

Faithful Is He That Promised Healed by the Lord After Seventeen Agonizing Years

Miss Harriet Lehr, Ada, Ohio

I am writing my testimony in the hope that it may be a blessing to someone in need. In the days of my great trial, testimonies of healing were a balm to my weary soul and as water poured on thirsty ground. In 1895 I suffered a serious illness. My bowels became entirely paralyzed and I had a tubercular abscess. After spending six months in a hospital under the care of a distinguished specialist, and undergoing eight operations, I still continued in a serious condition. My mother who had accompanied me to the hospital to be near me, had been urged while there to have a slight operation, which she was assured, would make her entirely well. She consented, but the operation was not a success, and a serious major operation became imperative, which left her almost wrecked in mind and body. My sister too, was in poor health.

When we were in this condition a friend came from a neighboring town to tell us that, when in Chicago recently he had attended meetings where the minister prayed with the sick and that many were healed. It seemed a strange thing to us that God would heal disease, although we had often had answers to prayer for other things. I thank God for the priceless gift of godly parents. We always had a family altar in our home.

After this friend left, we all began to search the Word of God to see if it were scriptural to ask God to heal us of our diseases. We were surprised to find that the Bible abounded with precious promises of healing. Faith sprang up in our hearts as we read such passages as, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and today, and forever." (Hebrews 13:8) and "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." (Matthew 18:19) and "By whose stripes ye were healed." (1 Peter 2:24) and others of like import. Within two weeks from the time we first heard the message of healing we were all healed of our hitherto incurable sicknesses and were rejoicing in God's mighty provision for His people.

Three weeks passed during which the Word of God was our necessary food. A small group of friends gathered about us who joined us regularly in prayer and praise meetings. Although we were a busy household and were by necessity obliged to mingle daily with a diversity of people, yet we seemed to dwell in another world apart from our surroundings. Then came severe physical testing. In the stress of suffering and delayed answer to prayer, we felt the need of fellowship with those who trusted God for the body and so we associated

ourselves with a company of believers who stood for the truth of Divine Healing. We were later to find however that the leaders in this movement were not charitable towards others who did not think exactly as they did. Circumstances occurred which made us feel that we should withdraw from this group of believers. My own healing and that of my mother and sister had been so wonderful that nothing could shake my faith that God had included the body in the Atonement. God's written Word, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," had sunk deep into my heart and I had no desire to go back to earthly doctors. Daily I read my Bible diligently, and prayed for strength and courage, but my disapproval of the methods of the leaders of this movement, to which I have referred, finally ripened into such dislike and resentment toward them, that naturally I began to backslide. I had no spiritual fellowship, as the little group that formally met with us for prayer had scattered, and I had no helpful literature on healing other than the Bible.

About this time, when riding on the train, the wind blew on my neck from an open window and I took a severe cold, which settled in my spine. For about two weeks I suffered greatly. I prayed, and supposed the cold would soon leave me, as heretofore prayer had always been answered in my behalf. However, as time went on I realized that this was no ordinary cold. Instead of abating, the suffering became more intense. The spinal cord seemed to become inflamed and the nerves in my neck knotted, and were tightly drawn. There were six great knots, one of them being at the

intersection of the jaws. My tongue became stiff and my jaws were held as in a vise, so that I could not get my teeth to meet. The base of my brain seemed like a deep, bleeding sore with all the flesh torn away. My stomach would retain only liquid.

I prayed almost constantly, and so did the other members of my family, and though occasionally the pain was lessened, there was no permanent relief. After a year and a half of terrible suffering, through the prayers of dear Spirit-filled friends in another city, who met daily for two weeks to intercede for my recovery, the jaws loosened and I could make my teeth meet. This brought me appreciative relief but I was still unable to chew, and for seven long years this condition continued, and I subsisted all that time on liquids only. My whole body was stiff and my sufferings were indescribable. Every nerve in my brain pulled and drew as though steel wires were tearing the flesh from my face.

