



CHRIST

...THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

By
REV. AND MRS. GORDON LINDSAY

Christ—The Great Physician

This book is one of a series of studies on Divine healing and health, that should be in every home. “Christ—the Great Physician”, shows how Divine healing can be a practical reality in the home. It shows how a family can solve the problem of sickness and disease.

Sickness is a serious problem indeed, even from a financial standpoint. Reader’s Digest says each family should put aside \$500 a year against illness. Many families spend more, not to speak of the inconvenience, suffering and trouble resulting from protracted illness.

Mrs. Gordon Lindsay has shared in the preparation of the book. She relates how various sicknesses attacked their family, how the battles were faced, the strategy used and how victory and deliverance were attained.

These incidents related, taken out of the pages of real life, will prove to be a strong stimulus to the faith of believers, most of whom sooner or later will be faced with many of the same crises.

What to do—

- ◆ When cancer strikes.
- ◆ If your child is cross-eyed.
- ◆ If a son loses sight in one eye.
- ◆ If an X-ray shows that the dreaded T.B. has struck.
- ◆ What to do when death strikes.

And what about the infectious diseases, mumps, measles, etc., which people say children will get sooner or later. Is it necessary for them to have these diseases?

In each case God gave the Lindsay family clear-cut deliverance and victory. Gordon Lindsay analyzes the important elements that went into each deliverance. How they met and overcame the stubborn cases. How they obtained a miracle, when a miracle was necessary.

No one can read this book without realizing that Divine healing is a reality and that the days of miracles are not over.

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BY REV. AND MRS. GORDON LINDSAY

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How We Overcame Sickness In Our Home

The problem of sickness is one of the most serious matters which a family has to face. A recent article in a national magazine declares that the average family should lay aside forty dollars a month to take care of possible medical bills. This is nearly five hundred dollars a year. Some families are fortunate, and do not spend that much. Others are involved in medical and hospital bills that amount to thousands of dollars. Some people, as a result of protracted sickness in the family, have been forced to mortgage their homes to defray the cost of expensive treatments.

This is only one side of the picture. It does not take into account those who suffer years of excruciating pain, not to speak of being unable to live a normal life. Or worse, one may be suddenly cut off, leaving behind sorrowing and grief stricken loved ones. Physicians are often able to alleviate pain, and in some cases effect remarkable cures, nevertheless, they themselves recognize their limitations. They frankly make no guarantees that their patients will recover.

Sickness often attacks without warning. Cancer may suddenly strike an otherwise healthy person. If the disease is in an early stage, a surgical operation may stay its progress. Again it may take the person away in a short time, even though thousands of dollars are spent in securing the best help, medical science has to offer. Others more fortunate may recover sufficiently to get around, but are unable to resume their former work, or fulfill the normal responsibilities of life.

Sickness and disease are enemies of the human race. Perhaps one of the strangest delusions entertained in the name of religion is that which regards sickness as the will of God, a blessing sent in disguise. Those who teach this, however, show by their actions that they do not really believe it. When they become ill, they invariably send for the doctor in the hope of

being cured. If they practiced what they are supposed to believe, would they not thank God for their sickness rather than try to evade the will of God by getting well? The fact is, sickness is of the devil, as the Bible plainly teaches. (Job 2:7, Acts 10:38) In the following pages we tell the story of how God helped our family to defeat sickness in our home. We believe that it will help you to do the same thing.

We do not want to give the impression that one secures the blessings of Divine healing and health without a struggle. We have been tested time and again, and on occasion have faced a desperate onslaught from the enemy. At such times it was not the matter of some minor ailment such as a cold or a case of the flu. We have had the devil strike with the sting of death, and only by means of a miracle of God did we survive. We have had to face such diseases as cancer. Once my mother at advanced age suffered a stroke effecting her mind. In each case God wrought a miracle. We have had a son born with cross-eyes, with one eye so defective that it would lie halfway under the bridge of his nose. Another child went blind in one eye. More than once death itself seemed to come into our home. Nevertheless we are able to testify that God has never failed us. He gave us more than grace to bear up under the blow. He answered our prayers and brought us deliverance in every case.

On the following pages we tell the story of how God met our family in dealing with the sickness question. How He has enabled us to enjoy the blessings and benefits of healing and health. We trust that this true story will give encouragement and blessing to others. For, what God has done for us, He will do for you.

Ptomaine Poisoning

Early in my ministry, in fact during my first revival campaign, which was conducted in a tent in a small city of Southern California, I was stricken down with what turned out to be an almost fatal case of ptomaine poisoning. We were never quite certain what brought about the attack, but it undoubtedly

resulted from something that I had eaten. My friends had gone somewhere for the day. It was about noon when severe pains began to seize me, and I lay down thinking that presently I would be better.

This I shouldn't have done. For, had I taken dominion over the thing at once in the Name of the Lord, no doubt I would have secured relief. Instead, in a very short time, agonizing cramps began to strike me at brief intervals, which left me without breath or strength to pray. I believe right there I made a mistake that many Christians make. Instead of rebuking the enemy when he appears with the first symptom, people yield to the thing, and before they realize it Satan has secured a foothold.

When my brethren returned, they saw that I was in a bad way. They prayed for me and others prayed, but at that time I received no visible deliverance, and rather, the cramps apparently increased. I have no desire to exaggerate, but the suffering seemed as intense as it is possible for a human being to experience. Everyone knows how painful a brief cramp can be, but these attacks were not for a moment, or an hour, or a day, but were to continue at intervals of a few moments, over a period of two weeks.

