

DIMENSION BOOKS

Kathryn Kuhlman

*10,000
Miles
For A
Miracle*



Australia to Fiji, to Los Angeles... halfway
around the world in search of a miracle.

This is the gripping, true story of Mrs. Morag McDougall, nearly dead from a series of debilitating heart attacks, and her amazing healing at a Los Angeles Kathryn Kuhlman meeting.

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Introduction

All the way from the "land down under"—on a wing and a prayer, so to speak—Mrs. Morag McDougall came ten thousand miles for a miracle.

Born and reared in Australia, Mrs. McDougall is the wife of a prominent oil industry executive in Melbourne. Her husband, Jack, was purchasing manager for British Petroleum in Australia for twenty years and served a term as national president of the Institute of Purchasing and Supply Management. He was also chairman of the Oil Companies Materials Committee for ten years.

He is now the executive officer of the Australian American Association.

Nearly dead from a series of debilitating heart attacks, Mrs. McDougall had just about given up hope when she happened to hear of the Miracle Services conducted by Kathryn Kuhlman.

"If Miss Kuhlman would come even as close as California," she told her friend in Melbourne, "I would jump a plane."

"But don't you know," her friend exclaimed, "Kathryn Kuhlman has meetings once a month in Los Angeles!"

Ten days later, Morag and her son Bruce were winging their way toward America—expecting a miracle.

As in the days when Jesus walked the dusty roads of Galilee, healing all those who came to Him, so He still reaches out and touches those who come to Him in simple faith. The story of Morag McDougall's healing is surely one of the most tender and exciting stories of the decade.

1. That Fainting Spell

My housecoat around me, I cracked the front door and peered at the early morning mist. Behind me, Jack, dressed in his usual conservative brown business suit, gently wrapped his arms around my waist. I loved the feel of his freshly shaved cheek against the side of my neck. He was ready for his day at the office.

Moving around me and out the door, he brushed his lips across mine. "See you at dinner, dear," he smiled. "And happy anniversary."

Fifteen years of marriage to the busiest, yet most wonderful man in all Australia, I thought. I leaned against the doorsill and followed him with my eyes as he moved briskly down the walk toward the driveway. The light fog hung in the tops of the eucalyptus trees. The gray-green trees symbolized Australia—casual, almost graceless, slightly eccentric, robust in temperament. They scattered their bark on the parched soil of the outback in the remote interior of our rugged continent, and dropped their leaves in our garden in times of drought. Like the maple tree of

Canada, they represented all that is uniquely Australian.

Jack was like that, I thought, as I watched him get in his car and pull into the street of Ascot Vale on his way to work. Still a young man, he occupied a most important position in the petroleum business on the continent. Even so, his vigorous drive was combined with a deep faith in God. Despite the grief we had suffered when our blind child had died, and despite our son Bruce's affliction, some of which could have been caused by brain damage, these had been fifteen years of happiness. I was a blessed woman.

Jack's car disappeared down the street, but I lingered at the door. A skylark had risen from a nearby paddock and was lifting his voice in magnificent song, heralding the coming of the day. The rays of the early morning sun, filtering through the ground fog, reflected in the dewdrops on the rose bushes beside the house. And overhead, the gray sky, just moments before sparkling with the stars of the Southern Cross, was now turning a soft pink. Then, almost as if an unseen conductor had waved his baton, the gum trees were filled with a symphony of sound as the birds came alive and stretched their voices toward God—a soft serenade of dawn.

There was a scent of spring in the air. It was September in Australia and before long the summer winds would blow and the people of Melbourne would shed their jackets and head for the beaches and tennis courts. But this morning, as the sky turned from rose to pale

yellow and then light blue, everything was springtime.

The words of Browning's Pippa, learned in school when I was a mere child, danced through my mind:

The year's at the spring And day's at the morn' Morning's at seven; The hillside's dew-pearled; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the thorn: God's in His heaven— All's right with the world.

God was in His heaven—of that I was sure. My parents had both died when I was

young and I had been reared on a farm in rural Victoria. Through it all, moving from aunts to uncles, I was aware of His hand. Then the year before I married Jack, I met God personally—through Jesus Christ. Yes, God was in His heaven.

