

PARISH THE HEALER

By

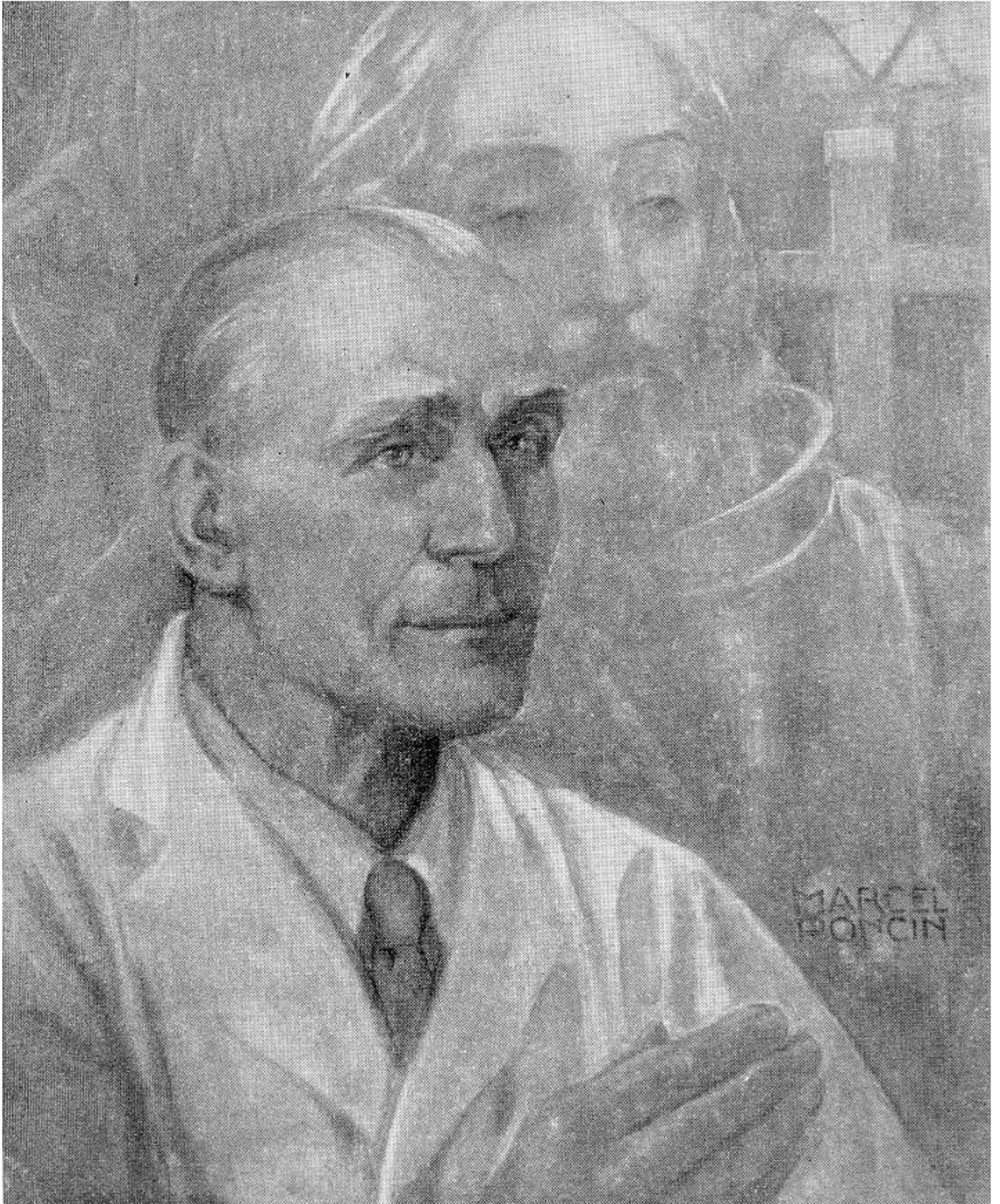
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The Trumpet Shall Sound
They Shall be Comforted

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PARISH THE HEALER – as painted by Marcel Poncin.

CHAPTER I

WORLD'S GREATEST HEALER TODAY

Living on the outskirts of London, there is a man who is curing 'incurables' and working modern 'miracles' of healing. Most of his patients he has never seen, for they live all over the world.

His fame as a healer has spread across the five continents and there are thousands of men and women who are healed today because of the psychic powers possessed by W. T. Parish of East Sheen.

He gets fifteen thousand letters a year. Sufferers write because friends have told them of their striking cures. Cables, telegrams and letters come from practically every country in the world. The telephone bell rings incessantly. People call to receive personal treatment.

And this modern life-saver goes on healing, seven days a week, without charging a penny for his services!

He has never sought publicity. He has never advertised himself. His work has just grown.

For nine years he has devoted his whole life to healing the sick. He is a medium in the highest sense - an instrument for powers that pour through him from another world.

Cures have been effected which, if they had occurred two thousand years ago, would be described as miracles. Again and again those who have no chance in life, from the normal medical standpoint, have come to him and been completely and permanently cured.

He has not, of course, cured everybody who has sought his aid, for at some time 'death' comes to us all. Then, too, you must remember that thousands of people only try spiritual healing as a last resort. They have gone the rounds of the doctors and the specialists. Often they have tried all forms of unorthodox healing. Then, as a 'last hope,' they implore Parish's aid.

Sometimes he is able to give relief when a cure is impossible. But in hundreds of cases through his powers men, women and children have been restored to health and vitality wholly and solely by the 'power of the spirit' that operates through him.

He began his healing ministry because he cured his wife of cancer - and she was told she had only six months to live! Nearly ten years ago Parish learned that his wife was a victim of this terrible scourge. Doctors and specialists confirmed that fact and she was operated on in a nursing home. Whenever Parish visited her she felt much better, but neither of them knew the reason.

After the operation she returned to her home, but Parish was warned by the matron that his wife's days were numbered. The trouble, he was informed, was certain to

recur and she could not expect to live longer than six months.

At that time Parish held a responsible position with one of the large railway companies. His duties necessitated his being away from home for weeks at a time.

During one of his absences his wife met a Spiritualist, who suggested that Mrs. Parish should have psychic healing.

Knowing that medical skill could do nothing further for her - another operation was being suggested - the suffering woman wanted to give spiritual healing a trial. But her husband was opposed to the idea.

“Spiritualism is only for weak-minded women and for men who don’t think,” he told her. But she was not to be dissuaded. It could do no harm, she argued, and it might do her some good. At last she overcame his opposition and they went to a service at a Spiritualist church.

There Parish’s prejudices against Spiritualism disappeared. He is a very well-read man - he was at one time the secretary of a literary society - and has made a study of contemporary religions. He realised that Spiritualism did not make the emotional appeal to the unintelligent as he had erroneously thought. He made other visits. He read psychic literature and he prayed for guidance.

Then he became aware of unseen influences at his bedside. He did not know who or what they were, but he was soon to find out, for his days of groping were almost over.

He went with his wife to their first séance. They were both strangers to the medium. Soon she was entranced and a spirit, who said he was a doctor when on earth, diagnosed Mrs. Parish’s complaint and described the operation she had undergone. Then, addressing her husband, the spirit doctor told Parish that he was a born healer.

“You will be used for the healing of your own wife,” the ‘dead’ man said.

At that time Parish knew nothing of psychic healing, but the spirit gave him instructions which he faithfully carried out for nine months, reporting to the ‘dead’ doctor once a month.

When his duties necessitated being away from his home, he gave his wife absent healing by concentration, and often sensed, on those occasions, the presence of the ‘dead’ doctor and other spirits.

After nine months’ treatment, laying-on of hands and absent healing, Mrs. Parish was cured. The second operation became unnecessary.

She was saved, so Parish was told by the spirit doctor, to start him on his sacred mission of healing sufferers. So began Parish’s great work - a ministry which beyond any doubt entitles him to be described as the greatest healer in the world today.

Curiously enough - and I do not believe this is coincidence - he is the possessor of a

magnificent physique. For years he was an instructor in fencing, wrestling, boxing and physical culture. He has the body of a trained athlete and is the possessor of perfect health.

The news of his wife's remarkable cure soon became known. Sufferers called at his home imploring his aid. He willingly gave it. If he could cure his wife, why should he not use this divine power to heal others? Feeling that he had a debt to repay God, Parish cheerfully took on his burden.

The number of patients increased. In addition to the numerous callers at the house, letters began to arrive from all over London and, indeed, from the Provinces.

Parish faithfully dealt with every request. He visited homes, hospitals, institutions, anywhere where he could be of service. His colleagues learned of his powers. They had noticed a change in his mode of living, asked questions, and implored him to heal sufferers they knew. Acquaintances also told him of friends who were ill, and where he could not see them personally, he gave absent treatment.

Soon he realised that this was more than a spare-time job. He approached his employers and was allowed to retire at the earliest possible date, which no doubt affected his pension; this, however, did not deter him. He had discovered his gift of healing late in life. Therefore the rest of his days had to be spent in utilising his powers.

Parish's faith was quickly justified. He found that his needs were satisfied as they arose. Offers of help quickly came forward.

People with cars put them at his disposal so that he could visit patients who were unable to come to him. Shorthand typists volunteered their services. They called at his flat and the healer dictated replies to his numerous correspondents.

Another man placed part of his office staff at Parish's disposal and thus helped to ease the burden of his swelling postbag.

Although he and his wife only had a small flat, they decided to give up the best room, which was turned into a healing sanctuary. All the time he was learning to develop his innate psychic powers.

Twice a day he retired into the silence to meditate and enjoy communion with those who were his spirit inspirers. He strove so to unfold his gifts that he could establish perfect harmony with them.

The sanctuary was set apart for his healing work. No cigarette was ever smoked there, nor was there even a meal eaten in it.

In that room he saw all his patients. He never asked for their medical history, for he had, and still has, no extensive knowledge of anatomy or medicine. He would allow himself to be overshadowed by his spirit guides who worked through him.

Parish is a *spiritual* healer. Cures are always performed by that power of the spirit

which operated in early Christian days but which the Church has lost today.

Soon he was losing consciousness as powers greater than his own began to manifest through him. He gave up drinking and smoking and other pleasures of this world - the cinema and the theatre, for example, to which so many attach importance.

It did not take long before he established the identity of some of his spirit co-operators. Mediums described and named them. Parish himself became clairvoyant and was able to see them. One of them, he discovered, was a distinguished surgeon on earth.

Working in his garden one day, Parish clairvoyantly saw this man. Mentally he asked his name and was told that he wished to be known as 'Brother William.' But Parish wanted some evidence of the spirit's identity and he pressed for further information.

"Go to the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital," he was told. He did so and made inquiries. He found a portrait of the spirit he had psychically seen in his garden. It was that of a former president of the hospital.

Another 'dead' man who has given Parish proof of his co-operation is Abdul Latif, a Persian spirit who has for many years interested himself in healing the sick.

In his early days Parish frequently consulted Abdul Latif through another medium when he considered it necessary to obtain his spirit diagnoses.

