

Pearls *of* Healing Wisdom



A Message of Support

Our ministry is supported primarily by the freewill offerings of friends like you. Your generosity helps make it possible for us to offer this inspirational booklet. Our desire is to make Unity literature available to everyone who wants it, especially those most in need of spiritual encouragement. Unity is committed to leaving no one out.



Introduction

The healing work of Unity began with cofounder Myrtle Fillmore, who overcame a life-threatening illness in the late 1880s by claiming health and wholeness through faith-filled thoughts, words and actions. After her healing, Myrtle lovingly spent the rest of her long life helping others heal as well.

Pearls of Healing Wisdom begins with Myrtle's own story of how she found health. Other pearls in this booklet include inspiring stories of healing based on Myrtle's teachings as well as the practical wisdom of contemporary teachers and healers.

The booklet also features three healing poems, including one at the end by Myrtle Fillmore titled "My Love to Thee." As you read this booklet, may you, too, know the truth of your own God-given health and wholeness.

Table of Contents

| | |
|--|----|
| How I Found Health By Myrtle Fillmore | 3 |
| Healing Comes Quietly By Leona Hayes Chunn | 6 |
| The Work of Prayer in Healing By J. Douglas Bottorff | 7 |
| Surrendering to Love By Gerald G. Jampolksy, M.D. | 13 |
| You'll Never Walk Alone By Martis Jones, Ph.D. | 19 |
| Surrendering All to God By Rev. Gardiner Rapelye Jr. | 28 |
| I Am By Geraldine Wells | 33 |
| Prayer Works Wonders By Bernie Siegel, M.D. | 35 |
| Journey to the Heart of God By Rev. Joan Gattuso | 40 |
| My Love to Thee By Myrtle Fillmore | 48 |

©2009 by Unity

Bible references in this booklet are from the
New Revised Standard Version unless otherwise indicated.



How I Found *Health*

By Myrtle Fillmore, cofounder of Unity, in 1897

I have made what seems to me a discovery. I was very sick; I had all the ills of mind and body that I could bear. Medicine and doctors ceased to give me relief, and I was in despair, until I found practical Christianity. I affirmed my beliefs, and I was healed. I did most of the healing myself, because I wanted the understanding for future use. This is how I made what I call my discovery:

I was thinking about life. Life is everywhere—in animals and in people. “Then why doesn’t the life in the animal make a body like a human’s?” I asked. Then I thought, “The animal has not as much sense as a human.” Ah! Intelligence, as well as life, is needed to make a body. Here is the key to my discovery: Life has to be guided by intelligence in making all forms. The same law works in my own body. Life is simply a form of energy, and it has to

be guided and directed in a person's body by his or her intelligence. How do we communicate intelligence? By thinking and talking, of course. Then it flashed upon me that I might talk to the life in every part of my body and have it do just what I wanted. I began to teach my body and got marvelous results.

I told the life in my liver that it was not torpid or inert, but full of vigor and energy. I told the life in my stomach that it was not weak or inefficient, but energetic, strong and intelligent. I told the life in my abdomen that it was no longer infested with ignorant ideas of disease, put there by myself and by doctors, but that it was all alive with the sweet, pure, wholesome energy of God. I told my limbs that they were active and strong. I told my eyes that they did not see of themselves, but that they expressed the sight of Spirit and that they were drawing on an unlimited source. I told them that they were young eyes—clear, bright eyes, because the light of God shone through them. I told my heart that the pure love of Jesus Christ flowed in and through its beatings and that all the world felt its joyous pulsation.

I went to all the life centers in my body and spoke words of Truth to them—words of strength and power. I asked their forgiveness for the foolish, ignorant course that I had pursued in the past, when I had condemned them and called them weak, inefficient and diseased. I did not become discouraged at their being slow to wake up, but kept right on, both silently and aloud, declaring words of Truth until the organs responded. And neither did I forget to tell them that they were free, unlimited Spirit. I told them that they were no longer in bondage to the carnal mind; that they were not corruptible flesh, but centers of life and energy omnipresent.

Then I asked God to forgive me for taking His life into my body and using it so wastefully. I promised God that I would never, never again retard the free flow of that life through my mind and my body by any false word or thought; that I would always bless it and encourage it with true thoughts and words in its wise work of building up my body temple; that I would use all diligence and wisdom in telling it just what I wanted it to do.

I also saw that I was using the life of God in thinking thoughts and speaking words, and I became very watchful as to what I thought and said.

I did not let any worried or anxious thoughts into my mind, and I stopped speaking gossipy, frivolous, petulant, angry words. I let a little prayer go up every hour that Jesus Christ would be with me and help me to think and speak only kind, loving, true words; and I am sure that He is with me, because I am so peaceful and happy now.

I want everybody to know about this beautiful, true law and to use it. It is not a new discovery but, when you use it and get the fruits of health and harmony, it will seem new to you, and you will feel that it is your own discovery.





Healing Comes *Quietly*

By Leona Hayes Chunn

Healing is a quiet thing.
It does not descend upon the seeker
With loud acclaim;
No fanfare heralds its approach.
With faith its counterpart,
Healing comes quietly,
Working its benediction like holy air,
In gentleness,
Through avenues of prayer.

The Work of Prayer in *Healing*

By J. Douglas Bottorff

In your consciousness, your body and your affairs, you are seeking to express more of God. You may not have called your desire for healing, prosperity and harmony a desire for God, but that is exactly what it is. Perhaps by exchanging the word *God* for the word *good*, as someone has suggested, you can see it clearly.

All your endeavors have been centered around the attainment of greater good, whether for yourself, your loved ones or your community. The good you sought may have been a healing of some sort, an increase in salary, a career, a spouse or even a new car or home. But the motivation behind your search, past and present, has been and is the desire to experience greater good.

This desire for greater good is universal. One of Charles and Myrtle Fillmore's great teachers, Emma Curtis Hopkins, observed that even the lowly earthworm is infused with this desire. Every time an earthworm moves, it does so because it finds some benefit. Whether it be for safety, for food or for pleasure, the motivation is always the attainment of greater good.

