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"What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." — JESUS

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Standing out or 'shining'?

By HANNAH HATHAWAY

I'd always thought that in order to be beautiful you needed to be skinny, have a pretty face, long hair, and, most important, be able to fit in.

Throughout my life, I was OK with being unique and not following the status quo. I have always been the outgoing, try-it-all, sporty person. From preschool to the beginning of my seventh grade year, I didn't give much thought to others' opinions of me and what I wore. But in seventh grade I was trying to figure out who I was and who my true friends were. I started to change in small ways.

As the school year went by, I felt as if I didn't recognize myself. For example, I started wearing jean shorts instead of soccer shorts, sparkly tops instead of T-shirts, and makeup. While there's nothing wrong with these things in and of themselves, the change didn't feel genuine to me. It felt like I was molding myself to fit into a society where I'm supposed to get lots of attention and stand out. It just didn't feel right.

I also acted arrogant and selfish, completely blocking out my friends, because at the time I felt like I was too cool for them. I thought that if I acted differently, I would become popular. But this attempt didn't exactly work. My friends withdrew from me, and I felt lonely and alienated.

Trying so hard to fit in made me feel less happy than I used to be. And by the

end of the school year, I was very upset. I brought all my concerns with me on my summer break, and decided to pray to God about this. During that summer, I worked to better understand my spiritual identity as God's child. I prayed with one of my all-time favorite hymns (from a poem) by Mary Baker Eddy titled: "Feed My Sheep." The first line of the hymn begins: "Shepherd, show me how to go" (*Christian Science Hymnal*, No. 304).

I used to be scared that I wasn't making correct decisions. But that all stopped once I started praying, "Shepherd, show me how to go." I realized that God is directing me down the right path, and that I shouldn't be afraid. My job was to listen to God's voice only and not to all the voices that told me I needed to try so hard to be like everyone else. As I listened to God, I got a better sense of who I am. I understood that I have a God-given purpose and

that I am here for a reason. When I listen for and follow God's voice—and often God's voice is a very quiet voice—I can be confident in the choices I make.

The actress Katie Walter, also a Christian Scientist, came to our school, and she said that as we "let our light shine" (see Matthew 5:16), we consciously give other people permission to do the same. She said that as we are liberated from our own fear, we help liberate others. That really stuck with me. Why not



COURTESY PHOTO

Why not let my light shine? I am God's child.

let my light shine? I am God's child who expresses joy, love, happiness, vibrancy, and perfection! And that's not perfection based in matter, but the kind that is spiritual—right from God, Spirit.

I returned to school after that summer with a much different attitude and a brighter outlook. My clothes and attitude were more balanced. Sometimes I wore T-shirts and sometimes I wore sparkly tops (I still love sparkles!). I wore less makeup and looked more natural. That year I found a nice group of friends, and in classes I wasn't scared to express myself. I had a wonderful school year, during which new opportunities unfolded for me. I didn't feel held back by the idea that I need to be "perfect" because, like everyone else, God already made me perfect!

That year I played on my volleyball

and basketball teams, participated in the school play, was on my ASB (Associated Student Body Council), and was asked to join the advanced drama course. I didn't let any insecurities stop me from "shining," from expressing my true self, which is the reflection of God.

I've always loved the following quote from Irish writer and poet Oscar Wilde: "Be yourself; everyone else is already taken." To me, it sums up God's purpose for each of us. And my thoughts on beauty are different now. Remember that you don't have to listen to thoughts telling you that you aren't good enough. God made you perfect and you will remain perfect forever! ●

Hannah Hathaway is a sophomore in high school. She plays volleyball, soccer, basketball, and softball.

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Driving with care

By KATHERINE KERR

THE first day of winter break was also the first snow of the season. I woke up to see the ground covered in white. Anyone knows that this is a most exciting way to wake up!

I had a list of errands I needed to run, and as I got ready, I saw a text from my mom reminding me to drive carefully. Without thinking much of it, I walked out to the car. As I scraped the snow off the windows, I realized that this was going to be my first time driving alone in snow.

