Another Sentinel Radio edition:

My son and I were in a very serious car accident.  Our car had been hit from behind by a heavy truck, and we were both un-conscious...  My son re-gained consciousness first, and when he looked over at me, he thought I was dead.  Now, instead of falling apart, my son turned immediately to what he had been trained to do and that was to rely on God through prayer for healing. Expectantly he called to me over and over, “Mom, wake up.  Just, wake up.”

He had determined that he wasn’t going to let the ambulance driver take either of us out of the car until I had given him a response.  When I did give him a response, he was taken to a local hospital by the ambulance driver.  I was taken in another ambulance to the same hospital...

My husband was called.  He drove about 45 minutes to the hospital not knowing whether I would be there or not - whether I would have passed on.  Those were very fearful moments for him.  I know he was praying to God, to know that God is my Life  -- the Life of each member of my family, the source of each member of my family, that God was able to speak to me in a way that I could understand, to reassure me, to comfort me, and to heal me.  And he was holding onto that fact.

My son was released to his older brother’s care.  I was transferred to a major medical center in the city near us.  At that point, a Christian Science practitioner was called...  At that hospital it was determined that my back was broken in two places and there were severe head injuries.  At first the doctor said that surgery would have to be performed.  The practitioner was called and prayed immediately for me.  And surgery was not performed. The doctor then said that there would have to be a brace placed on my back.  The practitioner was again called, and she prayed.

The doctor came back in and said no brace would have to be put on.

But before they would allow me to leave the hospital, the doctor kept raising the bar a little bit as to how he would let me leave the hospital.  Finally he said I may leave the hospital if I could explain to him where I wanted to go, why I wanted to go there, and sign myself out.  I was unconscious for about 40 hours during all of this. I’m told that I explained to the doctor that I wanted to go to a Christian Science nursing facility.  I was very used to relying on God through prayer for healing, and I wanted to do that *now*.  And I signed myself out of the hospital.  Right after that, I blacked right out again.

When I arrived at the Christian Science nursing facility, the practitioner was there to meet me as well.  She kept telling me over and over, “You know the Christ.  You do know the Comforter.” And that’s one thought that I was actually holding onto as she was telling me.  I prayed to God, my Father-Mother God, to know more about His care for me.  While I was at the Christian Science facility, I did not receive any medicine.  I did not receive any physical therapy...  I knew the care that I was getting and that was exactly the care that I wanted.

I viewed it as mountain-top time.  It was time to be alone with God without any of the usual distractions we have in the course of the day. It was very sacred time. It was really very holy time.

One statement from Mrs. Eddy’s *Miscellaneous Writings* stood out to me. The sentence reads, “The healing power is Truth and Love and these do not fail in the greatest emergencies.”  ...  *In Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures,* she says of man, meaning of you and me and everyone of us, “Man is the compound idea of God including all right ideas.” I understood health, holiness, well-being, and soundness to be the substance of my Life. I had been taught in the Christian Science Sunday School and at home that God is Life, he is the author of our being and that that Life includes peace, harmony, well-being, soundness, ability, spontaneity, joy, and activity.  It was not legitimate to be incapacitated.  By divine design we were made in God’s image and likeness to express Him.

There was nothing about my spiritual being that could be injured, broken, or impaired in any way.  At the facility, I got a thought that I know was directly from God that said, “Do everything in demonstration of divine Principle, Mind, Life, and Love.”  I knew that it meant have no human will about what you will do and when you will do it, but do everything in obedience to God’s direction.  And I thought, “Yes I will do that.”

I was at the Christian Science nursing facility for three weeks and received the best physical care and the best spiritual support.  Each day there was rapid progress.  Within a short time, I was able to be up out of the wheel-chair, I was able to walk around, and finally I was able to go home.

When I was at home, one night I was very restless...  I spent two hours...  just dealing with thoughts “Well, what if this isn’t going to be a complete healing?”  The “what if’s” and “oh my’s.”  There wasn’t time to give lengthy prayer to any one of them because it was as if tennis balls were being batted across the net one right after another from a machine.  But I batted them back with thoughts of, “No, this is not my thinking.  No this thought does not come from God.  It is not a loving statement about my Father’s care for me.”  I went back to bed after about two hours of that.

When I woke up, the thought came, “You are completely well.”  And as I sat there in bed quietly I said, “Yes that is right.”  Once I acknowledged, “Yes, I was completely well,” I immediately got up out of bed.  I washed part of the kitchen floor, took the winter ashes out of the fireplace, and weeded along both sides of the front walk...  I knew that I had been completely healed.  There were no repercussions whatsoever...

This healing was completely accomplished by listening to God and asking God to give me my next thought. It wasn’t what I wanted to pray, and what I wanted to read and what I wanted to know.  It was asking Him what should I read, what should I know.  I learned that nothing is impossible to God. There is nothing that cannot be healed effectively and quickly.

Diane Marapodi, March 2001, *Sentinel Radio Edition*