Your Desire for Health

Your desire for perfect health has its source in God. Unity's cofounder Myrtle Fillmore wrote: "Whenever we have an experience of sickness, it is evidence that we have been letting go of our hold on the gifts of God. We have ceased eagerly to appropriate and analyze and assimilate and make use of the life of Spirit through our thoughts, our words, our acts, our living habits."

God is continually giving you the gift of health, and you experience that giving as the desire for health. In your time of meditation you will experience the truth that God is whole, complete, without need of anything except to express through you as wholeness. The life signal of wholeness is being broadcast from the depths of your being and interpreted by you as the desire for perfect health. Your mind and body are the vehicles through which health is intended to be made manifest.

Healing Your Attitude Toward Your Body

In your prayer for healings remember that prayer is primarily a consciousness-raising tool. Your first concern is not to heal your body, but to heal your attitude toward your body and toward any condition in your life that is prompting stress and limitation in your body. This means you are to lift your body image from one that is sick and weak to one that is whole and vibrant. To accomplish this, you are to deny or release your old body image and affirm or establish a new and healthy one.

As I shared this thought with a man who was experiencing a health challenge, he immediately saw how hard he had been working to heal his body. He was taking on a

responsibility that was not his to take on. He realized he did not know how the immune system worked or how the cells cleansed and reproduced themselves. He found he was actually compounding the problem by forcefully visualizing the healing process as he thought it should work. This caused additional stress and frustration. Instead, he began simply to see himself as whole and free from disease. He allowed himself to trust God to do the work. He said his new attitude lifted a great burden from his shoulders and went a long way in helping to bring about his eventual recovery.

A Time of Quiet Focus

Begin your prayer by sitting in a comfortable chair in a place where you will not be disturbed. While the prayer process can and will take place wherever you are, whether it be at work in the office or on the assembly line, walking down a busy street or driving the car, it is good to have special times of quiet focus in which you clearly see and experience your goal of wholeness. Relax your body for a few moments and establish the attitude that you are cooperating with the desire of God in your prayer for healing. It is God's will that you are healed.

With closed eyes, see your body as it is now. If there is pain or any undesirable sensation, bring it clearly to your mind. When you have done this, the process of release can begin.

Release

Form a statement of release. It can be something as simple as this: "I now release this from my life." Make this statement a few times, feeling the mental and emotional release gently occurring.

During the release process pay special attention to any strong impressions you receive. The image of a person

or situation may come to mind, possibly as a signal to you that there is a need to release (forgive) them as well. Do not seek out such things, but if they come, include them in your releasing process or write them down for later treatment.

Affirm

As you feel yourself releasing the limiting body image, gently move into the affirmative side of your prayer. Following the guidelines previously given, form a statement similar to this: *God's perfect wholeness is now established in my mind and body. I am whole and free. Thank You, God.* Visualize God's perfect life filling every aspect of your body, and feel the delight and gratitude that naturally come with this vision. As you attain any measure of success in this transition from an unhealthy body image to a body image of wholeness, you can know something wonderful is happening. Do not look for things to happen. Let them present themselves to you in their own time. Just keep doing your part in prayer.

Along with your special time of prayer, be receptive to ideas that may come to you throughout the day. You may be inspired to enroll in an exercise program, attend a lecture on healing, read a book on dieting, or any number



of things. Trust God to *speak* to you on the level you can hear. Your daily work in meditation will also prove to be invaluable in becoming solution-oriented in this important area. The combination of these two practices of meditation and prayer will produce delightful results in the area of healing if you are dedicated to their practice and patient with yourself in learning to believe that you have received, even before there is evidence to indicate that your belief is sound.

The Ebb and Flow of Spiritual Growth

In our practice of meditation and prayer it is important to bear in mind that there is an ebb and flow in our spiritual growth, times when no progress seems to be made and other times when we feel we are making great strides forward. Otherwise, when we hit occasional dry spells in our journey, we may feel like we are failing to make progress and become discouraged in our efforts to grow.

What is even more frustrating is our tendency to know the higher truths but, through a kind of spiritual indifference, choose instead to cling to lesser ideals. Paul put it very bluntly when he wrote: “I do not understand my own actions. For I do not do what I want, but I do the very thing I hate” (Rom. 7:15). Who on the spiritual path

does not understand well Paul's sentiments? Why, when we have seen grander possibilities for self-expression, do we continue to choose to be overrun by negative emotions, old limited thought patterns, and negative reactions to circumstantial appearances? What is it in us that keeps us hanging on to the old, spiritually degrading way of handling things when we know that the joy and freedom of choosing a higher perspective are just a thought or two away?

This question has probably plagued members of the human race ever since it began to dawn on us that, while the surface of our being is very much involved in the finite world of expression, our essence is grounded in the Infinite. In one sense we stand with one foot in heaven and another foot on earth, and because we are in the beginning stages of spiritual development, we favor with attention our earthly standing over our heavenly one.

You can demonstrate any kind of life you choose, but the rules of expression are this: First, you must build a consciousness for the thing you desire, and second, you must be willing to exert the effort necessary to bring it forth. Prayer is not a means of avoiding challenge; it is not a magic formula that will enable you to get something for nothing. Prayer is the means by which you build the consciousness that will successfully carry you through the challenge and into the manifestation of your choice.



Surrendering to Love

By Gerald G. Jampolsky, M.D.

I was an atheist for most of my life. But in 1975 I underwent a spiritual transformation. I was feeling the pressure of being a doctor and, at the same time, I was going through a painful divorce. I was killing myself with alcohol, yet I was also afraid to die.

One day, while making rounds at the hospital, I overheard a child—a cancer patient—ask his doctor a question that had been on my mind too: “What is it like to die?” Not honoring the trust this child placed in him, the doctor ignored the question and changed the subject.

At that moment I began my search to find out what happens to children in the hospital when they ask such a question. Whom *could* they trust? I found that many times the only person they could turn to for love and support was the cleaning lady who came into their rooms every morning.

