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*How I  
Was Healed*

MRS. E. FRANCES STEBBINS

*Dr. King's mother*

## HOW I WAS HEALED

Nearly nine years ago God sent into my life a missionary from Turkey. She was a missionary there three years, and while there learned to know God as her healer and physician.

She told me her wonderful experience, but it seemed too wonderful for me to comprehend at that time, and I did not think seriously about taking God for my healer and physician until last summer, when I was taken very ill. My dear friend visited me and said she knew God was able to heal me and I did get better, but grew much worse again and I did pray believingly, but there was so much unbelief about me and I had so much pain and distress my dear ones urged me to call the doctor, which I did to please them. After doctoring four months with tonics and various medicines my doctor sent me to the hospital, where I remained two weeks, and suffered a great deal of pain both day and night. Had ulcers of the intestines and nervous prostration.

After having two of the best doctors in Plainfield and not getting better my sister came from New Haven, Conn., and urged me to go to her home where I could have the best of care and every need supplied without any expense or anxiety. My physician urged me to go.

I felt it was a great undertaking to go so far from home in my weak condition, but was willing to do what was best.

Before starting, my dear children, aged 14, 17 and 19 years, knelt with me in prayer, and I committed them to God's care.

I suffered all the way to New Haven and was put to bed as soon as I arrived, where I remained six weeks. My doctor was an old friend of the family and very interested. He

gave me heroic treatment and said I was all clogged with medicine and my organs needed complete rest, and no more medicine for a time.

He came every day for a month and said I was in a very serious condition. He tried to build me up with fresh air and nourishing food, so I could undergo an operation. I slept very little nights and had no appetite at all. My dear mother was with me and cooked dainty food for me, but I dreaded to see the tray coming. My mouth tasted so badly and I had no desire for food. Suffered such pain and soreness I did not care to eat, and yet I did try to please my mother, but they all felt I was very hard to please, but no one but God knew what I suffered with my nerves as well as with pain and soreness. At times I felt much better and the doctor would let me get up and go down stairs, but I would get too tired and the doctor would send me back to bed again. I continued on in the same way, first better, then worse, for four months more.

I told my mother and my doctor I had lost all faith in medicine and I would not take any more. I had done everything to assist in my healing, both by resting and dieting.

My doctor said he had given everything he knew of a good test and the only way to recover was to have an operation. I had been in bed again for four weeks and two days and I decided I would get up and walk around the rooms.

During my illness I had often wished there was some one near who believed in Divine Healing. I had read in James 5:13, 14, 15, 16, where we are commanded to call the Elders of the Church to pray for the sick, and I truly desired to have some one pray for me, but I knew of no one in the large city of New Haven who believed in Divine Healing. My mother suggested my calling a Christian Scientist whom we knew as a healer, but I

could not accept their teachings. I knew God was there and if all else failed I should turn to Him and depend upon God.

I prayed about the operation, but I felt God did not want me to be operated upon. I felt my doctor had done as much as any doctor in the world could do for me, but he said if I wished to get well I must be operated upon. I felt God was able to heal me. All else had failed and I was ready to obey and trust Him.

Tuesday, 19th of March, I decided to get up and walk about the rooms, which I did for two hours and as I retired I felt very sore and discouraged. These words came to me: "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." I paid no attention to it, as I did not realize it was God's voice. Wednesday I sat up three hours, and all that day the same words kept running through my mind. As I retired I realized it was God's voice speaking to me, and I said: "O, my Father, do you want me to fast?" And He said: "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." I said: "Where you lead, Lord, I will follow."

The next day, the 21st of March, I began fasting, and when my mother brought me my raw eggs and orange juice as usual, I said, God has told me to fast and I must obey Him. I began singing and praising God and asked my mother to please tell my sister and family I wished to be alone.

The words of Malichi 3::10 came to me, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing that there will not be room enough to receive it." I said, "Lord, if I've kept anything back from Thee, forgive me and take all I have. I give myself to Thee, 'tis all that I can do." I sang, "Oh, to grace how great a debtor, daily I'm constrained to be; let thy goodness like a fetter,

bind my wandering heart to thee; and here's my heart, Oh, take and seal it, seal it for thy courts above." Jesus said, "Cast all your care upon Him for He careth for you." I sang, "He knows it all," and these words came to me, "With God all things are possible and Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever."

The Word said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." The scriptures were my strong holds and I felt if He healed all manner of diseases when He was here on the earth He was as able to heal me then as when He was here.

That night I slept better than I had slept in years, as quietly as a child, and a beautiful peace was in my soul, such as I had never known. Friday, 22, second fast day, I continued to praise God, and He continued to talk to my soul. He said, "Wait thou only upon God for He is the health of thy countenance, and no good thing will He withhold from the mthat walk uprightly. Also, deliverance will come." I was very quiet and God poured my soul full of His wonderful promise and words of comfort.

