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Proof Established

By Mrs. Paul E. King

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The lights in the city paled and dimmed then went off one by one as the sun flooded the eastern horizon in a blinding blaze of glory and light.

Nurses in crisp white uniforms with light-weight capes flung over their shoulders, hurried from the dorm to the pathological hospital floors, relieving their peers of their night duty.

Doctors scurried up and down the hallways, checking on their respective patients. All in all it appeared to be another ordinary, routine day.



"She's our patient for this experiment!" Dr. Stuart exclaimed.

"Mrs. Jackson's chart!" Doctor Stuart exclaimed, standing over a nurse at the desk.

"Yes, Sir," she replied softly, handing the great doctor the chart.

"No improvement, I see." He said it more to himself than to anyone in particular. Turning abruptly, he faced a colleague. "Here's the person we've been looking for, Doctor Jones!" he exclaimed. "Searching for..., for our experiment. She's on the very brink of death."

The doctors stepped away from the nurses' station, to a more secluded spot where they could talk uninterrupted.

"Mrs. Jackson is our patient for one part of the experiment, Doctor Jones!" Dr. Stuart reiterated again, elation registering in his voice.

"What makes you so sure of her?" the other queried, slight skepticism registered on his face.

"What makes you so sure of her?" Doctor Stuart parroted, registering disgust and impatience.

"Everything! That's what!" he exploded. "First thing, she claims she's a Christian." It was said with mockery. "Believes in God. Mind you, she believes in God!"

"There's still quite a few of her kind around," Doctor Jones asserted tersely. "How insipid! How utterly foolish . . . If they'd have heard some of the convincing lectures you and I have heard . . . well, they'd soon see how invalid and irrelevant their belief in God is."

"Well, as I said, this Mrs. Jackson does believe in God and she does profess to be a Christian. Born again and sanctified, she calls it. Don't look at me with that funny look on your face, Doctor Jones; the reason I know about the terms is because I've heard them mentioned so frequently. You see, the poor soul seemed to feel that God led her across my path via her sickness, to get me converted." He laughed hoarsely as he said it.

"And of course the great atheist doctor. . . Myron Stuart, became a convert! A Christian!" Dr. Jones mocked lightly.

Both doctors laughed uproariously at the bit of satire then doctor Jones said quickly, "Key me in on this woman's history. I'm for the experiment. You know that. So are Doctors Casey, Merritt, and Wagner."

Doctor Stuart fumbled a moment with the chart in his hands. "She's a remarkable little woman," he began. "I must admit that. At one time her family had her committed to a mental institution but she was soon discharged. The doctors could find nothing wrong with her other than a brain disorder. This affected the balance of her body only. As far as the alertness of her mind is concerned, and in every other way, she is exceptionally brilliant. So cheerful and pleasant, too! The woman's on the verge of death. What's more, she knows she's dying! She requested that I be absolutely frank and honest with her. I gave her my promise that I would and I have kept my word . . ."

"How has she reacted to this bit of knowledge?" the other doctor asked anxiously.

"Calmly." Dr. Stuart replied, shuffling the papers in his hands. "By the looks of this chart, the little woman has failed considerably throughout the night. Her calm and

peace astonishes me, Jones. This is something I think neither you nor I would possess were we in her place. Time's fast running out on her. . ."

"What are we waiting for?" Doctor Jones fumed. "Rig up the instruments!"

Without further conversation, a tiny pick-up was arranged in Mrs. Jackson's room to ascertain what would take place in the transition of her brain from life to death; along with a tiny microphone, so that the doctors could hear what she might have to say.

All five men waited in the adjoining room with their instruments prepared to register and record what transpired. The device had a needle pointing to the 0 in the center of the scale. To the right the scale was calibrated to 500 points positive, to the left to 500 points negative. Previously, they had registered on that instrument the power used by a 50 kilowatt broadcasting station in sending out a message around the world. The needle registered nine points on the positive side.

The scientists stood by, watching the instruments intently, fixedly. As the last moments of the dying woman arrived, she began to pray and praise the Lord. She asked God to be merciful to those who had despitefully used her. Over and over she reaffirmed her faith in God. She thanked Him for her knowledge of His reality in her heart and told Him how very much she loved Him.

So engrossed were the men in Mrs. Jackson's prayer and praise session, her expressions of love and adoration for her Saviour that they forgot all about their equipment.

Eyes that had not shed tears since childhood were now spilling great tears down scientific cheeks.

Suddenly, they heard a clicking sound in the instrument. Looking, they saw to their astonishment that the needle was registering a 500 positive, desperately trying to get higher and higher, only to bounce against the 500 positive in its attempts. By actual instrumentation they had registered that the brain of a woman -- alone and dying," in communication with God -- had registered more than 55 times the power of a 50 kilowatt broadcasting station in sending a message around the world!

Doctor Stuart stared with unbelieving eyes at the instrument. A dagger pierced his atheistic heart. A dagger of conviction!

Conversely, they tried a case very unlike the first. They chose a man lying in a research hospital, stricken with a deadly disease. After setting up their instruments, they asked a nurse to go into the man's room. He began verbally to abuse her, and the needle began to register on the negative side. Next, he cursed and took the name of God in vain. The needle suddenly clicked back against the 500 negative post.

By actual instrumentation, Doctor Stuart saw that they had registered in the brain what happened when that brain broke one of the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

By positive instrumentation, he saw that they had established the positive power of God and the negative power of the adversary!

Brushing a trembling hand across his forehead, he spoke with quivering voice to his colleagues, "I don't know what this has done for you.., if anything.., but for me, well, there is a God! We have seen the proof of it recorded on our instrument. The most dangerous and insidious war being fought today is for the minds of men. The devil has had mine long enough. I'm going to find God. I want the kind of peace Mrs. Jackson manifested and had . . . till her final breath. We were attempting to find the wave-length of the brain but what we found was a channel of wave-lengths! With so much room in it that the different wave-lengths of each individual brain are further separated than the fingerprints of each individual hand. Gentlemen, this has convinced me:-- There is a God! If we can record these things, I believe with all my heart that the Lord God can keep record of our thoughts. I do here and now confess that a multitude of my thoughts were wicked and evil. I want God to forgive me!"

With those words, the doctor left the room and sought after God until he found Him.

(Written largely from a true account)

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THE END