I began to pray and received the guidance to start a center to help children deal with their questions. It is a free center for attitudinal healing for children who are suffering from catastrophic illness such as cancer, leukemia and AIDS. What I soon discovered, though, was that these children were wise spirits in young bodies. They taught me not to be afraid of death and that our purpose here on earth is to love and forgive.

At the center, we not only help children but we also have support groups for people of all ages, for **people** who want to incorporate attitudinal healing principles into their own lives

Finding Peace

We define *health* as inner peace and *healing* as letting go of fear. We have a number of principles we teach, and the first one is that the very essence of our being is love. The staff, volunteers and the people who come here do so for one primary purpose: to find peace of mind, which is experiencing the peace of God.

When people who are M.D.s or Ph.D.s come to our center, we politely ask them to leave their degrees outside, to resist the temptation to give advice or interpret people's behavior, and to do their best to give unconditional love. This is what the center is all about.

We have found that one of the best ways to find the peace of God is to help other people. As we focus on helping other people with a purity of love and on not making judgments about other people, we begin to feel a sense of joy and peace that we have never before experienced.

All Things Are Possible

The children at the center are our teachers. One boy of twelve who came to us had been hit by a truck while riding his bicycle. He suffered severe brain damage and was in a coma. His parents were advised to put him in long-term care, but they decided to take him home instead.

He later regained consciousness and came to our center, where we believe that anything is possible. At first

it took him ten minutes to tell a simple joke, but all the kids in his group listened. He said that was the first time he had been able to finish a joke since the accident. The kids demonstrated that love is really listening. This boy, who was so brain damaged he was supposed to be a vegetable, now drives a car, skis cross-country, and works in the hotel industry. He is a wonderful demonstration of someone living a life to help other people, living a life in which peace of mind comes first. He is being a true light of love in our world.

Our goal at the center is to offer people psychological and spiritual support in whatever they are going through. We recognize that people can have peace of mind even when they have cancer and pain. And we understand that death is not a failure.

We can all have hope because God is always with us, because we are one in spirit, because life is eternal, and because there is love.

An eleven-year-old at the center who was about to experience death said he believed that when we die, we discard our body and then we become one with all souls. He suggested that we sometimes come back and act as guardian angels to others. And there is no question in my mind that this little boy is my guardian angel. I know that he is there, guiding me and helping me along the way as I continue to work with children around the world.

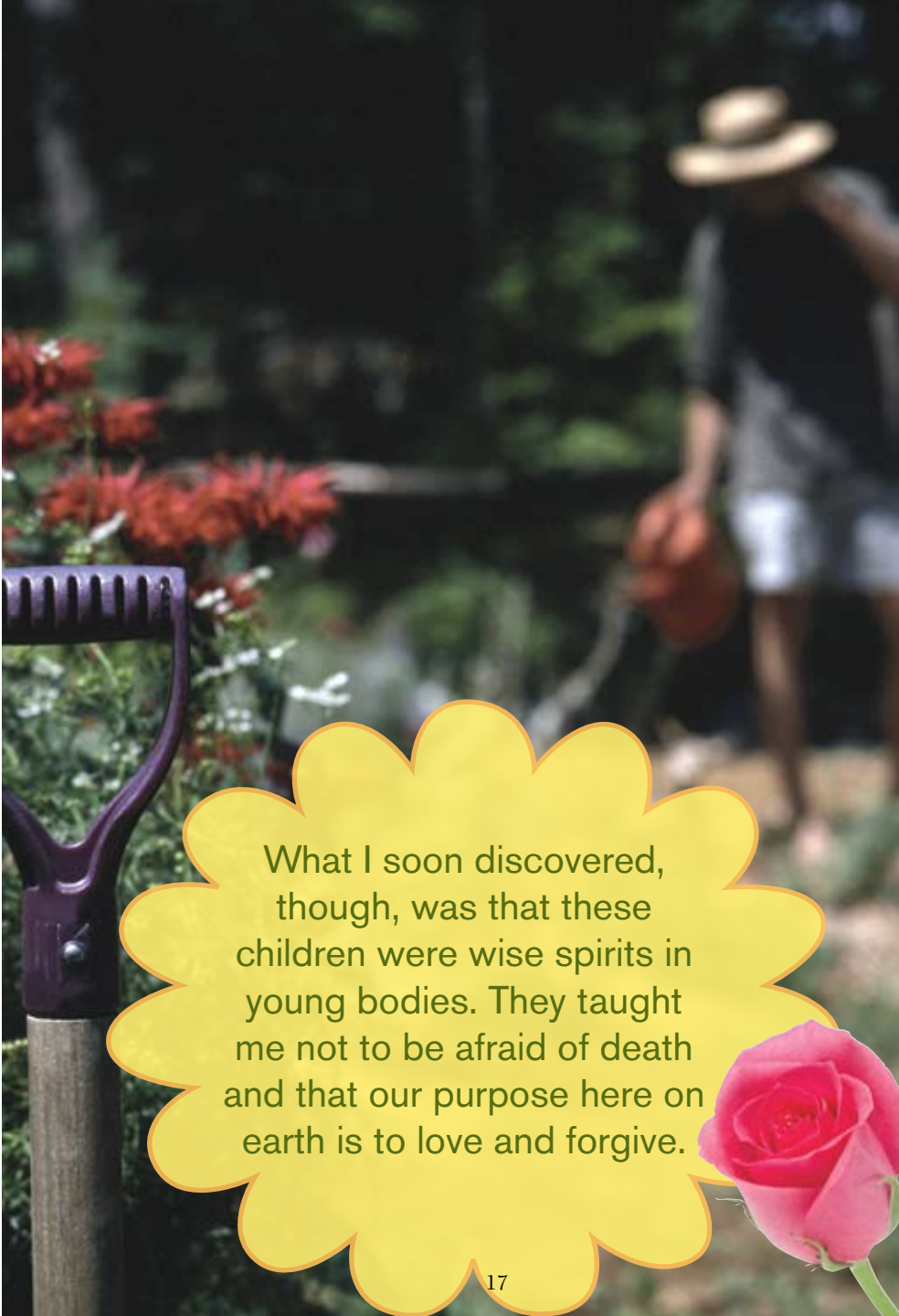
Unconditional Love

Love is an experience beyond definition—as difficult to define as God is. Love is unconditional and never ceases. It never judges, and it is the timeless answer to every problem, every sickness and every pain. Love is the answer.

