently squirmed... “Uh...yes, that.” (I gestured toward his chair).

Now you’re probably asking yourself why would she just answer him as if she really asked the question out loud. Well, by this point in my journey, there have already been a number of unexplainable events I’ve been party to. I decided not to fight it and to go with the flow, curiously following the trail of where this was leading.

He quite matter of factly shared, “I’ve been in this chair almost six months now, my doctor says that my condition is only going to get worse because my legs have degenerated too much to ever recover and walk again. The tough part has been to learn to emotionally adjust to the situation.”

My heart sank and went into full overdrive compassion for this sweet spirit of a man. Before I could stop myself, words began to pour from my mouth, “I don’t believe that you have to be in that wheel chair the rest of your life. There’s so much you can do for your health. There are all kinds of holistic methods out there to support you, and besides that ... I believe in miracles!”

Suddenly, I stopped realizing my mouth had run away with my thought. In my head, I silently reprimanded myself. “Uhhhhhhh!!!! Claire, what are you doing? You don’t have a right to get this man’s hopes up about something like that.”

He looked at me with a somewhat startled but grateful look on his face, almost like he came to a realization that he was in the presence of a close family member in whom he could confide.

I realized I had already gone past the point of no return in “coming out” with where I thought this conversation might be going at this point.

“Steve, may I share with you an example of a miracle”?

He nodded with intrigue.

“Let me tell you about a dream I had just last night.”

I told him about the dream of the miraculous medal and how my mother had just handed me a miraculous medal on my way into the studio. Steve stayed glued to every word.

Then I asked “Do you know the story of the miraculous medal?”

“No, I don’t” he replied.

“Well, I’m not Catholic, but I heard the story from a nun I recently met. The story goes like this. In the 1800’s, I think it was around 1856, there was a young woman who was a nun of the Daughters of Charity in France. She was Catherine Laboure, and had an apparitional visit from Mother Mary, the mother of Jesus. Mary asked her to strike or have designed and formed, a medal of the vision that Catherine had been given of her. Then Catherine was to distribute the medals to the people because there was about to be a great challenge that would be coming soon. Mary said that the medals were a gift for the people and were to be thought of as a symbol of a prayer.

Shortly after that, Catherine convinced a priest to help her get the vision struck onto a medal and consequently, was able to get the medals out to the people of that area.

Within months, the bubonic plague hit Europe. Everyone who had received the medal did not perish from the plague.

Everyone who got the plague but later received a medal, also did not perish from the plague.

Thus the medal’s name: Miraculous Medal.

Steve was staring at me dumbfounded but enthralled with the story.

“Steve, I think the idea that Mother Mary was trying to convey was that, with intention and prayer, there’s always hope for a miracle.”

He looked at me with tear-filled eyes while I pulled a miraculous medal out of my pocket. “It’s so good to know that someone cares,” he said.

“Steve, we all care. It’s just that some of us have forgotten we care, and it gets covered up by the forgetfulness, but the care is still there,” I replied.

Tears began to roll down his face. I reached for his hand and gently placed the medal into his palm, and silently said a very quick prayer for him.

We smiled at each other with an unspoken gratitude. The moment felt almost timeless.

It was almost time for my shift on the air to start, so we hugged and said our good byes.

I can remember taking my seat with my headphones in my hands about to go on the air, thinking how there really are no strangers in this world, and how close we all really are to one another. As I placed my headphones over my ears I could hear my producer letting me know I had fifteen seconds. I began to chuckle to myself as I noticed I wasn't as nervous as I thought I'd be.

Two days later I received a phone call from a friend of mine, Reverend Lucas. He mentioned that he had some business in Los Angeles relating to his work with the homeless and remembered that I used to live there. He thought I might be able to recommend a place for him to stay.

Reverend Lucas and I had spent a good amount of time together working with the homeless, from serving meals to offering healing services in his church. There were times when I would witness people moving beyond living on the streets, where Reverend Lucas was able to help them find steady employment and support them by having a place to stay.

As I shared some possible options for hotels in the area, Reverend Lucas asked if I might be able to go with him. He told me that my other two friends, Marylyn and Rhonda, were also going. He thought I might be able to be of some help.

