

His Healing
POWER

FOUR CLASSIC BOOKS ON HEALING,
COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME

by
Lilian B. Yeomans, M.D.



Harrison House
Tulsa, Oklahoma

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Healing From Heaven

ISBN 0-88243-730-5

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The Great Physician

(Formerly published as *Divine Healing Diamonds*)

ISBN 0-88243-729-1

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Balm of Gilead

ISBN 0-88243-728-3

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Health and Healing

(Formerly published as *The Royal Road to Health-Ville*)

ISBN 0-88243-732-1

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09 08 07 06 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

His Healing Power:

Four Classic Books on Healing, Complete in One Volume

ISBN 13: 978-1-57794-819-3

ISBN 10: 1-57794-819-X

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Published by **Harrison House, Inc.**

P.O. Box 35035

Tulsa, Oklahoma 74153

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Healing
FROM
Heaven

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FOREWORD

This little book, a reprint of lectures on divine healing delivered to students in the classroom and issued in this form in compliance with numerous requests, is called *Healing From Heaven* because it tells of eternal life brought down to man by the Son of God, which makes all who will accept it as freely as it is given conquerors, here and now, over sin and sickness. The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death (Rom. 8:2). Disease is death begun, a death process.

I once called on a doctor at his office by invitation to discuss the teaching of the Scriptures on healing, and in taking my seat I accidentally knocked some medicine bottles off a shelf beside me. Laughingly apologizing for the mischance, I said, “Perhaps I shall knock them all down before I get through”; and my words were prophetic, for after taking a few doses of “healing from heaven” out of the Word, the doctor felt no further need of earthly remedies for himself or others but devoted the remainder of his life to presenting the claims of the physician who has never lost a case—Jehovah-Rapha.

Trusting that many others may be induced to taste and see that the Lord is good, this message is prayerfully sent forth.

—Lilian B. Yeomans, M.D.

Chapter 1

HOW I WAS DELIVERED FROM DRUG ADDICTION

Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.
Lord, hear my voice:
Let Thine ears be attentive
To the voice of my supplications.
If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities,
O Lord, who shall stand?
But there is forgiveness with Thee,
That Thou mayest be feared.
I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,
And in His Word do I hope.
My soul waiteth for the Lord
More than they that watch for the morning:
I say, more than they that watch for the morning.
Let Israel hope in the Lord:
For with the Lord there is mercy,
And with Him there is plenteous redemption.
And He shall redeem Israel
From all his iniquities.

Psalm 130

Out of the depths He lifted me! Abyss calls to abyss, deep answers to deep. Only those who know what it is to be bound as I was, captive of the mighty, the prey of the terrible, will be able to understand how great was the deliverance which God wrought in me when He set me completely free from the degrading

bondage of the morphine and chloral habits to which I had been a slave for years.

Sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, bound in affliction and iron, I cried unto the Lord in my trouble and He saved me out of my distress, brought me out of darkness and the shadow of death and broke my bands asunder. Do you not think that I have reason to praise God and glorify with every breath our all-conquering Jesus?

My sad story has a glad ending. But if anyone asks me how I contracted the morphine habit and became a drug addict, I can only say, "Through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault."

I had been saved several years before; but like Peter at one stage of his career, I was following afar off when I fell into this snare. It is a dangerous thing to follow afar off; I proved that to my cost.

Of course, it is needless to say that nothing was further from my thought than becoming a drug addict. But I was engaged in very strenuous work, practicing medicine and surgery; and in times of excessive strain from anxiety or overwork, I occasionally resorted to morphine, singly or in combination with other drugs, to steady my nerves and enable me to sleep.

Knowing as I did the awful power of the habit-inducing drug to enslave and destroy its victims and with practical demonstrations of it before my eyes every day among the most brilliant members of the medical profession (I am a graduate of the University of Michigan Department of Medicine, Ann Arbor, Michigan), I was utterly inexcusable for daring to trifle even for a moment with such a destructive agent. And alas, I thought I was toying with the drug; but one day I made the startling discovery that the drug, or rather the demon power in back of the drug, was playing with me. The bloodthirsty tiger that had devoured so many victims had me in his grasp.

Of the anguish of my soul the day I had to acknowledge to myself that morphine was the master and I the slave, I can even now hardly bear to speak.

I have this fault to find with many testimonies to healing: that the individual, in telling of his healing, fails to make it clear that he (the witness) really suffered from the disease of which he professes to have been cured. It may be quite evident that he believes that he so suffered but that is worlds away from the point at issue.

Testimonies of this character are quite valueless from a scientific standpoint; and to avoid falling into this error, I desire to leave no shadow of doubt on the mind of anyone that I was a veritable victim of morphinomania.