The snow wasn't too deep, though, so I felt OK about setting out. As I started, driving safely wasn't a problem. But then as I made my first turn from the neigh-

borhood to the main road, I felt my back tires sliding on the pavement. It was nothing big, but I began driving more slowly. Then, as I came up around the first roundabout, I found that I couldn't stop. I had my brakes on but was still sliding at the same speed I had been driving. Without thinking twice, I pulled the handbrake and was able to regain control. I stopped before entering the roundabout and collected my thoughts, feeling grateful that I had been open to that angel message to pull the handbrake. In her book *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, Mary Baker Eddy describes *angels* as "God's thoughts passing to man; spiritual intu-

itions, pure and perfect; ...” (p. 581)—and I was thankful that I’d been led by this spiritual intuition to respond appropriately.

I continued driving for about ten minutes and came to a stoplight at a big intersection. Right at the stop line there was a slight uphill incline, covered in ice. I pulled up as the first car in line and waited for the light to turn green. When it turned, I took my foot off the brake and began to push the acceleration pedal. I could feel my tires spinning underneath me. I could not get any trac-

tion on the ice. The light turned red again, the line of cars behind me began to pile up, and I started to feel afraid.

I once again turned my thinking to God, affirming the truth that I was being led by spiritual intuition to be just where I needed to be, and guided to do whatever I needed to do. I sat through the red light redirecting the fear by focusing on how loving and patient the woman behind me had been waiting through the green light. When I looked in my rear-view mirror the woman was relaxed and seemed to understand that I was doing what I could in the situation. I was so grateful that she had not been honking angrily, and that we both recognized the need to be calm and collected in order to get our cars moving forward.

Through the endless red light I turned off my radio and began singing Hymn 95 from the *Christian Science Hymnal*, which has the refrain: “He lead-



I collected my thoughts, feeling grateful that I had been open to that angel message to pull the handbrake.

eth me, He leadeth me, / By His own hand He leadeth me” (Joseph H. Gilmore). I focused on understanding that I would be led to do what I needed to do to drive safely through the snow and ice. When the light turned green it was still a struggle to move forward, but I kept repeating, “God is love”! This quote from First John 4:8 kept me calm and focused, and helped me to affirm that I was protected, loved, and inspired by God in every situation. As the light turned yellow, I felt traction and the car moved through the intersection.

When the woman behind

me passed by, she gave me a supportive smile.

I did my errands without problems, and as I drove slowly home, I continued to talk out loud, stating the spiritual qualities that I knew a road expressed. A road is firm, sturdy, supportive, substantial, and stable. I was being obedient to God’s direction, so I didn’t need to fear that these qualities could be hidden or taken away.

I kept this spiritual focus the rest of the way, and made it home safely. Now I’m more thoughtful about setting out in slippery conditions—but every time I’m driving, I remember that nothing can negate God’s care for me and everyone. I should add that this lesson has held true whenever I’ve encountered “slippery conditions” off the road, too! ●

Katherine Kerr is a junior in high school. She loves traveling, running cross country, swimming, and hiking the Colorado Rockies at summer camp.

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A lesson in (meta)physics

By KYRA EVARTS

It was time for physics class, and, as usual, I was dragging my feet, trying to think of any excuse not to attend. For what felt like the millionth time, I asked myself, Why does my teacher hate me?

COURTESY PHOTO



It was still the beginning of my freshman year of high school, but from the first day I hadn't gotten along with this teacher. It didn't help that physics was a subject I did not particularly enjoy and didn't think I was very good at. The teacher never seemed to be supportive of my learning, and even seemed to think I was stupid. Day after day, I would try to think of ways to get out of his class—but I would always end up there, unhappily slouched at my desk.

Eventually I just got fed up with letting one class, and one teacher, ruin my entire day, so I called a Christian Science practitioner to ask for prayerful support. She told me about an analogy her

Christian Science teacher had shared with her. It went like this: If you had a dream that you lived on the other side of the world, and an elephant came into your house and destroyed all your things, what would you do when you woke up? Would you have to move back home and buy all new things? Of course not, because your things were never destroyed and you were never living on the other side of the world!

