

## Cured by Angelic Visitation

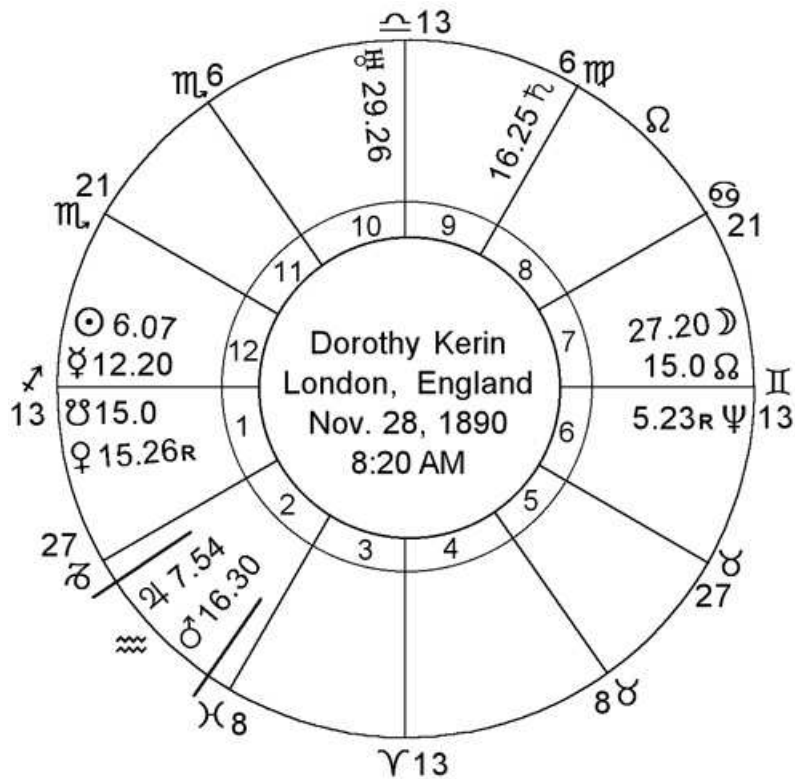
**E**DITOR'S\* NOTE: A. M. Davidson, one of our English students, sends us the following account of the miraculous cure of Miss Dorothy Kerin of London who had been bedridden for many years suffering from advanced tuberculosis and kidney disease. She became blind, deaf, and dumb, and was at the point of death, when suddenly, through a vision with warm healing hands, she was cured and has been well ever since.

As our friend has sent us her figure, we think it may interest our readers to know what the stars have to say.

In this nativity Sagittarius 13 is Ascending, with Sun, Mercury, Venus and the Dragons Tail.

Jupiter, the ruling planet, is Sextile to Mercury and the Sun, and Mars is Sextile to Venus. Thus we see that this is a very gentle, idealistic and lovable character, but Venus is in conjunction with the Dragons Tail which has a Saturnine influence, and both Mercury and Venus are square to Saturn; hence it is inevitable that much sorrow and suffering will come in to this life and cloud it with gloom. Wherever Mercury, the significator of the mind, is afflicted by Saturn, the planet of Obstruction, there is naturally a gloomy condition and a tendency to look upon the dark side of life. But we can never judge any thing in a horoscope from one configuration; all aspects must be considered in their bearing upon any subject and thus a synthesis, or balance, of

*\*This article appeared in the October 1915 Rays when Max Heindel was the editor. He analyzes the patient's horoscope.*



influence will be obtained.

The sextile of Mars to Venus and Mercury gives fortitude to the mind, thus helping to offset the sinister influence of Saturn. The Moon, which is the other significator of mind, is in the Mercurial sign Gemini, trine to Uranus. This accounts for the evolution of the super-normal faculties of which we hear in the history of this case, and the conversion of these latent faculties to dynamic powers are also pre-figured by the trine of Jupiter, the planet of Benevolence and Idealism, to Neptune the planet of Spirituality; and by balancing these testimonies, we see in this young woman a soul of a gentle, kindly and idealistic nature whose latent spiritual faculties are nearly ripe, and almost ready to be converted into usable powers under the proper stellar impact.

With respect to the health, it is recorded that she became afflicted with tuberculosis, also that she lost her sight, hearing, and speech. The Sun and Mercury

are in the sign Sagittarius close to the nebular spot called Antares, and the Sun is in opposition to Neptune. This is the cause of the weak sight. The twelfth house indicates the restrictive influences in life, and when Mercury, the significator of sense, is there in conjunction with the Sun, as is the case in the present horoscope, we have a limiting influence which affects the hearing.

It is curious to note that Neptune, the octave of Mercury, is in the sign Gemini, ruled by Mercury and in opposition to the Sun and therefore it helps to awaken the spiritual hearing which is also recorded in connection with this case. This configuration would not have been able to do this alone, and the hearing obtained would have been of an undesirable nature, but it helps the configuration of the Moon trine to Uranus, which opens up the super-normal faculties as already stated.