Abdul Latif announced his healing mission about seventeen years ago when he told an inquirer that he would find details of his earthly life in the British Museum. A search was made in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* in the British Museum without success. A medical encyclopxdia proved to be equally hopeless.

Inquiry was made of the librarian, who was a learned Orientalist and, with his aid, they found in the Oriental section references to this wonderful Persian physician, who lived seven hundred and fifty years ago, in the time of Richard the First.

Abdul Latif today has patients in twenty-two countries. The extraordinary thing is that he is up to date in his knowledge of medical research and the latest methods of healing. His knowledge of the human anatomy, dietetics, medicine, osteopathy and homeopathy is astounding.

Abdul Latif frequently overshadows Parish and gives proof of his presence. On the rare occasions when he now goes to sit with a medium, the 'dead' Persian physician usually manifests

But to return to my account of the growth of Parish's ministry. His healing mission continued to spread. Soon it was necessary for Parish to hold public services. He hired, for one night a week, a church used by some Unitarians in Richmond. There he gave public treatment to all who came.

No fees were ever charged. Ever since he started his mission, Parish has never received one penny for his services! Sometimes he would accept a small donation to

cover the cost of postages, or to pay for a poor patient to be brought to his home or to his public services. Often the collection taken at the church did not pay for the cost of hiring the room!

Medical men cannot understand his powers, unless they have knowledge of Spiritualism, but scores of them can testify to their efficacy. Clergymen have sought relief from his healing hands and have proved that there is a higher power available to suffering humanity even when medicine has failed.

Parish always stresses the sacredness of his mission and its religious nature. He believes in the potency of prayer. Before any healing is given he prays. When the healing is finished he gives thanks by prayer.

When he is about to perform his daily absent healing, he takes the letters that have arrived that day, places them on the little altar that forms part of his sanctuary and then, after praying, enters the silence.

Those two hours, set aside daily for absent healing are proof of the existence of a spiritual power which has brought relief to thousands of sufferers. All over the world, patients have been told to link up with him through prayer during those two hours, and thus the healing spirit power girdles the globe.

When there are urgent cases, Parish visits them in his astral body. This may seem a strange statement to those unfamiliar with psychic phenomena. Astral voyaging is not only known to the Yogis of the East, but to scores of people in the West.

As proof of his ability to pay these astral visits, Parish has often accurately described rooms which he has never seen physically. And scores of patients have had their psychic vision opened and have seen the spirit form of their healer.

CHAPTER II

HOW SPIRITUAL HEALING IS ACCOMPLISHED

How is spiritual healing accomplished? It is true to say that medical men usually deal with effects rather than causes. Too often, unfortunately, the doctor is dependent upon symptoms which he finds for himself or which are told him by the patient.

Medical diagnosis cannot be expected to be one hundred per cent accurate, for medicine is not an exact science. In any case, it is impossible for the general practitioner to keep pace with all the discoveries constantly being made in every branch of healing. There exists no clearing-house where new discoveries can be coordinated. Often the poor sufferer goes from doctor to doctor and is made the subject for experiment with different kinds of treatment.

Then there are fashions in medical treatments. One year it is injections, another it is some fad in diet. And certain types of operations become the mode of the day.

Of course there are many skilled medical men highly proficient in their particular branch of healing. They have made a study of the human body and its ailments - but one of their problems is to keep pace with the stream of new diseases that seem to be the price paid for 'civilisation.'

So rigorous is the code of the British Medical Association that it is impossible for a nonmedical man to get any healing discovery past the thick walls of its orthodoxy. There are so many classic instances of the refusal of the B.M.A. to pay heed to discoveries outside its 'closed shop.' When you remember the treatment meted out to Spahlinger and Sir Herbert Barker, to mention only two pioneers, you begin to understand why sufferers turn to the unorthodox healer.

Obviously medicine cannot have any exclusive possession of the healing art. Sir Ernest Wild, when he was Recorder of London, in dealing with the case of an unqualified practitioner, said:

"There are plenty of unqualified men, like Sir Herbert Barker, who have survived with great success the dislike of the medical profession. The profession has no monopoly of the healing art. It cannot merely say 'Quack' to a man and rule him out of the healing universe. It might like to, but it must not."

Then, not very long ago, Justice Atkinson, in his summing-up of a case in which a nature-cure practitioner was involved, advised the jury to put out of their minds all prejudice that might be imported into cases against unorthodox healers.

"We know that the medical profession likes to think that it is the sole repository of knowledge connected with the art of healing," he said. "But I don't know that everybody agrees with that. In fact, there cannot be very much doubt but that there are other practitioners who are rendering considerable public service. It does not do to disparage these unorthodox practitioners, or to jeer at them, or to pour contempt on them."

Whilst I was writing this chapter I came across a newspaper cutting with an account of a speech made by Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, the well-known physician, who spoke very strongly about what he called "the vested interest in disease."

"Hospitals are filled with the result of preventable disease," he said.

"The family doctor is often made to perform operations for which he is not in the remotest way equipped. He has to treat diseases he knows nothing about. I do not consider that he is properly qualified for a great deal he is called on to do. He has to make great decisions on things he can only vaguely remember."

The medical profession has lost a great deal of public sympathy because of its attempts to restrict healing to the members of its own profession. Not very long ago the British Medical Association sponsored a bill to achieve that object. It never got beyond its first reading.

So many Members of Parliament were able to speak from their own personal

experiences about cures by spiritual healers and unorthodox practitioners that it was obvious the House had no sympathy with the attempt to 'corner' healing.

And yet, though I criticise the behaviour of the British Medical Association towards unorthodox healers, I do not under-estimate the valuable services rendered to the community by the members of a much-maligned profession. But at the best they are only dealing with a physical body. Man is something more than physical mechanism, and life is both spiritual and material.

The psychic healer introduces a new approach to the curing of disease, and his long record of successes proves that he is able to touch a source of healing which orthodox medical men do not understand.

I do not consider that psychic healing was intended to supplant medicine, but to work in co-operation with it. There are doctors who realise this fact for, to my knowledge, there are several who consult mediums to get advice on difficult cases.

The world would be surprised if it knew of the medical men who get diagnoses through mediumship and even accept decisions as to whether they should operate or not. At some Spiritualist churches, where they hold healing services, doctors gladly co-operate.

Psychic healing is a form of mediumship. The power is resident in the medium and can be developed. It is a natural gift. And there have been natural healers throughout the ages. God has endowed some people with the gift of healing, as He has endowed poets, artists, singers and musicians. These natural healers only have to be in the presence of a sufferer and the healing power that is radiated brings relief in its train.

It has nothing to do with medical learning or theological training. Sometimes the healer has been a member of the Church, like the famous J. M. Hickson, or his modern successor, the Rev. John Maillard.

If you accept the New Testament story, similar healing power was possessed by Jesus of Nazareth.

Occasionally the Churches have talked about a 'ministry of healing.' They do not understand that you cannot have a ministry unless you have healers.

Unfortunately, the Churches have so steeped themselves in orthodox creeds and dogmas that they are no longer able to be moved by the 'power of the spirit,' which descended in biblical days and enabled its instruments to heal the sick.

Occasionally, the world learns of natural healers who perform apparent miracles. Really all that they do is to enable a higher power to be poured through them.

They make themselves accessible to the operation of psychic laws, which are a part of natural laws, but are known to a comparatively few people.

Many orthodox churches have healing services and produce successful results. Some bishops are afraid of these faith-healing cures. Dr. Cyril Garbett, Bishop of

Winchester, is one of these, for he has forbidden faith-healing in his diocese and has condemned faith-cures as “very near to the danger of magic.”

What is the secret of spiritual healing? Spiritualists know that in addition to his physical body man possesses a spirit body through which he functions after ‘death.’ The world does not understand the close relationship that exists between man’s two bodies. Indeed, thousands of people are lamentably ignorant about the existence of the spiritual body which St. Paul has excellently described in one of his epistles to the Corinthians.

A spirit guide very simply explained the relationship between these two bodies in these words:

“Man’s two bodies constantly react on each other. The body of matter is dependent on the body of spirit for its existence. The body of spirit is dependent on the body of matter for its experience in the physical world.”

Asked if, when a man was ill, the etheric body should be treated, this spirit guide replied: “That is the object of spirit healing. But sometimes there are conditions that have purely physical causes. That is where the skill of the medical man comes in.

“But anything which affects the physical body also affects the spirit body.

“It all depends on where the trouble begins. If the cause is spiritual or a mental one, then the healing could be effected through the spirit body. If the trouble is caused by something that is purely physical then it can be dealt with by physical means easier than by spiritual ones.”

He emphasised that, although this etheric or spirit body was affected by illness and sometimes even caused illness, there was no real disease in the spiritual body. The defect lay in its adjustment with the physical body. He pointed out how anger could affect the spleen and jealousy the liver. And it is well known that shocks have caused people’s hair to turn white.

The healing performed by Parish is purely spiritual in its operation. Through personal sacrifice he has so evolved his mediumship that he has become an instrument for higher spiritual forces, rays, vibrations - call them by what name you will.

When a patient visits him, the healer allows himself to be overshadowed by one of his many spirit co-operators. In that condition, spirit power is poured through him. It is something you can feel, for not only is there a definite physical result, but also an elevation of spirit and a peace and tranquillity of mind and soul that have to be experienced to be appreciated.

His healing sanctuary is so saturated with spirit power that when you enter it you feel you are at peace with the whole world.

His absent healing is remarkable, for remember there is no visible means of contact between the healer and his thousands of patients scattered all over the world.

They are told the two hours, between seven and eight in the morning and ten and eleven at night, when he gives absent healing and they link up through prayer with him, concentrating on him in his sanctuary. There is no doubt that something travels from the healer to the sufferers. That is proved by the results.

W. H. Evans, a friend of mine who has studied psychic healing - which is not always the same as spiritual healing - for many years, explained its operation in these words: "All healing power is within. All that any healer can do, either by direct or absent treatment, is by a transference of vital energy to stimulate into activity the life-giving force within the patient."

He quoted Andrew Jackson Davis, a famous medium and healer, who declared that there was only one disease but many symptoms, and who affirmed that "disease results from an interference with or restriction of the spiritual forces circulating in the body."

"Anything which affected the whole of these forces," wrote Evans, "caused disease, which manifested according to local conditions. All healing is directed to supply the necessary power for quickening within the patient that energy which will inspire the affected parts with positive life."

He asked this pertinent question: "Do germs cause disease or do they merely thrive in appropriate conditions?" Unfortunately, he did not give his opinion, but left the answer to the experts to decide.

The world does not realise the amount of disease, illness, sickness and physical suffering that is the result of a diseased mental life. More illness originates in the mind than is generally appreciated.

If you believe the New Testament story, Jesus healed one man by telling him, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," indicating that in his case disease originated in his mind.

Prayer plays a great part in absent healing, and in self-healing too, as is proved by the extraordinary cases where people, after intense prayer, and with great faith, have found themselves rid even of organic diseases. The man who thinks that the universe is only material is living under an illusion. Psychic healing definitely proves that sufferers have an access to a higher tribunal.