But deep inside, like a cloud passing the sun, there was an uneasiness. All was not right with the world—at least with *my* world. Perhaps it had to do with that fainting spell Wednesday as we were on our way to church. I had never felt that way before. It was as though my veins had simply squeezed tight and all the blood that normally surged through my system disappeared. In that brief instant, I had the sensation of dying. The men carried me to the church but I was soon on my feet again. Then there was Jack's worried look after it was all over as he insisted I see a doctor.

I tried to put him off; yet, when something goes wrong in your body, what other option is there but to go to a doctor. *If Jesus were still on earth*, I often thought, *I would go to Him*. After all, the Bible said He healed all those who came to Him. But Jesus was not here. He was in heaven and, it seemed, we were left alone on earth to struggle along the best we could.

2. "You Have Had A Heart Seizure"

The sound of the boys' voices brought me back to the present. Rob was eight—the picture of good health. Bruce, in his thirteenth year, was one of those special children that had to struggle all the time just to keep up: those horrible seizures since he was three. And then the day when he was playing under the baby's pram—back when little blind Johnny was still alive. The doctor had put Bruce in eyeglasses shortly before, and still unaccustomed to them, he had raised up and smashed the glass into his eye. When I got to him he was crying and rubbing his eye with his fist, grinding the slivers of glass deeper and deeper into the eyeball. The doctors wanted to remove the eye, but I insisted God would perfect him also. They left it, though he was totally blind in that eye.

But no time to reminisce. The day was upon me. Get the boys off to school, then visit the doctor. "God's in His heaven and that's *dinkum*,"¹ I said to no one in particular, and started down the hall to the boys' room.

The boys off to school, I started straightening up around the house. Why did I tire so easily? Why this nagging feeling that something was wrong? I was taking the last of the breakfast dishes off the kitchen table and wiping the counter with a damp towel when I became aware of a strange sensation in my left arm. Heat. That's what it was. A spreading warmth from my shoulder to my fingertips. *Odd*, I thought. But I finished with the kitchen and started down the hall when the tingling suddenly changed into fire. Searing! Burning! I gasped in agony as scorching pain ran the length of my arm. I tried to move my hand, but the arm was powerless, paralyzed, hanging at my side with liquid fire.

"Dear God!" I choked out as I stumbled into the bedroom. "Oh please and I fell across the still unmade bed. Nothing, not childbirth nor the kidney infection, matched the pain I was now experiencing.

Gradually it subsided and strangely enough, I dozed off. When I awoke, moments later, the sun was streaming through the big bay window in the bedroom. Tiny dust particles, like elves on a golden staircase, were dancing up and down the sunbeam. Had it been a dream? I sat up in bed, rubbing my eyes and smoothing my hair. Had I imagined the whole thing? No, there was still the faint hint of a tingling sensation in my left arm.

"Think, old girl," I said aloud. "Try to remember what happened." But I could not. My mind simply blocked out the ordeal as though it had never taken place.

I finished my housework and walked two blocks to the tram. Melbourne is the second largest city in Australia, and our suburb of Ascot Vale is one of the many smaller communities that surround it. It was a short train ride into the city.

My first stop was the clinic where several doctors had their offices. After a quick examination the young doctor said, "Just nerves, nothing to be alarmed about."

"Sorry," I argued, "but my husband insisted I see a specialist."

"But that can't be arranged for two weeks," the doctor replied.

"Then I'll be back in two weeks," I said. "If I live that long," I added, chuckling.

I had meant it as a joke. But as I turned to leave the clinic, I had to fight off a dark foreboding that my words bordered on being prophetic.

Back home that afternoon I went through the motions of preparing the evening meal. Since the war beef was plentiful in Australia, and Jack's gentle hug as he came in and smelled roast was all the reward I needed.

At dinner Jack surveyed the table, then looked up at me. "Like cheese and wine, you improve with age, Morag," he said with a sly grin.

"Wine I know nothing about, thank you," I laughed. "But since I'm approaching forty I'll identify with cheese."

Jack reached over and squeezed my hand, then bowed his head and asked grace. "Lord, I thank you for these fifteen years ... may we have many more..."