Surrendering to love, surrendering to God, is what life is all about, and this is what I am here to learn and hopefully to demonstrate. So I do my best to make each moment a prayer on my pathway home to God.

I think that death, as that little boy said, is just letting go of the body and becoming pure light once again. We are all beings of light, and maybe this comes closest to describing what is beyond our comprehension.

As light beings, we are forever one with God. God is our source, and we are God's holy children. And we are here on earth to do our best to heal the separations that take place.



What I soon discovered, though, was that these children were wise spirits in young bodies. They taught me not to be afraid of death and that our purpose here on earth is to love and forgive.



You'll Never Walk Alone

By Martis Jones, Ph.D.

“You’ll never walk again.” These words sounded like a death sentence to me. As though they were not enough to create a feeling of devastation, my doctor added the fact that my rheumatoid arthritis had reached advanced stages and that I would be confined to a wheelchair for the rest of my life. I am not sure which sounded more tragic—wheelchair or invalid. Not being able to walk felt like desolation; the wheelchair, like isolation and loneliness. Both, like no life at all.

My doctor continued to rattle off a litany of things I would no longer be able to do. Sitting in front of him, I lost eye contact as I thought about what I enjoyed doing on my feet: shopping until dropping, traveling to exotic places, meeting friends for decadent desserts, hiking with my family, walking tirelessly in stadium-length exhibit halls at conferences and art festivals, skating, and just standing under a warm shower for five to ten minutes. I felt dispirited by depression and defeat. Frozen in thought and deed and oblivious to direction, I blocked out all plans I had made for the rest of the days, weeks and months ahead.

Living in the Cocoon

I went home and converted my bedroom into a secure cocoon where I cried, day and night, without ceasing. There was no escape from the darkness or despair. I swayed in and out of consciousness to avoid the constant, unbearable pain. My joints ached worse than a thousand toothaches. They were swollen so badly that they did not bend. My legs looked like two colossal smokestacks placed side by side—no curvature; no clear demarcations of joints, bones and muscles. As I peered down at my lower extremities, I cried even more. I wondered if there was a way out of the mess I saw besides death itself.

As though I had not suffered enough disappointment already, I also discovered I was allergic to nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drugs (NSAIDs) sold by prescription and over the counter—Motrin®, Feldene, Naposyn®, ibuprofen, Advil®, Aleve® and on and on. I thought, “No hope and no dope.” I asked God to let me die—right there, right then.

The Will to Live

Almost as soon as I beseeched God to let me die, everything that was important to me flashed in front of my face—my family, friends, work, traveling, sunrises and sunsets, the passionate surf pounding against beaches, the great symphonies, the works of Rodin, hot-air ballooning, soaring eagles, spring, summer, Sedona, laughter. Pain, anger and disappointment became trivial. With all of the strength I could muster, I flung back my head and like the lion Vincent in *Beauty and the Beast*, I roared: “I will walk and run and climb and stoop and stand and step over all stumbling blocks and stretch high from the tips of my toes and reach for the sky. I am better than this.”

The sheer will to live eclipsed all worry, doubt and fear. My abrupt awakening shook me out of my deep trance and helped me remember my mission—to be directed by passion, determination, wisdom, integrity, loyalty; to will, not to worry; to let go and let God; to refuse to give up or give in; to keep reaching for the highest and best, not to rest on less. Guided by Spirit, I got myself in gear and began to take baby steps toward my healing. What a shift! I went from despair to desire, from lackluster existence to longing for active life, from feeling victimized and zapped to feeling zeal and zest for life. Wow!

Breaking Free

Like the chrysalis, which reorganizes itself to liberate itself from the tight sheaths of the cocoon and emerge as “Madame Butterfly,” I, too, had to go through great change. I began by opening the doors of my home and heart to my family and friends. I let them help me with simple tasks (like pouring a glass of juice for me or helping me with my crutches) and more difficult ones (like dressing and undressing, getting in and out of bed or the car, doing housework, and climbing stairs). This loving support system taught me how to trust. I learned how to express my feelings and discuss my fears and desires openly and honestly. We deepened our relationships. Their care and concern helped me face the healing ahead while feeling safe, secure and inspired.

Rx for Healing—Spirit, Soul and Body

I was ready to begin the real work. Partnering with Spirit, I entered a long period of discovery and renewal—my sacred encounter with *all of me*—intellectually, mentally, emotionally, physically and spiritually. At the *intellectual* level, I researched the causes and cures of arthritis and found

that it is not a single disease but a group of more than 100 disease entities and syndromes dating back to Pleistocene man, who lived 500,000 years ago. Arthritis is the number-one cause of disability in America. More than 40 million Americans suffer with arthritis; 2 million, with rheumatoid arthritis. Women account for two-thirds of those with arthritis. Rheumatoid arthritis is the most crippling and agonizing of all degenerative diseases.

As I gathered these dismal data, I was encouraged by the words of Myrtle Fillmore, cofounder of Unity: “There is no such thing as a ‘disease’ or incurable condition in the system. These activities, or weaknesses, or abnormalities to which the medical profession gives names are but the efforts of the God-given inner intelligence to deal with conditions that the individual has produced by his failure to understand the Truth and to recognize himself as a perfect child of God.... Anything that does not measure up to the Christ pattern of perfection can be changed.” I clung tightly to Myrtle’s words as they became the beacon for my further inquiries about health and healing.

