

Success of *Modern Medicine*

Teased mercilessly by schoolmates, Judy Mowray's dispirited son, Wyatt, fought back with his fists and pleaded with his parents for a new ear to replace the one he'd been born without. Doctors couldn't help—but a former secret agent was able to repair Wyatt's appearance and his broken spirit . . .

God's secret agent

Over here, sweetie!" Judy Mowray waved as she spotted her six-year-old son in the crowd of kids after school. But watching her little first-grader mope to the car, the Elko, Nevada, mom's heart sank.

"You okay?" Judy asked gently as Wyatt climbed into the backseat. "No!" he snapped, his lip quivering. "The kids made fun of me—again!" "I'm so sorry," Judy began. But Wyatt quickly cut her off.

Is this what Wyatt has to look forward to—a life of ridicule? Judy cried

"Mommy . . ." he choked, a tear trickling down his cheek, "am I ever gonna get a new ear?"

Judy and her husband, Sean, had eagerly anticipated the birth of their first child. And when, after a problem-free pregnancy, she awoke from her C-section, she was thrilled to hold little Wyatt for the first time. "Hi, baby," she cooed, slipping his tiny hat off and laughing at his thatch of dark brown hair, exactly like his dad's.

Then, suddenly, Judy gasped in shock: "His ear! Where's his ear?"

On one side of her baby's head there was a perfectly formed ear. But on the other, there was nothing except a hole surrounded by a tiny, misshapen lump of cartilage.

"I must have done something wrong!" Judy wept, blaming herself.

But doctors convinced her that she hadn't—Wyatt's problem was just a rare twist of fate.

"Then this is just the way God made him," Judy concluded, focusing instead on all the beautiful, perfect things about Wyatt.

And as he grew, though Wyatt's malformed ear diminished his hearing ability on the affected side, he instinctively learned to cock his head to hear clearly and spoke right on time.

Then it came time for Wyatt to start kindergarten—and Judy's worst fears came true.

"Look at his funny ear!" children taunted. "Hey, can you hear me?" they'd scream in his face.

"They'll stop when they get to know you," Judy soothed when Wyatt came home sobbing. But even into the next school year, the taunting continued. And now, after another day of torture, Wyatt sighed, "All I want is to be like other kids."

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And as calendar pages flipped, her once-cheerful son's confidence withered away and Wyatt became sullen, withdrawn and finally combative, using his fists to try to silence his tormentors.

This can't go on! Judy thought after another call from Wyatt's principal. My boy's dying inside, and he's fighting back the only way he can! she knew. But where will it all lead him? she worried, imagining Wyatt as he grew, torn by shame, depression and anger.

"We've got to do something to help him!" Judy cried to Sean.

But cosmetic surgery would require multiple procedures, including skin grafts from Wyatt's ribs. He'd have to endure months of pain—and doctors weren't confident the final result would even

resemble a normal ear.

Please, God, show us a way to help Wyatt, Judy prayed.

Then one night, Judy happened to flip to a TV news program—and froze. On the screen, a former CIA disguise expert was describing his success creating realistic prosthetic replacements for missing or damaged body features: fingers for an amputee, an eyeball for an accident victim, even a facial mask for a severely burned man.

"Maybe he could help Wyatt!" Judy cried to Sean, quickly scribbling down the man's name, then racing to look him up on the Internet.

Robert Barron had worked for the CIA for 24 years, crafting clever *Mission Impossible*-like facial disguises for spies. Then Robert retired, giving in to a growing secret passion.

"God gave me this gift, and I think I can use it to help a lot of people with special needs," he told friends as he set up shop in the basement of his Virginia home, working his magic for victims of accidents, birth defects and disease.

"This is the answer, I know it is!" Judy cried excitedly as she read Robert's résumé to Sean, who called to set up an appointment.

Soon, Wyatt flew with his parents to Virginia. "Thank you for seeing



"Wyatt got his spirit back," says Judy. "Robert [inset] is our miracle worker."

us, doctor," Judy said as Robert ushered them into his office.

"Oh, I'm not a doctor," Robert answered jovially. "I just try to help when they can't."

Settling Wyatt in a dentist's chair, Robert carefully examined the little boy's misshapen ear and took measurements. Then he leaned back, running his hand through his salt-and-pepper hair.

"Can you give me a new ear?" Wyatt asked shyly, eyes wide and pleading as his parents held their breath.

"You betcha," Robert grinned, gently tweaking Wyatt's nose. "And it won't hurt a bit."

"Yeah!" Wyatt whooped. The process would take months to complete, and the family went back home to wait.

Finally, the call came—and Wyatt and his parents flew back to Robert's office. There, he revealed a silicone ear, perfect in every way except for color.

Attaching it to Wyatt's head with liquid adhesive, Robert set to work like a painter, dipping small brushes in a palette of colors and hand-tinting the ear with a cosmetic pigment to match Wyatt's exact skin color.

Finally, Robert held a hand mir-

"Now I'm just like the other kids," Wyatt cried joyously

ror up to Wyatt's face. "Cool! Mom, Dad, look!" Wyatt cried joyously, seeing how real his new ear looked. "Now I'm just like other kids!"

"Thank you!" Judy wept, embracing Robert. "You're a miracle worker!"

Wyatt proudly returned to school with his new ear, which he attaches every morning with a special adhesive, and it's actually improved his hearing by 20%! Not only do kids no longer pick on him, but his grades have improved and his self-esteem has soared.

"Now I've got lots of friends!" Wyatt says as he runs off to play in the yard, and Judy knows why.

"Our son got much more than a new ear," she beams. "He got his spirit back. All thanks to a secret agent from God."

—Christian Fisher

How your kid should handle a bully



It's natural, as a parent, to want to protect your child. But since you can't always be there, sheriff's deputy Robert Kahn, author of *Too Smart for Bullies*, recommends instructing him or her to:

- Tell another trusted adult—a teacher, parent or police officer.
- Keep his cool. The bully wants to get a "rise," so will likely give up if your child walks away.
- Buddy up. There's safety in numbers, making it harder to pick on any one child.

Has modern medicine worked a miracle in your life? Please send the details along with your name, address and phone number to: Success of Modern Medicine, *Woman's World*, 270 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, NJ 07632. If we print your story, we'll pay you \$250. Submissions may be edited for style.