My mind wandered as he finished his prayer. Was fifteen years with Jack all I would have? Rob could grow up and take care of himself, but who would care for Bruce if I were gone? I tried to enjoy the dinner, but fingers of fear had snatched my appetite.

The boys were up from the table, leaving Jack and me alone for a few moments. He was in a hurry to attend a Sunday School teachers' meeting at Flemington Presbyterian Church that night, but I needed to talk. I reached over and touched his hand.

"Jack, this morning ... the strangest thing ..." He listened as I described the pain.

"You had better go down to the doctor in the morning," he said.

"I was there this morning," I told him. "He said it was just nerves. I have to wait two weeks to see the specialist."

"Then I want you to go back in the morning and tell them it's not nerves. Something must be wrong."

Jack was on his feet, reaching for his coat. "It was a good dinner," he said. "And you are a good wife. I want to keep you around for a long time, so just take it easy tonight. I'll be home early."

The children were in bed when it returned. Like a dark intruder it came into our home. There was nowhere to hide as it sank its ugly talons into my body. It started the same way as before—tingling, then warmth, then searing pain in my arm, spreading across my neck and into my chest.

Surely, Jack will be home soon, I kept thinking. But the minutes dragged into centuries as the pain raged through the top half of my body. I couldn't even cry out for the boys. Was this the end? Would Jack return and find me on the bed, limp in death?

I looked up and saw Jack standing in the door of the bedroom. His face paled as he saw me twisting on the bed, my head drenched in perspiration. Without a word he grabbed the phone and called the clinic. A young doctor, a locum², was on duty. By the time he had reached the house I was fighting for each breath. The doctor gave me an injection, checked my heart and took my blood pressure. He then motioned for Jack to follow him into the other room.

I could hear Jack's voice in the hallway outside the room. "Don't tell me that ... she was at your clinic this morning ... you said nothing serious ..."

There was more talk, but things were becoming fuzzy as the sedative took hold. When they returned Jack bent over me.

His eyes were red and swollen. *That's funny, I thought, Jack crying? I must be worse than I think.*

"Your husband tells me you are a very sensible person," the young doctor said. I tried to grin through the pain. "Well, that's not what he tells me."

The doctor smiled slightly and placed his stethoscope against the upper part of my chest. "You have had a heart seizure, Mrs. McDougall. We are going to get you to the hospital and do everything we can for you. But I do not want you to move a muscle until the ambulance arrives."

3. Public Opinion Was More Important Than Healing

I was in and out of consciousness by the time the ambulance pulled into the driveway. Vaguely, as through a foggy glass, I could see the boys' faces peering from their bedroom window—the fright in their eyes reflecting in the eerie red glow of the flashing light on the ambulance. Then the doors shut behind me and I slipped into blackness. I knew that just beyond that misty shadow was the silhouette of death—so close I could almost reach out and take his hand. How easy it would be to go with him. But if I did, who would care for Bruce? . . . I hung on, determined to live.

I was six weeks in the Royal Melbourne Hospital. Dr. Maurice Etheridge, who was to become a dear friend over the years ahead, was my heart specialist. He explained I had barely escaped death during a coronary occlusion—a clot to the heart.

"You've cleared a big hurdle," he said when he dismissed me. "You came as close to dying, yet living, as anyone I've ever known."

I was alive, and although I left the hospital with what the doctor called an "enlarged heart," I was able to return home and resume a partial routine. The doctor assured me, however, that I would always be on medication, that I could never again exert myself physically, and that the condition could return any time—with even more serious results. Although I didn't ask, I knew what he meant by that. I could drop dead at any moment.

The next three months were spent recuperating at home. We had a nurse, which helped. Then in February I was given another chance. Despite the fact that Jack and I had been officers in our Presbyterian church, we were interested when a well-known American evangelist came to Melbourne proclaiming that miracles and healing were for today.

"Do you think we could attend some of the meetings?" I asked Jack, realizing they were being held in a tent.

Jack grinned. "Your parents may have been Scottish, Mrs. McDougall, but you're an Aussie to the bone. We'll go tonight."