The Healing Power of the Mental Apothecary

I chose to use my mind as my pharmacy for natural healing. At the *mental* level, I learned to incorporate one of the foundational principles of Unity: “Thoughts held in mind produce after their own kind.” We cannot plant corn seeds and get pumpkins. I created a daily mantra: *My mind is my kingdom. I rule it wisely by releasing and letting go of any thought that is not true—any thought of unworthiness, blame, shame, guilt, embarrassment or poverty handed down by institutions of family, church, education, employment and medicine.*

I began to wipe out the error thoughts and lifelong mistaken beliefs that had been camping in my mind and body and keeping me in bondage to depression, criticism, resentment, feelings of being unloved, and feelings of being very put-upon. I replaced these weakening and untrue thoughts with affirmations (strong assertions of what is true) such as these: *My self-image is my God-Self image and I am a loved and blessed creation in God's image and likeness and I love and accept myself in the perfect image in which I was made and I am a living, loving, flowing expression of life and finally, I flow easily and flexibly with change.* I likened applying these affirmations to mental flossing.

Humor Heals Emotional Wounds

At the *emotional* level, I learned how to practice positive attitude change through the use of positive humor. I started seeing humor all around me in puns, irony and oxymora. I reminded myself that when I could not see the irony, I could end up with *irony deficiency*. Lack of humor could cause *humorhoids*. (They make you feel awful!) I also found oxymora in such everyday terms as *jumbo shrimp* and *minor surgery*. Positive humor helped me condition the logical mind until it yielded to the omniscience of sweet, loving Spirit.

I created a “joy jar” by writing positive sayings on small strips of paper and dropping them in a glass cookie jar each day. At the end of the year, the jar was filled with 365 positive sayings. The next year I took one saying out each day and read it. Oh, what joy and inspiration! These became day starters and cures for health and healing in heart, mind and spirit. I became inspired to “be transformed by the renewing of [my mind]” (Rom. 12:2).

Healing Physically: God Is an Equal Opportunity Healer

My positive statements at the mental and emotional levels jump-started my healing at the physical level: *I am made in the image and after the likeness of a loving Creator who unceasingly employs equal opportunity and is no respecter of persons.* I saw this as unconditional love working in and through me. Along with this healing and harmonizing power of love in action, I applied 1 John 3:14 as my physical healing mantra: *“We know that we have passed from death to life because we love one another.”* Unconditional love forges forgiveness, patience, gentleness and kindness. These were essential for complete healing and created curative compresses to transfuse this healing energy deeply into the very cells, organs and tissues of my body. My awareness of spirit, soul and body became even keener.

I combined love’s healing energy with new lifestyle practices, including eating right. I quit eating red meat, dairy products and eggs, salty and sweet snacks (including chocolate), white flour, caffeine and highly processed and refined food and began eating fresh fruit, steamed and juiced fresh vegetables, tofu, beans, grains, seeds, sea vegetables and fresh fish. I combined these with regular exercise and hands-on therapies (massage, therapeutic touch, manual lymph drainage, acupressure, reflexology). I was able to restore vitality and remake my entire body. My invalid state transformed into a self-validated state.

Healing Spiritually: You Are a Millionheir

At the *spiritual* level, my high-potency multiple vitamins became daily affirmations, meditation and affirmative prayer, taken in daily doses to continue to heighten the

awareness of Spirit. God's nature is our own true nature and likeness and our inherent birthright: "I came that they may have life, and have it abundantly." Reclaiming my birthright caused a sharp shift in my thinking from victim to heir. I named and claimed myself as a *millionheir*—among the millions inheriting all that is God—health, wealth, goodness, happiness, peace and true prosperity. I found this confirmation in the Gospel of John: "I came that they may have life, and have it abundantly" (Jn. 10:10).

A Brand-New Me!

Doctors had told me I would never walk again. God assured me I would never walk alone. After practicing these natural alternatives for a healthy lifestyle in all areas of my life, I renewed my mind, body and soul. I became a brand-new cocreation—intellectually, mentally, emotionally, physically and spiritually. My complete healing took almost five years. I found Unity during that time and learned a lot more about how to receive from the One Presence and One Power, the all-knowing God. During the ups and downs, setbacks and disappointments, God continuously whispered, "I am here." I constantly repeated Jeremiah 30:17: "I will restore health to you, and your wounds I will heal."

Today I am healthy and physically active. I complete century bike rides (100 miles) to support fund-raising for the fight against arthritis, cancer, multiple sclerosis and diabetes. I walk five miles a day, work out regularly on exercise equipment, and do kick boxing. I feel high in spirit and light in weight—no crutches, no wheelchairs—free.

You Are Innately Divine, Whole and Complete

You and I are here by divine appointment. The divine seed for healing is planted deeply in every one of us

because we are innately divine, innately whole and innately complete. Our desire for health, harmony and prosperity—whether for healing in relationships, finances, employment or body—awakens our pent-up potential to erupt as new birth.

If you are looking for a healing right now—in any area of your life—I invite you to rely on the promises of Spirit to heal your need. Discover and renew the whole of you—spirit, soul and body. You can do this by affirming your natural birthright for health and radiant life; by getting still each day; by practicing prayer and meditation regularly and listening to the voice of Spirit; by physically acting on God's promises of wholeness for you; by setting high expectations for your good; by looking for blessings in disappointments; by practicing positive humor; and by expressing love for yourself and others through forgiveness, patience, gentleness, mercy and kindness. You will revitalize and reinvent your life and restore peace, harmony, health, happiness and true prosperity to it. And as you do, know this: You'll never walk alone.



You and I are here by divine appointment.
The divine seed for healing
is planted deeply in every one of us
because we are innately divine, innately
whole and innately complete.



Surrendering *All to God*

By Rev. Gardiner Rapelye Jr.

It's every parent's worst nightmare, a call from the hospital saying, "Your son is in ICU."

When my sons Tanner and Beau were eight and fourteen, their mother and I divorced, and I started a new life as a single parent of two sons. In those early years, I had gotten used to the usual bumps and scrapes that happen to kids. However, at 11 p.m. on Saturday, September 17, 2005, I received a call that turned my world upside down. My 24-year-old son Tanner had fallen from the fourth-floor balcony of his apartment in Kansas City, Missouri.

Rushing off to the hospital from my home 20 miles away, I made several urgent calls. I phoned Beau, in California, and his mother, in North Carolina. I called Silent Unity, and I called my prayer partner from ministerial school, Reverend Debbie Taylor, for prayer support.

