

Healing Journeys

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Fasten your seatbelts. We're taking a journey. First, we have to divide our passengers into three groups. We've got Group A out there. They are the diehard, dedicated Christian Scientists. I appreciate your being here, and I hope that during this talk, we'll reinforce what you're about. We have Group B in the middle. You don't admit it, but you're not quite convinced which way to go. You may even be a church member. You attend church religiously, every Christmas and Easter, right? But you're on the fence. Remember Yogi Berra? What he said about the fork in the road? "When you come to a fork in the road, take it." You *have* to take it. I hope I bump you over. And then we've got Group C, who know nothing about Christian Science. You simply got coerced into coming here because someone needed a ride. I'm going to talk to all three of you groups.

Robert Frost talked about a journey in one of his poems, in which he wrote, "Two roads diverged in a wood, and I ... I took the one less traveled by." That's what you've done too, you Christian Scientists. You're on a less-traveled road. Let's not kid ourselves. We're not a mega church, we don't have a choir, and we don't have a charismatic preacher. We don't even have bingo! You might even get ostracized, criticized, or ridiculed for being a Christian Scientist. So why are you one anyway? What is it that makes you hold on to this Science? Maybe the answer lies in Frost's last line, which I purposely didn't quote. After speaking of taking the less-traveled road, he adds, "and that has made all of the difference." Being a student of Christian Science makes all of the difference. Group C, you may have heard some things about Christian Science that I'd like to take the liberty of clearing up. First of all, you may have heard that we don't believe in doctors. That's interesting. I've never read that anywhere in our Christian Science literature. It's news to me; I don't



photo credit: Don Ingwerson

recall ever hearing a Christian Scientist say that. It isn't that we don't believe in doctors, it's just that we believe in God more. Let's get that one straight. And then it's often said that we are a cult. I have good news; we are *not* a cult. A cult is a group of people who worship a personality. We have no personality to worship. We are very grateful for the inspiration and guidance of the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, a woman named Mary Baker Eddy, but we don't worship her. I'm very grateful for the air conditioning that's just come on in this hall, but I don't worship Thomas Edison.

Let's start our journey. We are going to make four pit stops, because Jesus told us there are four things we are supposed to be doing, and I guess many of us haven't been doing them. Jesus said we should heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out demons, and raise the dead. (See Matthew 10:8) He told us: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go

unto my Father” (John 14:12). But we didn’t do those works for centuries because no one knew how. Jesus had shown us what could be done. Mary Baker Eddy, when she discovered Christian Science, showed us *how* to do it; and that’s what we’re going to talk about today. It’s a science, in the way that mathematics is a science. It’s based on rules and demonstrable principles you can follow and apply in your daily life. I’m going to tell you exactly how this is done; which is where my stories come in. I’d like to give examples, because these are what I can best talk about – the things I know.

HEAL THE SICK. First pit stop. I’ve got five examples of healing I’d like to share with you.

The first involved the healing of a fellow Christian Scientist in Golden, Colorado. I had given a testimony in which I’d cited a line from a poem, “Which of these men do you think of as you, Genesis One or Genesis Two?” (“The Dreamer” by J. Woodruff Smith) The gentleman involved admittedly thought the line was pretty banal when he heard it, but he changed his mind when a week or so later, he had a massive heart attack in the middle of the night. It was so severe and paralyzing that he couldn’t even beckon the strength to call out to his wife for help. He said that for the first time in his life he felt totally helpless. He was in such pain and so fearful that he could not recall the Lord’s Prayer or the 91st Psalm or the Scientific Statement of Being from Mrs. Eddy’s *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*. In fact, all he could think of was, “Which of these men do you think of as you, Genesis One or Genesis Two?”; and as he pondered that, he realized the demand it made on him to claim his God-given dominion, his likeness to God, his spiritual perfection; and he snapped out of it. The pain was gone; it was over, a quick and instantaneous healing. The full poem reads:

The Dreamer

by J. Woodruff Smith

Where did it begin
This idea called you?
In Genesis 1,

Or Genesis 2?