Naturally my brethren became somewhat disturbed over the fact that my condition did not improve. Certain kind neighbors who attended our meetings, volunteered to take me into their home. But in spite of the best possible care, I showed no improvement and steadily grew worse. Of course I could eat nothing; the very thought of food increased my nausea. After a few days when they saw no sign of improvement, these good folk became alarmed and insisted that a physician be called. I thank the Lord for physician friends, but I must testify that as God has revealed Himself as my Great Physician, I have always felt that I must lean upon Him alone. Besides, had we not been preaching to the people that Christ could heal, and now if I could not show these folk that I trusted the Lord for myself, would not that part of our preaching have been in vain?

The family with whom I stayed, was in a dilemma. They

knew little of Divine healing except what we had preached. All evidence seemed to show that I was getting worse rapidly, and that unless something was done, I would die on their hands. In such event, they reasoned, perhaps correctly, that they would be in trouble with the health authorities. To them, there seemed no alternative. Either a physician must be called, or they dare not keep me in their home.

Fortunately, Dr. John G. Lake, who at that time was in San Diego, sent word for me to be brought to his home. I shall ever be grateful for his kindness and hospitality. The ride to San Diego, of sixteen miles, was agonizing although the driver was as careful as possible. Dr. Lake, who had prayed for tens of thousands, and had seen multitudes delivered, prayed for me each evening. Nevertheless, it seemed that nothing could stay the progress of the affliction, which now had reduced me to a condition of extreme helplessness. In my mind, though I hated to think of it, came the recurring thought that death was approaching.

Gradually weakening in body and wracked with constant pain, I resigned myself to death. Yet I pondered the reason for all that had happened to me. Why should I be cut off at the very beginning of my ministry? Why, in a few hours of time, must a telegram be sent to my mother with the words, “Your son passed away at such and such an hour”? I thought of the grief that would come to her. I had wanted to preach the Gospel of Good Tidings more than anything else in the world. Now it appeared that my ministry would end with abruptness. Was this the Will of God?

But God was to show Himself. First, through His Word. Sister Lake had been kind enough to give me some typed sermons by her husband on the subject of healing. As I read those messages, my attention was taken from my suffering to the power of the Risen Christ. Even as I read, I began to feel the moving of faith in my soul. Certain Scriptures came to me with force and vividness. The words quoted by Peter in Acts 10:38, concerning Jesus, **“who went about doing good, and healing**

all that were oppressed of the devil.” left a deep impression upon me. Again in Luke 13, Jesus, in healing the woman bowed over, showed that the infirmity was caused directly by the binding power of Satan. It dawned upon me that it was not the Will of God that I should die, but rather the will of the devil. It was he who would be pleased if he could end my ministry before my time.

Another Scripture came especially to my attention. It was Mark 11:22-24, and is yet today my favorite passage. The words, **“What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them,”** fascinated me. A light was dawning, and I began to understand the difference between passive and active faith. Here was a direct warrant for my immediate healing if I would dare to accept it.

I could wait no longer. An emergency bell was beside my bed and I gave it a ring. A nurse in the household came, and inquired of me what I wanted. I replied rather unceremoniously that I wanted my clothes, so that I could get up. I do not remember her answer, except that she hesitated, perhaps not knowing whether I was in my right mind. But faith had fired my soul and I was insistent. “Come,” I said, “You have been praying for my healing. Believe your own prayers and bring my clothes.” Not knowing what further to answer, the lady decided to humor me and my clothes were brought. How I got into them I do not know, for I was very weak, and though the cramps had lessened, they had not ceased. But my thoughts now were not my pains, but upon the living reality of the promise of God. I knew I was healed!

I had lost twenty-five pounds, and my clothes hung upon me grotesquely, but I gave no heed to this. As my feet touched the floor, I began to praise the Lord for healing. At that instant my cramps vanished. And for the first time in many days I felt the sensation of hunger. I sat down to a hearty meal to the astonishment of everybody except the Lake family, who were used to seeing miracles take place.

I was healed indeed! But there was one thing that God

showed me in my healing that I have never forgotten. If God could heal me after I had been so close to death, how much more could He deliver me and protect me from sickness. It was plain to me that God desired to fulfill His promise by keeping me free from sickness. And so during the past many years, I and my family have proven that the Lord is not only healer of our diseases, but that He can keep the plague from our dwelling. He has not failed us, and we can fully recommend Christ as the Healer to every home.

Summing up, I had learned two great lessons:

1. Faith is an act. After prayer is made for healing, there is a time to act upon the Word of God. Deliverance came to me at the moment that I acted upon the Word of God.
2. Though it is wonderful to be healed, it is better to be delivered from sickness before it overtakes us. The Word of God clearly teaches that Divine health rather than Divine healing is God's plan for the believer. (Exodus 15:26)

Mother Healed of Cancer

For about ten years, I enjoyed the blessings of health, rarely experiencing anything more than the discomfort of a cold. Then one day while I was some three thousand miles from home I received a letter from my father. Mother usually did the writing and when I saw that the letter was written in father's handwriting I knew something was wrong. I soon found out that there was. Mother was desperately ill. Examination proved that she had the dreaded cancer! What terror that word strikes in the heart of many people!

A physician recommended an immediate operation which would be quite expensive and with no more promise than a brief postponement of the inevitable. But mother who had great faith in God determined to trust God for healing.

I was far from home. I wanted to go to mother's bedside, but the depression was on, and having no money, I drove out to an

old school house. Some of the windows were broken, and if my memory serves me correctly, the door hung on one hinge. Kneeling by a bench, I laid the Bible down and opened it to one of the great promises of God, **“What so ever ye desire when ye pray, believe ye receive and ye shall have.”** I did not pray long. It seemed that God’s power was all around me. I said, “O God, although mother is 3,000 miles away, you have all power. I have prayed for others and they have been healed; now mother’s life is at stake. At this moment I believe that your power destroys that cancer and she shall live.” When I arose, an assurance came to me that deliverance had come!