It was my first introduction to spiritual healing. Even though I did not understand all the evangelist's methods, there was no denying that God was at work—and that people were being healed. We went back again a second time. During the service, when the evangelist announced that the Holy Spirit was just as powerful today as He was at Pentecost, I felt something happen in my body. It wasn't much, just a sensation—more like a tingle, I guess. I thought very little about it until two days later when I was downtown in a department store buying something for the boys. Ever since my first attack, more than three years before, I had been unable to walk up stairs. I always took the elevator. But this morning, since I was in a hurry to make my purchase and then get on to the doctor for my regular checkup, I forgot. Instead of taking the elevator, I bounded up the stairs. It wasn't until I reached the top that I realized I could breathe. For three years I had been able to breathe only in short gasps. Now, even though my heart was fluttering from the exertion of climbing the stairs, I could breathe

deeply.

Amazed, I hurried on to the doctor's office. Had God healed me? Was the sensation I had felt the other night really the Holy Spirit? Dr. Etheridge checked me out and then took an X-ray.

"This is absolutely amazing," he said, as he held the negative up to the light. "Your heart has returned to its normal size. It is no longer enlarged. Tell me what has happened to you."

I bit my lips. I wanted, desperately, to testify of the healing power of God, but I was afraid to tell Dr. Etheridge that I had been to the meetings—and that God had touched me. So I said nothing. Like Simon Peter of old, I refused to testify that I had been touched by God.

Even as I left the doctor's office I felt I could sense the sad eyes of Jesus on me. The healing was mine. He had given it to me. But I had refused to take it ... had refused to testify.

Exhausted, I had to retire early that night. Public opinion was more important than healing. Whatever I had received from God I no longer had. Standing in my bedroom, looking out the bay windows at the eucalyptus trees in the front yard, I thought of the recent decision on the part of several Australian cities to cut down the gray-green eucalyptus and replace them with more decorous trees imported from overseas. It was almost as if the cities were like me—ashamed of God's gift. I crawled into bed, too tired to cry.

For two years I struggled, vainly, to regain my former strength. Nothing seemed to help. Sometimes there would be weeks which passed when I couldn't even get outside of the house. Gradually, though, as I read my Bible, I discovered that although it is God's intent for a person to get old and die, nowhere does it seem to be God's intent for people to get sick and die—especially to linger on with a debilitating disease. Yet I was getting sicker and sicker.

Healing, as I came to understand it in the Bible, was not so much an event as it was a state in which a person lives. The Christian, it seemed, should be continually healed of all his diseases. After all, didn't the Bible say of Jesus, "By his stripes we *are* healed"? I yearned to walk in that kind of health. Instead, bit by bit, I was dying.

Even while I was pondering all this in my heart, I had another serious attack. I had been in bed most of the day with a throbbing headache. Towards evening I had arisen to fix the dinner meal for the family. Rob, who was eleven by then, had been home all day with a cold. By dinner time, however, he was feeling better and joined the rest of us at the little table in the kitchen.

Winters in Melbourne, which last from June until September, are usually rather mild. However, I had been cold all day and by dinner was actually shivering. Jack had pulled a small radiator (heater) up close to my chair at the kitchen table when suddenly I began to feel great flashes of heat through my body. I tried to speak, but nothing came out. I knew my mouth was moving, but I heard no words. I raised my hand to motion Jack to move the radiator away from my chair, but when I did I felt myself falling.

Everything went into slow motion. I could see Jack rising out of his chair, could see the look of panic on his face. I saw the terrified look on Bruce's face and the tears appearing in Rob's eyes—all as I fell toward the floor. Then there was pain—

pounding, pulsating, stabbing through my head. I knew I was having a stroke.

Jack was at my side almost the moment I hit the floor. The children were terrified. It was as though that hideous, foreign monster had invaded our home again, bent on carrying me off.

I tried to speak, to ask Jack to call the doctor. But instead of words, all I heard coming from my lips were slurred, animal-like sounds. My right side was dead—no feeling. Jack tried to help me into a sitting position but I could not move my right arm or leg; it was as if they belonged to somebody else. Rob and Bruce half-carried, half-dragged me to the couch. I could not get my eyes off my right arm. How strange it looked, dangling there by my side. I reached over with my left hand and grabbed the wrist, pulling my arm up onto the couch beside me. It was like holding somebody else's hand. There was no feeling, no sensation whatever.

