

Chapter 9

The Healing Complete

“The steps of a godly man,” say the Scriptures, “are ordered of the Lord.” (*Ps. 37:23*)

In the great economy of God, I found that the actions of a godly man or woman are indeed designed and directed by the Almighty. I was to learn that God has a method of deputizing certain of His children to do His work in a way I had never before known or suspected.

I have related the story of my agony and despair in the hospital following a serious operation, and how my hopelessness was converted into the conviction of life and redemption from pain by the ministrations of a heavenly visitor. Now I will continue with the details of the way in which her earthly counterpart, a modest and simple living woman, brought about a deliverance that was all the more miraculous because it was effected, only visibly to be sure, by what seemed to be a human agency, but in truth by a deputy of the Lord.

When I was discharged from the hospital, I remained far from well. My incision failed to heal properly. I was in constant and continuing pain unable to assume my normal home duties. There seemed no progress whatever in my healing. Even my physician confessed that the only course he could recommend was prayer. I prayed. Yet there seemed no diminution, no surcease from the distress and misery that tortured me. The physical pain, the discouragement, and the constant realization that my family and my home were being deprived of my attention overwhelmed me. I did not know which way to turn. Again as I had experienced in the hospital during the days just following my operation, I was close to despair. Yet in this seeming crisis of my life, when there was no healing for me, God was setting in operation the wheels of His great soul-saving machinery.

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In our concern with our own pursuits, our own problems and pains, we give little thought to the problems and pursuits of our fellow man.

The all-seeing vision is God's power alone. Even a hundred yards from one's own dwelling, a story may be being enacted of equal interest to our own. Without our being aware, the current of life flows in many small rivulets to make the great stream that rushes past the sight of the Lord.

At this time, when I was concentrated on my own dilemma to the exclusion of all other concerns, there was a little woman as unknown to me as one on the other side of the world. She was involved in a problem of her own – a happier problem, but one no less important to her. At the moment of which I write, she was having a conversation with her husband regarding the purchase of a new home. Her husband had a very good position affording him ample remuneration. He was advising his good wife to go out in search of a new modern home with contemporary conveniences more suited to their present income than the modest home they had purchased in less prosperous days on the east side of the city. His wife thanked him for his consideration of her; but being a Christian and knowing of the leadings of the Lord, she answered with a mental reservation that she would hold it before the Lord.

The following day she took a list from a newspaper where homes for sale were being advertised. She laid her hands upon the pages of this newspaper and prayed after this fashion:

“Now, Lord, You know that I have given you my life to be Your witness. I am in no way interested in what kind of house I will buy, except it should be where You wish me to labor for You. Place me, dear Lord, where I can be of service to Your souls and of help in building Your kingdom. I will run my finger down the columns of this page, and where You shall stop my finger, there will I go to seek my future home.”

And thus she did. When she had reached a certain advertisement, she felt suddenly arrested of the Lord. Examining the advertisement, she took her hat and purse and started out for the address mentioned in the paper.

It was in a part of the city with which she was not acquainted. Accompanied by the real estate agent who had been commissioned to sell the property, she mounted the steps and opened the door of the house. As she did so, a cloud of gnats flew up into their faces. The fumes of hops, beer, and liquor rose to meet them from the basement, where there was a still. A more discouraging reception would be hard to

imagine. Yet, the little woman knew that for His own reasons, God had directed her footsteps to this house. It was filthy, run down, and anything but the modern home her husband had suggested that she find. But with the wisdom only God can give, she refrained from telling him about it until she had it cleaned, fumigated, painted, and papered. Only then did she take her husband to the home she had purchased. He said; “Well, it isn’t modern, but it is very clean and homey.” He was satisfied because it was what she wanted, and she was satisfied.

This house was directly across the street from where I lived.

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Soon after this couple had moved in, this godly woman heard of my serious plight. Immediately she came to visit me and to tell me with unwavering conviction that “Jesus heals.” I could not receive her strange testimony, nor her assertion that she had been healed of cancer and a tumor and was now a well woman. I had never heard of such a thing at that time. I could not be sure that she was telling the truth, until I challenged her to take me to the one who had prayed for her.

But the challenge merely delighted her. She expressed herself as not only eager to take me, but to help me ready myself for the journey and to obtain a car to transport me. Now I was face to face with my own challenge - the decision to take or refrain from this momentous step. I did not know that God had moved this woman there for me, for my healing and the ministry that lay ahead. This woman had no recommendation other than her great and unquestioning faith in God, a childlike faith, a faith that knew no defeat.

On our way, she told me she was taking me to the Reverend McCaulden of the Christian Missionary Alliance Church on the eastside of the city. She shared how he had prayed for her, and she knew he would be delighted to pray for me as well. So, she took me to this dear saint of God who prayed a simple prayer of faith over me and anointed me with oil in the Name of the Lord. He told me, “It would be done according to the Word of God.” He told also me that whatever my symptoms might be, and however much I might suffer after the prayer, not to regard it – for these would be lying symptoms. He said, “They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy.” (*Jonah 2:8*) He told me that I must not believe the pain of the symptoms, but only the Word of God.

Such was my conviction, trust, and belief in the truth of this holy man that I had not one instant's doubt in his words. For three days and nights after my return home, though I went through the tortures of the damned, wild with pain and with aggravation on every side, I only replied to the questions and concern of my husband and my friends:

“These are but lying symptoms. I am healed!”

And at the end of the third day, the symptoms disappeared. There was no more draining from the incision in my neck. The incision itself began to heal, and to the utter amazement of my family, my friends, and myself, I found that I was “every whit whole.” Now I realize that it is easy for people to believe that God healed in the Old Testament when He said, “I am the Lord that healeth thee.” And, it is easy to believe that Jesus healed when He walked the shores of Galilee. We submit with easy credence to the records of healing in the Early Church as recorded in the Bible, but it is difficult for us to believe that Jesus heals today, a man or woman who may live upon our street or indeed to our own selves. But, “Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever.”

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The little woman whom God had moved across a city, to a strange place and a forbidding home to lead me to this wonder, was named Nelly Williams. She was a godly woman, full of faith and good works. I pray that this memorial of her faith shall challenge those who read this account. The faith of Sister Williams and her life of prayer prepared the ground work in my Christian life for my future ministry. That is why I say; “The steps of a godly man or a godly woman are truly ordered of the Lord.”