

FREED FROM INTERNAL INJURIES RESULTING FROM CHILDHOOD FALL

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SHORTLY AFTER the Civil War, my great-grandparents went West in a covered wagon, and homesteaded on the Kansas prairie. Their three daughters found Christian Science in the late 1800s and never ceased in their love of this truth, or their expression of it. The middle daughter was my grandmother.

It was she who early on became my "dear one." Her daughter, my mother, could not and would not consider her mother's faith. But grandmother saw to it that I had the Christian Science textbook, *Science and Health* by Mary Baker Eddy—and I loved what I read. I knew that some day I would be a Christian Scientist.

When I was eleven years old, the rope of my swing broke and I fell some distance, landing on my stomach on a concrete sidewalk. There was no apparent external injury, but it soon became evident that I was not well. The family doctor told my parents I had a severe heart condition, could not attend school, and must stay home in bed. Shortly before Christmas that year, when the problem had not yielded after several months, even the doctor said that his prescription and staying confined to my bed weren't helping me. So one afternoon, I actually went to town by myself to do some Christmas shopping.

While there, I became extremely ill and was in severe pain. But it never occurred to me to go home—I went to see my grandmother. My parents called the family physician and immediate surgery found a tumorous condition which was diagnosed as being a result of the fall from my swing. I've always felt this instance was my first healing in Christian Science—simply because I went to see my grandmother. Had I gone home, the trip would have taken over an hour and I was told I would have died on the way.

The surgery, however, did not effect a cure and for the next several years I was in a doctor's care. The heart condition was still a problem, and the internal damage became more apparent as I matured. In high school I was given permission to leave classes and rest in the dean's office when I was ill. When I was twenty, I was diagnosed with another tumor and told it must be removed at once.

I remember sitting still, thinking that whatever the internal condition might be, Christian Science could heal it. I got up, walked out of the doctor's office, and never went back. I continued to struggle physically, but from then on, I chose to address it with prayer.

Within a short time, I married a Christian Scientist, and it was through his prayerful support and the work of a Christian Science practitioner that I was healed of the heart condition. My testimony was published in the December 27, 1958, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

A few years later, now a practitioner myself, I became aware of a new sense of disturbance in my body. I wasn't sure exactly what it was, but I felt that something had developed. I recalled the doctor's prediction. I didn't say anything about this, but I certainly prayed. I summoned every truth I could from my Christian Science study, and from other healings I'd had or read about, but the situation didn't subside.

Based on my earlier experiences, I feared my situation as being one of three possibilities—each more severe than the first. Finally, one day I sat down and talked out loud to myself. I said, "Virginia, suppose you're sitting in your office as a Christian Science practitioner, and a woman comes in and tells you she's dealing with a situation that's similar to the first one you're thinking of, what would you say to her?"

"Well," I answered, "I would affirm the allness of God, and the nothingness of matter!" I then asked myself, "Suppose she told you that she was confronting the second of your suspicions about yourself. What would you say to that?" I replied, "I would have to know—to really understand—the absolute allness of God and the absolute nothingness of matter."

At that point I asked myself: "If the third of your fears is real—that the tumor is not only still with you, but is active and harmful—how do you address this?"

I prayed as never before, not for help, not for release, not even for forgiveness for doubts, or for errors known or unknown; but I searched for a better understanding of God's allness, and onliness. I tried to envision the height, depth, and width of the spiritual universe and to realize the volume dimension that fills the very cosmos to infinity, being not *Godlike* but God Himself! His Majesty, His glory, His greatness as filling the dimensions of my room.

In that moment, what took place in my consciousness was a total surrender of the report of the material senses, and I realized what Isaiah records: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else. I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, That unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear" ([Isaiah 45:22, 23](#)). I felt I was inside divine power! There was no light, or voice, but a feeling of being enveloped within that spiritual power! It was something so totally beyond me I'm not able to express it in words. It was only for a moment—but what a moment.

As for the fear and the physical problem, they were completely gone.

This was some years ago, and now I have attained more than what the Bible calls "fourscore years and ten," and still can happily say, "All is well!"

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