Then the activities of spirit co-operators must be taken into account, for when sufferers enable themselves to be influenced, cures often result. And, more strangely still, I can prove from Parish's records that there are people who were cured even when they did not know that absent healing was being conducted on their behalf! How that operates I do not know, but that it has happened I have ample proof.

Once I experienced absent healing. The result of overwork was leading me to a nervous breakdown. I telephoned Parish and asked him to give me absent healing. I went to bed to prepare myself for it.

Soon I felt a curious sensation. It can best be described as a prolonged tingling that

started from my toes and travelled to my head. That was followed by a feeling of excessive warmth which even induced perspiration.

Two days later I felt completely better. The nervous exhaustion disappeared.

CHAPTER III

EXAMINING THE POSTBAG

Wondering what his postbag was like I dipped into Parish's correspondence one day. I found a pitiful request from a woman at Guildford. She had been receiving absent treatment for a complaint of her own, and was now writing on behalf of her husband.

"My dear husband has had a breakdown and gone totally deaf," she wrote. "The doctors think there is no hope of his hearing again, although he is a little better in health. This, you will imagine, is so very sad for one who loves music - the song of the birds and, oh, so many things! They say the nerves of the ears have gone."

Parish at once started absent treatment, and two weeks later there was another letter in quite a different strain:

"I am writing to tell you the good news. My dear husband is able to hear. Isn't it just wonderful? What can we say to express our gratitude for your kindness - for your prayers on our behalf? Please accept our sincerest thanks. We both feel it is a divine healing.

"Both doctors thought very gravely of the case, and could hardly believe he could hear again. I know you will rejoice with us."

Then I read letters that described two remarkable instantaneous cures of epilepsy. Parish merely placed his hands on the patients and the disease never returned.

I saw one letter from a man who had completely lost the sight of one eye and his other was almost useless. A specialist told him to give up his job which was his sole means of support.

This sufferer heard of Parish, visited him and was told by the healer to go on with his job. After a few treatments he was able to write his first letter since his ailment twelve months previously.

"I am very happy to be able to tell you," he said, "that my eyes have improved. My sight is much clearer than it has been for some time past."

The next letter I saw was from a woman who had been bed-ridden for fourteen years but was able to walk after one absent healing treatment. Then I read some correspondence from a woman in Spain. She wanted Parish to give absent healing to a Spanish family where there were three children, two of them suffering from typhoid fever and a third from meningitis. Parish immediately placed them on his absent healing list. Two weeks later two of the children were cured and the third was

slowly getting better.

“This has truly been a wonderful case for you,” said the woman who had solicited his aid. She said it reminded her of the ‘miracles’ of the Bible. A few days later she wrote to tell him that the third child had recovered.

I found in the correspondence a cure by absent healing accomplished without the patient’s knowledge. It concerned a friend of mine who was on a visit from abroad. When she called on her sister in Birmingham she found that her niece, an eleven months’ old baby, was suffering from a disease of the eyes that had baffled the doctors.

She wrote to me asking whether Parish could help. The child’s parents knew nothing about Spiritualism. Did that make any difference? Naturally, I said it did not.

I passed her letter on to the healer, who, without seeing the baby, and using only absent healing, cured the child. The grateful mother wrote expressing her thanks for the baby’s healing.

The correspondence was illuminating. I read some letters from a woman in Suffolk. She put on record how three months previously she had taken her son, suffering from diabetes, to Parish to receive treatment from him. For six weeks the son had given up insulin injections. “The doctors who were treating him could only repeat that it is marvellous,” she wrote.

A Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, who is also a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, was among those who testified to Parish’s powers.

“It is now a fortnight since I had the great pleasure and the undoubted privilege of attending at your house for help as regards the physical ills from which I have been suffering so long,” this medical man wrote.

“No perceptible change took place until the last few days. Indeed I had severe pains at times in the abdominal region. But, strange (?) to say during the last few days I found I could walk (slowly, of course) without pain!

“It seems too good to be true - and lasting, that, of course, will be the test. Anyhow, I do feel that the spiritual help has been specific, definite, pronounced, especially as I had been taking the *very best* remedies for the painful condition, but had left them off for ten days. I am sure you have been a great help to me, and I feel so much brighter in all ways. May you live long and happily to carry on this wonderful work of yours.”

Next I came across two remarkable cures through absent healing. One patient was in India and the other in Brazil. Both had been given up by their doctors, and in both cases the cure was instantaneous.

The patient in India did not even know that he was being treated. He was an Indian orderly, named Moya Bullah, who had gone back to his village to ‘die,’ when Mrs. Barlow, the wife of an Army captain, wrote on his behalf to Parish.

“He is suffering from some strange disease which the doctors say will eventually kill him,” she wrote. “He is literally dying by inches, first his fingers and toes, and now his hands and feet. The doctors have given him up and he has gone back to his village to die in agony.”

Seven months later there was another letter, describing the cure.

“I wanted, when we returned from the hills after the hot weather, to go and see him,” Mrs. Barlow wrote. *“But to our amazement, he walked into my husband’s office one morning, asking for light work.”*

“When I wrote to you, he was lying in his village, a useless hulk, unable even to feed himself. He told my husband that he had been to see the civil surgeon, who was more than amazed . . .”

Then the woman disclosed that the cure had convinced her of the truth of Spiritualism and had enabled her to help others with her knowledge.

“I wrote to you as a last resource where he was concerned,” she said, “and also, in a way, to prove to myself that there was something in Spiritualism, of which I had read a certain amount.

“Since writing last to you, we have lost two very great friends, but thanks to you I have been able to help the young widow of one of them a little. I have concrete proof to offer instead of mere words.”

The other cure was of a young woman in Rio de Janeiro. Her husband, Carlos Kazys Audenis, of Rue Carolina Meyer, reading of some of Parish’s cures wondered whether the healer could help his wife. She had been suffering from an unknown disease for several years.

“The doctors could not help her,” he wrote, “but I always hoped that some day she would be healed by a spiritual healer.”

In his second letter, which told of the cure, Audenis went into more detail about his wife’s illness. For five years she had been treated by several doctors, including prominent Brazilian cardiologists, without avail. Twice, radiographs were taken, but, beyond enabling the specialists to give a ‘most suitable’ diagnosis, this did not help.

Gradually she began to feel worse. She could not walk upstairs, and could not even go to her dentist for dental treatment. Once, an injection of an anaesthetic nearly caused her ‘death.’

“I lost all hope of finding a cure amongst earthly doctors,” he said, “and wrote to you appealing to God and spiritual help. My letter was posted on September 7.

“Several days later, my wife suddenly was completely healed. We dared not believe that the healing was definite, but as the days passed our conviction grew stronger that she was really cured.”

“Since then, the pain has not returned and she is looking much better. Last week she

called on her dentist and took the same injection of anaesthetic without experiencing any trouble. This demonstrates that her cure is quite complete.”

From Philadelphia, U.S.A., Mrs. L. Meikleham wrote telling how her mother’s life was saved by Parish, who began absent treatment without the patient’s knowledge.

The story of the cure was confirmed through Mrs. Helen Duncan, a materialisation medium.

“My mother had double pneumonia and asthma,” wrote Mrs. Meikleham, “and from these resulted a very weak heart.

“She was given oxygen and also injections for the heart. But these were stopped the day Mr. Parish started his healing.”

Mrs. Meikleham’s story began with the receipt of five cables in two days from her relatives in Glasgow, saying how ill her mother was and the steps taken by the doctor.

Apparently Mrs. Meikleham is so psychic that she ‘felt’ her mother’s condition 2,000 miles away. She decided to visit her mother, but before sailing a ‘figure’ appeared to her and told her to seek the aid of Parish.

This she did by cable and also wrote home about her sailing, but did not mention that she had asked Parish to help.

“When I arrived home,” she wrote, “I was told how the doctor and everyone else were amazed at the turn mother had taken for the better.

“My sister told me that Mr. Parish had written to mother on receiving my cable. She said they were so happy I had done so.

“We worked out the time and found that mother’s recovery started when Mr. Parish received my cable.

“I am now back in America and mother is still improving. Her doctor told me he was puzzled, for he had never known a similar case where the patient was so far gone and had recovered.

“I attended a materialisation séance in Glasgow with Mrs. Duncan as the medium. My ‘dead’ father showed himself, and Albert, the guide, said he had been helping my mother.

“Albert added: ‘One you love is still with you because you asked for help from the spirit world.’”

It was striking confirmation.

The next letter was from W. J. Newman, who asked that his address should not be divulged. He wrote:

“I am not a Spiritualist. I do not attend séances, nor belong to any recognised body or home circle, although I believe in spiritual healing.

“Out of curiosity and prompted by a neighbour’s account of the wonderful work of ‘Medicine Man’ through the mediumship of F. J. Jones, I visited the Marylebone Spiritualist Association’s Healing Centre in February, 1933.

“My trouble was at once diagnosed as an ulcer in the stomach and I was recommended a certain diet, which I faithfully carried out, and also attended the healing centre regularly once a week till the passing on of Mr. Jones in October, 1933.

“The apparent result of this dieting was a loss in weight.

“As I was not satisfied with my physical condition (loss of weight, but no pain or haemorrhage), I decided in December, 1934, to attend a hospital.

“There I underwent several tests which disclosed that my stomach was deficient in hydrochloric acid and a pepsin acid mixture was prescribed to supply that deficiency.

“So matters continued for a year, till in December, 1935, I was admitted to the hospital for a week for observation.

“On January 7 the surgeon told me that the X-ray photographs showed I had an ulcer with adhesions in the stomach, but in such a position that it would be impossible to operate with any degree of success.

“He, in fact, implied I had only about three months to live.

“I was naturally very depressed, but calling to mind the success of Mr. W. T. Parish as a spiritual healer, I wrote to him explaining my position.

“On January 17 last year I had my first appointment. For months, I attended regularly at fortnightly intervals, conscientiously linking up in prayer during the hours mentioned and also continuing to visit the hospital, taking the acid mixture prescribed at the end of 1934.

“On April 2 this year, the doctor ordered another X-ray examination of my stomach and on the 12th he told me the result of it - that my stomach was clear.

“In my own mind, I am certain that the ministrations of Mr. Parish were responsible for this result, not only on account of the healing power obtained, but also in the difference in mental outlook which always followed my visits to Mr. Parish’s healing circle.”

The next letter, from Mrs. W. Saint, of Fortuneswell, Portland, Dorset, told of confirmation of Parish’s healing ministry at two different séances. Mrs. Saint’s letter to him told its own story:

“About twelve months ago, I wrote to you and told of my long illness. About six months later, I wrote and told you I was a little better.

“Later still, a friend, a healing medium, came and we held a circle. Her control gave me a diet. From that time my improvement was rapid, and now I am quite well.

“I have just been away for two weeks, and during that time I attended two home circles. The first was with a trance medium, and I was told, to my surprise, that you were the cause of my cure, with the help of the diet, and that both spirit doctors were working in conjunction.