Which one of these concepts

Will prove to be true?

If you know what is what,

Do you know who is who?

In Genesis 1 in the 26th verse

There’s a man with never a taint of a curse.

But in Genesis 2 in verse number seven

There’s a dust man conceived...

He’ll never see heaven.

So it really comes down

To which one you will claim,

What thou see’st thou be’st...

So what is your name?

There they both stand.

Which one is you?

Is it immortal man one,

Or mortal man two?

If you’re immortal man

You know what you’re worth.

For according to law

You’ll inherit the earth.

But if you’re just a mortal

And made out of dust...

Is there anything to you

That’s worthy of trust?

No, the thing they call man

In Genesis 2

Is the dream of the dreamer.

It never was you.

So know what you are.

Take your place in the sun,

You’re the immortal man

Of Genesis 1.

The second healing involved a broken bone. I had just had a blind date with a fellow college student on Saturday night and boldly invited him to go to Sunday School and church with me the following morning. He really liked what he heard there, and he soon had a chance to put it to use. That week he had an accident while on a fraternity “sneak” and broke a bone; he actually shattered the bones in one of his little fingers. His fraternity brothers demanded that they take him to a hospital, as they were responsible, and there he was put in a cast which extended from his hand to his

shoulder. He was told that because of the extremity of the break they were not sure it could be repaired, but that he was to leave the cast on for six weeks, holding the finger immobile, and at that time, they would see if surgery could repair it. He called me to say he would have to have it healed so he could go back to Sunday School the following Sunday. I explained that he could go to Sunday School with the cast on, but he was insistent that it be healed because "Christian Science is all about healing, isn't it?" He paid me a visit the next day, which was supposed to be a healing visit, but I felt totally inept as a teenager to do anything but explain a bit more about Christian Science to him, which I did. I told him that we went back to Genesis One; that man was created in God's unbreakable likeness; and that we were given dominion over the things of the flesh, bones included. It was, to me, an academic discussion, a 101 on Christian Science. Not to him. He went right back to the frat house, got a saw, and cut the cast off. The finger was perfect, no swelling, no immobility, no indication of a problem. I might add that he himself is now a Christian Science practitioner, and my husband! And he is in the audience now if you wish to check his hands.

My third healing involved a scorpion bite. I had been giving a talk to young people at a ranch in Texas when, in the middle of the night, I was bitten by a scorpion. My face began to swell immediately and the pain was rather intense. I was told that the bite was highly poisonous and could have fatal consequences. That was not a problem to me because of a statement in *Science and Health* that reads, "A spiritual idea has not a single element of error, and this truth removes properly whatever is offensive" (*Science and Health*, p. 463:13). I reasoned that I, like you, was a spiritual idea (back to Genesis One again) and that poison was offensive. I left the ranch, boarded a plane, and was healed within hours of the return home, although the pilot had suggested that a mid-air fatality was likely and that I should not be allowed to continue the trip.

The fourth healing also involved my husband, Don, who, shortly before going on stage to give a speech to several hundred fellow educators, told me that he had been suffering from an incessant thumping on the side

of his head for several weeks. I was stumped. I knew it wasn't a physical problem but a belief, a suggestion, to be handled, and that the suggestion was one of pressure. His job entailed a great deal of it, but what could we do about that? Should he quit his job? No, he loved his work. We should probably pray, always a good idea. I asked God how to handle the pressure, and an answer came in a page and line number, p. 371, line 2. Obviously, it had to be from *Science and Health*, so, as I had a copy of the book with me, I handed it to him and asked if a sentence began on line 2 of page 371. This was what he read: "The body is the substratum of mortal mind, and this so-called mind must finally yield to the mandate of immortal Mind" (*Science and Health*, p. 371:2-4). It wasn't matter but mortal mind to be dealt with and this so-called mind must finally yield to the "mandate of immortal Mind." The pressure must yield to Mind, no doubt about it. The word was must. He handed the book back across the table, and said, "It stopped." He went on to give his speech and the problem never returned.