My mother urged me to eat, but I said, "Trust in the living God and don't worry. I feel so safe in God's hands." I had never felt such perfect peace in my soul. Continued to praise God and He said this sickness is not unto death but for the glory of God. I felt sure God would heal me and I just rested in His love.

Saturday, 23d, the third fast day, I began to feel very weak. My mother said my cheeks and eyes looked so hollow and thin she was very worried about me. She said, "My dear child you must eat something; you are getting thin and hollow eyed." I said, "Mother, dear, I am in the Great Physician's hands and He never lost a case. I felt such a perfect trust and so secure, I said, "Don't worry, I'm so safe in His hands."

Jesus said, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith," and "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." I continued to sing hymns and praise God and He continued to pour His blessed words into my soul.

The words "Deliverance will come," and "O, taste and see that the Lord is good," and "Blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee," were given to me. That night I slept so peacefully and sweet, but the next day, which was the fourth fast day (Sunday, 24th of March), I realized I was very weak and not able to sit up, but fixed my pillows so I could sit up a little so my poor mother would not be so worried.

I knew I was safe in God's hands and had no fear, but I said, "Dear Father, you are as able to heal me now as later, and if it is your will heal me now, but if you want me to fast longer I'll obey." I knew He would not suffer me to be tempted above what I was able to bear, but with the temptation He would also make a way of escape that I might be able to bear it.

My mother and sister both came into my room and they looked troubled and worried. I felt sorry for them. They both urged me to eat just a little. I said, I am not hungry and please do not worry about me. My mother said, "My child, you are carrying things too far," for my brother-in-law sent me word if there was anything under the sun I wanted to let them know and they would get it, but they did not want me to die.

My voice was so weak I could not sing as much as usual, but the Lord said, "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him, and delight thyself also in the Lord and He shall give thee the desire of thine heart." I sang, "I am standing on the promises of God," and "There's wonder working power in the blood." At noon time my mother urged me

again to eat and said, "How long are you going to fast?" I said, "Until the Lord makes it plain I should eat." I continued to praise God and was alone until five minutes past two o'clock, when God said, "Thou art healed of thine infirmity," and I said, "Lord, is that for me?" He said, "Thou art healed of thine infirmity." I said, "If that is for me, please speak to me again through Thy word." He said, "I am He that healeth thee." I began to praise God and I knew the Lord had healed me, although I was as weak as ever and the soreness in the abdomen just as bad. I took God at His word. I said, "Dear Father, my dear ones are all so worried about me down stairs; if you want me to eat please speak to me through Thy word." I did not recall ever having read anything along that line, but I knew God could make it plain if I was to cease fasting and my whole thought was to obey Him. He said, "Eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

I rapped on the floor and praised God for deliverance.

My sister's nurse maid came and asked me what she could do for me. I told her to please tell my mother I wanted some malted milk.

My mother came up stairs and said "I am so glad you are going to eat something." I told her the Lord had healed me, with the tears rolling down my cheeks. She said, "Thank God."

I sat up that afternoon and got up and walked around the room. I was very weak, but full of joy because I was healed. I ate everything I craved and had no distress or pain. I sang and never felt so happy in my life. Had peace such as the world never knew. The dreadful soreness and weakness continued several days, but I ate everything I craved and slept so sweetly.

My whole being felt as if a balm had been poured over me. I slept without awakening

through the whole night. Had not been able to do that during the past five years. I had been nursing. My nerves were completely healed and I felt perfect rest in the Lord.

I realized healing was not health and asked God to give me health to pour His life in my body. He said, "Be still and know that I am God." I continued to read and study His word and He continued to talk to me. I stayed in bed for a week most of the time, but my food never tasted so good since I was a child, and I began at once to gain flesh and strength. Two weeks from the day I was healed was Easter and I felt I had truly had a taste of the resurrection life. It was a joy to feel I could safely trust the Great Physician for my body as well as my soul.

The Word of God seemed a new book, and I love it as never before. I felt I am but a babe in Divine healing, but by the grace of God I hope to be a full grown woman in Christ Jesus. When I came home I asked God to send some one into my life who knew God as their healer and physician. A dear old lady led me to the Christian Alliance meeting where I found fifteen who believe in Divine Healing, and I praise God for the sympathy and help I find there.

MRS. E. FRANCES STEBBINS,

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Printed in the U. S. A.

THE SALVATION TRACT SOCIETY

Crafton Station, Pittsburgh, Pa.

*Mrs Stebbins was  
separated from husband  
Became housekeeper at  
Nipack Betrachah healing  
home. Sewing washed dishes*