The practitioner explained to me that the same thing held true with my feelings toward this teacher. I didn't need to make a huge change or bring about a transformation on my own—all I had to do was wake up and see that my teacher couldn't really express anything but God's love toward the whole class, including me. She suggested that I try to find one thing I appreciated about this teacher every day. I thanked her and told her I would keep in touch and let her know how things worked out.

My teacher couldn't really express anything but God's love toward the whole class, including me.

Well, to be honest, that suggestion sounded really difficult to me—I didn't think there was anything I could appreciate about this man! But then I remembered something my dad often tells me when I am having difficulties with peers. He says you don't

have to be best friends with them, but you do have to recognize that God loves them, since they are His children as well. That advice always helps me remember to separate a problem I'm having with someone from the person him- or herself. >

I began to think about things that I appreciated about my teacher. I came up with one thing every day. They started out as really simple things, such as “I like the way his classroom is set up.” Eventually, though, they became more concrete. For example, I became truly grateful that this man was willing to teach, and genuinely wanted to further his students’ education. I called the practitioner back a few times over the next several weeks to tell her things were getting better, and she was pleased with the progress.

As the year went on, it became much easier to appreciate this teacher, and the class became increasingly more enjoyable. By the end of the year, he was one of my favorite teachers. And I ended up doing well in physics class, too—my grade had improved dramatically. What a difference it made when I committed to seeing the situation more spiritually! ●

Kyra Evarts is a junior in high school. In her free time she likes hanging out with her friends and reading good books.

Original published in the February 10, 2014, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Healed in Costa Rica

By CHANNING FISHER

Growing up in Christian Science, I always relied on prayer for healing and inspiration. But it was in eighth grade that I truly made it my own and really adopted this approach to healing.

Each year, the eighth grade class at my middle school goes on a trip to Costa Rica for about a week and a half, and my friends and I had been excitedly planning for months. Before the trip I also prepared spiritually with my parents, praying to understand that my well-being came from a totally spiritual source. I knew that my health and safety were assured by God, no matter where in the world I was. By the time we were ready to leave, I felt secure and confident in God’s protection and guidance, as well as in my loving support at home. It would be my first time out of the country alone, and I was ready for the adventure!

During the first half of the trip, we stayed in an ecolodge in the rainforest, where each day was filled with tree climbing, natural cooking, swimming in the river, and environmental learning. After volunteering at a local child-care facility to restore their playground, we traveled to a small city on the coast called Uvita.

The next day, we headed out to explore and relax on Caño Island. I was really enthusiastic to go swimming in the warm Costa Rican ocean, but as I stepped onto the sand I began to feel nauseated. I sat down on a log while my friends asked me what was wrong. I told them I just needed some space for a while, so all but one took off down the beach. As I sat in silence next to my friend in the cool shade of the palm trees, looking out into the sparkling Pacific Ocean, I was amazed at the harmony that surrounded



us. God’s perfection and beauty were being expressed in each laughing tourist and every wave that tumbled onto the beach. I began to hum the tune of Hymn 148 from the *Christian Science Hymnal*. Although I couldn’t remember all the verses, the first came to mind:

In heavenly Love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?
(Anna L. Waring)

It was comforting to know that I was always abiding in God, heavenly Love. At first, I didn’t completely understand the second line, “No change my heart shall fear,” so I decided to break it down. Change could mean anything other than harmony and perfection—like the discomfort I seemed to be experiencing even amid all the harmony being expressed around me. The word *fear*, in addition to meaning “be afraid of,” can also mean to give authority and power to something. I clearly didn’t need to

give any power to this belief of nausea, and it could not take away from my God-given freedom to enjoy the harmony in His kingdom. Error had no power at all to hinder my expression of pure joy.

I continued to sing, and within ten minutes, I was feeling better. Rejoining my friends, I was able to swim and enjoy the beauty of the beach, the island, and the day without limitation.