The fifth healing involved a stranger who called me as a practitioner to report that he had a very important introduction to give the following night and he had lost his voice. Actually, he had been struggling with the voice problem for quite a while. The problem was so severe that it was difficult to hear him and would have been most embarrassing, if not impossible, for him to be heard by an audience. I reminded him that all he needed to do was to (pardon my bluntness) get his carcass there, because God "...performeth the thing that is appointed for me" (Job 23:14). He simply had to show up. People needed to see someone up there on the podium. I think he felt that was a pretty bold way to address the problem. I wanted him to trust that God was the performer, not him. His "gig" was the following evening and when he asked me to watch him on TV, I realized this was not the customary introduction. He was to introduce the President of the United States! When my friend entered the studio he still had no voice, but the moment he began to introduce the President, his voice was strong and resonant. He did indeed trust God to perform the thing appointed for him. He did much speaking during the hour he was on television with the President. (That individual was

in the High Ridge House audience for the talk, and, when introduced, added that his office staff had been impressed by the healing, and one of his secretaries had come to him later with a diagnosis of breast cancer from four doctors. She took up the study of Christian Science and was also healed). The gift went on in sharing Christian Science. I can tell you that my friend, who had regained his voice, and his wife are absolutely great at sharing the light on less-traveled paths so that those paths can become more frequently traveled. They remind me of a poem called "A Better Way" by Louise Knight Wheatley:

A Better Way

The Christian Science Journal, October, 1912

A woman was given a candle,
And she hid it away on the shelf.
It is all I have, she murmured,
And hardly enough for myself,
So I must not let anyone see it,
But all through the coming night
I'll know it is ready and waiting,
In case I should need the light.

She stole through the empty chambers
To her own little cheerless room.
How dark it has grown! she shivered,
As she groped her way through the gloom.
I wish I could light my candle!
But she tried to be only glad
She had put it away so safely
Because it was all she had.

Another was given a candle,
And she stepped out into the night.
It is all I have, she murmured,
I must make the most of its light.

There are hearts that are breaking, – somewhere,
There are lives that are sad and drear;
I must hurry along with my candle,
To let them know it is here.

O'er valley and hill she wandered,
With that one little flickering flame,

And it brightened many a pathway
That was dark until she came.
It crept into desolate places,
It banished disease and sin,
And hands, outstretched, were waiting
To welcome the stranger in.

Two women met in the morning,
As the eastern skies grew red.
One came from her happy journey,
One came from her sleepless bed.
Each held in her hand a candle,
But the eyes of one were sad:
I could not light it, my sister,
Because it was all I had.

The other one made no answer,
But her face, in the sunrise glow,
Looked like the face of an angel,
And she only whispered low:
O Love divine, I thank Thee!
For she saw, now the night was done,
She had lighted a thousand candles
From that poor little flickering one.

A bird sang softly near them,
And it heard the sad one say:
No wonder she looks so happy!
Hers was the better way.
Not mine, said the other, smiling,
As she touched the drooping head;
It was not my way, my sister,
But the Father's way, she said.

Before we leave the topic of healing, let's just touch on age. Many physical problems are attributed to the passing of time. We can talk about age and all its phobias for the next hour, but I just want to leave you with one statement: "Life is eternal. We should find this out, and begin the demonstration thereof" (*Science and Health*, p. 246: 27-28). When you begin thinking about eternal life, it's not something that kicks in at the transition. It's something that's going on right now when you begin to recognize that you're ageless. My best example of that is our grandson. When Asher had his 4th birthday, we took him to Disneyland. As

we entered the park, we said, "Asher, this is a big occasion. What are you celebrating today? His answer? "Eternity!"

OK, ready for pit stop #2?

