

Cosmic Illumination

A Story of Healing

THERE IS WITHIN man a power, a light, a fire, a cosmic link between himself and his Creator which, when allowed, will heal any manner of disease with which he may be afflicted: even a so-called incurable disease. This light is so powerful, so divinely radiant, so pure and perfect, that disease melts before its penetrating rays.

This incomparable cosmic fire is within each man. There are no exceptions. It is the Christ within, our part of God. It is that part of us that is so pure it knows nothing less perfect than itself. It is our protection, our guidance, our abundance, our health—our all; our sonship with the Creator—God.

I still had this to learn when a doctor told me I had but a short time to live. I had cancer of the stomach and bowels. The few remaining months, at most, of my life would be painful misery. I knew he would say it was hopeless. Others had said the same. The symptoms were unmistakable. I looked at him for a long time—blank-like. In reply, he handed me a book, *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, by Max Heindel.

When I arrived home, I glanced through its pages, but I was too sick of mind and body to read it understandingly. But grasping it in my hand, I defied the doctor's verdict. I decided to get well.

How I was going to go about this seemingly insurmountable task I did not at the moment know. Defiantly I held the book as if it were the saving rock to which I was obliged to cling. I tried to read it but my mind as well as body was weak and inconstant.

Cosmo—I wondered what that meant. I looked in the dictionary and found *cosmos*, the same root

word: the universe as a manifestation of law and order, opposite of *chaos*. That is exactly what I wanted. I wanted my body and mind to act in harmony. I had had enough of chaos.

It seemed as if my different organs were functioning as distinct individuals with no consideration as to their relationship to the body as a whole. And each atom of each organ was flying at a different rate of speed, indifferent to organic harmony. Everything was out of tune.

But I had decided to get well. Instinctively I knew I would have to do everything I possibly could to co-operate with bringing forth this health which I so longingly coveted.

I had been in constant pain for five years. If I drank water or refrained from drinking water, I was in pain. If I ate food or did not eat food, the pain continued unceasingly. I often wondered how it would seem to be relieved of this gnawing, burning agony. I tried to imagine myself free from it.

In my strong moments when a passionate will seemed to have taken hold of me, I decided that in order to get well I must, as it were, take myself veritably in the grip of my hand, rule my every thought, word, and act with a will of tempered steel.

I wanted passionately to be like that cosmos—everything in my body world working smoothly, evenly, easily.

I always felt cold, chilly, lifeless. As I lived where sunshine abounded, I decided to soak myself in it. I found it helped me relax; even a strong tension always gave way under its influence. At first five minutes of exposure to the sun with my head shaded. This was increased to a half-hour.

I had been on a milk diet but decided to become a vegetarian. I ate fruits and vegetables and whole

grain cereals. When I found with what ease rice is digested, I ate it with pleasure, knowing I was taxing my digestive apparatus but lightly.

For breakfast whole wheat wafers and raisins or whole wheat cereal and prunes.

For lunch a baked potato and a small portion of carrots and also summer squash. Instead of the baked potato, I would have rice boiled in a double boiler with perhaps spinach and string beans. It was a simple matter to vary the vegetables from day to day.

For dinner a plate of fruit. A peach perhaps and a bunch of luscious purple grapes or a red apple and three walnuts.

It is not my desire to lay down rules of diet. I am simply reciting what I did in a successful effort to cure a so-called incurable disease. Each individual, of course, has to work out his own program according to his particular temperament and condition.

I asked repeatedly for divine guidance, not only in the matter of food but in all that I did. God is ever ready to give us wisdom in proportion as we give up the self.

I read the *Cosmo-Conception*. I would take a statement which appealed to me and abide with it for a week. Then another for the next week or perhaps just a word—*God* or *perfection*. I used it as a pattern or mold and poured my thought, my life, and my love into it.

Five minutes out of each waking hour I sat in a comfortable position and consciously quieted my mind with “Peace...Peace...Peace,” “Be still, and know I am God,” or a similar formula.

Sometimes I was too ill to get out of bed and my food and sun and thought regime was suspended until I was able to be up again.

I pledged myself to God, and regardless of the appearances I clung to Him with all my resolve. I knew His was the only path by which I could escape death.

With fear and trembling I pursued my plan. At times my will was weak and it seemed futile to try to stand against the foe—disease. Then, with an onrush of power, my faith would return and I knew I would fight a good fight.

For three years I wrestled. Thinking health, believing in health, bound the while by diseased flesh. I continued to read the *Cosmo-Conception*. I attended lectures on the occult. I saw to it that all

my reading material was of an inspirational nature.

As I became stronger, I walked. Only a block at first, then two or three, until finally I would walk a mile without discomfort.

But in the five years, plus these three years of my self-imposed regime, I was never free from pain. It possessed me and harassed me.

In the last three years I had gained more than I then realized. I was stronger both in body and mind. Fear did not besiege me with such possessiveness as formerly.