Earlier that day, Tanner and his roommate had helped me pack boxes for a Gulf Coast relief drive at Unity Temple on the Plaza in Kansas City. The boxes were being sent to people who were made homeless by Hurricane Katrina. Tanner had said, “Dad, I really want to do more of this.” We had lunch together and then went our separate ways. By that evening, a beautiful afternoon with my son had turned into a horrific crisis.

When I arrived at the hospital emergency unit, a doctor took me into a small consultation room and said, “Your son may survive, but if he does, he may be totally nonfunctioning.” When he told me I couldn’t go in to be with Tanner, I said, “I’ve got to be by his side. I’m an ordained minister and I can handle this.”

My Little Boy

When Tanner was born, I was in the delivery room. As soon as the doctor delivered Tanner, she handed him to me. Tanner grabbed my thumb, and I remember thinking, “This little boy is going to help me.” Now I knew I needed to be there to hold his thumb.

Finally, I was allowed in to see him. Tanner was in a coma, his pelvis was fractured, and a broken rib had damaged his spleen. Before they did a tracheotomy and placed Tanner on life support, I tried to straighten the oxygen tube going into his nose, because even though he was in a coma, I wanted to do something that might make him feel more

comfortable. As one of the doctors watched, he said, “This isn’t the movies. There’s not going to be any pretty music, and there may be no happy ending.” “Well,” I affirmed, “I’m in prayer knowing that we are going to see the happy ending and he is going to be just fine.”

Hitting the ground after a four-story fall, Tanner aspirated the contents of his stomach into his lungs, which caused severe burns throughout the interior of his lungs. His brain was swollen to the capacity of his skull, but it was the damage to his lungs that soon threatened to take his life.

Several times we nearly lost him. Twice the doctor prescribed a risky steroid treatment and said, “You have a choice here: you can either watch him crash and burn or you can let us try to save his life with a steroid treatment. But know that he may not survive the treatment itself.”

I thought, “Okay, we are either going to be planning a funeral or for long-term care, and I’ll do whatever I’m called to do.” It was so clear from that moment on that I had to surrender, get out of the way, and listen to divine guidance.

Beau flew in from California, and the boys’ mother flew in from North Carolina. Tanner had at least one of us by his side at all times. I was comforted to know the prayers of Silent Unity were going on 24 hours a day, every day. Debbie started a prayer chain for Tanner, and we received cards from people all over the world, telling us they were praying for him.

We never left him unattended, and I believe that during the eight weeks he was in a coma, he somehow sensed that we were there, pulling for him. I said the “Prayer for Protection” for him over and over again, believing each time that he heard me:

*The light of God surrounds you;
The love of God enfolds you;
The power of God protects you;
The presence of God watches over you.
Wherever you are, God is!*

Tanner's recovery was a very slow process. The first indication I saw that he was coming out of the coma was when a tiny bit of one side of his lip turned up, as if he were trying to smile. Then he started moving one of his little fingers. We cheered him on, hoping and praying that he was really coming back. The doctors were very cautious, saying, "Don't get too excited about any of this."

On the other hand, prayers for him continued, and his progress steadily improved. We prayed, Silent Unity prayed around the clock, and people all over the world prayed. Tanner became more active and coherent. He was able to work the call button, keeping his nurses busy.

One morning when I arrived early at the hospital, Tanner had the TV remote in his hand. He said, "Dad, look!" I looked up and saw that he had The Worship Network on—beautiful scenes, lovely music, scriptures and inspirational messages that continued 24 hours a day. He had been awake all night watching the program.

Tanner went from 250 to 140 pounds while he was in the hospital. He had to learn everything all over again: how to move his hands, arms and legs. He had to learn how to walk, talk and take care of himself.

When he came out of the hospital, Tanner stayed with me for two weeks. At first I was as nervous as if I had a newborn in the house. I would listen for any noise he would make: Was he coughing? Turning over in the bed?

He'd been taken care of by nurses and doctors for so long, I wasn't sure if I could do it. But Tanner improved so rapidly that he really didn't require much care.

Beau quit his job in California, and he and Tanner moved in together. They lived right across the street from me. We had this family-compound thing going on for a while, which was very comforting.

Finding the Good

When Tanner fell four stories to the ground, he landed on a patch of grass and dirt that was about three feet wide by five feet long. That patch of ground, surrounded by rock, brick, stone steps and metal fences, had just been watered. After his fall, an imprint of Tanner was visible on that patch of grass and dirt. If he had fallen in any other spot, he wouldn't have survived.

To this day, I don't know how or why Tanner fell; Tanner doesn't remember. What I do know is that Spirit has great plans for this young man. When I look at him, I thank God he survived the many surgeries and procedures. He mended beautifully. As I like to say: "He's alive, awake, alert, enthusiastic and prospering." He's working now as a financial planner. His high school sweetheart, Sara, came back into his life as a result of the accident, and they are engaged.

My sons and I have always been incredibly close, but now we're even closer. I've learned that when I pray and look for the good in every situation, I find it. I also know that what God leads me to, God leads me through. Whether it is a crisis or an opportunity for good, I'm to get out of the way and surrender all to God.



I Am

By Geraldine Wells

I am life that knows no dying.
I am joy that knows no sighing.
I am Truth that makes all free.
I am perfection that all may be.
I am faith that knows no fear.
I am the light that makes all clear.
I am the good that all may know.
I am victory where'er I go.
I am purity that knows no stain.
I am health that knows no pain.
I am strength that knows no weakness.
I am humility that serves in meekness.
I am the law that fulfills desire.
I am God alight with holy fire!



Prayer Works *Wonders*

By Bernie Siegel, M.D.

What do we do when we or someone we love comes up against a serious health challenge? We may feel overwhelmed and without resources to help us. We don't know where to turn. What I do, and what I encourage other people to do, is pray.

Many studies have been done in hospitals on the effects of praying for people who are ill. The results are exciting: Those who were prayed for healed better and faster!

There is mystery in healing, but we can accept the mystery even if we don't understand why or how it happens. And I believe that scientists need to be open-minded to explore the mysterious and the unexplained.