During these first seven years of my sickness, even in such pain, I could stand on my feet, and could walk a little, but after that, though the suffering in my head and neck began gradually to abate, the inflammation became more acute in other parts of my body and I was unable to rest any weight on my feet. There were times when I was better and could be helped to a wheel chair. Sometimes I could sit in a rocking chair, but any attempt to straighten my limbs brought on hemorrhage and other serious results.

For ten years following I was in bed nearly all the time. At one time for a whole year I was unable

to lift my head from the pillow and could scarcely turn over. My heart became weakened from continuous pain, and I sometimes had sinking spells during which I all but passed away. On one such occasion, as my family stood by me, not praying for my recovery but waiting for me to be released from my sufferings, a friend in a distant city who knew nothing of my present crisis, was called to mighty intercession in the Spirit, not only for me, but for other members of my family, who were ready to stop battling for my healing. He continued in intercession until assured of victory. All this time my trust was in God, and I had no thought of turning from God's declared way of healing. I well knew that my condition was beyond all human help. My parents, however, desired to have my case diagnosed, and sent to Chicago for a skilled physician who was a man of prayer. He came three times to see me and examined me carefully but gave no treatment or medicine. He pronounced my sickness inflammation of the spinal cord and marveled that I lived.

I will pass over the long years of pain and suffering. Time did not bring relief or healing. Several times ministers and other faithful Christian workers came to see me and prayed faithfully and earnestly for me, and all felt assured of my healing, but I seemed unable to accept the deliverance I knew was mine. After I had been sick fourteen years, my father died. On his dying bed he said that I would walk again, but the months and years still passed and I was again so ill that for months I

could scarcely lift my hands to my head and I was about ready to give up the fight.

For several years I had felt a desire to have Dr. Lillian Yeomans come to see me, so, when I heard that she was in Chicago in 1925, I asked my sister to write and ask her to come. I had been unable all these years to hold a pen or attempt to write without sinking away. Dr. Yeomans replied that she could not come. A painful year elapsed during which I lay almost helpless most of the time. Then I heard that she was again to be in Chicago, and again I tried to arrange for her to come, but she felt that she could not take the time to come to Ohio and started back to Los Angeles. When she got as far as St. Louis, the Lord dealt with her, and affairs beyond her control necessitated her return to Chicago.

While she was there, my sister arranged for her to come to me.

During the three days she was at my home, not a person came to the house and we were alone with God. She sat quietly beside my bed and read the Bible to me and talked to me of God's plan of salvation for spirit, soul and body. She was "strong in faith, giving glory to God," and doubted not in her heart that God was able and willing to do for me, and for all believers, all that He had promised through His Son. The day after she came, July 2, 1926, she and my mother and I each repeated the Ninety-first Psalm and each of us offered prayer, then she told me to arise in the Name of the Lord. For many years I had been unable to straighten my limbs, as my whole body was stiff. Humanly

speaking, it was impossible for me to arise and stand on my feet. I hesitated when she spoke, but only for a moment, as I felt I dared not miss this opportunity to prove my trust.

Relying on the One who is mighty to save and to deliver, and sustained by the courageous faith of the prayer helper God had sent to me, I attempted to arise. Strength came to my limbs and I was enabled to stand on my feet. Supported on one side by Dr. Yeomans and on the other side by my mother, I took a few steps. The next day I again stood in His Name, and by His power, and walked. After a time I became able to balance myself and walk alone, and I have been walking ever since.

Thanks be unto God for His marvelous plan of salvation! Every aspect, every result of the Fall of Eden was met at Calvary! Blessed be the Name of the Lord, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases" (Psalm 103:3).

I realize as I walk about that I am a living miracle by the grace of God. No tongue can ever tell the depth of my suffering during those seventeen years of invalidism. I am as one raised from the dead. How I enjoy walking in the sunshine on the green grass! How fair and beautiful are the flowers and the trees! I thank God for the privilege He has given me of again enjoying the common things of life. Truly His, mercy endureth forever.

During those long bedridden years, I learned to know God and to walk softly before Him. Often during that period there were mighty and miraculous answers to prayer for various needs and I knew that my Father in heaven knew and cared.

With the Apostle Paul, I can say, "Nevertheless I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." (II Timothy 2:12)

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