I could hear Jack in the kitchen, dialing the phone. The first doctor said he could not possibly come; he had a clinic full of people. Another doctor was on his way to a hospital emergency. Jack finally reached the specialist, Dr. Etheridge, who agreed to come at once. By that time the first effects of the stroke had subsided, and I could feel some sensation returning to my arm and leg.

Dr. Etheridge examined me, called it a "spasm," then gave me an injection and some medicine. He first insisted I go to the hospital, but when I objected he allowed me to stay home, providing I would remain bedfast for at least ten days.

4. "We Must Do Something Further"

The effects of the stroke wore off, but my heart condition grew progressively worse. Over the next fifteen years I became a semi-invalid, in and out of the hospital, often confined to the bed for days at a time.

However, there were some good things that happened in those years. One of them was meeting David and Olive Reekie. David was unlike any other Christian I had ever met. Most of the people in Australia are church people, although many of them are simply C & E (Christmas and Easter) Christians. But the Reekies' brand of Christianity was different from most of our friends. They talked to God as if they knew Him personally. Christianity was more than a Sunday religion for them. When I quizzed them about their intimate relationship with the Lord, they said it was because they had been "filled with the Holy Spirit."

I remembered the term. It had been used by the American evangelist. I had, of course, heard of the Holy Spirit. He was the Third Person of the Trinity. We sang about Him in our Presbyterian church—"Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." And in the Apostles' Creed, which we so routinely droned each Communion Sunday morning, there was a line which said, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." However, I didn't know any more about "the Holy Ghost" than I knew about the "holy catholic church." They were just words—words and phrases. Empty. Meaningless.

The filling of the Holy Spirit was not meaningless to the Reekies, however.

Nor were the gifts of the Spirit. They believed in healing—and in miracles. Many times when I grew faint in the night, when my heartbeat slowed and my legs crumpled under me, or when the pain surged through my chest and down my arm, Jack would rush to the phone to call the Reekies, even before he called the doctor. Countless times David and Olive got out of bed in the middle of the night and rushed to my house to pray for me. And countless times God answered their prayers. Yet healing, final healing, was always just beyond my fingertips of prayer.

Rob grew tall—above six feet—and married. He had completed his degree at the university and had been a good football and cricket player. All that I lacked in my own life, all that Bruce lacked in his, seemed to be made up for in Rob. When his wife, Susan, presented him with a wee lassie named Caitlin, it was one of the happiest days of my life.

"You must not lean so much on Rob," Jack told me one evening. "I, too, am proud of his accomplishments. But our faith must be in the Lord. It is upon Him we must lean and look for our satisfaction—not in the accomplishments of our son."

I laughed. "I am not leaning on Rob. I'm simply proud of him, that's all."

"But what if he were taken from us?" Jack probed.

"Then I would feel as if my very life would be gone," I said.

Yet Rob is strong and healthy. What could possibly happen to him?

The thought haunted me. Was God preparing me for something? Or was it simply my own negative attitude which had begun to look for everything to go wrong?

I had little time to think about it, for something else happened in my life, an

experience which was to be the beginning of an entire new dimension of living. David and Olive Reekie were attending a small Full Gospel church in Melbourne. They invited us to go with them to one of the Sunday night meetings. I had a growing desire to walk in health and happiness the way the Reekies walked in it, and Jack and I both readily accepted their invitation.

At the close of the service that night the pastor, Mr. Braley, stepped out from behind the pulpit and spoke informally to the congregation. He said, "Is there someone here with a special need? Perhaps you'd like to be born again and become a Christian. Or, if you are already a Christian but lack the power in your life, perhaps you'd like to receive the fullness of the Holy Spirit. If so, you may come to the altar and we'll pray for you."

I turned to Jack. "I'm going up," I said with determination that shocked even me. "I want this baptism of the Holy Spirit that David and Olive have. If this will help me in my Christian walk, if this will help me pray better—then I want it."

Jack looked at me intently as I spoke. I saw his eyes filling with tears. He nodded. "I think we've waited long enough. We'll go together."