CLEANSE THE LEPERS. We don't know a lot about lepers here in White Plains, New York, so I should mention that a leper is described in the dictionary as someone who is shunned. I don't think this is going to apply to anyone in this audience, but it might apply to somebody you know, a relative, a friend, a neighbor. Let me tell you about a young woman we know. Don and I, in one of our past lives, took teenagers to Europe on educational tours, hundreds of young people. On one particular afternoon in Paris, we met a "leper," well, not a leper as we think of them, but someone who was shunned. She was a desperately ill teenager lying helpless on a bench in the Student Union, waiting for a call from her parents in the US, to allow for an emergency medical trip to the States. Her chaperone found us and told us she was a girl in a great deal of trouble, aside from her physical problem. She had many moral/drug/alcohol issues, and she refused to go to a doctor because, she said, she was a Christian Scientist. How her chaperone, a stranger, knew that we were Christian Scientists we will never know, but he singled us out to help her on that balmy Parisian afternoon. She was obviously in a great deal of pain, but when we tried to talk to her, it was apparent that she was tied up in knots of hatred. She hated the tour, the leader, the discipline, her fellow students, Paris, et al., but most of all she hated Christian Science. We asked her why then she had told them she did not want medical help because of Christian Science. She said that was because she hated French doctors even more. We talked to her about love that the "vital part, the heart and soul of Christian Science, is Love" (*Science and Health*, p. 113:5), but we felt we were talking to a blank wall. The only indication of a response came when her parents' call came through from the US and she refused to speak to them. After a while we simply left, there was no response, no indication of interest in what we had to say.

However, when we returned late that night, there was

a note under our door from her chaperone saying that she wanted our help. I went to her dorm room to find her unconscious. Obviously, there was no way to talk to her but I did have a *Christian Science Sentinel* with me, so I decided to "rewrite" it and make her the main character in each article. Wherever there was the word man, I inserted her name. It didn't matter whether the article was about sin, disease, or death, as she qualified for help in all of the above. So on finishing the *Sentinel*, I returned to her room only to find her still unconscious. I put the *Sentinel* beside her in bed and went back to our room. We had to leave with our group for London in a few hours, so we assumed we would never know the end of the story, but we did. Months later, we were attending a Christian Science lecture in one of our major cities, and who did we see ushering front-row center but our teenage friend! When she saw us she ran down the aisle and we all went to the foyer to share a few tears of gratitude, her parents included. She said that she had awakened the next morning healed of the pain, and, of course, the hatred. She said everything about her looked beautiful and changed; she loved her friends, her chaperone, Paris, the activities ... but most of all, Christian Science. She had returned to the US healed, changed. Her parents said the only resemblance to the girl who had left, and the girl who returned, was the picture on her passport! She went on to Principia College and to a career as a Christian Science nurse. Cleansed.

So let's go to our next pit stop.

CAST OUT DEMONS. I'd like to review four demons and how they were cast out. The first involves declining church membership, a challenge to most denominations. Does the "effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man" really avail? (See II Kings 5:22) Yes, it does.

Don and I were happily living in a beautiful California town when we each got an unexpected angel message one day ... one word, *Colorado*. I was at home, he was on the freeway. We pay attention to those angel messages – those thoughts from God – and this one was so insistent that Don that night called the one man he knew in Colorado, who, in turn, offered him a

position there. He said he had just had a resignation that day which, he said, would be perfect for Don, but he had assumed we would never leave California. We did. Lock, stock, and barrel. The message had come on January 10. A few weeks later, we arrived at our new home in Colorado, which we had found through an advertisement in one of our favorite periodicals, *The Christian Science Monitor*, and we went to the closest Christian Science church the following morning. Well, it wasn't a church, it was a Society. We got there a few minutes early and asked for membership applications. We were asked if we would fill them out on the spot and hand them in, which we did. The members then asked us to remain for a few minutes after the service, which we did. They held a brief business meeting, after which the clerk emerged to announce that we were now members of that Christian Science Society, and furthermore, Don was the new First Reader and I was chairwoman of the Board! Evidently, they were a bit short handed.