“At the second circle, I was told exactly the same thing by a different control.

“Anyway, I am very thankful to get about again and do some work after four-and-a-half years of pain and misery.”

CHAPTER IV

PARISH ANSWERS VITAL QUESTIONS

When I had reached this part of the book, certain questions arose in my mind. So I went down to see Parish one night to discuss these points with him.

I also wanted him to talk, without realising he was being interviewed, so that from his words you could get an insight into his mentality. My secretary sat behind him and he was surprised afterwards to learn that his answers had been recorded verbatim.

I anticipated the questions I knew would arise in my readers' minds by asking: “Was it definitely established that your wife had cancer? Could there not have been a mistake in the diagnosis?”

“Not the slightest doubt,” was Parish's reply. He added that the surgeon who had performed the operation, and who had examined his wife since, declared she was a “walking miracle.”

Parish even thought that he would sign a statement to the effect that she was now cured of cancer. But I told him that I could not jeopardise the surgeon's career by using such a certificate. Once the British Medical Association knew that he had done so it would be the end of his medical career.

Parish told me he was in the nursing home when his wife was operated on. “I saw them carrying her into the theatre,” he said. “Even without knowing then what I know now, I never had any fear. As she was carried out I walked in. I saw with my own eyes what had been taken away from her.

“Tell me the worst,” I said to the surgeon. “It's cancer, and damnably bad,” he replied. “I have cut as deeply as I dared.”

“I saw the sister who helped at the operation and asked her to get down to brass tacks and tell me her candid opinion.

“Do you really want to know?” she inquired. I said I did. “It is one of the nastiest jobs I have seen. The cancer must return. There is no doubt about it, so be prepared.”

I also asked Mrs. Parish for her comments. She told me that the surgeon, to obtain

confirmation, performed a small operation and sent a specimen of the growth for pathological examination. He did not want her to have a large disfigurement, he said, unless it was essential. Three weeks later, the report was received.

“Cancer positive,” it said. Mrs. Parish went back to the nursing home for the major operation.

Then I thought that lots of readers would like to know how Parish spends a typical day of his life. He selected a Monday and described it as follows:

“I wake at a quarter to seven, and enter the sanctuary in my dressing-gown. I stay there for the absent healing until five minutes to eight. I have a little break for tea, then I go to my little office, open the morning letters and sort them into heaps for attention. This usually lasts until nine o’clock. After that I wash and shave, have a very light breakfast and return to the letters. I read every one carefully and mark them all as to how they are to be answered.

“Then I take them into the sanctuary, place them on a little stool at the foot of the altar, pray over them and leave them there.

“One of my typists, who voluntarily helps me, next brings the letters she had on Saturday. These I read and sign. All the time there are telephone calls and telegrams. Then I go for a short walk on the adjoining common. I always have a very light lunch and afterwards rest for an hour and a half.

“After a light tea I go below to the large sanctuary to prepare it for the healing that is to take place later in the day. I return afterwards to my private little sanctuary to get a closer contact with my guides and then I am ready for the public healing service, which usually lasts till about 9.30.

“I return once more to the little sanctuary to be restored and invigorated. Then comes the absent healing. Even then I am not finished, for often I have writing to do and usually there is only time for a snack. It is usually twelve to twelve-fifteen before I am ready for bed.”

This programme is regularly carried out when his public healing is performed three days a week, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

I asked Parish whether he ever felt exhausted as a result of constant healing. “Physically I am stronger now than ever I was in my life,” was his reply. “I am conscious of drawing power from the sun, trees and the wide spaces.”

“Do you manage to deal with every letter?” I asked and was met with the reply that he has never failed to answer the correspondent. He has always personally signed every one of his replies and he has always offered a prayer over every written inquiry.

His words rang with enthusiasm as he described his work. “I visit nursing homes, hospitals, mental asylums, poor law institutions and private houses,” he said. “I call on those in high and low positions, on the rich and poor. People come to see me,

making special journeys from Glasgow, Manchester and Liverpool - from all parts of the country. They have even travelled from Canada, South Africa and Southern Rhodesia.”

Then he mentioned one of his remarkable experiences - the obtaining of the present house in which he does his healing. He outgrew his previous tiny flat. There was simply no room to accommodate the numbers who crowded it - some of the neighbours were complaining about the innumerable callers. There were even protests to the local council because he burned incense in his sanctuary.

Quite unexpectedly, a woman of splendid character and gentle nature, whose husband he had spiritually helped, offered to pay the cost of a healing house.

There was only one piece of land in the whole of East Sheen which was suitable for Parish's purpose - a site to which Mr. and Mrs. Parish were attracted even before he became a healer. All the local estate agents said it would be impossible to secure it, especially for the purpose of building a healing home. The land was owned by a cabinet minister who had turned down all previous inquiries for the building of any sort of house on his property.

But Parish was not daunted. He knew he had access to higher powers. “I went to this piece of land nearly every day,” he said, “and I prayed. My prayer was that this ground should be acquired for God for the healing of His children.”

Parish personally interviewed the cabinet minister and found him most sympathetic. No, he was not a Spiritualist, he said, but he would certainly be delighted to allow his ground to be used for healing the afflicted.

But he did not think his mother would approve of the idea. She associated a healing sanctuary with the ringing of church bells. When Parish saw her, all her objections disappeared. She became so enthusiastic that she asked to be allowed to contribute some chairs.

There were other difficulties, a local town-planning scheme was one of them, but they were all overcome and soon the new healing home became an accomplished fact. There was a private ceremony of dedication by a spirit who is associated with Parish's healing work and then the work re-started in the new centre.

“What is your own attitude towards this spiritual healing?” I asked Parish.

“I believe I am fulfilling the laws of God,” he replied. “I am fulfilling that which God has chosen for me - to be a blessing to His suffering children of this earth. I work for the alleviation of suffering mankind, not only for their bodies but also for healing their souls, by bringing light, understanding, happiness and hope.

“I don't want people to come to me when a doctor can heal them. But when they say I don't want a doctor. I would rather come to you,” I am delighted to be of service.

“I have no animosity towards doctors and surgeons. All I try to do is to follow the one great healer, Jesus the Nazarene. I know there have been other spiritual masters

and I commune with them. I am a follower of the Nazarene, because I know that I am allied with him.

“There is nothing on earth that would deter me from going on with my healing, even if the whole world were against me.”

Here I mentioned the Bishop of Winchester and his condemnation of faith-healing as “being very near to the danger of magic.”

“What is your reply to that?” I asked.

“It hurt me very much indeed when I read what the Bishop had stated,” he said. “I knew he was wrong. The next morning I received a letter from a poor woman. She enclosed a newspaper cutting of the Bishop’s statement and said it had shaken her faith very badly. ‘I wonder if faith and prayer can really help?’ she asked.

“I had already inculcated in that woman, as a humble servant of God, hope and faith that she was going to be cured. The Bishop, who is a pillar of the Church, one to whom this woman looked for guidance, had dashed away her hope. I wrote to this woman. I encouraged her and I gave her strength.

“I prayed for the Bishop, because I knew that he was so radically wrong. His remorse will be terrible when he passes on. I would tell the Bishop, as I have told other people, that he does not realise he is persecuting his beloved master, Jesus.”

There was one thing Parish could have said - that shortly after the Bishop of Winchester’s attack on faith-healing another Bishop came to Parish’s sanctuary for treatment!

“Do you think that other people could do this spiritual healing” I asked.

Parish answered by quoting the text from the Bible, “Many are called but few are chosen.”

“I have had a wide experience of humanity,” he pointed out. “I have travelled most of the earth. I have met all sorts and conditions of people. I have mingled with persons of rank and society and I have rubbed shoulders with the dregs of humanity. I have had happiness and I have endured bitter sorrow.

“Now I look back and realise that all this was part of the preparation for the work that I am now doing. There are few individuals on the face of this earth who are prepared to ‘leave all and follow him.’ I am doing it.

“I have had to make every sacrifice, but it is not a sacrifice now. It is a privilege. If you aspire to be a healer you have to learn to eliminate self. You have to become worthy in the eyes of God to be used as a fitting instrument for His power to pass through you.

“It is His power. If you are not a suitable instrument in the eyes of God, His divine power cannot pass through you. Mine is spiritual healing. It is not magnetic healing. There is a vast difference. I take no personal credit. I am but the lowly servant

always ready to give, to praise God and His ministering angels, because it is through them that I am permitted to heal.”

“How conscious are you of your spirit cooperators?” was my next question.

“As conscious as I am of talking to you,” was the response. “When I first began to meditate I was told it was wrong to concentrate alone. Some said it was dangerous. I prayed for guidance. I said to myself, ‘If God is with me, who can be against me?’

“When I am healing I am fully conscious of spirit co-operators and I talk to them. Gradually the trance condition is passing away, giving place to an overshadowing that leaves me more and more aware of myself. All the time I strive to overcome all obstacles and limitations.

“I am conscious of the influx of spirit power. It even produces a physical reaction in the region of the solar plexus. I get a sensation of great holiness and I feel that I am at one with the Great Spirit.”

Then came Parish’s views on what a spiritual ministry in the Churches could do. “My sanctuary is just a small building,” he said. “It is blessed by the Great Spirit and is used as a centre where God’s ministering angels bring power to be radiated to all the corners of the earth. Yet I am only a layman.

“If every church could have a healing sanctuary, what a great work could be accomplished? It was through healing that Jesus attracted the attention of the multitude. And if his followers could heal today, they would fill the Nazarene’s soul with joy and gladness instead of remorse and sorrow, as I am sure it now is.”

“Why do you think they are unable to do it?”

“Because they are spiritually blind. ‘The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life,’ says the Bible. If I were a vicar in the Church and I knew that I could be used for healing the sick, I would not only be prepared to make every sacrifice but I would stand up against the Bishops . . .

“But creeds and dogmas are the stumbling blocks. That is true, unfortunately, of all the Churches. A dear soul, a Roman Catholic, wrote to me the other day and told me I was a heretic! I prayed that the light might come to him.”

“Are you unhappy when you see all this suffering?” I asked. “After all, you live in an atmosphere of sickness, disease, pain and misery.”

Parish smiled tenderly. “Their pains and sufferings are mine,” he said. “You must remember that I have prepared myself for this great task. I had to learn to master myself before I could hope to master others.

“Many have come here, sometimes shrieking with pain. I am glad that I have been able to relieve them of their sufferings. With the healing power there always comes a great love and a great sympathy.

“When helpless children are brought to me, I gather them in my arms and I visualise

them perfect in every limb.

“When I walk in the streets and see an ailing man or woman I pray and concentrate on them. I ask God to make them whole. I always strive to bring peace to the souls of those who come to see me. I try to perfect the body and the soul, to bring happiness, good will and tranquillity in their lives.”

“To how many people have you personally given healing?”

“I lay my hands on nearly five thousand sufferers every year,” he replied. “I am told that I am only on the fringe of my work and that greater things will yet be done.”