Three or four days later I went again to the post office and found that an air mail letter awaited me. It was in mother’s handwriting, and standing in the post office lobby, I hastily tore the letter open. Down the page I could see the words, “Hallelujah!” “Praise the Lord!” “God has done a miracle.” “The cancer is gone!”

It seemed that about the time that I had prayed, two ladies came to mother’s home. One was a woman of faith. The other’s faith was not very strong. As they waited on the Lord in prayer, suddenly mother said, “Something is taking place; I believe I am healed.” One of the ladies ran out into the kitchen crying and saying, “Poor Effie! Poor Effie! She’s going! One of my relatives felt the same way, and he died the next day. They all think they are getting better just before they die!” But mother said, “No, this is the touch of God.” Soon she got out of bed, went to the bathroom and threw up the cancer. She was indeed gloriously healed. A few months later, she made a trip to California to testify to friends and relatives. I met her there. What a thrill it was to know that God had done the miraculous, and faithfully fulfilled His promise!

The lessons God taught me in this experience were these:

1. When a deadly disease strikes, do not panic. You cannot have faith and have fear. You cannot have fear and have faith. Do not look at the symptoms and allow fear to strike your heart. Look at the Word of God and let it

inspire you to believe.

2. Faith operates instantly and at any distance. At the moment that I prayed and believed God, healing came to mother who was three thousand miles away. Because someone who has faith is not present in person to pray for you, do not despair. God has prepared resources for every situation.
3. After you are healed, stand on the promise, and believe that God keeps you healed. I have heard of cancer returning to some after they were delivered. This is unnecessary, as much so, as for a person to backslide after God has saved his soul.

Marriage

The time came that I was married to a young lady who lived in the city of Portland. She was an excellent Christian and had great faith in God. However, she had not been taught strongly in the truths of Divine healing. It was not long before she was tested in believing God for healing and health, even as I had been tested. But I will let her tell her own story.

Our Family Doctor

By Mrs. Gordon Lindsay

Every family needs a good physician, for it is doubtful that anyone goes through this life without needing help at one time or another. Let me introduce you to our Family Physician.

Shortly after Brother Lindsay and I were married, twenty two years ago, we went to Billings, Montana, to start a new church. With the work small, and having mostly untrained helpers, I found myself song leader, Sunday School superintendent, young people's president, janitor, etc. Besides this, Brother Lindsay and I were going from house to house daily, passing out handbills and inviting the townspeople to our services.

It was unseasonably rainy. The water seeped into the rough tabernacle, soaking the sawdust and leaving large pools of standing water, before the condition could be corrected. After leading the singing each night, I would come from the platform, many times perspiring, and sit in the crude benches, my feet on the wet sawdust, and with the atmosphere dripping with humidity.

I developed a heavy chest cold with intermittent coughing. My weight dropped to 94 pounds. By this time, Brother Lindsay decided I needed a rest, so he drove me back to Portland, Oregon, to my mother's, leaving me there, while he returned to Billings. Ten days passed, and one morning while attempting to pick up a light footstool, I fell on top of it.

My sister put me back to bed, and then weeping, told me that the whole family was certain that I had T.B., but they had hated to tell me.

The Dreaded Tuberculosis!

T.B. What a horrible word! I, too, was afraid that I had it, but I would not let myself think about it. But now my sister intimated that I was its victim. Could it be true?

At the insistence of my family, my lungs were x-rayed. The result: the best lung was entirely spotted with T.B.; the other, so full of liquid that it showed up only as a blur. The remedy: one year in bed, either in a sanitarium or wherever I could get constant and good care. Perhaps I would recover. My youth was about the only thing in my favor. What a bleak future for a bride of a few months!

About this time, my husband's parents were greatly stirred. They had lived in Zion City, Illinois, under Dr. Dowie, where they had seen many miracles. So they immediately called their son. Having received the message, he got into his car, drove the 1,000 miles back to Portland, stopping only along the side of the highway to get a few winks of sleep.

Now he stood by my bed. With real faith and determination, he encouraged me in the Lord. He suggested I spend the remainder of the day preparing my heart, and then he would pray for my healing.

I wept and prayed before the Lord confessing any unbelief, and asking God to erase any sin of omission. The Scripture I John 3:21, was quickened to my soul: **"If our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God."**

I felt no sense of condemnation. I was now ready for prayer. Brother Lindsay prayed a few minutes with me, and then we began thanking God for answering us. No immediate change was apparent, but I stood on the healing promises. I got up, walked about for a little while, then lay down again. I repeated this several times during the day.

By the third day, we were on our way back to Billings, Montana! Within a month, I had regained most of my strength and was able to resume my duties at the church and in my home. Through the years, by taking a short rest period each afternoon, I have been able to lead a more than active life, with many

demands upon my time and strength. How happy I am today, that in Satan's first all-out attack to cut my life short, I turned my case over to our Family Doctor, and I have never had a recurrence of T.B. since.

"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law," (Gal. 3:13) And Deut. 28:22 tells us that a part of this curse is consumption or T.B. Praise God!

In 1940, our first baby, Carole, was born. She was a chubby, nine pound picture of health. How happy we both were. But on the second day, as I placed my hand under her head, I was startled to feel a large knot, as large as a fifty cent piece and protruding quite badly. I had a feeling that this could be something very serious. But doubt gave way to faith, as we daily thanked the Lord for the answer. Then I forgot about it.

One day, long afterward as I was washing her hair, imagine my joy, when I could find not even a trace of the growth. Today she is attending college and making excellent grades. Again, our Family Physician won the case!

When Carole was two, I began to develop a slight itching and burning on my body. We were in evangelistic work and constantly on the go. You know, many times if our affliction is not grave enough to hinder our daily routine, we do not seriously take the matter to the Lord. And so the weeks passed. But by now, I was feeling real discomfort, so-much-so, that my sleep was interrupted, and many times in my waking moments, I would have to grit my teeth from sheer distress. I told my husband that unless God intervened, I would have to leave the field. A nurse friend of ours said it sounded like cancer to her, and suggested I have an immediate examination.

