

Raised from a Spinal Carriage Testimony of Seeing Jesus in a Stephen Jeffreys Meeting

One fails to find words to express all that this means after a life of intense suffering. From infancy I was always ailing, never going a whole year without being laid aside. Then, in 1900, a few days before my marriage, I helped to lift a wringer, injuring myself internally. Just five weeks after marriage, this laid me aside for ten weeks, then I began to get about again, but was more or less in pain all the time. This went on for years, sometimes able to get about, but more often in bed.

In the summer of 1906 we were living in a place called Thorne, near Doncaster (we had previously lived at the latter place, where I had been under treatment from no less than six doctors, as well as being an outpatient at the infirmary, and was told repeatedly nothing could be done). At Thorne I had meningitis and for weeks lay very near death. Prayers were offered even at the Parish Church there for my recovery. For the sake of the one child God has given to us, God heard the many prayers, my life being spared, but I was compelled to wear dark glasses; the nerves of the eyes were so affected that the light caused terrible retchings - what the doctor called brain sickness. Visiting in Peterborough some months after this, my friends there would have me seek advice at the hands of their doctor, as well as at Peterborough Infirmary, as my life was one long agony. Had I not known

something of the rest and peace that comes from Jesus, I could never have lived and endured. Oh praise the Man of Calvary, the sympathizing Jesus, who had opened my spiritual eyes, and caused me to see my need of a Savior; and though accepting Him at the age of twenty-one meant my being turned out of home. Hallelujah! He more than satisfies.

The doctor at Peterborough, after a thorough examination, confirmed what previous doctors had said, no cure; the verdict was this, heart disease, lung trouble, in fact, he said to my friend privately that I was full of disease, scarcely a sound organ in my body, a cancer, slight twist in the bowel. He finished up by saying my inside was like a rotten sponge and eventually if I lived I would go quite blind, and, yet, glory to Jesus, I don't need glasses at all now. I am every whit whole. I praise His dear Name.

Oh Hallelujah, for what the Lord has done for me. I never will cease to praise Him! In 1910, we came here to Grimsby (my husband works on the railway). I arrived here December 26th, just able to go about as usual, in great pain, until April 5th, 1911, when again I had to take to my bed. When the doctor came he said a fortnight at the longest would see the end. I was in such a dreadful condition that he did not think I could last even the

fortnight, and yet the weeks, months, yes, and even years passed, always in bed, and oh, the agony, even though I had morphia to dull the pain, in such increasing doses that some who know the quantity marvel that there is no craving for the drug. Praise Him, who doeth wonders!

Over and over again my husband has been sent for, to leave duty at once if he wanted to see me alive. So near have I been to the passing that women have been in the house to prepare my body for burial; twice the place has caught fire and I have been helpless and would have burned to death had not outside help come. The first three years I laid, I never was outside the house. The craving to go out during the fourth summer was so strong that my husband hired a special carriage (as I had to lie down, a bath chair was no use). The following summer we had one made at Hull, and so I was taken out, just lifted from my bed in the kitchen on to the bed in the spinal carriage. The latter was wheeled close to my bed. I was never dressed in fact I parted with all my clothes and boots, thinking I would never need them again.

So the years passed, and, although I knew Jesus, I quite thought it was His will I should suffer and just prayed for enduring grace and patience. Oh, how blind I was, to think it was His will to afflict His child. Praise God, deliverance came. My husband read of certain cases of healing in London, through the ministry of one of His servants, Pastor Stephen Jeffreys. We prayed that if any blessing was in store for me he would bring his messenger to Grimsby. He came, and after being at a service

and hearing the wonderful words of Life in Jesus, I asked the Lord to guide me. He directed me to James v, 14,15. At the next service I was able to be present. I obeyed His Word; was anointed with oil in the Name of the Lord. I received a wonderful anointing at the time, but was not healed. Hallelujah, the answer came a fortnight after, on March 5th, 1922, about 3.30 p.m. He, the Risen One, came in power and lifted me from the carriage. Glory to His precious Name!

The fortnight's waiting could not dim the faith He had given; I knew He would not fail me. On February 28th I asked my husband to buy me some shoes, so sure was I that He is faithful, though my feet had never touched the floor for nearly eleven years. Glory to Jesus! He kept me expecting. Friday night, March 3rd, the pain was terrible; it seemed as though the Devil knew his time in this mortal frame was limited. It was agony, and yet the Lord brought me to see that night the morphia had to go. I wanted Jesus to be magnified, and so I said, "Yes, Lord, even if it means death, I am yours, do with me as You will. Please give me of your Spirit to be true to Thee." From the Friday to the Sunday afternoon - the hours were long, the fight with the Enemy, trying to get a little ease with the morphia, was a bitter one, but He was interceding for me and gave victory.

When wheeled to the old Harbor of Refuge in Freeman Street, where the meeting was held, I was just as full of suffering and more helpless than ever, but praise God during the meeting, which was a testimony meeting, I saw Jesus, the precious Man

of Calvary. He stood and looked, with such love and pity in His eyes; then it seemed strong Hands were placed under me, and I was lifted up and up, until I thought I had reached heaven, then I was just as gently lowered, and I saw I was still in the meeting, and yet felt as light as air. Oh the joy, oh the rapture, as it dawned upon me that the *Healer* Himself had come and brought *new life*, a real resurrection life, where there had been only a living death. In His Name, I rose from the carriage, walked around the hall with streaming eyes and hands uplifted, as the *people* sang again and again, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name!" Hallelujah! Hallelujah! No *human hand* touched me. Pastor and workers were on the platform, when *He* came. It was Jesus, my Savior, who wrought this change in me. I want others to know Him and to have His Life. It is not healing, it is the *Healer* Himself, who brings Life and Health, and energy.

Hundreds of people in Grimsby and elsewhere have seen me wheeled about for years, looking like a corpse. Now they see me walking the streets, doing my household duties, even my own washing. *It is all Jesus*. I owe all to Him. Doctors and nurses, men on the railway, policemen and others, stand amazed as they see, though they cannot understand, the wonderful change that has been wrought. For ten years and eleven months I was a bedridden helpless creature. Now I am full of life, able to walk miles, better health than ever I have had. It was all bought for me at Calvary, and now Jesus has given the fullness, the Baptism in the Holy Ghost, speaking with other tongues, all to

magnify Him. Oh, my heart is so full of Him. I want Him alone to be magnified. I'm only a sinner saved by His wonderful grace. My place is at His precious bleeding feet. I long that others should come into *all* that He is yearning to give. Life is, Oh so different. I am just looking and expecting Him to come, precious, gentle Holy Jesus, Blessed Bridegroom of my heart. Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus.

I would like to say here the doctors say there is *no trace* of disease left. I can see to read and sew without glasses, at the age of fifty-two. Glory to Jesus! Oh praise Him. I Praise Him! Hallelujah!

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