Hopefully, when our knowledge increases, we will know how prayer heals. I believe that we will find that when we pray for someone, energy (for lack of a better word) goes out to that person and helps him or her recover. We may never know for sure, but that doesn't bother me. I've learned that prayer works, and I use it. I used it in the operating room, where I held my patients' hands and

they knew I was praying for them. They were benefited by prayer. Studies have shown that if someone is in the room with women—loving them and caring for them—while they are going through labor, they will have less pain and fewer cesarean sections.

Praying for Others

The fact that people are helped by the love and peace of the people caring for them is more easily accepted scientifically. But how do we explain the people who are helped when, unknown to them, someone is sitting in the lobby of the hospital praying for them? Or what if someone at Silent Unity, hundreds of miles away, is praying for them? We know prayer helps these people, but how? This is what we need to explore.

Just because I don't understand how prayer works or what's happening doesn't keep me from doing what's beneficial. The mystery of it excites me because it opens more options and potential.

Let Go, Let God

I'm so in awe of life in the universe, and my sense of awe is always increasing! While speaking or doing interviews, I've been in various places with people who look terrific, but when they begin to tell me about themselves, I'm amazed by their stories. They say things like, "I was told by the doctor that I have cancer (or multiple sclerosis or AIDS) and there's nothing they can do for me. So I went home and said, 'God, this is Your problem.' And such a peace came to me at that moment."

They go on to say, "And I got well! My disease is gone!" Personal prayer opened them up to resources they didn't even know they had at a conscious or intellectual



level. Now they are open to the unconscious and creative energy of the universe.

As a scientist, of course, I like to see proof that prayer works. Several years ago, Randolph Byrd of San Francisco General Hospital did a study of people who had had heart attacks. Their names were selected by a computer. Some were to be prayed for and some were not. He studied four hundred people and found that those who had been prayed for had fewer complications after their heart attacks than those who had not received the added prayer support.

Prayer Works!

It took him quite a while, but he finally got his study published in a medical journal. Later, in letters to the editor, doctors expressed their anger over the study. They called it unscientific, which isn't true because it was totally scientific. They asked, "Why is this in a medical journal?" Well, that's exactly where it needs to be—in a medical journal to shake people up and make them think about what's going on! To make them realize that there is something here which might not be explainable right now, but nevertheless is helping and healing people.





Journey to the *Heart of God*

By Rev. Joan Gattuso

I sat in prayer this morning at the bedside of a precious, kind, loving woman, who was sleeping soundly on the first morning after surgery for cervical cancer. She is a student of metaphysics; a woman who studies, prays and meditates daily; and who has been an active Unity member for a number of years.

She was struck with terror two weeks previously when, without any prior indication as to her physical diagnosis, her primary care physician had sent her to another doctor, who proposed several possible dates for surgery. Dumbfounded and puzzled, she asked, “Why in heaven’s name do I need surgery?”

The doctor replied, “Didn’t your primary care physician tell you why you were coming to see me?”



He had not. The doctor gave her the startling news of the cervical cancer.

A Crisis of Understanding

We who are without disease and without such shocking news can believe we understand what such a diagnosis must mean to a person. We believe we are able to be empathetic and feel what the patient feels. I have personally and deeply learned that this assumption just isn't so.

For over a dozen years I had sat with, prayed with, done healing work with, meditated with, and worked on various other levels with cancer patients. I had tremendous faith in their abilities to be healed or, at the very least, to have their disease arrested. I thought I had a degree of understanding as to what individuals in my congregation were experiencing, what they were feeling, what emotions and fears were surging through their consciousness when receiving such a diagnosis. My understanding was naive.

Then one day in August 1991, a new physician I had visited called with some test results. I knew everything was all right. I had been a metaphysician since my early twenties. Several years later I had committed my life to God and entered ministerial school. I had meditated and prayed every day for over twenty years. I practice forgiveness instantly whenever experiencing even the slightest upset. I had been a non-meat eater and natural foods advocate for most of my life. That day, however, I received the most devastating news of my life. I had cancer cells in the lining of my uterus.

I went numb. My head was spinning. I instantly broke out in a cold sweat. The news was devastating. The doctor continued talking, but I was no longer listening, could no longer hear. My mind began to race.

How could this be? I felt as if I had failed and failed miserably as a Truth student, let alone as a teacher and minister. My being was somehow wired that, if one does everything “right”—right consciousness, right prayer life, right meditation, right dietary practices, right exercise, right thought, right loving heart, right feelings—then one is invincible, or nearly so.

Having been a Truth student for so many years, I did not rush to look up cancer in Louise Hays’ *You Can Heal Your Life* or in my old copy of *Divine Remedies*. I already knew the mind-body connection. I knew that a pervasive thought consistently held in mind creates a corresponding condition within the body.

Well, if I had harbored deep hurt, long-standing resentments, or carried hatred, they clearly did not live on any conscious level. Nor did it appear that I had “rejected my femininity.”

So often we can use such teachings as a magic formula to explain away any unpleasant situation. I know I certainly had done so in the past. Right arm injured? Oh, that means the masculine part of you is afraid to move forward, to extend yourself. Hurt your left knee? That must mean that your female aspect needs to exercise humility. Heart problem? That's "blocked" love. And on and on we can go.

I wrestled with this startling information through the night like Jacob at Jabbok Ford and would not let the "angel" go until there was an exchange of blessings (Gen. 32:22-32). Many blessings resulted from this experience, none of which could have been seen when I was looking through lenses of terror.

"This Cancer Is a Gift"

I remember being on the telephone with Silent Unity, sobbing my story to a prayer worker of remarkable tenderness and compassion, who affirmed over and over that I was not a failure as a Truth student and a minister because of my diagnosis. She said that this was a soul lesson for me, but not just for me. It was a lesson for all those I was then serving and for all those I would serve in the future. It was and would be a blessing for me and countless others. Although I was unable to take in all that she was saying, her words nonetheless calmed me and resonated as Truth within me.

Subsequently I spent a period of time with a friend, Dennis Adams, who is internationally recognized as a healer. He told me, "This cancer is a gift. This is *your* gift."