As I explained that I had only just begun a new job and how I wasn't sure if I would be able to come up with the ticket money so soon, I remembered the dream I had only two days ago where I was in Los Angeles.

Then he said that Marylyn had an extra frequent flyer ticket that I could use.

There must be some reason that I need to go on this trip, I thought to myself.

How could I say no, it was too synchronistic to ignore?

“OK Reverend Lucas, just let me know the details and I'll be there.”

I decided to take a Miraculous Medal with me, just in case I ended up at the ocean while we were there.

It was a beautiful sunny California day. We arrived at our hotel and were warmly greeted by a staff of helpers unloading our luggage into our rooms. Marylyn, Rhonda, and I were sharing a room together while Reverend Lucas had a room a few doors down. The first order of business was dinner, then off to work to go over our plans for the business meetings scheduled over the next couple of days.

I discovered that morning that we would be going to a meeting in Malibu at a restaurant called The Sand Castle. Even though Malibu is mostly cliffs and doesn't quite match the kind of beach I had in my dream I decided to take a Miraculous Medal with me anyway.

We were being seated when I looked out the window ahead and saw a small strip of a white sandy beach right outside the restaurant's back door. There were people romping and having fun in full beach attire and I could see beautiful crystal blue waves rise up from the ocean. As the waitress was handing us our menus, I asked how I might be able to slip outside to the beach for a moment.

She pointed to where the back door was and said "You know it's pretty strange, this is the first time I've ever seen this many people this time of year out there on the beach."

I pulled a Miraculous Medal out of my purse and excused myself, then headed straight for the back door.

As I stepped onto the sand I realized I was so caught up in the moment of the likeness of this beach and setting to my dream that I completely forgot that I was wearing high heeled shoes and stockings.

However, it didn't matter I told myself. I had come all this way and I was going for the ocean.

As I walked toward the shoreline, it didn't even seem to phase the onlookers that I was there, dressed in business attire.

I got as close to the water as I could and stopped watching the ebb and flow of the waves. "If I get any closer, the water will wash over my shoes and stocking feet. If I don't get close enough, I don't know if the medal will reach."

I drew my hand back as far as I could, then gave a forward thrust with all my might and threw it into the water. A giant wave reached up just at that moment and snatched the medal right in mid flight. I stood in awe at the timing and then began to notice my body vibrating, like electricity moving through me from head to toe. I knew something wonderful was happening, but I didn't know what.

When we got back to Houston and I returned to work, it happened to be on the same day that Steve was working the shift before me. He only worked on weekends because he had another job during the week. I made it to work just moments before my time to go on the air and quickly raced into the studio.

Steve had already kindly plugged my headphones in and waited for my entrance. I motioned a thankful wave as I hastily positioned myself for my first on air report. A couple moments later I was finished and I looked up at Steve to thank him, then noticed something different. There was no wheel chair.

There was no wheel chair!

Steve was standing up on his own two feet next to a cane that was leaning on the wall close by.

I looked at him in astonishment. "Steve, what happened"?

He said, "I just got mad at that chair and decided to get up and walk."

"Oh my God!" I said. "That's WONDERFUL. When did this happen?"

"Just a couple of days ago" he said.

I was in absolute awe of this incredible miracle that had taken place.

He looked at me very seriously. "Who are you? After meeting you my life has changed."

"Steve, I'm you," I said. "We are all the same. We are all one. It was YOU who decided to get up out of that chair and walk, with just a mustard seed of faith."

## **Spreading the Love**

Mother Mary has come to modern day visionaries asking them to get the medals out to the people, throw them into oceans, rivers, lakes, ponds; put them under rocks, place them in school yards, etc. I have been doing this ever since I first heard about Mary's request.

The nun who first told me about the medals shared about the Association for the Miraculous Medal (<http://www.amm.org/>) in Perryville, Missouri. She said that I could easily order medals from them in large quantities, which I soon did.