They then explained that on January 9, they had sent a letter to the few members who were left, announcing that they would be voting to disband the society at their next business meeting and that prayer was suggested. The letter had reached the membership on January 10. Prayer was evidently taken up because we heard the angel message. By the time Don's service as Reader was complete, that was no longer a Society but a Church, and an active, growing one at that. We had a downtown Reading Room, a practitioner, and the need for an addition to the building to house the expanded membership. As the Bible says, "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" (James 5:16). Never doubt it.

Another devilish suggestion involves supply. A stranger visited a Wednesday evening meeting in a Colorado church. He had been fired from his position as an insurance underwriter; he was middle aged; he had an invalid wife and two small children. He had tried to get employment but could not. When he saw the lights on in a church he simply went in, not knowing anything about the church. After he heard the testimonies he called a practitioner for help, a practitioner quoted in one of the testimonies. He said

he had thought his only "out" might be suicide, but he couldn't take his life, as he had his wife and children to care for. He found himself incapable of caring for them because he had run out of funds and hope. He asked if Christian Science could help him, and the practitioner assured him that it was God who would help him, and that Christian Science was a straight line, if not a hotline, to God. A few days later, the practitioner read a statement in a *Christian Science Sentinel* about man's resources, emphasizing that they were not limited by "social, civil, political, economic, or religious codes; ..." (*Science and Health*, p. 340:23). She saw the limitless potential of this man so clearly. It no longer mattered how old or young he was, whether he had been fired or had quit his job, whether he had a limited or an expansive career behind him, he was himself without limitation. He was God's limitless man. The man called the practitioner later in the day to say he had received a call from one of the nation's largest insurance companies asking him if he would be interested in their vice president position, one he would never have aspired to, and of course, he interviewed for it and got the job. Is this kind of demonstration possible for all men? I see no one excluded from this promise.

Ready for another devilish suggestion? That "an accident, the law of God, may at any moment annihilate my peace" (*Science and Health*, p. 252:26-27). We were involved in a head-on collision on Highway 24 in Colorado. We were on a two-lane mountain road with a steep drop off on each side when we saw a car heading toward us at top speed in our lane. The impact was so great that each car rolled over, and although their car ended up upside down on the highway, ours took many turns and then plunged down a mountainside. The short of the long story is that we were untouched. The car wasn't, but we were. There was no sign of our having been in an accident. There were no scuff marks; there was no blood; there were no facial cuts; there was no injury. "Accidents are unknown to God, or immortal Mind," wrote Mary Baker Eddy, "and we must leave the mortal basis of belief and unite with the one Mind..." (*Science and Health*, p. 424:5-7). It was a non-event, and that's how we treated it. The paramedics who immediately arrived

at the scene insisted that we get in the ambulance. We said that would not be necessary because we were uninjured. “Yes you are, you’re in shock. You don’t understand internal injuries. In an accident of this type you have to have injuries. So, what is your medical history?” We said, “We don’t have a medical history. We’re Christian Scientists.” They then asked what drugs we were allergic to, and I asked what part of the last answer they didn’t understand. The woman on their team called a doctor in Denver. I heard what she said, “These are really stubborn people, and they want to sign a release to continue on their way without medical intervention.” The doctor allowed her to issue a release to us. Just as I finished signing it, an interesting thing happened. The woman leaned over and whispered in my ear, “If I were in your place, I’d do exactly what you’ve done.” The following morning we visited the Christian Science church in Colorado Springs, and were telling people what had happened. The Christian Science chaplain for the prisons was standing nearby and said, “Wait a minute, wait a minute. That was *your* accident on Highway 24?” I said, “Yes.” He said, “OK, now I get it. I was driving out to the prisons on 24. It was a beautiful day, and I got a sudden angel message to pray for protection. I remember looking around me. There were no cars. There was no hail.” But, he explained, the message had said to pray for safety, so he did. It was at the very moment we had needed it! And to me, that was one of the most beautiful examples of Christian Scientists praying together, praying “for the congregation.” (*Church Manual*, p. 42:1) Never underestimate the value of your prayers or those angel messages.