I scoffed and replied, "If this were a gift, I would prefer that it come in one of those beautiful little turquoise blue Tiffany boxes."

His eyes pierced through me. He took both my hands and once again declared with increased volume, “This is a gift!” His voice lowered somewhat and he added, “You don’t see it now, but you will.”

He was right.

My experience did not usher in my demise, but it got me to step aside and reevaluate every aspect of my life. It forced me to look at those little things in life that can seem to be so important, so valuable, but are truly valueless. Swiftly, I began to peel all the inconsequential stuff, all the littleness, away.

Life and its spiritual wonder became of utmost significance. My personal expression of that divine life force became of tantamount importance. I immediately ceased doing any of the “shoulds” and “oughts” that had consumed so much of my time. I learned that what was really crucial for me was to keep my tanks on full and to give to myself, rather than *always* choosing to give of myself to others. I had given previously to such an extent that there was very little of me left for myself. This is not an uncommon situation for a minister or a caregiver.

My friend Dennis was right. It was a gift. It just did not look like any other gift I had been given. This gift caused me to go deeper within my own soul and into the heart of God than I had ever traveled in my twenty-plus years of meditation and prayer.

Three weeks after major surgery, barely able to walk erectly, I traveled to New York City to study for eight days with His Holiness, the Dalai Lama. Why? Because I knew I had to go. My husband David recalls he questioned his sanity when he put me on the plane, but he also trusted the healing process.

I received two huge gifts during those eight days. First, the Dalai Lama mentioned that there are times when, due to an illness, one may have to offer up certain body parts. If that is required and it is done with right-mindedness, then the experience can lead the individual into greater spiritual depths. This wisdom brought me peace and greater understanding.

Second, several days later he was asked by one of the 4000 in attendance how much time he recommended we spend each day in meditation. The Dalai Lama paused, reflected, and then stated, "Four hours." The collective gasp of those 4000 reverberated throughout Madison Square Garden.

Prior to that declaration, I thought I was doing pretty darn well by meditating 45 minutes a day. Four hours was not realistic for me, given my heavy schedule, but at that moment I made the commitment to begin meditating two hours a day. Now, there are many who may say meditating for so long is unnecessary, and for them it may be. For me such a high level of commitment to my meditative life has caused astonishing and remarkable openings in consciousness and in the outer picture of my life.

I began to heal very quickly, so much so that when I went for my next postoperative examination, the surgeon was flabbergasted at the degree of healing and the look of the tissue. I told him it was due to meditation and working with healing light. He raised his eyebrows. When he remarked that the pain which I was experiencing from the adhesions would never completely go away, I disagreed and told him that I was not willing to "learn to live with it," and that it *would* go away.

It did.

Calling Upon the Life Force

What is life? Well, it is a spiritual power. We know that. But it is so much more. Life is the most precious gift of God. It wasn't until I feared my individual expression of life would be over decades and decades too soon that I could begin to fathom its depth of meaning. And it wasn't my fear that did it. The fear simply was a catalyst that caused me to work to release it to the Holy Spirit and move deeper into the heart of God. My own heart was filled with an unfathomable gratitude to be alive, to have been given the "unnecessary medical test," to have the cancer cells discovered at the earliest stage, to be given a clean bill of health, to have my life back and have it back different from before.

Live the Life You Are Meant to Live

Good and healing and blessings can come out of any condition, even from what we view as the most dreadful, if we would but open ourselves to that larger good and fuller healing. The AIDS virus, as dreadful as it is, has brought so many of those afflicted and their loved ones, friends and families—in many cases—to a much deeper place of honesty, communication, tenderness, compassion and love.

I believe that, as we work with the life force and have a sincere desire to individuate this power to a greater degree, it is important we truly not judge—not judge ourselves, not judge the condition, not judge another.

Nonjudgment is certainly not always easy, but it is always necessary. When we do judge, we block the possibility of all that could be. To judge a condition never assists in healing that condition. In many instances a condition is present to open our hearts, to crack open our shells of protection.

It took such a shock to truly start living the life I was meant to live.

Good and healing and blessings can come out of any condition, even from what we view as the most dreadful, if we would but open ourselves to that larger good and fuller healing.



My Love to Thee

By Myrtle Fillmore

The hours I've spent with Thee, dear Lord,
Are pearls of priceless worth to me.
My soul, my being merge in sweet accord,
In love for Thee, in love for Thee.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
Binding Thy presence close to me;
I only know that Thou art there,
And I am lost in Thee.

Oh, glorious joys that thrill and bless!
Oh, visions sweet of love divine!
My soul its rapturous bliss can ill express
That Thou art mine, O Lord! That Thou
art mine!

Adapted from "The Rosary"

Prayer Support

Sometimes people need help in praying—extra spiritual support when it feels too difficult to go it alone. In times like these, it is comforting to be able to contact a prayer ministry such as Silent Unity®, one of the oldest and largest prayer ministries in the world.

Silent Unity serves people of all faiths, and all prayer requests are treated with reverence and strictest confidentiality and are enfolded in prayer for thirty days.

The work of Silent Unity is based on the belief that true soul satisfaction can only come by knowing God—that experiencing the presence of God is the real need. In other words, God doesn't have what we want—God is what we want.

Silent Unity helps people know their oneness with God, that they may open themselves to the presence of God and recognize this divine presence in all people and circumstances.

For confidential prayer assistance at any time, day or night ...

Call: **1-800-NOW-PRAY (669-7729)**

Connect: **www.silentunity.org**

Write: **Silent Unity**

1901 NW Blue Parkway

Unity Village, MO 64065-0001

**Silent Unity and all Unity ministries are supported primarily
by freewill offerings.**

unity®

**1901 NW Blue Parkway
Unity Village, MO 64065-0001**

www.unity.org

Booklet designed by Karen Rizzo, Unity graphic artist



unity®

1901 NW Blue Parkway
Unity Village, MO 64065-0001
www.unity.org

Printed U.S.A.

G1029

Canada BN 13252 9033 RT
COMM-2475-May-09-Eng