That night Brother Lindsay announced a healing service and asked those who wished prayer to spend the next two days in fasting. So for those two days, I closeted myself alone with God, then went into the prayer line. No feeling. No change. Only God's promises. But that was enough! During the night, as each attack came upon me, I rebuked the devil in the Name of Jesus. When darkness fled, as the morning rays burst through my

window, sweet relief had come and I had the assurance that the victory was won.

The Great Physician was present, and I am still healed today!

Cross-Eyes

In 1943, Gilbert, our oldest son, was born. After a few weeks, when his beautiful, large, brown eyes should have normally begun to focus, we noticed that they did not. As we watched him, day after day, we came face to face with the fact that his eyes were hopelessly crossed. At the age of two, the pupil of his one eye would often slide behind the bridge of his nose, so that only the white would show. Many advised treatments or an operation. It was a long battle. I am sure that several thousand times we thanked the Lord for the answer. Today, when we tell strangers about the great victory, it is hard for them to believe it, but we have photographs to prove it. We had made contact with the Divine Optometrist! Ye shall, **“through faith and patience inherit the promises.”** (Heb. 6:12)

The Car Accident

One night as we were returning home from church in our car, I heard the rear door open. Just as I turned my head, I saw Carole, aged five, lose her balance as she attempted to close it. Seated in the front and holding Gilbert, I was unable to grab her, as out of the door she fell with a shrill cry, as our car turned a corner.

Slamming on the brakes, my husband rushed to her first. There she lay, whimpering, on the pavement. She had slid along the road on the side of her face, and it was a mass of blood. Quickly we picked her up, rushing her to our home. By now she was shaking as though she would go into convulsions. She was bleeding internally and passing blood through her mouth. Needless to say, we mightily called on our God. All night, her

father kept a vigil over her. She never suffered any ill effects nor scars, and one week later, as we attended a Fellowship Meeting at the church of Brother Lindsay's sister and brother-in-law, Rev. and Mrs. L. D. Hall, her face had nearly entirely healed, with new baby skin covering the bruises. The Master Surgeon had done a beautiful piece of plastic surgery!

Angelic Protection

When Gilbert was four years old, we lived in the lovely mountain resort of Ashland, Oregon, in the parsonage which was next door to a large gas station and garage that serviced huge, cross-country vans. On this particular day, Gilbert was kneeling on the sidewalk, tying a toy to the rear of his tricycle.

Suddenly, as the station attendant watched, one of those large trucks began backing right in the direction of our child. The man shouted loudly, but the trucker, due to the noise of the motor, failed to hear him and kept right on backing. The attendant threw his hands over his face, feeling certain that the child would be crushed to death. But in that split second, the driver, for some unknown reason, threw on the brakes. The service employee ran to the side of Gilbert, who was complaining that "that old truck tore my stocking." The truck had torn the sock from the child's foot, but left him unharmed! A few more inches, and he could have met death. How relieved we were to have committed our child at the beginning of that day to Him Whose eye never slumbers nor sleeps.

A Deadly Carbuncle!

Having resigned our church in Ashland, to begin publication of *The Voice of Healing*, we found ourselves living in the Deep South—in lovely Shreveport, Louisiana.

As the children were in school, we felt it best for me to stay with them during the school year. My husband often went on speaking engagements. On this particular trip, he had gone to Baltimore, sitting up most of the night in a drafty airport

waiting-room. The next night he was up again until almost dawn to help a fellow-minister. But he noticed a soreness in his neck, which became steadily more painful in the next several days.

By the time he was to return home, his neck was giving him serious trouble! Stopping off at Memphis, Tennessee, he went quickly to a doctor's office for an examination. The doctor diagnosed it as a carbuncle at the top of the spine, and urged him to go to the hospital at once for an operation. Brother Lindsay told him that it was necessary for him to complete his trip to Shreveport. Only with the promise that he would see a doctor immediately, did the M. D. reluctantly release him. My husband assured him without delay, upon his arrival home, he would get in touch with his *Family Doctor*.

Arriving home from the office, I found him lying on the sofa, his face drawn in pain. Yet, I did not get the full impact of his condition at once. We prayed, but for several days the back of his neck increased swelling, while the carbuncle took on a reddish, ominous, dark hue. Friends dropped in. Some intimated that it had gone into blood poisoning. Another very dear friend called a wonderful Christian doctor, who advised an operation at once due to the danger of spinal meningitis setting in, because of the location of the carbuncle.

The first few days at home, he urged me to bring from the office a medical book so that he could read the information under the word "carbuncle." I read it at the office and this is what it said: "A very painful and dangerous infection ... often in the nape of the neck... causing great exhaustion from the poisoning... death often follows." I decided right then and there that he did not need that kind of encouragement, so neglected to bring it each night.

But now, he rarely talked to anyone, keeping his face to the wall most of the time. Should he go to the hospital? He chose to stay at home. The doctor suggested I put hot packs on his neck to give some relief. This I did, desperately clinging to God. Finally, after what seemed an eternity of blackness, the light began to shine through. The witness was born in our hearts and

we knew God had heard. Within a few hours, the carbuncle took on multiple heads, all of which seemed to break at once, while a tea-cup of pus ran from them. Four days later, he was in the House of the Lord, magnifying the Great Deliverer!

“Your Boy’s Right Eye Is Blind!”