We stood, side by side, holding hands at the altar. The pastor and David Reekie laid their hands on us. "Lord, fill them with Your Holy Spirit," they prayed.

Yet nothing happened. At least, I didn't feel anything happen. The minister finished praying and I looked up, shaking my head. "I guess I'm just one of those stubborn Presbyterians," I said.

There was nothing else to do but return home.

Before going to bed we sat quietly in the living room. There was so much I did not understand. I loved the Lord. Jack and I, Rob and Bruce, we all loved the Lord. We were followers of Jesus Christ. Yet our lives seemed spiritually powerless and my body was dying. I knew there was more to Christianity than I had experienced. I saw it in the lives of people like the Reekies. Was it not for me too?

I was weary and rested my head as I began to pray. Softly, barely murmuring my conversation of praise, I prayed, unaware of time and space, unaware that Jack had left his chair and was hovering over me. Jack told me later, much later, that he was afraid to touch me, for the glory of God was all around me. Yet to me it all seemed so natural.

I do not know how long all this lasted, but I do know that as I rested in my chair, my lips now silent, I felt peace.

In Australia the interior of the continent is referred to as the "outback." There is very little vegetation and the ranches, or stations as we call them, must cover vast areas of land to provide enough grass for the sheep and cattle. Beyond the outback is the "back-of-beyond." It is here, in this wilderness region of rugged mountain ranges, arid wastelands and sun-bleached deserts, that the roads run out and quit. One hundred years ago a group of rugged explorers, tramping their way through the MacDonnell range of mountains, stumbled across a spring—a sort of oasis—lying almost in the center of the continent, a thousand miles from Adelaide on the south and Darwin on the North. Alice Springs lies in the very midst of the back-of-beyond, yet it is the center of a pastoral region that extends outward almost one hundred miles—springs in the desert.

I had been living my spiritual life in the back-of-beyond, perishing for lack of

moisture. Now, in the quietness of my own living room, there had begun to flow out of me streams of living water, bringing life to the parched wasteland of my soul.

I drank deeply, and for the first time in years, found myself believing there was more to come.

But I was not yet out of the desert. In the late fall, just before Easter, I returned to the hospital. Many times during that summer, I had wakened at night to find my heart beating wildly as though it were trying to force blood through a closed passage. On at least two occasions, when I was hanging out clothes during the hot months of January and February, my legs buckled under me as my tired heart seemed to quit. On these occasions I would have to go back to bed for a week or more, and twice the doctor put me in the hospital for observation. My blood pressure soared and dipped—to dangerous extremes—and I realized my condition was rapidly deteriorating. Dr. Etheridge finally insisted I return to the hospital for treatment. "We must do something further," he said.

5. "Surely You Don't Want Him Now"

Doctors at the Royal Melbourne Hospital put me through a new series of tests. Among these was a strange examination where the doctors attached wires to my body which led to some sort of television screen. I gave them reports as they pushed buttons. It took a fair while and the next day Dr. Etheridge came into my room to make his report.

The aorta valve, he said, was narrowed down until only a small amount of blood could pass through. "It is like a pipe that has formed a crust on the inside. It must be replaced immediately."

"Are you suggesting an operation?" I asked.

"Not suggesting," he said soberly. "I am telling you it is imperative."

"Will the operation cure me?" I asked.

"We don't know," he said, pacing the room at the end of my bed. "We might open you and then have to sew you right back up again. It might be that the tissue has been irreparably torn. At best, it is risky business."

"Look," I said, "I think Jack and I should pray about this."

Dr. Etheridge nodded. "Of course," he said. "But you must not wait long. You are critically ill and any sudden shock could kill you."

Neither Jack nor I felt God wanted me to have the operation, so we trusted that there would be no sudden shock to force me back into the hospital.

We were wrong. Within weeks from the time I left the hospital my very soul was wrenched from me. Rob died! My son, the pride of my life, the father of my precious granddaughter—dead. There was no warning. He was the picture of health. The typical young Australian, strong, muscular, tall and handsome as they come. One day he was with us, the next he was gone.