Taurus rules the throat and larynx, but Mercury governs the air which stirs the vocal chords. Here we find that Taurus is on the cusp of the sixth house denoting sickness, and Venus the ruler is on the Ascendant in conjunction with the Saturnine influence of the Dragon's Tail, which also afflicts Mercury by its conjunction, hence the weakness of the vocal organs, and the consequent loss of speech is indicated by their square to Saturn. Neptune in the sign Gemini, which governs the lungs, in opposition to the Sun, is responsible for the affliction of tuberculosis.

It would seem almost impossible that one so sorely afflicted could ever be healed, but on Sunday, February 18th, 1912, the clock of Destiny struck the hour of her relief. At that time the progressed Sun was 28 degrees of Sagittarius; it had therefore passed the opposition to the radical Moon and was sextile to Uranus at birth. This is an influence under which a sudden turn of a beneficial nature might be expected, but the planets alone cannot bring this about.

The Moon, or lunation, is the minute hand on the clock of Destiny and on that very day the New Moon occurred in 28 degrees of Aquarius, trine to the Moon and Uranus at birth, and sextile to the progressed Sun; this was a very powerful occult influence. On that very day Jupiter, the ruler of the figure also transited the Ascendant; thus there were a number of most extraordinary influences to account for the miracle which then took place in her recovery.

Following is the history of the case, as given by our friend in England.

Many there are who refuse to believe there is any such thing as a "miracle." They are probably right, a miracle is not supernatural; it is merely, usually, an activity of super-physical forces which are not yet understood by the world in general. Such "miracles" occur constantly in connection with the patients of the Rosicrucian Fellowship— probably every day, if the truth were known. But of the many extraordinary happenings which have thrust themselves upon a skeptical world of late years, probably none is so well authenticated or has received so much attention as that known on this side of the "herring pond" [the Atlantic Ocean] as the "Kerin miracle case." On Sunday 18th, February, 1912, Miss Dorothy Kerin, who had lain for some years bed-ridden, suffering from advanced tuberculosis, kidney disease, and, latterly, from blindness and loss of speech, with a temperature sometimes rising to 105, was suddenly and completely cured by an angelic visitation.

The following particulars were supplied by her mother:

"A strange fact in the recovery is that for a few days immediately before it, Miss Kerin appeared to become rapidly worse than ever she had been in the preceding five years of her illness. A few days before she had lost both hearing and sight. We did not think she could live through the day. My husband and I, with some other friends and relations, were gathered round her bed about 8 p.m. on Sunday, expecting it to be her deathbed. She suddenly gave a great sigh, and we thought she was gone. But with a wonderful smile which none of us can ever forget, she stretched out her arms and held them out for a few moments. Then she lay still for awhile.

"Presently her lips moved, she stretched out her arms again, and then drew her hands over her eyes, always smiling in that wonderful, unearthly way. Her terrible weakness, due to tuberculosis and diabetes, had made her almost a skeleton. And then we saw a miracle before our eyes. She looked at us, her eyes at first squinting and then becoming quite natural in expression. I asked her: 'Dolly, do you know me?'

"'Of course I do mummy.' We were all amazed. She then sat up and cried, 'I am to get up.' She seemed to be under some mysterious influence.

“‘You can’t get up my darling,’ said I, ‘you are too weak.’ But when we brought a wrapper she swung her legs from the bed and walked about. She was much calmer than we were. One man present was a professed atheist. He fell on his knees and sobbed aloud.”

Miss Dorothy Kerin, interviewed in her mother’s presence, said concerning the healing “Vision”: “It seemed like great golden flame above me, with two hands stretched out, warm hands, and a voice spoke, saying: ‘Dorothy, your sufferings are over; get up, you can walk.’ And then I could see and walk and am well. I am sure it is a miracle.” Her doctor would not believe it when he was informed but had to admit, upon examining her next day, that she was entirely free from organic disease!

The case is so thoroughly well authenticated as to be absolutely indisputable. Miss Kerin’s pathological condition was vouched for not only by her regular medical attendant, Dr. Norman, but also by the St. Bartholomew’s Hospital, St. Peter’s Home for Incurables at Kilburn, and other institutions, she having been sent home two years ago as a hopeless case. Scores of doctors have since seen her, and her case is well known in the profession. Her brother said that during the later stages of her illness, when her normal faculties declined, that Dorothy developed super-normal faculties and could, for instance, give an account of what was happening to her brother at a distance from home.

Care had to be exercised in speaking of her in other rooms as she could then hear, although deaf to those who spoke to her at the bedside.

