A little girl went to her bedroom and pulled a glass jelly jar from
 its hiding place in the closet.

 She poured the change out on the floor and counted it carefully.
 Three times, even. The total had to be exactly perfect. No chance
 here for mistakes.

 Carefully placing the coins back in the jar and twisting on the cap,
 she slipped out the back door and made her way 6 blocks to Rexall's
 Drug Store with the big red Indian Chief sign above the door.

 She waited patiently for the pharmacist to give her some attention,
 but he was too busy at this moment. Tess twisted her feet to make a
 scuffing noise. Nothing. She cleared her throat with the most
 disgusting sound she could muster. No good.

 Finally she took a quarter from her jar and banged it on the glass
 counter. That did it!
 "And what do you want?" the pharmacist asked in an annoyed tone of
 voice. I'm talking to my brother from Chicago whom I haven't seen in
 ages," he said without waiting for a reply to his question

 "Well, I want to talk to you about my brother," Tess answered
 back in the same annoyed tone. "He's really, really sick..and I want to
 buy a miracle."

 "I beg your pardon?" said the pharmacist.

 "His name is Andrew and he has something bad growing inside his head
 and my Daddy says only a miracle can save him now. So how much
 does a miracle cost?"

 "We don't sell miracles here, little girl. I'm sorry but I can't help
 you," the pharmacist said, softening a little.

 "Listen, I have the money to pay for it. If it isn't enough, I will
 get the rest. Just tell me how much it costs."

 The pharmacist's brother was a well dressed man. He stooped down and
 asked the little girl, "What kind of a miracle does your brother need?"

 "I don't know," Tess replied with her eyes welling up. I just know
 he's really sick and Mommy says he needs an operation. But my Daddy
 can't pay for it, so I want to use my money."

 "How much do you have?" asked the man from Chicago

 "One dollar and eleven cents," Tess answered barely audibly.

 "And it's all the money I have, but I can get some more if I need to."

 "Well, what a coincidence," smiled the man. "A dollar and eleven
 cents---the exact price of a miracle for little brothers."

 He took her money in one hand and with the other hand he grasped her
 mitten and said "Take me to where you live. I want to see your
 brother and meet your parents. Let's see if I have the miracle you
 need."

 That well dressed man was Dr. Carlton Armstrong, a surgeon,
 specializing in neuro-surgery. The operation was completed free of
 charge and it wasn't long until Andrew was home again and doing
 well.

 Mom and Dad were happily talking about the chain of events that had
 led them to this place.

 "That surgery," her Mom whispered. "was a real miracle. I wonder how
 much it would have cost?"

 Tess smiled. She knew exactly how much a miracle cost...one dollar
 and eleven cents....plus the faith of a little child.