



“Rocky!”

In September of 1966, all of the family had an evening planned at my brother’s house in Indian Rocks Beach, Florida. It was the second night of “SOUND OF MUSIC” on television and my brother had the best TV in the family, so we were all going over to watch the movie.

Before we could get there, however, my nephew, Rocky Morris, was run over by air conditioning service van.

Rocky had on shorts and a towel safety pinned around his neck so he could be Superman. My brother’s five children had gone down to the end of their street to wait for him so they could ride on the hood of his car back to the house. It was something they did when they knew Dick was coming home. They were not to cross 131st (Vonn Road) but Ricky, the oldest one, had gone across for something and Rocky decided he should too. Ricky told him to stop but it was too late.

By the time the driver of the van saw Rocky in the road, it was impossible for him to stop! He hit Rocky, and Rocky was rolled down the road for yards!

When they got him to the hospital, Rocky had skin scrapped off everywhere. He had 13 bones broken and they didn’t believe he would live. It was several days before they begin to think that he would make it. The doctors had to re-break and set his leg bone twice in the weeks he was in the hospital. Because of that, his one leg was longer than the other.

He was in the hospital until the day before Thanksgiving. We had a big Thanksgiving planned at my aunt & uncle’s in Sarasota, Florida, so that was Rocky’s first big outing.

Just before Christmas, Rocky still could not walk and he scooted around on his bottom. One day when Dick came home Rocky followed him to Dick’s bedroom and told him he wanted cowboy boots for Christmas.

Dick told him he couldn't have boots because he couldn't walk and would scuff them. As Dick was removing my coat Rocky said, "Look dad." He had stood up by the wall and took a couple of steps before he fell.

That's why he got the boots!

One of those boots had to be built up because his one leg was longer than the other, and even with the boot being built up, he still had a very noticeable limp. The doctor told us he would be like that for life.

One Sunday morning in the spring, my Mother and I were sitting together in church when my brother and his family came in. As Rocky walked down the side of the building, I said to Mother, "Mom, look! Rocky is limping, but he is limping on the wrong side!"

That is when we realized we had a miracle right there in front of our eyes!! His leg had grown out to match the other one!

Praise the Lord for His healing power.