In order to get some idea of the extent to which his healing has permeated the world, I asked Parish to note the countries from which letters came with their requests for healing. I was surprised at the result. Here they are:

Abyssinia	China	Iraq	Roumania
Afghanistan	Corsica	Ireland	Russia
Africa	Costa Rica	Italy	Siam
Alaska	Cuba	Ivory Coast	Sicily
Algeria	Czecho-Slovakia	Japan	Sierra Leone
Alsace-Lorraine	Denmark	Java	Spain
Arabia	Ecuador	Libya	Sweden
Argentina	Egypt	Malay States	Switzerland
Armenia	Finland	Mexico	Turkey
Australia	France	Morocco	USA
Austria	French Guiana	New Guinea	Uruguay
Balkan States	Germany	New Zealand	Venezuela
Belgium	Gibraltar	Newfoundland	Yugoslavia
Brazil	Greece	Nigeria	
British West Indies	Greenland	North Borneo	
Bulgaria	Holland	Norway	
Canada	Hong Kong	Palestine	
Canary Islands	Hungary	Peru	
Ceylon	Iceland	Poland	
Chile	India	Portugal	

Obviously Parish cannot send all inquirers an individual letter although, of course, there are hundreds of these written by him in the course of a week. People who write him receive a letter written in this strain:

“My dear Friend,

“I was pleased to receive your letter which has been placed upon the altar in my little sanctuary, and God’s blessing asked for it.

“As you are of course aware, all this sacred work is performed through prayer and meditation, and I am asking God to use me that a blessing may be bestowed upon you.

“I perform the absent healing every morning between 7 and 8 o’clock, and every night between 10 and 11 o’clock. Will you please send up your prayers for a portion of these times so that our prayers are linked up?

“Let us be patient and faithful, and also try to make ourselves worthy of God’s blessings through service unto others, even if it is only in sending out kind thoughts for sufferers who are in greater pain than ourselves.

“In all this work I am trying to follow the Master - Jesus Christ - being used as a humble instrument to manifest God’s divine love and healing power to all His children, irrespective of creeds, beliefs, or nationality, knowing God to be the source of all life.

“It is very beautiful to remember that there are no limitations with our Father, and if we can become fully conscious that we are His children, we shall realise His nearness unto us, and His eagerness to make us whole, both in body and in soul.”

Parish never allows anything to interfere with his absent healing. Although it is with the utmost difficulty that you can get him to leave the surroundings of his sanctuary, very rarely he has attended a few meetings and one or two dinners. Even then I have noticed that between ten and eleven at night, one of his healing hours, he has become oblivious to all that is happening around him. You see him close his eyes and he is obviously concentrating - remembering that he is the centre of a chain of spiritual power that engirdles the world. Those not in the know have sometimes thought that he was asleep.

One of the reasons for not wishing to leave his sanctuary is that he has become so attuned to higher vibrations - and he always says this with the humility that is typical of him - that the noise and the clamour of the busy parts of London seem to be more intensified.

After all, when people become sensitive, they are sensitive not only to the finer and more subtle things of life but also to its less refined aspects. That is the price that must be paid by those who strive to fit themselves for being instruments of healing powers.

A few years ago I spent a holiday with Parish in Belgium. Even then there was no respite as far as his absent healing was concerned. Unfailingly, every morning and night, he withdrew for a while to link up with his thousands of patients.

Once he was in a dilemma. It was Christmas time and much against his inclination

he had to become one of the family party that was going to a pantomime. He insisted, however, on having the end seat.

And, sure enough, at ten o'clock he forgot the theatre, the stage, the orchestra and the actors - and sent out his thoughts to his suffering patients.

Once there was a knock at the door and Mrs. Parish went to see who it was. The caller was a clergyman asking for her husband.

"I hope you have not come very far," said Mrs. Parish, "as, on account of the number of calls on his time, my husband has to ask sufferers to make an appointment."

The parson replied that he had come all the way from South Africa to see the healer because members of his congregation had told him of Parish's splendid work!

A friend of mine was trying to explain to her seven-year-old daughter that Parish was paying them a visit that evening.

After she had listened to an explanation of his cures, the little girl asked, "Is he a doctor, Mummy?"

"No," was the reply, "but he makes people better."

The child hesitated and then said, "Oh, I see. He makes them well without hurting them then." Parish is one of those men who are always giving things away. Often his wife goes to his wardrobe and finds clothes have disappeared. When she asks her husband what has happened to them he replies: "Oh, some poor soul . . ." And then she smiles. She knows.

This book would not be complete without a tribute to Mrs. Parish, who has had to taste all the sorrows that come to one who is the wife of the world's greatest healer.

When her husband decided to dedicate the rest of his life to healing the sick, she proudly took her place at his side. She threw herself whole-heartedly into the work and has never regretted her long years of service.

She has smoothed all difficulties away, as far as possible, and has done everything within her power to relieve her husband of the many irksome little things that might have stood in the way of his healing mission.

She takes charge of the public healing services, sympathises with and encourages the patients, and does a thousand and one things, some of them trivial, some of them important, but all part of her contribution to her husband's work.

She has a sweet, sympathetic nature and is always ready to help. She never seems to tire of listening to long recitations of sickness, suffering and disease which each patient pours into her ears.

Peggy Parish is a wonderful woman. Cured herself, by the power of the spirit operating through her husband, she has sought to repay her healing by giving service wherever she can.

CHAPTER V

TESTIMONY FROM CURED PATIENTS

This is the story of an “incurable” who was treated by Parish. The doctors told him there was “no cure and no treatment” for his case.

By A. ADAMS

I came out of the Army, in 1919, perfectly fit, and passed AI at the age of twenty-one. I remained so until 1923, when pains in the legs and back occurred. Upon visiting the medical profession, I was told by many doctors that I had either lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism.

These pains continued, but getting gradually worse, until 1934, when I was recommended to an osteopath, from whom I received treatment for a disjointed spine for a period of four months without getting any relief.

Not being satisfied with the diagnosis, I eventually had my back X-rayed, and was told by a Harley Street orthopaedic specialist that I had arthritis of the spine, *for which there is no cure and no treatment.*

I was also informed that my spine was permanently set, and that there was a possibility of it attacking the neck. *If this happened, I should be obliged to have my head placed in a plaster- of- paris case and held in an upright position for a period of six weeks – causing it to be set perpendicularly.*

After a period of six months, my neck caused me pain and was affected to the extent that it was difficult to move at all. I was about to go into hospital to have my neck set, when my mother persuaded me to write to W. T. Parish. I obtained an appointment almost immediately.

After going to Parish at his flat, where he gave me healing for approximately half an hour, I felt immediate relief to my neck. I have since improved in health beyond all doubt, namely, in vitality, pains gradually diminishing, and being able to make movements which previously were impossible according to the medical profession and myself.

This improvement continues day by day and week by week. In my opinion, it is nothing short of a miracle, especially as I have only visited Parish on this one occasion. Then consider the amount of money I had previously spent on the medical profession. My only expenditure on Parish was the journey to his residence.

Here is the account of a modern “miracle” written by the man who solicited Parish’s aid for a friend.

By W. A. CAMP

It is hard to avoid seeming to overstate the case for psychic healing in setting down the remarkable facts regarding my friend G. H. Phelps. It is certain that, at the time,

non-Spiritualists who knew how near 'death' he was, regarded this as the supreme test of the powers of spirit helpers.

Phelps stopped work in July, 1934. A slight pricking in the throat had worsened and prevented him from swallowing without pain. Harley Street diagnosed the trouble as tubercular laryngitis. The throat was seriously affected and he could hardly eat at all, having great difficulty in swallowing even beef tea.

He went to Midhurst Sanatorium, but after a few weeks was sent back home, as his case was far too advanced to be treated there.

"I came home," he told me, "prepared to lie in bed and let things take their course - and as far as I knew then (and as I certainly know now) that course was pretty certain to have ended in my dying."

His condition had become very grave - so grave, indeed, that he was put on absolute silence and visitors were practically forbidden. The doctors offered no hope whatsoever. In addition to an extensive infection of the larynx and epiglottis, the disease had also badly attacked both lungs.

I had got in touch with W. T. Parish during the time Phelps was at Midhurst. Parish immediately put him on his absent healing list. A 'curious' thing happened. The very next day, after the absent healing started, the pain left Phelps's throat and he was able to eat again!

This improvement, however, seemed useless in the light of the patient's alarming condition. Not one person who saw him then thought he would live. Not even Phelps himself, who wrote, in complete resignation: *"It is hard to go at thirty-three. There are so many things I wanted to do."*

In complete despair, I implored Parish to visit Phelps - a sort of 'last throw' when everything seemed lost. Yet I will confess that I could not allow myself even to hope that psychic healing could be successful. Never had I read of success in such an extreme case.

My heart warms to Parish as I recall how he did not wait to write, but telephoned me to fix a time directly he received my letter. How confident and re-assuring he was; how clear his insight into my hopeless and worried mind!

It needed a great struggle on my part to go through with the visit. Before I left home, an anxious Mrs. Phelps telephoned me to say that her husband had told her (or rather written) what was to take place and that she feared grave consequences.

The previous night, she said, a visit of only ten minutes from Phelps's sister had caused a rise in temperature to danger-point and the doctor had warned her against his being similarly 'excited' again.

Even Parish seemed a little disturbed when I called for him at his house and told him. We went into the 'sanctuary' where he conducts his absent healing. After a short prayer he remarked, *"Abdul Latif (one of Parish's spirit helpers) says he knows*

about the temperature, but it will be kept normal."

It was. After Abdul Latif had controlled his medium and given Phelps healing passes, this spirit doctor requested that the patient's temperature should be taken.

It was found to be a shade over normal, this despite the fact that when Phelps had taken his temperature, immediately before we entered the sickroom, it was high! And bear in mind the healing séance was nothing if not a period of heightened emotions.

As we left the house, Parish said, *"He will be talking again in a few months."*

I confess that this seemed to me to be such a completely 'impossible' prophecy that I thought Parish was merely trying to encourage us.

Well, the facts are that our 'doomed' man got brighter, began to sit up and eat well!

Then the doctors said that the final hope was to get him to Switzerland. And, although he was then without means, and it seemed out of the question to send him and keep him there, things began to 'so happen' that he went!

"I would like to stress the state of my throat when I arrived in Switzerland," wrote Phelps at the time. "The Swiss laryngologist could not believe that I could breathe without difficulty, let alone eat - and this after my throat had been much worse in England."

Yet truly amazing improvement took place. The doctors there were, as Phelps puts it, 'staggered.'

In three or four months he was whispering again - after ten months of absolute silence. The throat healed so rapidly and certainly that the doctors who told him nine months ago that, even if he recovered his health, he would never get his voice back again, now had to revise their opinions.

In May 1936, my friend wrote me that, after a further precautionary spell of a month of continued whispering, he could use his voice normally again. He affirms that the doctors are completely at a loss to account for the manner in which his throat has healed.

The lungs, too, have improved very considerably.

