

HELPLESS CRIPPLE WALKS OUT OF WHEELED CARRIAGE AT SOUTHAMPTON

Miss Florence Munday of Southampton was raised from her wheeled carriage at one of our services in the Wesleyan Central Hall, Southampton, in May 1927, after suffering for fourteen years. Her life has since been devoted to the service of Christ, and her stirring testimony has been the means of bringing souls into the Kingdom, and of leading suffering ones into the truth of Divine healing.

Fourteen years ago I fell, and tubercular trouble set up in my knee. During these years I had never been able to stand or walk. Together with this I suffered from a dreadful skin disease, which started when I was a tiny child, twenty-nine years ago. At times I had both arms from wrists to shoulders covered with bandages. I used to faint when the dressings had to come off and the hot fomentations put on. The knee became worse as time went on, and I suffered agony from the various splints and bandages I had to wear. I have sometimes been lying in bed without springs, while my leg was in the iron splint and my foot encased. After that experience, the iron splint was discarded for a plaster one. Two doctors spent two hours molding this splint. It was composed of sixty yards of bandage and over fourteen pounds of plaster of Paris. It took one week to dry, only to crack at the end, when more bandages had to be applied, and more plaster molded on. I was in terrible pain, my leg got worse, and with the continual changes of the splints to fit my wasting leg, I suffered agony. The doctor gave no hope and advised amputation; worse still, it would have to be taken off so high up that no stump was to be left, so that I could not wear an artificial limb.

On Wednesday, 4th May 1927, my sisters came home after attending one of Principal George Jeffreys' revival

meetings at the Wesleyan Central Hall, Southampton. They brought the news that a lady had stepped out of her bath chair that very day in the service. They asked me to go, and I nervously agreed to do so. I was pushed there in my bath chair, and wheeled right up to the front of the service. It was a service I shall never forget. The missionary came to me and asked me if I believed God could heal me. I said, "Yes, but I am in a splint." His answer was, "God can certainly heal you, even if you are in a splint." I was anointed with oil, and as he prayed, my whole body vibrated with life. I was under the power of God. My leg moved up and down three times in the splint, and soon I was able to sit up. All pain was gone. I was healed. I stood up and stepped out of my bath chair without aid. I was on my feet for the first time after fourteen years. I walked around that big building three times. My leg was like that of a frail baby's when the splint was taken off; and altogether the leg was 4½ inches shorter than the other. Now they are both the same size, quite normal. You can understand how I feel, when I tell you I want to sing all day: "Jesus, Thou art everything to me."

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