

PLEASE NOTE:

This transcript of a testimony of healing gives you a written version of the audio presentation. Other than deleting some verbal repetition, this is a direct printout of the healing and will read quite differently from testimonies found in the Christian Science periodicals, which have been edited for ease of reading.

Each testifier was asked to relate an account of healing as though it were being given in a Christian Science church at a Wednesday testimony meeting. The natural verbal shorthand means that when this testifier uses such terms as “nurse” and “practitioner” she means Christian Science nurse, Christian Science practitioner, etc. (The one exception to this is in the hospital where she is referring to a medical nurse.)

The footnotes in some of the testimonies serve as a clarifying reference to some partial quotes by the testifiers.

TRACK 3

I was on vacation in Mexico with my friend a few years ago and, the last full day there, we decided to rent motor scooters and go for a ride around the island. And in the middle of the ride, I lost control of my scooter and ended up crashing in the side of the road. One of my first thoughts was, I was so grateful to get up from under the scooter, and I really just wanted to get back to the hotel and be quiet and pray, but I was a mess, and we had a 45-minute ferry ride back to our hotel, and I realized that it was not appropriate to get on the ferry in my condition. And at that point a lot of people had stopped and were offering to help, and somebody had called an ambulance. And I was able to call my mom before we got onto the ambulance and didn't explain the situation but told her I needed help, and she immediately offered to call a practitioner for me. So I'm so grateful, as I was on my way to the emergency room, I knew my mom was praying. There was a practitioner supporting me, and I just clung to that. And we got to the emergency room, and they wanted to do an X-ray, and it confirmed that I hadn't broken anything. And they cleaned me up, and the whole time I was just clinging to the truths I had been learning all these years in Sunday School and through my study of Christian Science. And my best friend, who isn't a Christian Scientist, was so supportive and able to communicate to the nurses and to the doctors, and they wanted to give me some drugs, and she was able to explain that I didn't want them. So the nurse was cleaning me up, and the doctor said that I needed to have some stitches in my knee. And I called my mom back, and we agreed that it was the right thing to do. So I got the stitches, and basically, a little less than two hours later, we were on our way home. And that night was a pretty rough night. I was able to get in touch with a practitioner and talk to her, and she gave me some ideas to work with, but it was a challenging night. And I really clung the whole night to the fact that even though I felt

like I was so far away from home, in a different country, that there were prayers of Christian Scientists all over the world that were supporting Christian Scientists and just praying for the whole world, and that those prayers were also blessing me, and that I could be benefited from it. And I was able to make it through the night and quickly pack up and get to the airport the next day. And I was able to get into a wheelchair to get through the airport. I couldn't put any pressure on my leg, and I could not, it needed to be upright. And the flight home was long, but I was able to be relatively comfortable, and I had been cleaned up in the hospital, but there was still a lot of dirt, and I knew that it was, the wounds hadn't been cleaned completely. And I really prayed with the line from Mrs. Eddy's hymn,¹ "Shepherd, show me how to go," "Shepherd, wash [me] clean," and just really thought about that, that even though I felt like there was more cleaning to be done, that it was that spiritual sense of purity and innocence, and that I was just protected every step of the way. Before I left Mexico, I had talked to my mom and told her that I felt like I needed to go directly from the airport to the BA. It was close to home, and I was so grateful that I could go there, and there was just no question I was going to go to the BA and get cared for. And she was able to arrange that, and the nurses were there waiting for me. And it was about midnight at that point, and they were just so caring and welcoming and no sense of how late it was or anything, just right there, ready. They began to clean me up, and at one point I just started shaking uncontrollably. I think it was just overwhelming from the trip home and so grateful to be there, but sort of a sense of fear, and they just started singing hymns and were just so gentle, and quiet, and just not impressed by the picture. I was able to calm down immediately and just remain calm and relaxed, and they did as much cleaning as they could do on my leg that was comfortable for me, and then got me a room. And I slept there that night, and I had the best night's sleep ever. I woke up a few times and would just turn on some hymns and would go right back to sleep, and it was amazing what different experience it was from the night before, but just this real sense of peace, and a sense of home. I was safe at the BA, and I was taken care of, and it was just I was so grateful to have the facility. And the next morning, the head nurses came in and helped me clean, and I was able to shower, and was fed, and then in the afternoon, one of them drove me home to my apartment. They provided all the walking aids and everything I needed to make it more comfortable for me to be mobile and go about my day. Every day a nurse would come and rebandage and clean, and it was really a few days of serious cleaning before we were able to sort of get all the remnants of Mexico out, but it was they were so gentle and so careful and thorough. I had had to keep my leg elevated at all times, and after a few days I was able to move more freely and put my leg down more comfortably. And then I was able to start going back to work as well. I would go for a few hours every day, and the visiting nurses were so flexible and would work with my schedule for work, and come in the morning or come in the evening, and would come every day, very steady, very reliable. I had to go

for business to another part of the country for a few days, and they got me set up with bandages, all cut and sized correctly, and all of the different pieces that I needed, and showed me how to bandage it myself so that I was able to go and change the bandage every day without any trouble in my hotel room, and had everything I needed to do that. The physical healing was probably complete a few weeks after the accident occurred. I was continuing to change bandages after the nurses left, and then at one point it just, it wasn't necessary anymore. It was fine. The healing itself, I think, is still continuing, because I still continue to learn from it. I think of it as like Jacob when he wrestled with the angel, and he held on until he got his blessing.² And in some ways, I continue to hold onto that experience, and continue to get blessings out of it. But the physical healing itself was complete within a few weeks of the accident.

¹ "Feed My Sheep" is a poem by Mary Baker Eddy used as the text for Hymns 304–309 in the *Christian Science Hymnal*.

² See Genesis 32:24–30 and *Science and Health* by Mrs. Eddy, pp. 308:16–309:23.

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