Like so many other people, Phelps points out that he is *not* a Spiritualist and adds a 'but'! *"In the very 'dark' days after I left the English sanatorium," he recalls, "I was lying in my bed at home and I was quite certain I saw in the room the figure of a director of a business I had worked for, who had always been kind to me. He smiled and said, 'Don't worry, old boy - we'll see it's all right.'"*

The interesting part is that this director 'died' two years previously and it was this man's wife and sister-in-law who unaccountably came forward to provide the money to charter the special plane which took Phelps to Switzerland. By no other means could we have got him out there, as he was too ill to travel by ordinary plane.

Now, these facts have been recorded as dispassionately as I can be expected to write of something which touched me so closely. But, too often testimony such as I have given has been robbed of all its value to other troubled folk, because those concerned have insisted that their names must be left out.

That is why I have obtained my friend's permission to give his name and address and why I am giving those of two other of his friends who can testify to the truth of what I have written: G. H. Phelps, "Derry Down," Firtree Road, Epsom Downs, Surrey; A. J. Beecher Stow, 14 Hawthorne Road, London, N.18; E. J. Brisley, "Tippacott," Preston Road, Harrow.

I must pay a tribute to Parish, who gladly gave his time and services when needed - and would not take a penny piece in payment.

When the proofs of this book reached me, I asked G. H. Phelps to make any comments on his case. He wrote the following:

By G. H. PHELPS

I am writing this in March 1938. My recovery is such that I can do a day's work five days a week now: as a precautionary measure, I spend the other two days in bed resting. The throat has been declared quite 'clear' and healed by my English laryngologist - who, incidentally, said on my last visit, "*You know, I can never quite accept the fact that you're alive. I gave you three months at the outside when I first saw you.*"

The chest is considerably better - there is certainly no sign of activity in either lung.

I don't want this account to appear to detract from my doctors' efforts. All of them did everything they could to help in every possible way. But - well, shall we leave it that theirs was 'human' help, whereas Parish's was something more? It was, indeed, a 'miracle' cure.

The following testimony from an 83-year-old doctor is valuable because he was able to confirm the spiritual healing by medical tests. He wrote from Bermuda, 3000 miles away, to express his delight at the cure of his diabetes - and asked for treatment for his deafness. His name is Dr. W. H. Watlington, and his address is Miles Buildings, Hamilton, Bermuda. In February 1936 he wrote:

"About five years ago I discovered to my very great regret that I had diabetes. My hope of ever being cured can only come about through spirit healing."

He added that he had been a Spiritualist since 1891 and was very anxious to interest his relations and friends, who were for the most part strict Church of England people.

"It would be a great thing and a good thing," he wrote, "if they could find that I was

cured of a complaint that is considered incurable.”

After he had written to Parish, Dr. Watlington kept a record of his progress. On March 9th - by which time he judged his letter must have reached England - he took a test.

“It had changed from a brick colour to a muddy blue - not bad at all,” he wrote.

Then, ten days later, he took another test. He wrote in his record: “The ‘test’ showed a blue as blue as the ocean - there could be nothing better - and has kept so, without regard to special diet.”

Dr. Watlington noticed something that seemed to him very strange. He has a brother, seven years younger than he is, who had had diabetes for about seventeen years and who had to pay rigorous attention to diet. Strangely, the brother’s health improved about the same time.

Now he has written to say that he has already noticed an improvement so far as his deafness is concerned.

And here is the remarkable account of a cancer cure described by a Fleet Street journalist who interviewed Parish.

By PAUL MILLER

“What is your hardest case?” I asked.

“There is no hardest,” he answered. “With God all things are possible. Often the secret of healing lies with the sufferer.

“All do not respond equally to the power that is poured out on them. But, if by hard cases you mean those in which the doctors, having done their best, give up hope, then read these.”

He handed me a bundle of letters. After reading the bitter pleas of a woman cut off from her career as an opera singer by cancer, and then seeing her outbursts of thanks for the modern equivalent of a ‘miracle,’ I understood what Parish meant by saying there were ‘no hardest cases.’

Before going into hospital, the woman telephoned for absent healing. Six weeks later she wrote:

“The pain is better, but the cause of my illness remains. There is a stoppage . . . and next week I am to undergo another operation which will either cure or kill me. Will you give me your help? I feel I simply have no courage left.”

Parish, in writing to instruct the sufferer how she should link up in prayer with him, stated that he had already helped her.

Her next note spoke of the surgeon, a deeply religious man, who had arranged for an examination under an anaesthetic to see why a vital passage in the body had closed.

To keep the woman alive, an incision had to be made and a tube inserted.

Writing of the examination, this patient, who desired to live only to help her husband and child, declared:

“They came to the conclusion that another operation would not cure and would probably kill me. Thank God I am to be spared the torture.

“I am going back to my little flat. Now the doctors have given me up, we can put our whole trust in God and in His power. The doctors give me up to eighteen months to live.”

Parish’s reply was a telegram – “Continue in faith. I will not fail you.”

Her next letter was pathetic. She was afraid to tell her husband and daughter of the doctors’ verdict.

She wrote: “They (her husband and daughter) think I am getting better and that I shall live for years with this tube in my body.”

Parish visited the patient in her flat, and, not long after, she was taken to her country cottage. She wrote begging him to continue the healing, and to put on his absent healing list her surgeon - who had gone into hospital suffering from a duodenal ulcer.

“I pray you to continue your healing on my behalf,” she asked.

After ten days in the country she sent Parish a letter showing what progress was being made. Part of it read:

“I join with you at the appointed times and feel God’s power working through you in my body.

“Today for the first time there were real signs that the obstruction is diminishing and that a passage is coming through.”

This letter Parish placed on his altar as a thanksgiving. The next letter was one of gratitude. But still there was great pain.

“I am having my ups and downs,” she wrote, sometimes better and again feeling so ill that my faith, which is so weak, fails me, not my faith in God’s power to heal, but in my own inability to have that faith which, even if it were as a grain of mustard seed, would bring me healing.

“Could I indeed but touch the hem of His garment, I should be whole, but I suffer so much that it weakens me.”

A month later Parish received this letter:

“I am now able to tell you that last week, in the night, the obstruction gave, and has remained clear, thanks to your faith and healing.

“On the Wednesday night (when the change occurred) I had a wonderful time of prayer and peace, linking up with you from ten to eleven, and it was after that,

evidently, that this miracle was performed.

“The tube will have to remain for some time in case there should be a return of the stoppage.

“Without you, dear friend, this would never have happened, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.”

Parish, in his answer, wrote: “I rejoice with you, dear child, and I know our Father will continue the wonderful blessing.”

The latest letter on this case, a fortnight afterwards, contained these words:

“I am sure you will be interested to hear that the doctor who took over my case here examined me yesterday, and finds the growth 75 per cent reduced. There is still enough present to make doing away with the tube unwise.

“So I must bear the pain and soreness of that, and pray that God will continue in His mercy to send His healing through the medium of your intercession so that I can, in the end, have done with this affliction (the tube) which is like an open knife in my body.

“My doctor, who leaves hospital next week, wrote me this morning: ‘I have never seen a carcinoma of the rectum do this sort of thing before.’

“How good God has been to me, and to you, my friend, my deep gratitude.

“May the Great White Spirit give you strength for this great and holy work of healing.”

All those who have stood by the side of a cancer sufferer know what has been achieved in this case. Parish said that he hoped to have the pleasure of welcoming the woman, in full health, to the sanctuary from which the healing power has been sent out.

He never argues with the sceptics about Spiritualism. “I know the guides,” he told me. “I know that through them the great healing power of the world comes to me.

“As I pass from one stage of consciousness to another, I am fully aware. All I ask, as I stand in the presence of the ministers and healers of the spirit world, is that I shall be allowed to serve in my way as the Nazarene served.

“In all this work I am trying to follow the Master Jesus, in being used as a humble instrument to manifest God’s love and healing power to all His children, irrespective of creeds, beliefs or nationality.”

Mrs. Parish, the healer’s first success with cancer, sees that her husband has the quietness essential to his life, a life made radiant for both by the comfort they receive from the guides and from the thousands of letters of heartfelt gratitude.

The healer eats little, never smokes or drinks, and is a vegetarian. He is keenly interested in all religion, and knows a great deal about the philosophy and practices

of Eastern yogis and mystics.

He has had mystical experiences that others theorise about, yet he declines to talk of them, except to a few who are in deep sympathy with his work.

Children love him instinctively, and men of the world are puzzled at first by his direct way of talking, and his utter simplicity.

You are attracted by his simplicity, his patience, his smile, and by the gentle, soothing hands that only a spiritual healer possesses. He is past middle age, lean, athletic, and speaks in a gentle voice.

CHAPTER VI HEALING IN PUBLIC

It was inspiring to watch Parish at work when I visited his sanctuary to witness the public healing. For over three hours he gave individual treatment to a score of people.

Two of them told him when he came out of trance that there was no need for them to attend any more. The psychic healing had brought them new health. One was a woman who had suffered for years with partial deafness and glaucoma of the eyes. She expressed her joy at her cure and thanked Parish for all his help.

With typical modesty he refused thanks. "I am only an instrument," he answered. "Glorify God. Radiate happiness."

When I arrived, the healing had been in operation for an hour. Four people sat in the front row of the sanctuary facing the altar. Not a word was spoken. There was complete silence, interrupted only by Parish's stertorous breathing and his movements when, after treating one patient, he walked to a cupboard in the side of a wall and washed his hands.

Most of the waiting people in the room sat in prayerful attitude. Next to me was a young man sitting all the time with his eyes closed. . .

After treating each group of patients, the spirit controlling Parish offered a prayer. This was one invocation:

"Peace, perfect peace. We rejoice in the power that Thou dost permit to come to this earth. We rejoice when we can present to Thee the children's bodies cleansed from all discord, all disease, all pain and suffering.

"We rejoice when we see the soul unfolding and unfolding, radiating a great understanding of the love of the Great Spirit. We rejoice when we see the hope, light and joy brought into the children's eyes.

"To Thee, Who art the giver of all blessings, we ask that these little ones shall be fully conscious of their blessing.

“We ask that each child may now go forward full of hope, full of love with a greater knowledge of the Great Spirit. May each one seek to become a light and a blessing unto their brothers and sisters who are still in the shadows and sorrows of this earthly strife. Hear the prayer, O God, of Thy humble ones.”

After the prayer, the healer came out of trance and spoke to all the patients who received treatment. His face wreathed in smiles, his whole figure exuding cheerfulness and strength, he gave each a word of encouragement and commented on the progress being made.

Among the sufferers seeking relief there was one man being treated for his withered leg. In the comparatively short time he had been attending the sanctuary he had experienced great relief. In his employment he had to stand all day. Already he could make much better use of his leg and walk with less inconvenience.

One woman was being treated for cancer in both breasts. She had attended a hospital at which two surgeons had disagreed about her case. One wanted to operate and the other did not. She asked the one in favour of operating whether he could guarantee a cure. He could not.

She had been having treatment from Parish for over six months and was now almost free from pain. She was able to sleep - and more important still, the size of the lump was gradually being reduced!

