

# DISEASE SCRIPT

I let my thoughts move out to the vastness of space, as though there were no such thing as illness or disease. With that I have nothing to do. I consider the heavens, the ceaseless movement of those tremendously heavy bodies which are being drawn through space with sublime ease. I think of the resistless flow of spiritual currents that are at this moment guiding, directing, controlling all of the mighty substance of the universe. I lose myself in a sense of the vastness of that force.

No longer do I let my thoughts hover around a disease or illness as a physical thing. I think of each organ as an idea of the Infinite, conceived before I was conceived. It is one separate and distinct idea of God. All of God's ideas are perfect. I refuse to think of it as having blot, blemish, or inaction. I see it as the willing servant of me the thinker, and this, my thought, is now being taken up by the Universal Thinker and brought forth into actuality. Not being an organ but an idea, it is a perfect idea now. I do not care what laboratories show, I now take God's view and see all of his ideas as being perfect. And it is so.

Whatever is blocking my complete recovery must be some hidden strand of thought that holds some mental reservation. I am not aware of its nature, where it started, or what keeps it active. But it must be mine, whether I can trace my way to it or not.

I do not want it to keep operating, therefore I now declare that it is a vestige of my former destructive thought. I emphatically state that it is completely out of line with the Infinite Thinker's thoughts which are trying to manifest perfectly through me. It is a squatter living on territory where it has no rights of any sort. I call in the law to evict, dissolve, and negate it right now.

I wash my hands of it. I do not have to fight it, worry about it, or pay any attention to it. It is nothing trying to be something. It is no more real than the bogey man that scared me as a youth. I turned every last thread of my thought to the contemplation of that steady movement of the thought of God in me and through every single cell of my body.

I think of Its beauty, Its unutterable harmonies, Its total unawareness of any resisting force, Its breathing of "It is good" as It contemplates the universe It has brought into being. Quietly now I let myself drift into the innermost parts of the Infinite Mind, catch something of it unshakable peace, knowing that this Mind flows through me as my mind. It is so.