We had driven to Adelaide, in South Australia, for a few days. Susan, Rob's wife, was down there on a visit and we had brought little Caitlin down. As we drove through the city I sensed something was wrong, like a dark presence in the car. Rob was quiet—too quiet. Somehow, in the inner places where only mothers know, I sensed all was not right.

"Rob, are you not feeling well?" I asked casually.

He glanced at me from the corner of his eye. I knew he did not want to alarm me because of my health. "I'm all right, Mum," he said. "Just a bit of dizziness."

Yet I could tell it was more than that—far more. His head was twitching and the beads of perspiration stood out on his face like dew on the morning grass.



Picture showing Kathryn Kuhlman before an audience at the Sacramento Memorial Auditorium, Sacramento, California.

"Pull over to the left, dear, and stop," I said.

Adelaide is a beautiful city, a city of churches, parks and gardens. Rob was having difficulty, but he steered the car to the curb near one of these small parks. He reached for the ignition key, but collapsed over the steering wheel. Near panic, I grabbed him by the shoulders and pulled him back in the seat. He tried to say something but his voice was slurred. He had lost control of his movements. I knew in an instant what it was, for I had walked that path myself. It was a stroke.

I jumped from the car, frantically waving my arms at the passing traffic. A car full of old-age pensioners pulled alongside.

"Is he drunk?" the driver said, peering through the window.

"Oh, no," I said, tears streaming down my face. "He doesn't touch it. He's had a stroke."

One of the men jumped out and helped me push Rob to the other side of the seat.

He then drove us to a nearby phone booth where I called Susan, Rob's wife. She met us at the Royal Adelaide Hospital where we waited anxious hours as the doctors worked with Rob. At last they reappeared. They had done all they could. Time would give us our answer.

I found a room at a nearby motel and collapsed into bed. My own heart was beating wildly, but I let my mind wander back in years to a scene that took place when Rob was eleven. He had been playing in the backyard. Jack and I were having tea when Rob came running into the kitchen.

"Dad, God just spoke to me and said He wanted me."

Jack reached out and ruffled Rob's hair. "Well, Rob, you go back to where you were, out under that old apple tree, and tell God you are quite ready."

A few minutes later Rob burst through the door back into the kitchen. "I told God what you told me," he grinned.

Jack smiled and nodded. Then seriously he added: "Look, Rob, write that down in your Bible, that on the 17th day of May, 1956, you accepted Jesus Christ as your Saviour. I'm asking you to do this because years from now the devil will come to you and try to convince you otherwise."

I lay on my bed, staring up at the ceiling. How clearly Rob's childish voice filled my mind—"Dad, God just spoke to me and said He wanted me."

"Dear Lord," I prayed silently, "Rob is not yet twenty-five. Surely You don't want him right now, do You?"

But God did want him—right then. Two days later he died. Only the inner presence of the Holy Spirit carried me through that ordeal, for had it not been for Him there would have been two funerals in that Presbyterian church, rather than one.

But the shock and grief proved to be too much for my tired heart. Susan and Caitlin visited us, and one night, just after Susan had taken the baby upstairs and put her to bed, I felt my lungs begin to tighten up. I was losing my breath. Standing in the hall between the dining room and the living room, I tried to call out to Susan. I could not. All I could do was slump against the wall, praying she would hurry down from upstairs. The world was rapidly closing in on me, like an evening fog that swirls in from the sea and smothers the ships in the harbor. I was backed into the corner of nothingness, strangling, gasping for air.

"I'm going to have an attack," I choked out as Susan came down the stairs. I staggered forward and pointed to the phone.

"Do you want me to call Dr. Etheridge?" Susan asked, alarmed.

I nodded. She dialed the doctor, but before she hung up, Jack walked in the back door. He knew, without asking, what was wrong. Hadn't he seen me, many times, in the same condition? I was standing against the wall, bent double from the waist, my lungs fighting for each breath.

Jack picked up the phone and called David Reekie. Moments later Dr. Etheridge rushed in. He listened to my chest with his stethoscope, took my blood pressure and then said, "Don't move."

I'm going to call an ambulance. You have an accumulation of fluid in your lung cavities. Edema.