In 1952, The Voice of Healing Offices were moved to Dallas, the commercial center of the South—an ideal location for evangelists and missionaries passing through. We settled in our house, put the children in school, and became busily involved with our Lord’s work. Then after dinner one night, I received a telephone call from the school nurse concerning our youngest child Dennis, now eight. She said that she had been observing Dennis’ right eye for a period of six weeks, which on first examination appeared to be nearly blind. Since children that age sometimes feign blindness, especially if they see someone in the class with a new pair of glasses getting a lot of attention, she told me that she waited for several weeks, and then checked him again. Pretending to have forgotten which the bad eye was, she said to him, “Now, let’s check the good eye first,” as she covered the left eye. Immediately he called her attention to the fact that the left eye was the good eye. She said she looked at his record with a pretended rebuke, “I have the card right before me. You are wrong.” Again he remonstrated. So convinced of his truthfulness, she once more made a thorough check.

She said that beyond a shadow of a doubt, the child was nearly blind in the right eye. Had he been hit by a ball, or received a hard fall? We were at loss! She urged us to have his eyes x-rayed, for it could be something serious. Immediately I was reminded of a friend who shortly before had lost the sight of one eye. Tumors! They removed the one eye, and hoped the other would not be affected. Could this be the case of my child, with maybe total blindness awaiting him?

We tested the eye and found that it was blind as the nurse had said. I quickly ran to my husband. He quietly said that we would trust God. He wanted to spend a few days waiting on God

before praying. Before he was ready, one Sunday night, the children and I attended a revival at a Full Gospel church, held by one of our deliverance evangelists. A prayer line was formed. I caught my little boy's attention as he sat on the front row. He appeared to be about half asleep as I nodded for him to get in the line. He shook his head several times, "No." As I prayed silently, I saw him get up slowly and make his way to the rear of the church, as by now the line had become very long. Only one tiny girl was behind him.

By the time the evangelist prayed for all those people, he was very weary. When he came to our boy, he quickly said, "God, heal this little boy," and passed him on. Being quite human, I was disappointed. I thought, "The evangelist didn't even ask what was wrong with him, and what a short prayer!" However, as we drove home, I felt a rebuke for having felt the way I did, so determined not to make a negative statement. As we stepped inside the house, I asked Dennis, "Did the Lord heal you?" To which he replied as if surprised that I would ask such a superfluous question, "Yes." I took him into the bedroom, away from the rest of the family, locked the door and pointed to a large number on the calendar, having covered his good eye. Without any difficulty he read the figures. Next I picked up my Bible. He read it perfectly. Then I tried him on a very small type testament. He could read very little.

In the presence of the family, we went through the same tests. We praised God for what He had done. Turning to Dennis I said, "Now tomorrow morning before you go to school, we shall let you read out of the small testament." His vision was some improved by the next morning. The second morning, he missed only a few words, and on the third, praise God, he could see every letter clearly!

By this time, Dennis had been transferred to a new school, built about four blocks from our home. Knowing that the new nurse would have all the old records, I made an appointment with her to have Dennis' eyes checked. This she did, saying he had 20-20 vision! But when she pulled out his card, she was not

a little non-plused. “What’s happened here?” she exclaimed. I then testified to his healing, but she flatly refused to believe, saying “Those things don’t just happen. It must have been a temporary blindness that corrected itself.” How sad that some today will not give glory to God.

But then I called the first nurse, and told her that Dennis’ test showed he now had 20-20 vision. I told her how he was healed. With gratitude for my calling her, she said, “Isn’t that wonderful! I believe every word of it!”

As I write, just a few minutes ago, I asked Dennis—now thirteen years old—which was his bad eye, and he said, “I can’t remember. I can see perfectly out of both.” Our Family Oculist had come to the rescue!

The Mumps!

Six years ago, we sold our home so that we would have funds to build The Christ for the Nations Printing Plant, that we might economically print millions of deliverance books and magazines. (God has since made this come to pass.) We therefore moved our family into a downstairs apartment at the office. Moving is always a big job, especially with three children. Wearily, I climbed into bed at the close of that Memorial Day, and fell into a sound sleep. The next morning, I awoke feeling quite rested, and praising God for the sweet peace that came as a result of having done what we felt God wanted us to do.

I had been awake only a few minutes when Gilbert came into the room, his face badly swollen. When I asked him what the trouble was, he said, “It might be the mumps. I’ve been playing across the street with Butch, and you know, he’s had them for two weeks.”

No, I didn’t know that Butch had the mumps! What a development! Here, the editor’s family, living in the quarter of Christ for the Nations, and down with the mumps! Satan just would not win this sort of strategy. An indignation came over us

as my husband and I prayed. Within a few hours, the swelling had gone down, his fever left, he ate normally and played all day, while we sang the praises of God. Our Specialist in Child's Diseases had brought the cure!

Several weeks passed, and Brother Lindsay was again out of the city. One day I noticed that my jaws were giving me trouble as I chewed. The discomfort increased as time passed. On Sunday night, I returned from church to find I had a bad headache. Thinking I could sleep it off, I went right to bed. After a few hours, I awoke with a raging fever. My neck was very sore and I knew that I had picked up Gilbert's mump germs. All alone, I got on my knees in bed, and served notice on the devil that he had lost the first battle, and that according to God's word, he was about to lose the second. Again and again, I quoted the promises of God out loud, while the children slept soundly on, in the next room. Finally, I fell asleep, and when I awoke, I was wringing wet with perspiration. The fever had vanished and I was well! Our Family Physician, who is never too tired, never too busy, nor out of His office, made the call in the middle of the night, and I was healed.

“He That Dwelleth in the Secret Place”

When Gilbert was fifteen years old, he was returning home one afternoon, from high school. With him was a group of boys, all of them running for a bus, which had stopped for them on busy Jefferson street. Gilbert was in the lead, and failed to see a car that was coming very rapidly. All cars in the second lane of traffic had already stopped for the boys, but the man in the third lane said that he actually did not see the boys.