Through this healing I gained understanding and confidence in Christian Science because I felt directly connected to and protected by God. I was so grateful that I’d been able to pray for myself. This time, it hadn’t been necessary for me to rely on my parents or a Christian Science practitioner. I realized that I could demonstrate His omnipotence wherever I am: whether it be at home with my family, in a foreign country with my friends, or in any other situation that I could find myself in. I learned not to let false suggestions limit or define me, and that nothing can hinder God’s expression or perfection. ●

Channing “Cha Cha” Fisher is a senior in high school. She lives in California and enjoys playing volleyball and surfing.

Originally published in the February 24, 2014, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

My school was in lockdown: How I prayed

By BROOKE ENGEL

There have been many moments in my life when I've had to rely on God for healing. But never before had I been challenged the way I was when there was a shooting at my school, Arapahoe High School in Colorado, last December.

As soon as the shooting began, my teacher quickly and calmly executed the lockdown protocol—closing the door, turning the lights off, and keeping the class quiet. Though I didn't really comprehend what was happening at first, I was paralyzed with fear for my class as well as my friends and teachers in the other parts of the building. My teacher assured us that we were safe, and a fellow classmate held my hand in support.

All I could do was pray, and the only thing I could think of in that moment was my favorite hymn, No. 148, from the *Christian Science Hymnal*. It begins:

In heavenly Love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?
(Anna L. Waring)

I knew that God was sheltering every one of His children from all error—and that included the shooter, who couldn't be exempt from God's care, either. I repeated the first verse of this hymn countless times, and soon I began to feel a sense of peace wash over me. My thought cleared enough to begin ex-

panding my prayer, and I knew that others were praying and supporting us as well. I focused on a verse from the Bible: "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear" (I John 4:18). Because God is divine Love, and God is all, there can be no fear, no discord, and no error. Harmony is a law of divine Science—a constant, unchanging right for every individual. By focusing on what I knew was spiritually true, I didn't feel so scared.

Soon, the police came and shepherded us to safe ground. As I walked through the crowd of students and faculty, the thought that came to me most strongly was a quote from *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy: "Divine Love always has met and always will meet every human need" (p. 494). I saw the truth of this statement: Whether it was a hug, a phone, a jacket, or a friend, strangers were reflecting divine Love in meeting each other's needs. Teachers came together to reassure us, and police officers surrounded us with protection.

Soon, we began to load on buses to be transferred to a location to meet our families. A church down the street offered us food, water, and shelter. The abundance of support, humility, and grace was astounding. While I waited in the church for my family, I picked up a Bible and opened it to the 91st Psalm, which includes this reassurance: "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler" (verse 4). Though I was tempted to get caught up in the horrific material picture, I can honestly say that I was seeing a community showered with love.

God was showing us His protection and love.

As I was reunited with my family, I began to fully grasp what had happened. The paralyzing fear hit me again, but this time, I found it harder to combat. My mom and brother shared many helpful quotes from the Bible and *Science and Health* with me, helping me to regain my composure and continue to pray. I also received many comforting messages from friends and family, which helped me know I was not alone.

First thing the next morning, I sat down to read the Christian Science Bible Lesson, which had the subject “God the Preserver of Man.” This Lesson discussed how God protects all of His ideas, and it helped to comfort me further as I prayed for my friend Claire, who had been shot in the attack. As I prayed for her and for everyone involved, I began to feel much better, less afraid, and stronger.

Over the next several days, however, Claire’s condition worsened, and she passed away in the hospital about a week after the shooting. I struggled to have faith in God, and wondered, How could God let something so horrific happen? Why didn’t He protect Claire? The second section of that same Lesson included a passage from Proverbs that said: “Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths” (3:5, 6). I knew that God was only good, and even through the doubt, I



I repeated the first verse of this hymn countless times, and soon I began to feel a sense of peace wash over me.

knew that error—a picture of violence and death—was not caused by Him. Over the next few days I prayed to turn my thought to God, rather than away from Him, trusting that healing would come not from fear of a hateful God, but from faith in a loving God. I was healed as I began to see that the fear I’d been feeling couldn’t separate me—or any of the other students, teachers, or parents, and that included Claire—from God’s love for even a moment.

