

SEEKING WISDOM

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Master Healer

ONCE MORE I was called by the silent voice, and as I followed, I knew who I would meet; but with my mind made up that if my life and work were in the right and if the Voice was a reality, and my life was not just a dream or fairy tale, I would find out for myself.

Although I had done some of the greatest work with the sick and the afflicted, I knew this journey would prove to me my Life, my Ideal, and my Creative Power. My whole desire, wishes and aim in life was based upon the three great principles, ie: Wisdom, not education; Power, not dominating power, but a power to heal the sick, a power to restore a hope where all hope was lost and make that hope a reality, and such a Love that would embrace all the human race, a Love to love children that I may take them into my arms and let my love for them flow through them enough to make them feel the vibration of life pass from myself to them that they might wax strong in both body and mind and become a Light to the world.

These are the things for which I have lived. Have I lived in vain? I leave the world to be the judge of my work.

I have lived and watched life as it is and as it should be. I searched into the greater things of life; I watched the process of time and the work of evolution doing its work to make this wonderful world, the Creator's gift to man, a better place in which to live; and I see all the greatest inventions which I call creation of man for the benefit of man, and I know these great men use the Creative Principle, unconsciously. How much more would they have done if they really understood this wonderful principle thoroughly? In the last fifty years, the creative principle has taken hold of the men of the highest brain power possible, and it has produced wonderful effects upon the human race.

To me the highest and most noble thing the principle will let us attain, is new life to the human race. We surely see there is so much sickness in the world today that the Creative instinct of man so far has been scientific research; and although they claim wonderful things done to its credit, it asks too much of a toll to human life to try to experiment. In these experiments you have to take life to find out how to give life.

By the Creative Principle, you have to destroy nothing. You do not have to try. If you only try you will fail every time. That is the reason so many people fail in every line of life.

If all Doctors -- when I say Doctors, I mean everyone who has the right to that name through the Law -- would throw all their scientific research to the winds and go back or rise up to the

Creative Principle, what a wonderful world this would be. Instead of feeding poison to the body to counteract poison, we would pour, through this Principle, nothing but purity into the impure body until it became predominated with purity itself.

What is this Creative Principle? Where did it originate? It is based upon and brought from the beginning of time. It is the Creator's Principle, seconded by the Son of the Creator. It can be passed down the ages to anyone who would help suffering Humanity. It is not just trying to do something, it is doing it. It is not just thinking you know, it is knowledge that you do know. It is not just trying to see, you know you can see, and as we advance in the Wisdom of Creation and create the Power of such Wisdom, and through the Wisdom and Power become so strong and healthy in ourselves that we have a sympathetic feeling for the weak. It creates a Love for Humanity and the three powers so intermingled in your life that you cannot help but use the power given for the benefit of Humanity.

What is Creation? It is seeing the thing that you visualize in your ideal creative mind finished before you make it a material fact. Therefore, in healing the sick, I must see the patient well before I start my treatments. This is healing by the Creative Principle.

As people read the above, they will ask, no doubt, how I found this great Principle. To tell all, I would have to go back to the time when I was just a boy of five years. At that time, I had a little playmate who had a wonderful face and long curly hair. She was pleasant to look upon. We always played together. One day I went to call her, and her mother came to the door and told me Anna could not come out to play because she was sick. I called day after day; but my little play-mate did not come out. After a few days, I called again and the mother, crying, told me I would not play with her any more for she had died and gone to heaven.

I could not understand what death meant, being only five years old. I could not see why she should die, so I asked my mother what they meant by death. Her explanation went so deep into my mind that today, after fifty years, it seems so clear that I can see that child. As I grew up, I thought and listened to people talk of death and the causes of death; and I studied more and more, always keeping these thoughts to myself.

The thought grew as days went on. At the age of ten I got another thought which made me think more, and by this time I was feeling a craving towards the sick with an impulse to touch them. A feeling would come over me and new thoughts would enter my mind. I thought of the great thought we call God, and began to think of Him as a great Love. I craved some of that love. At this time I received a setback to my ideas as a God of Love; not through God's work, but the misconstruction of the Love of the Creator by a preacher. It came about by accident. I remember the day well, I was in a wheat field looking at the golden grain that had been cut down. I was watching and thinking deeply when I heard a man, who stood beside me, tell another man George had been killed in the mine that morning. He told about this man having a

wife who could not do anything for herself and seven children. Their words troubled me and all day I could not help thinking about it. I went to the church to hear the preacher talk about the life of this man.

As he told all the good points of the man's life, I felt warm towards the preacher; but when he came to the end of his discourse, he emphasized to the people and that mother with the seven children that it was God's will that he should be taken, In my heart I called that preacher a liar and I meant it. More and more I thought about these things, and the thought came to me: "If these people believe in such a God, He is a strange God to me." The one I believe in has a great Love for His Creation; and my God could not destroy that which He Loved nor punish any woman and seven children. I made up my mind that the belief of the Christian church did not hold water, and I could never enjoy going to church anymore. Although I was forced to go and I submitted and went out of respect and love for my parents, it was an ordeal, not a pleasure.

As I grew up, I became more discontented, and the influence to heal the sick came stronger and stronger upon me. By the time I was sixteen I had done, in a quiet manner, lots of work to relieve the pains of the sick; yet discontented with the ideas of the churches. I was always searching for something, I knew not what, but I knew it was something higher.

I silently studied the life of the Master, not from other men's ideas, but my own. I watched Him through His life with my own ideals, with thoughts of what He should be. I found an ideal who I made up my mind to love and of whom I could be proud. New thoughts began to come to me; and it seemed my eyes were opened but still there was something that held me back. I found I was being held by the ties of the church to which I had been forced to go.

At the age of twenty-five, I set forth to seek the Light. I went to every denomination, but after three years, I gave up and was lost in a cloud of thought. It seemed I could get nowhere. I lost all faith in the churches. The preacher's talk seemed so small; and as I gazed upon the congregation, I saw no love between one and the other. I felt like crying out to the people, "You are not in the right light." What could I say? If I did tell them, I would be lost in a mist of thought myself. If I took their belief away from them, what could I give them in return? I thought I better let them alone in their belief than create doubt of their faith, as it was the best they had at that time.

One Sunday morning, through an impelling influence, I got out of bed at three o'clock in the morning, dressed and left home with no idea where I was going. I just wandered aimlessly forward until I came to a path that led through a green field. When I had walked a little distance into the field, I laid down to watch the beautiful sunrise. Not more than ten feet from me, there arose from the grass a Sky Lark. As He began to sing his beautiful song and soar up to the Heavens, I lay enraptured in the surroundings of the lovely scenery; and as I lay and let my whole being go into the feeling that surrounded me, the Light that I had been seeking with

almost a lost hope, streamed down upon me. I listened to the song of the bird as it ascended nearer and nearer the Heavens. After I could see it no more, but could still hear its song, I said to myself, "Now I have found the Light, the right Church and my place in life. Is the Creator not all things, the birds with their song, the trees with its leaves, the fields covered with the beautiful grass strewn or mingled with the lovely little daisy and little forget-me-nots?" What a revelation in my life. I knew then the world was my church, the people my congregation and my preacher was the Creator himself speaking through His Creation. As he spoke, I heard the words, "Love one another. Thy church shall stand forever. The winds can blow, the storms can rage, earthquakes can rent the Earth; but thy church shall stand forever. From East to West, From North to South, the Earth is thy Church and Creation shall be thy preacher." From that time I found a love for Humanity, and from that love I live and am prepared to give all I have that I might serve the Creator's Created Creatures.