At that moment, when Gilbert saw that he was going to be hit, he said that he gave a desperate leap. The car miraculously missed him, but caught the trumpet that he was carrying, and hurled it clear across that wide intersection. Strangely enough, when he picked up his horn, neither it nor the case was in any wise damaged. When he told us about it, we reminded him that he had been dedicated to the Lord as a child, and also recalled

the night that he received his trumpet, when our whole family knelt in prayer and dedicated it to the Lord. How wonderful and true the words of the Psalmist, **“For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands....”**

How do others live without Him? I wonder. Many don't. They go to premature graves. Even some useful Christians are cut short through lack of knowledge of God's healing power. I feel it would be criminal to know the message of Divine Healing and not share it with a dying world.

In the twenty-two years of our marriage, not including the time when our three children were born, we have spent perhaps a total of twenty-five dollars for doctor bills, such as shots when we were going into a foreign country, etc. But by the preceding pages, you can see that Satan has not left us unchallenged. What a different story from the conversation I heard a few weeks ago in a crowded super-market.

Said one man to another, “You know, most of my check for the past year has gone to the doctor.” To which the other replied, “That's my complaint. My family has had nothing but doctor and hospital bills all year, until I feel like turning my whole check over to the doctor each week, no questions asked. He gets it anyway. You might say, ‘I'm just working to support the doctor’.”

True, doctors perform many wonderful services, and with much of the world having little knowledge of God's promises of healing, they do a vital work. But how much better it has been for us personally, to have invested our resources in the spreading of the Gospel and the salvation of souls, thus laying up treasures in heaven, and being spared many times the pain of operations and long treatments, and the cost of thousands of dollars by having our personal Physician, Doctor Jesus! We can say from experience, **“Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases!”** Psalms 103:3

I do not think that I need to add to my wife's testimony, except to say that it is all true. Divine healing works! I will,

however, summarize a few of the lessons that we learned from these experiences we have had. While it is true that we have had some severe tests, nevertheless, with few exceptions, we have enjoyed uninterrupted health. We can truthfully say that sickness has had a very minor role in our lives. And when it has come we have found that invariably Christ, the Great Physician, was there to deliver us. Our chief interest in recording these things is to help others to likewise enjoy the great benefits of Divine health. It is really much easier to receive and maintain the blessing of health than it is to be constantly seeking healing from this or that affliction after it has become intrenched. From our experiences, related in my wife's account, I will briefly note a few of the important lessons we learned.

1. In the case when my wife was struck down with T.B., it was apparent that she had gone beyond her strength. Many Christians do just that. Under the burden of the work, many pastors and pastors' wives overdo, fail to take proper rest, and as a result have a breakdown. That was the case of Epaphroditus. (Read Phil. 2:25-30) We rejoiced in my wife's great deliverance, which came with spectacular swiftness, considering the seriousness of her condition. But we realized that she must take care of her body. From then on each afternoon, she set aside a short period in which she completely relaxed. The result has been that she has been able to do much more, and do it well, than she had during the time when she took no time out for rest.
2. In the case of the cancer symptoms, there was no apparent change in the symptoms after my wife was prayed for. Had she not been instructed, she could have said as do countless others, "Well I didn't get healed this time, but I'll try again." Had she confessed such unbelief, she would not have received deliverance. But by reckoning God's word was true, that the work was done, and by confessing faith instead of unbelief, her healing came and the symptoms never reappeared.

3. In the case of the crossed eyes, we had to stand on the promise a long time, but finally the answer came. Gilbert's eyes, while not as strong, perhaps, as the eyes of some people, have nevertheless experienced a most wonderful miracle.
4. As regards to the accidents or near-accidents that happened to our children, we make this comment. No Christian parent should let a day pass but what they put their family into the hands of the Lord. **"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."** Psalms 34:7 We cannot be on the alert twenty-four hours a day, but we can put our family into the keeping of Him **"whose eye never slumbers nor sleeps."**
5. In the case of the healing of Dennis' blind eye, a very important truth is brought out. Jesus said, **"They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."** Yet the average person will not believe, if only this simple command is carried out. They want to relate in full detail all about their symptoms, both real and imagined. After that, they want a nice long prayer made. If the evangelist does not do it in just that way, they are disappointed, and may make no effort to believe. Dennis, however, believed that when the evangelist touched him, he would be healed. And that is exactly what took place.

NOW AS TO MY OWN HEALING FROM THE DEADLY CARBUNCLE which came when it seemed that life itself was despaired of, I shall give my testimony in the words that I used when writing the story a few days after the miracle of healing took place.

What to Do When Death Strikes

In relating this experience, which came to me recently, I do so, trusting that I will give help and encouragement to others

who may have a desperate encounter with the enemy. For a quarter of a century, I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted health, and on several occasions when sickness has attempted to secure a foothold in our home, God miraculously intervened and delivered us from all the works of Satan. I say this not boastfully, but as one who is humbly grateful for God's grace and mercy, which He has always seen fit to extend to us.

A few weeks ago, I was engaged in some important business in the East. It required my being up 'till very late hours, and on some nights, I secured very little sleep. This was nothing new to me, since ordinarily, two o'clock in the morning has been the time I usually retire.

The Devil Strikes Unawares

About a day or two after I began this business trip, I became aware that a boil of some kind was forming on the back of my neck. Boils are usually inconsequential incidents, and I hardly gave the matter a passing thought. The next day, however, I noticed that the swelling was not the same as that of an ordinary boil. Had I been home, I certainly would have followed my usual pattern of action when any kind of sickness has seemed to threaten. I mean by this that at such times I always wait upon God until I feel that I have dominion over what may seem to be portending trouble. But I was at the business part of my journey and matters I was dealing with were of such a nature they were occupying all my attention and time. My mistake was a common one—people usually do not get in earnest when an affliction threatens, until the thing becomes securely entrenched.

Concluding my business on Friday, I found myself at the great Washington, D.C., airport, a little after midnight, standing by for possible space on an airliner headed west. It was at this time that I realized something was seriously wrong. The boil now extended over a space of several inches in width and was quite painful.

