

By Russ Pankonin, The Imperial Republican Co-Publisher

As we get ready to celebrate the Christmas holiday, I'm always reminded of some of the "miracles" that are part of this special season—"The Miracle on 34th Street," where Santa really exists; or how about the miracle ol' George Bailey experiences in "It's a Wonderful Life."

These "miracles" got their roots on the silver screen and we all like to fantasize about what it would be like if these things would happen to us.

But you know what, I do believe in miracles.

Over the last two years, I have seen the life of my six-year-old grandson transformed with nothing less than what I believe was a miracle—a miracle from God!

With epileptic seizures worsening two years ago, his parents were told to just give him more medicine—but expect mental retardation.

Through divine intervention, God helped his mother find a doctor at John Hopkins Medical Institute in Baltimore, Md., who specialized in treating his rare form of epilepsy.

Two years later, after adhering to a strict diet, my grandson, Austin Lutz, is just like any other normal kindergartner who's obsessed with learning to read and counting to 100.

What a miracle!

To top that off, my wife, Lori, and I were blessed with our third grandchild earlier this month when Preslin Lorelle Lutz joined Austin and her other sister, Tayvin and parents Brooke and Jeff.

The miracle of life, as much as we take it for granted, is indeed nothing short of a miracle from God.

And as we move into the final stretch of the Christmas season, we can not move forward without remembering the greatest miracle of all—the birth of the Christ Child.

As we prepare for the Christmas celebration, let us keep in sight that it was the miracle of the birth of a Savior from the virgin Mary that represents the true focus of the season.

Miracles do come true.