Another woman being treated for deafness was full of gratitude for her progress. A few weeks previously she had received an indication that her hearing was returning. For the first time she was able to hear most of what was said in a talking picture! Others told of relief after a complete nervous breakdown and tuberculosis.

After being in trance for over three hours, the healing came to an end when all the patients had been treated, for none is refused however desperate the case may be, however hopeless the medical profession may regard the disease.

The public healing was brought to an end with this inspiring prayer from Abdul Latif:

“O Allah, the lover of all children, Thou knowest the needs of each before entering this Thy house. Thou art all knowledge, wisdom and understanding. Thou art Allah, the God of love, the Great Spirit, the light, the knowledge, the wisdom, the love, the absolute.

“We rejoice in the manifold blessings permitted to be given not only to the children within these four walls, but to those in all parts of the earth who receive the vibrations sent from this holy sanctuary.

“Glory be to Allah Who is called by so many names - the God of love, as He was described by the Nazarene.

“Let Thy love envelop each one of these children and if any be despondent help them to establish confidence in Thee.

“We rejoice in what we have seen tonight, not only in the cleansing of the body from all disease, but in the unfoldment of the soul, showing its purity day by day in its stages of evolution.

“Peace, peace, perfect peace. Let each one depart now with this peace and in that peace let their hope and their faith be adamant, that each shall become a blessing unto all with whom they come in contact.”

Then Parish came out of trance, rested for half-an-hour to recuperate himself. A cup of tea and a sandwich, a little chat - and then the post was brought in with more requests for healing from all over the world.

CHAPTER VII

CAN ORGANIC DISEASE BE CURED?

Can functional diseases be cured? That, you will say, is the acid test of spiritual healing. When I put the question to Parish, his reply was an emphatic “Yes.”

I intended to answer this question by giving a list of the diseases regarded as incurable by the medical profession which have been cured through the instrumentality of Parish, but as he has healed every type of illness and disease, such a list becomes superfluous.

He has cured patients suffering from such ‘incurable’ diseases as cancer, diabetes, rheumatism, tuberculosis, rheumatoid arthritis, infantile paralysis.

Here my secretary interposed, “What about deafness?” “He has cured deafness,” I replied.

Then I have testimony to his cure of dumbness, but I wondered about blindness. I could not remember any cures. I telephoned Parish and asked him. “Yes,” was his instant reply. “I have been privileged to cure blindness.”

It is impossible for me to print the complete record of Parish’s successes in spiritual healing. That would fill volumes. If ever his powers are challenged, thousands of witnesses can be called to testify to their healing at his hands.

In his files there are tens of thousands of letters to prove the efficacy of his powers. I can only give a selection from some of his cases. All the records are available. The original letters are in my possession. The patients can be interviewed. Their testimony is overwhelming. . . .

Let me begin by telling you the case of a man who was discharged from an Edinburgh hospital because of Parish’s absent healing. He had been for two years in this hospital, diagnosed as suffering from colitis and despite the best surgical skill was given up as hopeless. His side had been opened for eighteen months. All told he had four operations and three blood transfusions. Now all traces of the dread disease have gone.

He proudly sent a snapshot which showed him riding a bicycle - a fact which speaks for itself.

Parish was originally approached by a friend of the patient and asked to give absent healing. The cured man declared that he sensed a definite power during the concentration hours.

“I was amazed at the rapidity of my recovery,” he wrote. “I felt myself getting better daily. My appetite quickly improved.”

Later he reported “splendid progress.” He was getting stronger and beginning to use his legs. Soon he was allowed out of the ward and finally he was able to experience the delight of full health.

Another remarkable case came from Kenton, Middlesex, and dealt with a boy who was paralysed from the waist downwards and lay helpless in bed. Shortly after the absent healing began, he called to his mother and insisted that he felt well enough to walk. With trembling eagerness his mother helped him to dress and brought him a stick. With this as an aid he managed to get down the stairs and walk all round the garden. That was the immediate effect of the absent healing.

“I have suffered for four years with malaria fever, enlarged tonsils and other illnesses,” a young woman wrote Parish from Durban, South Africa. Her letter was very pathetic, for although she was only twenty-one years of age she said: “I have never danced or been to a party or played tennis or done anything other girls are able to do.”

There was one dread haunting her. “I fear I will have to break off my engagement, as I cannot burden the man I love for life,” she said.

A few months previously she had been taken to hospital for an operation for appendicitis. The doctor was afraid to operate to remove her tonsils because she had a weak heart, the result of a previous operation. In her despair she had even contemplated suicide.

One night she was awakened by a Voice telling her to write to Parish.

“Can you help me please?” she asked. “I am just a useless burden at present and I have brought trouble and worry to all those I love.”

A month later, for he replied by air mail, she was able to report progress. Then, six weeks afterwards, came her joyful letter.

“I am perfectly well,” she declared, “and have been able to start work. That sounds such a little to you perhaps, but to me it is the achievement of all my hopes and plans.

“When you started treating me, work was quite out of the question but here I am working, but oh, so happy and grateful. I don’t know how to thank you. You have been the means of giving me a new life. . . .”

Then from Cape Town a major told of the progress made by one sufferer on whose behalf he had written to Parish. For eight years she had been suffering with diabetes and steadily got worse. Five years ago gangrene made its appearance.

Her case was considered hopeless. The woman was confined to her room, and had holes in the soles of her feet, which constantly discharged. Naturally she was very depressed.

“After getting into touch with Parish,” wrote the major, “there was a change for the better.” One month later he reported that the patient’s general health was better and that her fits of depression had gone.

After an interval of another three months he was able to say that the holes in her feet were closing and not discharging and that her diabetes had taken a decided turn for the better.

Two months later there was a setback, but this proved only temporary, for the patient began steadily to improve, till at the time of writing she was able to leave her room and start her general activities. Her daughter wrote, “She is very bright and cheerful. The holes in her feet have ceased discharging - have indeed closed up; wonderfully she appears to be quite well.”

The next month the major was able to report that the woman was “well, very bright and happy.” All her diabetic troubles had disappeared. Her feet were said to be as smooth and healthy as a child’s. She had visited her daughter at her place of business twice that day. She was a changed woman. He brought the letter up to date by giving the last report, which was that the woman was well and happy and immensely grateful for her cure.

This next case began with a request from a woman living at Pevensey, in Sussex, asking Parish’s assistance for a dear friend, a man who was slowly dying of cancer of the throat. You can judge how desperate was his case when I tell you that she asked for the healer’s prayers, if only that her friend’s passing might be painless.

Three months later came another letter from the same woman. “I feel I must tell you about the marvellous recovery made by my friend,” she wrote. “I did not give you any details of the case at the time. It seemed one could only pray for a peaceful end. The poor man was X-rayed at the local hospital and discharged as incurable.

“He had a malignant growth in the lower part of the gullet. He looked and was a dying man, able only to take liquid food in sips hourly. The sister at the hospital told his wife that she did not think he would live long enough to need a tube inserted, so you can imagine his desperate need when I wrote you.

“Well, this seems hard to believe. From the time they started with you he has made a slow but seemingly sure recovery. He now is eating ordinary food. He was sent for by the hospital and X-rayed again and has been declared fit for work. He actually started this week. He is an engine-driver on the railway.”

Then, in the last paragraph of her letter, came the most extraordinary fact of all. *“He has not been told of your healing because we feared his scepticism might interfere with it. Only one daughter knew, and she joined us in the concentration.”*

Then came a letter from this daughter, who revealed that even up to the time this book was written her father did not know the spiritual means employed to bring him back to health!

When I began to read these letters, even my profound respect for Parish and his wife was increased. To think that they could live day after day in this atmosphere of pain, disease and suffering and still remain cheerful was a tribute to the divine nature of their mission. After all, it is all voluntary labour on their part. . . .

“My trouble is an ulcer near the right breast,” wrote a woman from Fife in Scotland. “It began some years ago with what I took to be a small boil. Until recently it was barely the size of a pea. Within a week there has been an alarming increase in size and it is now about five inches long by about two inches wide. It is spreading in the direction of the breast and is getting painful. There is slight discoloration.”

She had a sad story to tell. Two years previously she was diagnosed as suffering from thrombophlebitis, which led to her being on her back for thirty-seven weeks. When she wrote, she was only able to get up for part of the day.

A month later she declared she had experienced some relief from the growth. For a little while she had been perturbed as it grew larger, but then it gradually began to discharge and to fall away.

“Words seem so inadequate to express just all I feel,” she said. “My gratitude is very, very deep and sincere, believe me. May God in His love and mercy spare you long to aid the suffering ones of this world.”

Five weeks later she wrote full of cheerfulness. “It is in the spirit of profound gratitude that I write to say that I think the growth in my breast is now quite healed,” she declared.

“It is some days now since there was any more pus and there is now no pain or swelling. I think it shows there is no further cause for worry but every reason to thank our Heavenly Father for all His mercy and rich blessing. How splendid to be used as you are to bring help and healing to suffering humanity!”

Then in the files I found two cases dealing with patients who had been placed in mental homes. One, in Lanarkshire, was released after having been certified as insane for a year. She returned home perfectly cured. The other concerned a young man living at Purley. In his case, after being in a mental home for twelve months, with no hope of recovery, he was discharged.

Because some photographs of Parish giving treatment had been published in a Dutch illustrated weekly, he received many requests for healing from people in Holland. One pitiful request came from a man, suffering from rheumatoid arthritis,

for whom the doctors could do nothing.

A friend who wrote English interceded on his behalf and in less than a month he was writing to express his amazement at the results. Because of the rheumatoid arthritis his friend had been unable to walk round a room without the use of crutches. His arms were useless. But now there was a different story to tell. He had no pain. He could move his arms. He had discarded the crutches and had walked to see him.

From Glasgow came the joyful news in another letter from a mother whose daughter had valvular disease of the heart and also suffered from rheumatism. Her condition was so serious that her doctor was afraid she would not be able to work again. Purely as a result of the absent healing she was back at work in her office.

The next letter from Midlothian described a cure of angina pectoris and in this woman's case the doctor recognised that his medical treatment had nothing to do with it. For ten months the sufferer had been confined to bed. All told, three different doctors had attended her. Yet she grew weaker every day. From the moment she heard from Parish she began to improve, slowly at first, but with never a setback, until at last she was able to leave her bed and walk outdoors when the weather was fine.

The cure of a ten-year-old Huddersfield girl was described in the next series of letters. When Parish was approached to give her absent treatment she was in hospital, her parents being informed that she was not likely to recover owing to internal complications after her scarlet fever. Indeed, on two occasions her life was despaired of. But immediately the spiritual healing began there were distinct signs of improvement and soon Parish was informed that the girl was out of hospital, fully restored to health.

This letter from a mother in Wallasey must speak for itself. "I feel I must let you know the good news I have had from my son," she wrote. "He was X-rayed on Friday last and the doctor, to put it in his own words, is 'absolutely amazed' at my son's progress. He says it is nothing short of miraculous. The cavity in my son's lung is more than three parts healed in less than four months. I am so thankful and happy."