One day I was seized with an indefinable weakness. I went to bed. I could scarcely move. My husband called a trained nurse, one of my friends, to attend me. He insisted I have a doctor, but when I assured him I was only exhausted and wanted to rest, he did not press the point further. The nurse was an occult student and intuitively she knew what was taking place. She did not urge a doctor.

I slipped into a strange state where I could not open my mouth. I could not talk or eat. Occasionally the nurse poured a teaspoon of warm milk in my mouth. Neither could I open my eyes.

Then things started to happen. The three years' apprenticeship to God had set up a new vibration. The old was dying that the new might be born and thrive.

I moved out of my body and traveled about looking back amusedly at my physical temple which appeared to be in utter darkness. When I returned to my body, I felt a glow, a wonderful illuminating warmth which was beyond the power of words to express. All my senses functioned as higher senses: the saliva ran sweet as honey in my mouth; my eyes saw no forms, no objects, only a brilliant gorgeous white light; my ears were tuned to music more perfect than earthly symphonies. I could smell a delicate perfume, a perfume sweeter than any mundane essence, however costly. And I could touch...I could feel only waves of light, for all my being was whirling in a sea of light as big and great as the whole universe.

I lay in spiritual ecstasy. A voice—an unseen voice—a voice as of a surgeon said to me, “Lie very still this morning, my child. There is much work to be accomplished in the repairing of your stomach and bowels. The cancer must be routed out. You are now being made anew. Have patience.”

I lay very still. I closed my eyes. It seemed for hours the etheric knife was busy with its work upon me.

A great shaft of light pierced my abdomen, interpenetrating my stomach and bowels. Knives also of light were busily at work, hacking away, breaking away, tearing away the diseased tissue; making way for reparation, regeneration, revivification of my whole being.

My back, which had been torn by pain, was pierced by rays of light. I saw them with my inner consciousness, my eyes being closed the while. This continued for a week while I lay physically quiet. No disease could endure the radiance in which I was immersed. I knew I was healed. I could see my organs. Each individual organ in my body was outlined and illuminated like a neon sign. I could see the circulation of blood in my body.

I lay in bed on Easter morning. In the stillness of my room, I glimpsed the significance of the Resurrection. I realized the role that the Resurrection had played in my individual experience. I reminisced the multitudes of times I had in the past eight years read, reviewed, and meditated upon the Resurrection of Jesus.

I was grateful I had learned to let the light of God flow through me. I was thankful too that on this Easter day I had caught the true import of Easter—Resurrection.

My husband brought to my room an Easter lily—perfect, waxen, pure white. A friend sent me a Japanese lily, a brownish orange with darker spots.

Easter afternoon I got up and dressed and walked from room to room. My home was beautiful, more glorious than ever. I looked out of all the windows from the different rooms to view the flower garden. The lawn of Coos Bay bent-grass which had been planted during my stay in bed was coming up to light with sprouts of healthy green. Everywhere I looked new growth and flowers were bursting forth to show their joy of existence. Even the garden had caught the consciousness of the Resurrection.

I saw the oneness of the universe. I caught the joy of the cosmic consciousness flowing blithely through everything. I saw God shining through.

When my friend, the nurse, left she said, “Dear, you will never know what this month has meant to me.” Our hands met. She understood.

Now I could travel through walls, enter sick bodies and make them well. When I looked at a person, I could see his organs as if my consciousness were an X-ray and if there was a faulty place, it was dark, shadowy, murky.

When one of my neighbors came in to see me, she said her husband was in bed with a serious case of pneumonia. His mother was sitting with him. Out from my consciousness darted a streak of light. It penetrated the chest of the sick man.

The next morning she came again to say with surprise, “My husband is up, working in the garden this morning. Isn’t it amazing?” I was not surprised.

A card came stating my mother had been hit by an automobile. That she was bruised and jarred quite badly was the extent of the account. As I read this card out darted with terrific speed light without limit from my consciousness. It pierced the consciousness of my mother and warmed, soothed, and healed her.

The next day she came to see me. Her body was black and blue but she told me that suddenly it seemed as if a cloud had lifted from her and the shock, the pain, and soreness had left.

I had learned that Light is the healer, the emancipator, the liberator. I realized that anything opposed to Light is to be eschewed. A universal concept of things possessed me. My mind had expanded and bounds and boundaries had given way.

As I was sitting in the sunroom, a voice clear and bell-like said to me, “You have stood the test. You have learned to rely on God. You have graduated from former ignorance and darkness. You realize the One Power in the Universe—God only.

“You are now initiated into the Order of Light, which has no mysteries, no secrets, no seclusions from public view. There is no limitation as to membership. As many may belong as will stand the test. Rely upon God only.

“You are on a firm foundation of knowing God. It is now your work to show others the path of light, the path of harmony, the pathway of freedom. Will you do this?”

“I will,” I answered.

No more pain; no more sickness. Vibrant health manifest where disease had dwelt. Former things had passed away; all things had been made new. □

—Edna Tradewell