My ordinary dose of the drug varied from 10 to 14 grains a day. I thus took regularly about 50 times the normal dose for an adult man. I also took chloral hydrate, a most deadly drug used by criminals in the concoction of the so-called "knock-out drops," taking 120 grains in two doses of 60 grains at an interval of one hour each night at bedtime. The safe dose of chloral (indeed there is no safe dose in my opinion) is only about five grains, so I regularly took about 24 times what would be prescribed by a doctor.

I took the morphine by mouth, in the form of the sulphate, in one-half grain tablets, which I imported wholesale (I was living in Canada at this time) for my personal use.

While some have taken larger doses than this, I find it hard to believe that anyone was ever more completely enthralled by the drug than was I. I could by desperate efforts—only God knows how desperate they were—diminish the dose somewhat, but I always reached a minimum beyond which it was impossible to carry the reduction.

To ask me whether I had taken the drug on any particular day was as needless as to inquire whether I had inhaled atmospheric air; one seemed as necessary to my existence as the other.

His Healing Power

When by tremendous exercise of will power I abstained from it for twenty-four hours, my condition was truly pitiable. I trembled with weakness; my whole body was bathed in cold sweat; my heart palpitated and fluttered; my respiration was irregular; my stomach was unable to retain even so much as a drop of water; my intestines were racked with pain and tortured with persistent diarrhea; I was unable to stand erect, to articulate clearly, or even sign my own name; my thoughts were unconnected; my mind was filled with horrid imaginings and awful forebodings. And worst of all, my whole being was possessed with the specific, irresistible, indescribable craving for the drug. Anyone who has not felt it cannot imagine what it is. Every cell of your body seems to be shrieking for it. It established a periodicity for itself in my case, and I found that at five o'clock each afternoon *I had to have it!* The demand for it was imperative and could not be denied. I believe I would have known the time by the call even if I had been in mid-ocean without watch or clock.

Say what you may about will power; for my part I am satisfied that no human determination can withstand the morphine demon when once his rule is established. His diabolical power is super-human. But thank God! One has said, "I have given you power over all the power of the enemy." (Luke 10:19.) Divine power is to be had for the asking and receiving.

I did not succumb, however, without many fierce struggles. I believe I made at least 57 desperate attempts to rid myself of the horrible incubus. Over and over again I threw away large quantities of the drugs, determined that I would never touch them again even if I died as the result of abstaining from them. I must have wasted a small fortune in this way. I tried all the substitutes recommended by the medical profession. I consulted many physicians, some of them men of national reputation. I can never forget the tender consideration that I received at the hands of some of these, but they were

powerless to break my fetters. I got so far away from God that I actually tried Christian Science, falsely so-called. I also took the then famous Keeley Gold Cure. If there is anything I did not try I have yet to learn what it is.

I left the Gold Cure Institute in a crazed condition and was transferred to a sanatorium for nervous diseases and placed under the care of a famous specialist. From this institution I emerged still taking morphine and chloral, as the doctors would not allow me to dispense with them, partly because of my physical condition and more perhaps because of my unbalanced mental state, which always became aggravated when I no longer used them. Of the suffering these efforts to free myself cost me, I would rather not speak.

I was a perfect wreck mentally and physically. "Like a skeleton with a devil inside," one of my nurses said; and I think her description, if not very flattering, was accurate enough. My friends had lost all hope of ever seeing me delivered; and far from urging me to give up the drugs, advised me to take them as the only means of preserving the little reason that remained to me. They expected my wretched life to come to an early close and really could not desire to see so miserable an existence prolonged.

Perhaps many of us know "The Raven," that weird poem of Edgar Allen Poe. The author, though he has been called the prince of American poets, perished miserably at a very early age as the result of addictions such as mine. In this poem he represents himself as opening his door to a black raven, a foul bird of prey. Once admitted, the raven resists all efforts to eject him but perches himself on a marble bust over the entrance and gazes at the poet with the eyes of a demon. Each time he is commanded to depart he croaks out the ominous word, "Nevermore."

"Take thy beak from out my heart,
And thy form from off my door."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

His Healing Power

And the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted
 Nevermore.

The poem is a parable in which the writer tells of his cruel and hopeless bondage to evil habits. It used to haunt me when I, too, was bound, and again and again Satan whispered to my tortured brain the awful word, "Nevermore."

Though I dreamed night and day of freedom, the dream seemed impossible of realization. I said, "It will take something stronger than death to deliver me, for the hold of the hideous thing is far deeper than my physical being." And I was right, for it took the law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus which makes us free from the law of sin and death. (Rom. 8:2.)

