

*The following testimony is interesting because it is by a woman who didn't believe that God healed and is written up in a book by writers who don't believe that God heals and yet...*

Margaret Macpherson was a well-known writer and journalist.

Macpherson had been incapacitated for weeks at a time each winter by lumbago (a complaint of imprecise medical definition). While in this state in 1931, she ended up at a Dallimore meeting. She was impressed: He was no showman. He wore an ordinary lounge suit, no robes. The lights blazed full upon him. No dim religious tones, no stage effects. Only one thing was striking and interesting. As the service proceeded his aura increased in brightness. I am not one of those psychic people who naturally see the aura. No, this was a real brightness, which all my party could see distinctly. It even blotted out the white glare of the electric lamp above him'.

Dallimore recognized her - he had already met her in the street - and called her to the front. 'Before I could say "Knife!" he had made his cross on my brow and I was flat on my back with the rest.' Later, after getting up and leaving the hall she was quizzed by one of her party as to why she fell over. Her reply was, 'I went over just out of love and courtesy for the man. I couldn't shake their faith by standing up: I just couldn't.' Her questioner then said she had overlooked one thing in telling her story:

'Margaret, you're CURED! You ran down the street! Where's your stick? You left it in the meeting!' It was true. A.H. Dallimore (or rather the power that he has contracted) had cured me of lumbago of over twenty years' standing.'

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