

The Healing of My Right Eye

A priest suddenly found himself unable to see out of one eye.

Amidst his medical team's uncertainty, he began to entrust himself to Blessed Álvaro. Very soon after, a WhatsApp prayer chain had many people praying for his healing with great faith.

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I am a priest. When I woke up to the sound of my alarm clock on February 16, 2025, I was surprised to find that I couldn't see out of my right eye. I had

been having vision problems for the last two days, which I had attributed to tiredness. I was seeing a bit blurry through that eye and only with some effort. I thought everything would be resolved with a peaceful night's sleep. But the opposite happened.

There is a doctor in the residence where I live. The first thing I did was ask him what I should do. The answer, an obvious one, was that I should go to the emergency room immediately. Since it was Sunday, I didn't want to leave my house, unsure of when I would return, without celebrating Mass. Amid the darkness in one eye and a mix of nerves and fear, I did my best to pray devoutly. Then, I went to the ophthalmic emergency room, accompanied by another resident. I was attended to quite promptly. The doctor's face, which became increasingly serious, started to make

me think that it wasn't as trivial as I had imagined.

Up to that point, I was convinced that my eye was infected, or that it had some other defect that could be easily corrected. But after several tests and the realization that I couldn't even distinguish the color of a large folder the doctor was holding in front of my face with my right eye, I was informed that an ambulance had been called to urgently transfer me to the neurological clinic. It was possible that my blindness was the beginning of a stroke.

That ambulance journey through the streets of Munich, with sirens blaring and blue lights flashing, is etched in my memory as a personal confrontation with death. As I travelled, I seriously thought to myself: "It seems like today might be the day you die." Otherwise, what was the point of the ambulance, the

tension I could feel in everyone around me, the memory of the doctor's face, the speed at which a discomfort in my eyes had turned into the potential onset of a stroke? That's when I started to pray. At first, pessimism overwhelmed me and I couldn't stop thinking about the shortcomings of my thirty-four years of life. But I quickly realized that it was absurd to spend my final moments in such negative thoughts, and I turned my mind to Heaven. Jesus then gifted me with great serenity. If during his time among us He had helped so many blind people regain their sight, why shouldn't He do the same for me? So I began to pray to Him with faith and trust. There's no need to recount the details of my five-day stay in the hospital. As soon as I arrived, I started undergoing several tests to find the cause.

Eventually, the doctors concluded that I had suffered a stroke in my eye, but they couldn't find the cause. My brain, heart, arteries, etc. all seemed to be fine. The doctors were shocked that, at thirty-four years old, in good health, I had experienced something like this. As a small consolation, they told me that everything else seemed to be fine and I didn't need to worry.

But they all told me that it would be impossible to regain vision in my right eye. They told me so every time I asked, and wrote it again on the final report. Too much time had passed since the heart attack without improvement, and I would have to get used to living like this. It was a disappointing answer.

I returned home happy to leave the clinic, but somewhat sad to have permanently lost my eye. I felt very disoriented, especially in open

spaces. I had hardly any depth perception. I began to suffer very intense headaches, which only eased when I lay down in bed. But I never lost hope in prayer. As I wrote, I first turned directly to Jesus. But when I arrived home, a priest brought me some valuable relics of Don Álvaro in a tattered envelope. So I decided to pray for my healing with a novena, praying to his image and touching those relics to my eyes repeatedly.

Within a few days, there was already a WhatsApp group in Germany with about a hundred members asking Don Álvaro for my healing.

Additionally, during those days, I received numerous messages from all over the world to support me and give me strength. Whenever I was asked who I was entrusting my healing to, I would give Don Álvaro's name. This generated a great wave of prayer from very diverse countries.

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From the first day I arrived home, I began to notice a slight improvement. After celebrating Mass after five days without it, I entered my room and was greatly surprised when, for the first time since my stroke, I could distinguish a colour with my affected eye: the light blue of a towel. It was the only beam of light in the darkness of my eye, but a source of great joy and hope for that very reason. We continued praying for healing with even greater intensity.

Over the next three weeks, praying prayer cards to Don Álvaro consistently, I gradually saw

improvement. Every day I regained some sense of colour, I started to see the outlines of things, and the darkness turned into a blurry layer, full of light. I was overjoyed and very grateful when I even started to distinguish some individual words, to the point that I could read normally again.

Against the doctors' predictions, thanks to Blessed Álvaro's intercession and many people's prayers, I fully recovered my sight after less than a month. About three months after losing vision in one eye, I went for a medical check-up. The first eye specialist who attended to me was very surprised by my recovery: "This happens in one in a thousand cases," she said. The head doctor, also visibly surprised, was a bit more reserved. He mentioned that there are studies on vision recovery after an eye infarction, although the causes remain

unknown. In my case, I knew the cause: Blessed Álvaro del Portillo. That's why I confidently told him, "I have been praying a lot for this healing." The ophthalmologist, with a scientist's smile, could only reply, "Your prayer certainly hasn't done any harm."

For my part, I am very grateful for this miracle to Don Álvaro, who was even able to bring a surprised smile to a doctor's face. Along with the external healing, he has given me great faith and confidence in the power of prayer and the communion of saints.

G.B.M. - Germany

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