Several months have passed since the event, and I have seen countless proofs of God’s protection since. My community has lifted its thought to pray for Claire’s family and the family of the shooter. The community is embracing our school with love, and at a recent school assembly, Claire’s father spoke of the importance of forgiveness—challenging us all to show love and compassion for each other. Through it all, I have learned that God does protect His children from any form of error, and that no one can ever be truly separated from Him. I am not a victim of a tragedy, nor are any of my friends or teachers. Instead, prayer has led us all to demonstrate greater love and care for one another and to conquer the fear that God could ever be absent from our community. ●

Brooke Engel is a junior at Arapahoe High School. She is actively involved in choir, lacrosse, and DiscoveryBound’s National Leadership Council (NLC).

Originally published in the March 10, 2014, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Three simple prayers

By JAMES LINDSEY

Several months ago I was climbing a tree near the back door of our house and injured my heel and ankle when I jumped out of it. It hurt quite a bit. My dad saw what happened and came over and asked me how I was. I said it hurt, but I thought I could go up the hill to care for the animals on our small farm, which was my usual job. My dad thought this would be OK.

I immediately turned to God, both before and after my dad talked with me, to know that I was in His care and protection. I started by saying something called the “no” prayer to myself—basically, a denial that there can be sensation or intelligence in anything physical or material. I’d heard about the “no” prayer the year before from a Christian Science speaker at my church, and it was a good place to begin. I thought about it as I went to the animals, and the prayer helped me not feel confused into thinking that I was a material individual who’d suffered an accident. I was able to go about my duties without feeling overly burdened.

Two days after I’d jumped out of the tree, I told my mom about my foot hurting. She said she would pray for me, and asked if I wanted to talk to a Christian Science practitioner. I decided not to call a practitioner right then, but I did continue praying for myself during that week. I went to school like always, al-

though it was uncomfortable to put my weight on the foot.

After a week and a half or so, however, my foot hurt more often, and I worried that maybe I had broken it. The fear occasionally crept in that I lived in a material world, and that maybe I needed to get an X-ray or a cast.

One day soon after, I went over to help my neighbor with some yard work. That day I started to realize that nothing could control my thinking except God, and I didn’t need to be afraid that I wouldn’t be healed for a certain amount of time. I thought back to the talk the speaker had given at my church on the subject

of “simple prayers.” The speaker had outlined three different kinds of prayers:

- “No” (denying the lie).
- “Help” (asking God to help you in your need).
- “Giving thanks” (acknowledging that God is real and is here to help us when we need help).

It came to me to pray further with these simple prayers. I continued on from the “no” prayer to the “help” prayer, and I asked God what I needed to know to be able to express Him in my complete, individual way. Then I remembered the last prayer, and it helped me realize that I needed to give thanks to God! In



I almost felt that the healing was so quick that it was impossible!

other words, I needed to really reinforce what I was praying and know that God was there helping me at that time. For me, this meant being happy and thankful God was with me and taking care of me. I prayed like this pretty much constantly for two days, and on the third day I realized that my heel and ankle weren't bothering me anymore. The healing was immediate at that point. The "thank you" prayer was like a ladder that got me out of a pit.

That morning I got out of bed and felt no pain at all. In fact, I almost felt that the healing was so quick that it was impossible! But then my mom showed me a testimony from the "Fruitage" chapter of *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy. The testimony, called "A Case of Mental Surgery," explains how a man was instantaneously healed of a broken upper arm by reading

Science and Health and by "denying that there could be a break or accident in the realm of divine Love" (p. 606). This testimony showed me that the kind of healing I'd experienced is possible and even normal, and can result from a simple change of thought. After reading it, I felt that I am more capable of praying for myself and others in the future, and I felt very grateful that Christian Science was there to help me through challenges.

I should add that the healing was complete—I was again able to help out with chores and help our neighbor without pain, and I even resumed cutting branches off the trees that line our property, which involves climbing dozens of feet in the air. I'm grateful for a better understanding of what prayer really is. ●

James Lindsey is a senior in high school, and loves to go rock climbing with friends in his free time.