Do you ask, "Did you not pray?" Yes, I came to the place where I did nothing else. I prayed and prayed and prayed and prayed. Night after night I walked up and down our long drawing rooms calling on God and sometimes almost literally tearing the hair out of my head. And you say, "And you weren't healed after that?" No, I wasn't healed because I didn't believe the simple statement of the Word of God; rather, my healing could not be manifested because of my unbelief. I shut the door and prevented the power of God from operating unhindered in my body.

“And why did you not have faith?” Simply because I did not have light enough to take it. It is a gift and must be appropriated. And moreover, God’s method of bestowing it is through His Word. Faith cometh—note that it cometh—by hearing, and hearing by the word of God (Rom. 10:17).

I was getting very weak and spent hour after hour in bed, and God in His mercy kept me much alone so that He could talk to me. At last I drew my neglected Bible to me and plunged into it with full purpose of heart to get all there was for me, to do all that God told me to do, to believe all He said; and praise God, the insoluble problem was solved, the impossible was achieved, the deliverance was wrought! There is no trouble about it when God can get us to meet His conditions of repentance and faith. When God says faith, He means *faith*. It is well to know that.

If anyone asks by what special Scripture verse I was healed, I feel as though I could almost say I was healed by the whole Book. For it is there in Job, the oldest book of the Bible, that has as clear teaching on healing in the Atonement as the Word contains. (Job 33:24.) In Genesis God made man as He wanted him, in His own image and likeness, even as to his physical being free from every disability. You’ll find healing in Exodus when the people of God marched out of Egypt; for in Psalm 105:37 we read that they marched out “with not one feeble person among their tribes.” Think of it! What a glorious procession. How did they do it? Through the wonder-working power of the blood of the Passover Lamb. Read about it in Leviticus in the leper-cleansing ceremony where the leper, when he had not a sound spot in his entire body, was healed by the blood of the bird slain over running water in an earthen vessel—which is a picture of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot unto God. In Numbers every recorded case of sickness is dealt with by supernatural means,

prayer, sacrifice, and atonement. In Deuteronomy God explicitly promised to take away all sickness from His obedient people.

Suffice it to say I found a great number of healing passages in the Bible. And when God's words were found, I "ate" them; and they did their work. They never fail. I knew I was healed, that I couldn't help being healed because God was faithful; and I almost lost interest in my symptoms, I was so certain of the truth. The drugs went—I didn't know for nineteen years after my healing what became of them. I thought maybe God would send an angel to take them away; and I was watching for him, but the first thing I knew they were gone. And that alone wouldn't have helped much, but something else was gone. The specific, irresistible, indescribable craving produced by demon power was gone. The hideous black bird of prey that croaked, "Nevermore," had flown, never to return. I had no more use for morphine and chloral than for rat poison—had no room for them or any other drugs in my physical economy. My appetite became so excellent that I had to eat about seven meals a day, and I had no room for drugs. And needless to say, my soul was filled with His praises: ...My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour (Luke 1:46,47).

And the best of all is that this healing was no happy accident, no special miracle on my behalf but the working out in me of God's will for all of us—perfect soundness by faith in the name of Jesus of Nazareth. So far as I know the field, God's work is being done today principally by men and women who have been raised from physical as well as spiritual death, people who were given up to die by the medical profession. I believe I could give offhand the names of one hundred such.

And there are still vacancies in the ranks of the army of the King. If you are afflicted, step out and receive healing and then get to work.

HOW I WAS DELIVERED FROM DRUG ADDICTION

I was in Chicago immediately after my healing and went one day to the Women's Temple to the noon prayer meeting. I don't know how it is now, but it used to be a rallying place for Christian workers; they came from the Moody Bible Institute and many missions and churches. When I walked in, I found the preacher talking of the awful snares in which people who trifle with narcotic drugs, including tobacco, get entangled. He warned them to give them up entirely if they were tampering with them. And then he sat down. I knew from experience that they couldn't give them up unless they took Jesus; and so, prompted by the Holy Spirit, I rose and asked if I might say a word. It was not parliamentary for me to do this, but God was in it; and I got leave. Then I said: "I am glad for the good advice our brother has given us, and I want to tell you how to do it; and I am speaking from the depths of experience." And I told my story. I think many of them didn't believe in divine healing before I told it, but I don't believe there was one who didn't believe in it after I had finished. I was so happy, like some caged thing set free, that they couldn't help rejoicing with me; and spontaneously, they rose to their feet and in one great burst of praise, sang:

All hail the power of Jesus' Name
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.