I was very excited the day my first package of the medals arrived. As I walked in the door and sat down with my package, before I could even open it, Mother Mary made her presence known in the room. Her energy was very strong right from the start. She spoke to me in locution requesting that I open the package and place all the medals in my hands. I carefully opened the package and poured the tiny medals into my hands, all 100 of them. Once the last medal dropped into my hands from the package I eagerly waited for what was next. I could see a vision of Mary begin to appear before me as Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal. Her hands were slightly outstretched from her sides, just as she is traditionally depicted in the image on the medals. Then, there was light that began streaming from the palms of her hands all the way to the medals in my hands. There was a separate stream of light for every medal I was holding. As tears poured down my face, my heart sang for joy at the thought of everyone, and everywhere, that would receive these medals.

I have many stories that I could share about the journeys I have been on with these medals. Over the years I have had to replenish them many times due to the number of people and places I have shared them with.

A prayer always accompanies each medal when they are given to someone, along with a request for a blessing to be bestowed upon the land, water, and all who live and visit there.

On one occasion, while traveling home from the Rocky Mountain National Forest in Colorado, I had a most surprising event happen. We stopped off along side the road so that I could throw a medal into the Big Thompson River. As I stood in prayer, ready to toss the medal in, my friend pulled out his camera to take some shots. After the medal safely made its way into the water, I turned around and he quickly snapped a picture. When we later looked at the pictures, the one where I had just thrown a medal into the river had a large bright flash of light next to me. We couldn't explain how that got there when none of the pictures that had been taken in the same direction, just seconds apart, both before and after I threw a medal in the river, did not have the same flash of light. You can imagine our gratitude for having such a gift of what could possibly be Mary's presence showing up in one of the pictures. Perhaps she was letting us know all the more that she is lovingly present.

One more story that really stands out is when I was at one of my favorite little coffee places situated in a bookstore that sells both new and used books. I was ordering my tea at the counter and saying hello to Sherry, one of the lovely ladies who works there. It was a slow afternoon so we had a little time to chat with each other and got onto the subject of a fascinating synchronicity that happened earlier that day. Before long we got onto the topic of miracles. She seemed very interested in hearing about the miraculous medal when she noticed the one I was wearing. By this time the only people in the little coffee shop were Sherry, myself, and her co-worker Tom, who was nearby but not engaging in the conversation.

I was concerned that telling the story would take up too much of Sherry's time, but she encouraged me to drop that concern and share anyway. "If someone comes in just pause while I help them and we'll get back to where we left off after I'm done serving them" she said. I took her through the whole story (the one I opened with in this chapter) about the dream I had with the miraculous medal, my mother finding a medal in a used book store, Steve leaving the wheelchair behind, the original story of how the medals came to be, etc. without having one person come into the shop during that time. Her eyes were filled with amazement and she wholeheartedly thanked me for the inspiration she felt from the story.

I reached in my purse and pulled out the little pouch where I keep miraculous medals and asked her to hold out her hand. As I placed the medal in her hand I offered a quick prayer and requested a blessing for her. The energy was buzzing so strong I could feel the electricity moving through our fingers. I looked at Tom and asked "would you like to have a medal as well"? He kindly replied "no, that's okay, I'm good." Sherry was so happy to receive her medal that she reached her arms out, gave me a big hug, and promised to put her medal in a special place.

About two months later, while back at the coffee shop, Tom was serving my tea and said "I put a little something extra on the plate for you." I gleefully thought to myself that it must be a small treat like a cookie, but when I saw a little metal looking object I curiously picked it up and saw that it was a miraculous medal. It wasn't quite like the ones that I give out to people; this one was a little larger and thicker. I surprisingly looked at Tom and said "where did this come from?" He replied "I found it on the floor the other day when I was sweeping; I asked around to see if it belonged to anyone. No one claimed it, so I saved it for you, thought you'd like it after hearing your story about the medal a while back."

As I stood holding the medal it struck me "Tom, in the story that I shared that day do you

remember me telling Sherry that the medal that was given to me by my mother was originally found by her in a used book store? Essentially that's where you found this one." We both marveled at the synchronicity of the experience. It almost seemed that I was being reminded of something, no matter how long ago a miracle happens, or where it happens, there are plenty more to go around. That put a little extra skip in my walk that day, and it was much needed too.

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