You're literally drowning and I've got to correct it immediately. I'm going for a hypodermic. I'll be back before the ambulance arrives."

Things were reeling by that time. I could hear some of the words; the rest drifted off into space. I knew Jack was pacing back and forth in front of the window. Bruce had left the room, weeping. The pain, raging through my chest, was worse than it had ever been. I was dying.

Then I was aware of David Reekie standing over me. He was praying.

Dr. Etheridge was back, almost pushing David out of the way as he stabbed the needle into my flesh ... then the ambulance ... and the flashing red lights outside the house again ... and the swaying ride to the hospital ... the weird wail of the siren ... the mask over my face as the attendant gave me oxygen ... and finally the intensive care unit of the hospital.

Once again I was saved by prayer. Within a week I was able to sit up in bed and listen while Dr. Etheridge stood over me, his voice steady but his face serious.

"Have you any idea how close we came to losing you?"

I nodded. "Jack has told me what you said," I said softly. "He says it was only the grace of God that I lived through it."

Dr. Etheridge nodded. "You can't go on like this. Your aorta valve is in critical condition. You must have an operation."

"No," I said solemnly. "Jack and I have prayed about it and we do not feel God wants me to have the surgery."

"You know," Dr. Etheridge said gravely, "you could reach the point of no return. If that comes, we'll have no choice but to do emergency surgery."

"And I have no choice but to survive on emergency prayer until God heals me," I said.

Reluctantly, Dr. Etheridge released me from the hospital with strict orders to stay at home. I kept remembering that touch of God in the tent meeting. Deep inside there was still hope, just a glimmer, that God might do it again.

6. I Need A Miracle

Months passed and it was only the lingering presence of little Caitlin that kept me in touch with reality. When Susan announced that she was going to remarry and move to Los Angeles, taking Caitlin with her, I thought the end had surely come. Tired and weary, the candle of hope flickered and almost went out.

It was Olive Reekie, I believe, who gave me my first copy of *I Believe in Miracles*. "That's what I need," I told Olive after I had pored through the book in one evening. "I need a miracle."

Olive had come by the house and we were sitting over a cup of tea. I had been in bed all morning, and was able to get out only for a few hours each afternoon.

"Pittsburgh is so far away," I said sadly. "If Miss Kuhlman would come even as close as California, I would jump a plane. I could then go see little Caitlin and be healed at the same time."

Olive blinked and half rose from her chair. "Morag, don't you know? Kathryn Kuhlman has meetings once a month in Los Angeles."

We talked on about many things, but I heard nothing. In my mind I was already buying tickets, packing suitcases and climbing aboard a Pan Am Airlines flight to Los Angeles. Surely this was a word from God—directly to me.

I had a shocking rash, like a bad case of eczema that covered great parts of my body. The Collins Street skin specialist, perhaps the leading dermatologist in Melbourne, had hospitalized me for it on several occasions. "You won't die from the rash," he had concluded, "but it will be with you forever. All we can do is ease the discomfort with an ointment."

Dr. Etheridge pointed out that the rash alone was bad enough to keep me home, not to mention my heart condition which was bound to be aggravated by the strain of flying ten thousand miles.

Oddly, despite the doctor's objections, Jack felt I should make the trip. "If God is speaking to you, dear," he said, "then I shall not stand in His way. I am believing with you that you will return to Australia healed."

Ten days later Bruce and I were winging our way to Los Angeles. Bruce had lost his job several months before. His blind eye and unpredictable blackouts, plus his overall condition made regular employment difficult. Jack felt that even though Bruce was now past thirty, he would be better off living with us where we could take care of him. I was glad to have him along, hoping he, too, might receive some kind of miracle.

Susan and her new husband, Steve, met our plane at the airport on Friday afternoon. We spent Saturday touring Beverly Hills with them. We stopped for lunch in a small restaurant off Wilshire Boulevard and after we ordered, Susan said, "Look in that window across the street. Isn't that a notice about this lady you've been speaking of, Kathryn Kuhlman?"

I turned and looked. There was a notice in the window of a shop saying, "Booking for Kathryn Kuhlman coaches." I could hardly wait to finish my meal.

The man in the shop explained that they had regular buses from this area of the