Originally published in the March 24, 2014, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Shining on stage

By STEPHEN HANLIN

Two years ago, I starred in my high school's spring production of *Crazy for You* as Bobby Child, the rich banker who meets the girl of his dreams and falls madly in love. As opening night approached, the rehearsals went longer and longer, and although I felt more and more prepared for the role, I started to feel nervous about performing. This feeling of nervousness persisted through the rehearsals, and strengthened as opening night got closer and closer.

I tried to calm my nerves with what must have been a thousand different

thoughts. "It'll be all right, Stephen!" I told myself. I felt I had the right motives for performing—not to show off or feed my own ego, but to express God as Soul and bring joy to the audience. "You've done the work," I reminded myself. "The performance is just the demonstration; the fulfillment of all the hard work and dedication you've put in." I also tried to remember that God is the one performing, as Jesus pointed out when he remarked, "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever he doeth, these also

doeth the Son likewise” (John 5:19). I needed to get myself out of the way and simply let God’s goodness shine through me.

But no matter how many times I reminded myself that there was nothing to be scared of, I didn’t feel consoled. On opening night, in the last hour before the performance, my heart was beating so fast I could swear I felt it in my throat.

Eventually, I’d had enough. I went to a quiet space in the back of the men’s dressing room, sat down, and just opened my mind to the all-knowing Mind. In a few seconds, the thought came to me: “Be still, and know that I am God.” Even though I’d heard that quote—part of Psalms 46:10—many times before, that night I experienced it in a new way. It was exactly what I needed to hear. I recognized that all I needed to do was just be still and clear my mind of all the



All I needed to do was just be still and affirm God’s omnipotence and control.

mental static that was preventing me from thinking straight, and to mentally affirm God’s omnipotence and control over the whole situation. And as soon as I did that, the healing, the change in thought, happened instantaneously.

Then, it was time! The curtain opened, the lights went up, and before I knew it, I was out performing, singing my heart out in front of hundreds of people. The rest of the musical went just as smoothly as the first scene did. I left the

theater that night feeling exhilarated and so blessed. I am so grateful for this demonstration of the effectiveness of God’s power—even in what seems like the simplest things. ●

Stephen Hanlin is a freshman at Principia College in Elsah, Illinois. He enjoys reading, singing, acting, and dancing, and has been a part of the Missouri All-State Honor Choir, as well as an All-State Solo/Ensemble performer.

Originally published in the April 7, 2014, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

From a shepherd to a student

By PETER TATOI ADUNGA

I was raised in a family that didn’t have a lot of money. In fact, at times having food on the table each day was not possible. About three years ago, my older brother and I were attending primary school, and were candidates to enter high school. The high school charges each pupil a fee, and I wondered where my parents would get the money since it

was so difficult to meet basic daily needs. I was so worried about the financial situation that I felt I had to end my education. I was discouraged, but deep inside I felt that “enough was enough” with regard to financial problems.

I went home and informed my dad about my decision. He was surprised, as he knew me as a bright student and

had never expected this from me. He advised me to continue with my studies. He told me that God is the provider and would care for me. I loved his encouragement, but deep down I was convinced the situation was hopeless. So I stayed at home without going to school for the next month, and was employed as a shepherd boy at my neighbor's homestead.

My parents were not happy. My father, who was employed as a day laborer, had always dreamed that my brother and I would achieve more in life. And here I was, doing work that didn't "hold water" in my father's eyes.

My father was aware of a Christian Science branch church in Nanyuki, Kenya, since he did night security at the buildings near the church hall. In fact, one of the Christian Science practitioners in the town was my father's best friend and had introduced him to the church. My father started bringing home copies of the *Sentinel*, and I read them during my free time, after I'd gotten the sheep back to their owner that day. I became interested in the powerful testimonies of people who were healed through Christian Science.

One day my father asked my brother and me if we would like to join the Christian Science church. We answered that we would, and from then on we started attending Sunday School. Though I was not very consistent in my Sunday attendance because of my work hours, I dearly loved Sunday School. I even started reading *Science and Health with Key*



If it were not for the spiritual ideas I learned, I might still be a lost young man tending sheep.

to the Scriptures by Mary Baker Eddy, on my own. This passage especially stood out to me: "Fear is the fountain of sickness, and you master fear and sin through divine Mind; hence it is through divine Mind that you overcome disease.... Fear, which is an element of all disease, must be cast out to readjust the balance for God. Casting out evil and fear enables truth to outweigh error. The only course is to take antagonistic grounds against all that is opposed

to the health, holiness, and harmony of man, God's image" (pp. 391–392).