An independent statement of the case, for those who are further interested, may be found in Dr. E. L. Ash’s *Faith and Suggestion*. Miss Kerin, to the writer’s knowledge, is apparently quite well and strong today. She spoke at a great religious conference in the North of England recently and last month delivered a lecture before a London Occult Society, “What I know of the effect of prayer as a healing factor. How I was cured.” It need scarcely be added that Miss Kerin is of a very religious disposition, and even during her illness she was so patient and gentle and suffered all things gladly as to quickly endear her to all with whom she came in contact. Miss Kerin was offered quite large sums to appear on the music-hall stage, but, regarding this as a prostitution of the evidence of divine grace, she refused. □

## *An Allegory*

I leaned from the low-hung crescent moon and grasping the west pointing horn of it, looked down. Against the other horn reclined, motionless, a Shining One and looked at me, but I was unafraid. Below me the hills and valleys were thick with humans, and the moon swung low that I might see what they did.

“Who are they?” I asked the Shining One. For I was unafraid.

And the Shining One made answer: “They are the Sons of God and the Daughters of God.”

I looked again, and saw that they beat and trampled each other. Sometimes they seemed not to know that the fellow-creature they pushed from their path fell under their feet. But sometimes they looked as he fell and kicked him brutally.

And I said to the Shining One: “Are they *all* the Sons and Daughters of God?”

And the Shining One said: “All.”

As I leaned and watched them, it grew clear to me that each was frantically seeking something, and that it was because they sought what they sought with such singleness of purpose that they were so inhuman to all who hindered them.

And I said to the Shining One: “What do they seek?”

And the Shining One made answer: “Happiness.”

“Are they *all* seeking Happiness?”

“All.”

“Have any of them found it?”

“None of those have found it?”

“Do they ever think they have found it?”

“Sometimes they think they have found it?”

My eyes filled, for at that moment I caught a glimpse of a woman with a babe at her breast. I saw the babe torn from her and the woman cast into a deep pit by a man with his eyes fixed on a shining lump that he believed to be (or perchance to contain, I know not) Happiness.

And I turned to the Shining One, my eyes blinded: “Will they ever find it?”

And He said: “They will find it.”

“All of them?”

“All of them.”

“Those who are trampled?”

“Those who are trampled?”

“And those who trample?”

“And those who trample.”

I looked again, a long time, at what they were doing on the hills and in the valleys, and again my eyes went blind with tears, and I sobbed out to the Shining One: “Is it God’s will, or the work of the Devil, that men seek Happiness?”

“It is God’s will.”

“And it looks so like the work of the Devil!”

The Shining One smiled inscrutably. “It does look like the work of the Devil.”

When I had looked a little longer, I cried out, protesting: “Why has he put them down there to seek Happiness and to cause each other such immeasurable misery?”

Again the Shining One smiled inscrutably: “They are learning.”

“What are they learning?”

“They are learning Life. And they are learning Love.”

I said nothing. One man in the herd below held me breathless, fascinated. He walked proudly, and others ran and laid the bound, struggling bodies of living men before him that he might tread upon them and never touch foot to earth.

But suddenly a whirlwind seized him and tore his purple from him and set him down, naked among strangers. And they fell upon him and maltreated him sorely.

I clapped my hands.

“Good! Good!” I cried, exultantly. “He got what he deserved.”

Then I looked up suddenly, and saw again the inscrutable smile of the Shining One.

And the Shining One spoke quietly. “They all get what they deserve.”

“And no worse?”

“And no worse.”

“And no better?”

“How can there be any better? They each deserve whatever shall teach them the true way to Happiness.”

I was silenced.

And still the people went on seeking, and trampling each other in their eagerness to find. And I perceived what I had not fully grasped before, that the Whirlwind caught them up from time to time and set them down elsewhere to continue the Search.

And I said to the Shining One: “Does the Whirlwind always set them down again on these hills and in these valleys?”

And the Shining One made answer: “Not always on these hills or in these valleys.”

“Where then?”

“Look above you.”

And I looked up. Above me stretched the Milky Way and gleamed the stars.

And I breathed “Oh” and fell silent, awed by what was given to me to comprehend.

Below me they still trampled each other.

And I asked the Shining One. “But no matter where the Whirlwind sets them down, they go on seeking Happiness?”

“They go on seeking happiness.”

“And the Whirlwind makes no mistakes?”

“The Whirlwind makes no mistakes.”

“It puts them sooner or later, where they will get what they deserve?”

“It puts them sooner or later where they will get what they deserve.”

Then the load crushing my heart lightened, and I found I could look at the brutal cruelties that went on below me with pity for the cruel. And the longer I looked the stronger the compassion grew.

And I said to the Shining One: “They act like men goaded.”

“They are goaded.”

“What goads them?”

“The name of the goad is Desire.”

Then, when I had looked a little longer, I cried out passionately: “Desire is an evil thing.”

But the face of the Shining One grew stern and his voice rang out, dismaying me. “Desire is not an evil thing.”

I trembled and thought withdrew herself into the innermost chamber of my heart. Till at last I said: “It is Desire that nerves men on to learn the lessons God has set.”

“It is Desire that nerves them.”

“The lessons of Life and Love?”

“The lessons of Life and Love!”

Then I could no longer see that they were cruel. I could only see that they were learning. I watched them with deep love and compassion, as one by one the Whirlwind carried them out of sight. □

—Anonymous