RAISE THE DEAD. Now what about that last command? Impossible? Let’s talk. I got a call from a young stockbroker’s wife in Dallas, Texas. She said her husband had just collapsed and had been taken to Parkland Hospital. She said she didn’t know exactly what had happened. I said, “Well, I know one thing, ‘All is well’ (II Kings 5:22). Just say those three words. Keep it simple. ‘All is well.’” She called me in about half an hour, and what she said was, “This is really serious.” I said, “Yes, it is. Really serious. You know what’s serious? The Truth. I don’t care what else you’re told today, I don’t care what you see. I

want you to hold on to one thing, that it’s Truth that makes us free. That Truth we talk about is the most serious thing in your life. You stay there. You hold on to it.” I still didn’t know what had happened. But now I’ll give you the rest of the story. The wife was met at the hospital by a doctor who handed her all of her husband’s possessions, and by a nurse who handed her a box of Kleenex. Not a good sign. The doctor said: “I’m sorry to tell you that I don’t think we’re going to be able to save your husband. We’ve not been able to get him to breathe in 35 minutes. They couldn’t get him to breathe in the ambulance, and they couldn’t get him to breathe here either. Should we be able to get him to breathe, I have to warn you his brain will have been deprived of oxygen for over 30 minutes, and there is less than a 5% of chance for any meaningful neurological recovery.” Translation: brain dead – a vegetable. That’s what she was told. She is a sterling Christian Scientist, by the way, and her husband had more recently embraced it. Two days later, he was completely healed, and was released from the hospital. Before the release she felt led to have the doctor called, the one who had admitted her husband and pronounced the verdict on his condition. When the doctor saw her husband, he was shocked. He had presumed him dead. He asked what had happened. The wife said it was prayer. The doctor asked, “What church do you go to?” She said, “We’re Christian Scientists.” He then called the minister in his own church and said he had witnessed a miracle resulting from prayer. The minister asked if he could use that experience in one of his sermons. It went online; and if you’d like to hear the doctor’s statement it’s in *Radical Acts* at <http://time4thinkers.com/raising-the-dead-for-real/>.

END OF THE JOURNEY. We’ve come to the end of our journey. Let’s take just a moment to review the trip and the markers along the way that got us to our destination.

A heart attack: “Which of these men (or women) do you think of as you: Genesis 1 or Genesis 2?”

Broken bones: You are God’s image and likeness and you have dominion over that body of yours (Genesis 1).

Poison: What about the scorpion bite? Trust in the proper removal of whatever is offensive. (See *Science and Health*, p. 463:12).

Pressure: What about overcoming pressure? Answer: “The body is the substratum of mortal mind, and this so-called mind must finally yield to the mandate of immortal Mind” (*Science and Health*, p. 371:2-4).

Command performance: “[God] performeth the thing that is appointed for [you]” (Job 23).

Hatred: And what about that young girl over in Paris? “The vital part, the heart and soul of Christian Science, is Love.” (*Science and Health*, p. 113:5-6).

Age: “Life is eternal. We should find this out and begin the demonstration thereof.” (*Science and Health*, p. 246:27-28)

Declining church membership: “The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much” (James 5:16).

What about the car accident? “Accidents are unknown to God...” (*Science and Health*, p. 424:5-8).

And the ultimate lie? Let’s not overlook my friend in Dallas who learned that the Truth that makes us free is the Truth that we’re free already (See John 8:32).

Group A? I hope you feel fortified.

Group B? I hope you have some clarity.

Group C? I hope you understand why we’ve taken the path we have.

And lastly? “Two roads diverged in a wood, and I ... I took the one less traveled by ... and that has made all the difference.”

Which part of the word **all** do you not understand?



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