I was fortunate to get a plane that took me as far as

Memphis. But arriving at the city, I was too weak to proceed further, and so remained overnight in a hotel. By morning, I found that the infection had spread across my entire neck, and was extremely hard and painful when touched.

I Learn the Seriousness of My Condition

While waiting for a plane, I determined to find out just what the trouble was, and made an inquiry of a local physician. He took just a brief glance and his face paled. Looking at me earnestly, he said, "Sir, I am sorry to tell you this, but this is a most serious infection—it is a carbuncle, and has developed to the point where it is going to give you great trouble; such things often result in..." His voice trailed off, and then continued, "The infection is near your spinal cord, and can result in spinal meningitis." He spoke decisively, "You must have medical treatment at once."

I was weak and exhausted and in no condition to argue. So I said, "Doctor, I thank you for this information, but I will do nothing until I reach Shreveport. My plane leaves shortly." The physician was a kindly man, and he was convinced I did not realize the gravity of the situation. He admonished, he urged, he cajoled, he begged, he almost threatened. But I was adamant. If this was a matter of life and death, then I must throw myself on the mercy of Jehovah Rapha, the Lord our Healer; and weak as I was, I did not feel that I could convince him. He looked at me again and, almost with tears in his eyes, said, "If you do not have the money, don't worry over that. Your life is more important than money." Of course, the money was not the object, and I could not but appreciate the kindly solicitude of the physician.

When the doctor saw that I would not undergo medical treatment in Memphis, he turned to me and said, "I'll let you go on one condition—that you call your physician as soon as you reach Shreveport." I replied, "Doctor, I promise you that the moment I get to Shreveport I'll call on my Physician." I kept that promise, even before I got to Shreveport. I most earnestly called on my Physician—the Great Physician, the Sympathizing Jesus.

The Battle Begins

In Shreveport, the battle began. I believe that an answer from heaven came the first day, but due to an organized attack of the powers of hell, the result was not manifest immediately. Because of the peculiar part our organization plays in these great salvation-healing revivals, the devil evidently believed he could effect a damaging blow, if he could get me out of the way. No man is indispensable, yet each of us is given a task that is peculiarly our own.

Having great confidence in the prayers of others, I sent out telegrams to several of my brethren containing the following words:

The devil has struck me with a serious infection. I am convinced as with Daniel, the answer has already been sent. Undoubtedly this attack is tied up with the devil's attempt to frustrate the rapidly growing world. Please hold on to God with me for the manifestation of complete deliverance.

Gordon Lindsay

At this point, I wish to express my deep appreciation for all those who held faith with me, and some who visited and prayed with me. We are members of one Body, and the prayers and faith of others are of great significance and importance.

The Battle Rages

For three days the battle raged. I could feel the terrific impact of spiritual forces in action, in which the carbuncle seemed to be the nerve center of the battle arena. In the natural, the issue seemed in doubt. But in the spiritual realm, God gave me peace, and I could feel that the Spirit of God was raising up a standard against this menacing evil that was searching for my life. The struggle went on for hours—sometimes in the middle of the night. After I had prayed for healing, I ceased begging or crying. I have often seen this method used and it is worse than useless. I just kept praising God for the victory that I knew was surely mine.

One other thing I did. I searched my life carefully, and asked the Spirit of God to turn the searchlight on anything that was displeasing to Him. An attack by the enemy should always be a means of drawing us closer to God. A great mistake, and one alas made too often, is that when Satan strikes, people begin to whine and say, “I don’t know why this had to come on me.” An attack by the enemy, may not indicate any outbroken sin, but it often indicates that we have let the devil break down the hedge of Divine protection somewhere, if only that we have failed to obey the laws of rest, diet, health, etc.

When one is in severe pain, the greatest battle is to reject the false sense knowledge that denies the promise of God. If not properly taught, one is almost certain to accept the verdict of the pain, rather than to praise God for the sure promise of healing and deliverance.

A Premature Victory

On Tuesday afternoon, I felt that victory had come. Simultaneously the great swelling opened and the poison began to drain out. Every hour or so, my wife would put a fresh hot pack on the place of infection, and the draining continued without cessation. The pain had ceased, and at last I could fully relax. God had graciously prevented the affliction from passing to any other part of my body—a remarkable exception to the normal and usual course of a carbuncle.

A Trick of the Enemy

I will admit that I was not prepared for the next development. Apparently Satan considered that there was much at stake in the outcome of the battle and had no intention of retiring from the field until, he had played his last card. My father and mother were visiting us at the time. Father, who is seventy-eight years of age, had never been really sick in his life. He has led a very temperate life, and has hardly known what sickness is.

At one o'clock on Wednesday morning, my wife was applying cloths, for the poison was flowing out very rapidly. I had completely relaxed, and was enjoying the restful feeling that had come. At that moment, my father came into the room. I thought perhaps he had come to see how I was, but one look at him, and I knew something definitely was wrong. His face grimaced with pain. He informed us that his kidneys had locked, and I could see that he was in great agony.

I also perceived that he was suffering so much he would not be able to get victory himself. Satan, frustrated, had apparently lashed out against him.

I was distressed. There was my poor old father, whose hands had soothed my brow many a time. When, as a child, I was in need, he had waited on me more times than I can remember. Now there he was in pain and suffering, begging me to pray for him. It was almost more than I could bear. I arose from my bed, and with all my strength began rebuking the enemy. But soon my strength was exhausted, and I had to fall back on my bed. Five or six times I arose to rebuke the enemy, but at last I fell back utterly exhausted. (Father recovered, for which we are thankful—Praise God! He is now 87 years old and is entirely caring for himself in His own home.)

Had I Lost My Healing?