Here is another short extract from a letter written by a Belfast woman that tells its own story: "I am very happy to tell you that I am quite cured of my rheumatism. I have no pain at all now and feel better in every way. I thank God for His blessing and I am deeply grateful to you for your help."

"I was literally rid of pain in a night through Mr. Parish although I had no knowledge of his healing until six weeks later." That striking sentence is taken from a letter from a Yorkshire woman who, hearing I was writing of Parish's cures, volunteered a statement about her own case. She is related to a well-known Church dignitary, but asks me for family reasons not to disclose her identity.

"From 1930 I suffered very severe pains in the small of my back and legs which eventually got to a form of paralysis if I sat or stayed in any position for long," her

statement began. "Needless to say sleep was almost impossible without drugs."

Then she told how she started the round of specialists, until five months later her trouble was diagnosed as "spondylolisthesis."

"I don't know the correct meaning of that word," she said, "but I know from the X-rays that the fifth lumbar vertebra was slipping up and forward or, in other words, 'into me.'"

Four months later she was operated on. She quoted from the surgeon's report: "A stout graft was taken from the tibia of the right leg and inserted into the split spines of the third, fourth and fifth lumbar vertebrae and the first and second sacral spines."

Then she said the *real* pain started. She spent three months in a plaster bed and one month in a 'support' that was the surgeon's term, but she described it as a strait jacket. After that she was supposed to be cured.

The operation had stopped the vertebra slipping, but her pain was intensified. Often she had to scream as the only means of getting relief. Then followed another endless round of doctors, who prescribed all sorts of drugs but, in spite of these, she spent days in bed suffering torture.

Again she was told she was better, but she knew she was not, for soon the pains were as bad as ever. This lasted until May 1937. As there was no improvement the doctors and surgeons decided to operate again. She knew it would be of no use.

"Unknown to me," she wrote, "just after the doctor arrived that night, my sister-in-law rang up my husband from London to ask if anything was the matter." The sister-in-law was told that all was not well. The patient did not know at the time about her relative's telephone inquiry.

The next morning she woke up with an appalling headache, which she attributed to the drugs, but to her great surprise felt no pain. Her first reaction was: "I am paralysed!"

"After what seemed like hours of pure, blind terror," she continued, "I plucked up courage and gave my leg a hearty pinch. Oh the joy, it hurt horribly! In fact I raised a grand bruise."

After that she became a good patient, although previously she had been anything but that. She was afraid to tell the doctor that she had no pain and to his regular inquiry she replied that she felt much better.

Night after night she was handed her "ration of dope intended to give me a few hours' sleep," but she always threw it away. She had no need because she was 'sleeping like a top.'

"I thought something had happened," she said. "I felt so happy, at peace and well."

This progress was maintained for six weeks. Then her sister-in-law telephoned her

and again inquired how she was. After replying, "Much better, thanks," she tried to switch the conversation on to other matters, but her relative would not be put off, for she had news to tell her.

Unknown to the ailing woman she had been placed on Parish's absent healing list on the night her recovery began.

"To put it mildly, I was astonished," she wrote, "and I suppose rather frightened at the miracle which had happened to me."

She has had no pain since. When friends and relatives express their delight at her recovery and want to know more about it, she tells them the truth and as a result has been able to assist others to obtain relief through Parish's ministrations.

The final words of her letter were: "Personally, I shall never be able to repay Mr. Parish for what he, through his guides, has done for me, both physically and I hope spiritually."

Without exaggeration I could quote from hundreds and hundreds of cases. Another woman, this time writing from Essex, told me how for several years she had been under medical treatment for high blood pressure and for heart trouble that was diagnosed as angina pectoris. Although the doctors could deal with the high blood pressure, which was frequently got under control, the heart trouble persisted and she became a 'permanent invalid.'

Hearing of Parish's spiritual healing, she applied for absent treatment. To quote her own words: "A wonderful change has taken place. I am now able to undertake some share in housework and go for normal walks. This cure has happened in about a year. Previously I was unable to dress myself or even walk across the room without gasping for breath."

Curiously enough, the next letter I received was also from a woman who had cardiac and other troubles and who was a 'permanent invalid.' She was able to report that the pains from her neuritis had been eased, her legs had become firmer and she was just beginning to walk. She was particularly glad that as a result of her healing there was improvement in her sleep, and even at the age of seventy-two her heart had become much stronger.

Here is a truly remarkable case, one, incidentally, in which I was approached as a last hope. It concerns a man who lived in Kenya, who suffered from an obscure spinal disease which ultimately leads to complete paralysis – "there are only forty or fifty known cases in the world and it is believed to be incurable," my correspondent told me.

The man became completely paralysed, from tip to toe. It was about this time that a friend of his approached me and Parish began to give absent treatment.

Three months later there was an extraordinary change, for the paralysed man had recovered the use of his head, arms and hands and could write! After another three

months he began to have the use of his legs. Not long afterwards he was able to walk a hundred feet!

“The doctors just sat and marvelled,” I am told, “and several exclaimed, ‘This sort of thing hasn’t happened before.’”

Anyway, so good was the recovery that finally this man was able to leave Kenya and come to England.

I have already told you that Parish has on many occasions been approached by doctors who realise that through him higher powers can heal humanity. A Cheshire doctor, who heard of the spiritual healer’s great work, asked his aid for a relative on whom the surgeon had refused to operate. When his abdominal wall was opened they found “a diffuse malignant condition,” and as nothing could be done medically or surgically, they ‘closed him up.’

The man was not informed of the gravity of his condition and the doctor wondered whether it was possible for Parish to give absent healing, without the patient’s co-operation, as he did not wish to let his relative know how serious the position was.

Less than a month later the doctor was writing a much more cheerful letter. “Instead of the expected rapid decline,” he was able to report, “the patient is definitely better, taking his food well, is downstairs for seven hours a day and has even had a stroll in his garden.”

This short extract from a letter written by a South London woman is its own testimony: “I came to you for healing and received a great blessing. The ulceration of the inner membrane of the eye was cured and the violent inflammation of the lids soon subsided.”

“The doctors say that the chance of her pulling through is one in a hundred,” was the news conveyed to Parish by a man living in West London, imploring his aid for a patient suffering from valvular disease of the heart.

He followed it with another letter to say that the patient was desperately ill. The doctors had given up all hope and had said there was nothing else they could do.

The absent healing soon had its effect, for it was not long before she began to recover. Even the doctor in charge had to confess his amazement at the strides towards health made by a woman whose condition had been considered hopeless.

Whilst you are reading these testimonies, remember that here is proof that even diseases regarded by the medical profession as incurable are constantly being successfully treated through spiritual healing.

Writing from North London a man put on record his case history. After a week’s observation in hospital with all sorts of tests, he was told he had an ulcer in the stomach “so situated that it was impossible to operate with any degree of success and the surgeon implied that I had about three months to live.”

He recalled how, greatly distressed, he visited Parish at his sanctuary and was given spiritual healing once a fortnight. Three months later he went back to the hospital for another X-ray examination and was delighted when the doctor gave him the result – “my stomach was clear.”

In his letter to Parish, he used these words: “I am sure you will feel as pleased as I am with this result, which is, in my opinion, entirely due to the spiritual healing received through you, for although I have taken the medicine from the hospital regularly, it was not a healing mixture, but simply an acid liquid of which my stomach was deficient, as shown by several stomach tests I had undergone.”

The next batch of correspondence began with a pitiful request from a Swansea woman who was distressed because her husband’s suffering was breaking her heart. His life was ebbing away slowly, although he was only thirty-six years old. For twelve months she had not heard him sing or whistle, or show any signs of happiness. His pains were unbearable and medically she had been told there was no hope.

He had begun to lose his reason and often behaved like a raving madman, cursing his two children who, before his illness, he had worshipped. At times he did not seem to recognise his wife or members of his family, and she was afraid he would become insane.

It took only a few days for the absent healing to have an effect, for soon she wrote a letter that was full of relief. A startling change had taken place. There were no more bouts of frenzy; all the pain had ceased. He had been restored to normal.

The next case told how a woman who, for eighteen years, had suffered from neuritis, experienced relief through absent healing. She had gone the rounds of hospitals and doctors. The best they could do was to give her drugs to deaden the pain, but the reaction of the drugs was almost as bad as the pain itself. In less than two months she was able to write in a different strain.

“I am practically free from pain,” she happily declared. The thing that pleased her most was the fact that she was able to do her house work and the weekly household wash.” This, she considered was marvellous.

When you have read as far as this, you cannot but agree that the case for spiritual healing is proved.

I would like as the last example of his healing, to quote from a letter written to me by Louie Tunncliffe, who, for seventeen years, suffered with deafness but now can hear. She is the third member of the Parish household, for she now acts as the housekeeper.

She was being taught to swim, lost her balance and, indeed, almost her life. The mishap left her with both her ear drums perforated. She was examined three times at the West Herts hospital and a London ear specialist told her that there was no hope of her ever regaining her hearing again.

The last examination took place two years ago. On her way home from the hospital she thought there must be some way out. She wondered whether there was anything in the world that would enable her to hear. She wondered about spiritual healing. Finally, she decided to consult Parish.

On her first visit, something told her that she was going to be healed. Slowly her hearing began to improve, until one night, after a visit to the sanctuary, she distinctly heard a train steam out of the station three-quarters-of-a-mile away.

“I was so overjoyed,” she wrote, “that I stopped and offered up my thanks to the Great Spirit.”

Now her hearing is practically normal and she is proud to render what service she can in the sanctuary blessed in the prayers of thousands of people all over the world.

CHAPTER VIII

CONCLUSION

And now my task is done. I regard it as a great privilege to have written this book and draw attention to a splendid man who is doing splendid work.

His life is a tribute to the great service that can be rendered by one man - when he is moved by the ‘power of the spirit’ and prepared to make sacrifices for his mission.

I have tried, however poor may be the results, to present a picture of a man who is undoubtedly the greatest healer in the world today, a saint who is living a blameless life and performing ‘miracles’ every day.

He has not been ‘ordained.’ He has not passed any theological examination. He has no clerical status. He is not a ‘reverend,’ minister, pastor, bishop or archbishop.

But he has the largest church in the world, for it includes thousands of healed sufferers to whom he has brought health, relief, hope and comfort.

Parish is a living example of what one instrument, fired with zeal and full of confidence in his God-given powers, can accomplish. If there were a hundred more like him. . . .

The work of Parish proves that God never leaves Himself without a witness. His divine power operates where channels provide the opportunity.

Foolish opponents of Spiritualism jeer at séances and ignorantly talk of ‘evil spirits.’ Sometimes they say the Devil is behind it all. But this futile criticism - however inane common-sense people know it to be cannot be applied to healing the sick, the work that Parish performs every day of his life.

To know Parish is to love him. To be regarded as one of his friends, as I have the honour to be, is a privilege. To be with him is an inspiration.

An abler pen than mine might have written more brilliantly of the healer’s

magnificent work, but none could have written more sincerely.

Should this book be read by any who feel that Parish can be of service to them I urge them to write to him. And do not forget to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for his reply.

His address is:

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