As for me, I fell into a fitful sleep of exhaustion. I would see hallucinations and time after time I would wake with a sudden start. At length in the afternoon my wife came and looked at the carbuncle. It was red and angry, had increased in size, and worse—it had completely closed up. She had little to say. Her face was solemn, and the thought came to me, "Had I, through this over-exertion, lost my healing?" Temptations which are nothing in normal times, loom large when one's strength is completely exhausted. Yet, in my extremity, God helped me. I grimly determined to refuse to accept anything but that God had healed me. That was my decision, live or die—sink or swim.

Having no strength to pray, I picked up the Bible and read the story of Hezekiah's sickness unto death. He too had been afflicted with a terrible boil or carbuncle, and when he had inquired of the Lord, the prophet had brought him word, **"Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live."** I read on. I saw how Hezekiah had turned his face to the wall, and had pleaded with God to spare him and give him additional years of life. As a result of his prayers, God sent him a message that he should recover, and live fifteen additional years.

I read further. Though Hezekiah had been told of his healing, yet apparently the symptoms were still there—the hideous, terrible, death-dealing carbuncle was still on his body. The pain was there, and nothing apparently had changed. To stimulate his faith, he asked God for a sign. He was given his choice of whether the shadow would go forward or backward ten degrees on the sundial of Ahaz. Looking objectively at Hezekiah, we would probably think that the miracle of the shadow moving on the sundial would be far beyond the mere healing of a carbuncle. But as I lay there in bed, I could understand how that terrible, painful, boil, loomed larger to Hezekiah than anything else. He asked that the shadow go backward ten degrees, in order to give him faith for the healing of this affliction, of which as yet he saw no signs of abatement.

Not in a moment, but gradually, as I lay there I realized that God had given me a greater sign than He gave to Hezekiah—the sign of the Son of Man, **"by Whose stripes we are healed,"** and **"Who took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses."** And when He did this on Calvary, the sun did not just retreat ten degrees, but it withdrew its shining altogether! When Jesus died, darkness came upon the face of the entire land! Calvary is a sign to every sick person that Jesus has borne his sickness.

As I lay in bed, praising God for the healing, it seemed that a new strength came to me, and a voice seemed to say, "Do not doubt your healing." I fell asleep believing that victory had come, and Satan was defeated. When I awoke in the morning, I found that the swelling was going down rapidly, and the poison

was again flowing from it. That was Thursday. By Monday, I was back at the office working, and that evening I attended a church service. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Hezekiah went up to the house of the Lord on the third day. I believe that I could have gone on the third day also, but friends told me I had better wait another day.

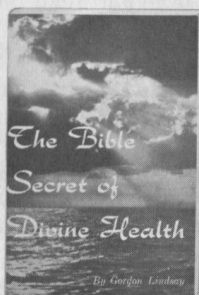
My testimony is that of Hezekiah after he had been healed. **“The Lord was ready to save me, therefore we will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of our life in the house of Lord.”** Isa. 38:20.

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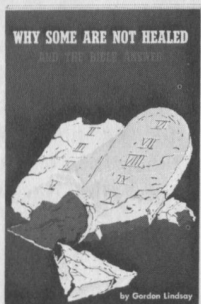
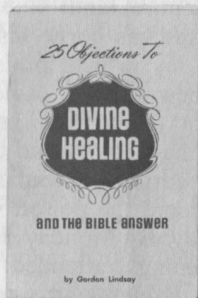


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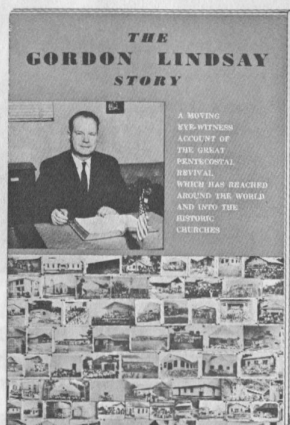
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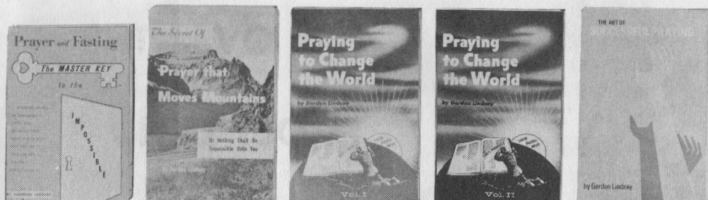
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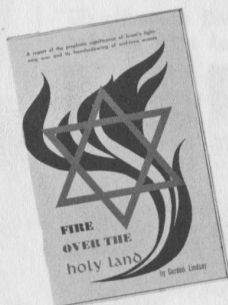
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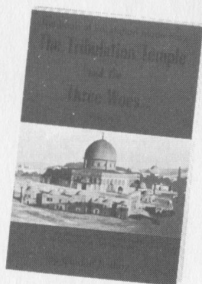
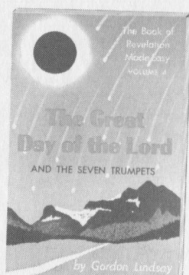
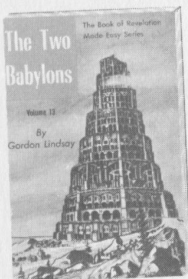
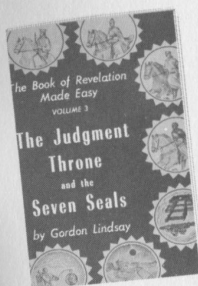


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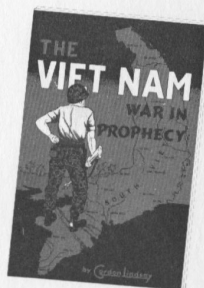
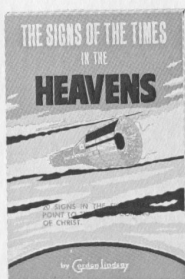


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