After I learned this, I sincerely prayed to cast out all my fears. I felt deep in me that I needed to go back to school, and when I told my father, he was thrilled about the idea. I went back, worked hard, and at the end of the year, I sat for my National Examination. When the results came out, I saw that I had passed and earned a place in one of the best high schools in the country. I did not panic or fear about where the school fees or any other requirement would come from.

In Sunday School I had learned to lean on God, who is the source of all good. And I knew that my God—whom I reflected—cares for me. The church team in Nanyuki helped support me by talking with me about the allness of God's abundance and supply. They assisted me in acquiring some supplies required for my joining high school. And to my amazement, we had visitors come to our church from another country, one of whom offered to pay my fees. I gratefully accepted that offer, and I was able to go to my high school joyfully and happily, with all my needs met. >

I can never thank God and Christian Science enough. If it were not for the spiritual ideas I learned, I might still be a lost young man tending sheep. As part of my gratitude to God, during the holidays I usher in church, and help clean and arrange the church hall. I always make sure everything is in perfect order before the service.

Now I am in the last year of my studies in high school. I've seen how Mrs. Eddy challenged hopelessness when she insisted that no one has to be governed

by a material view of life, which involves limitation and lack. In *Science and Health*, she writes: "Divine Love blesses its own ideas, and causes them to multiply,—to manifest His power. Man is not made to till the soil. His birthright is dominion, not subjection. He is lord of the belief in earth and heaven,—himself subordinate alone to his Maker" (pp. 517–518). I'm so grateful to have proved my dominion through Christian Science. ●

Peter Tatoi Adunga lives in Nanyuki, Kenya.

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Kicking out fear

By CRYSTAL SHEPHERD

Last year before the soccer season, my school's team went to Florida to train for a week during spring break. I was excited to completely invest my time in soccer. A few other girls and I were late to arrive because we had just been in Israel for the first half of our break. I was nervous because we had missed a few practices.

My first practice that night was extremely difficult. As it came to a close, we did sprints, and I began to struggle with jet lag. I tried to think of all the things I could be grateful for; I was surrounded by an inspiring group of girls and in such a beautiful place. I had just arrived from one of the most inspirational places in the world, the land where many biblical stories took place. I was firm that no harm, no aftermath from my travels, or jet lag, could inhibit me from doing good and expressing God. An uplifting sense of love was clear to me when I looked around at my teammates. The hymn "I walk with Love" (Minnie M. H. Ayers, *Christian Sci-*

ence Hymnal, No. 139) repeated in my head, and I became confident that fatigue could not knock me down. And it didn't. I finished the practice strong.

My spirits were lifted as I went to practice the next day. I felt confident and spiritually empowered. At practice, a ball was passed to me and when I stretched out my leg to receive it, I felt a sharp, popping pain in my knee and fell to the ground. Then fear flooded into my mind. Scenarios whizzed by: What if I couldn't practice anymore? Could I even walk? Would I let down my team?

After the initial fear came disappointment. I couldn't believe it! I felt like a complete victim. Immediately, I called my dad, a Christian Science practitioner. His calm voice comforted me; I knew he was confident of God's governing laws. My dad knew fully that my desire to selflessly work for my teammates couldn't be thwarted by error, or the false thought that there was another power besides God, good, at work

in my life. I started to realize that overanalyzing the situation by replaying questions and concerns would only make error seem more real and powerful. Talking to my dad helped, and he told me he would pray along with me.

As days went by, I admit I tried to use human will to push my way through the injury—which didn't help. I could walk slightly, but was unable to play soccer or run. My dad continued to give me Christian Science treatment, and we shared ideas, but, in a way, I still just wanted to "force" my knee to be better. For the next month I was on the bench, and I still felt like a victim; I couldn't run or play soccer and I was completely bummed out. I was focused only on my problems, and concerned that I wouldn't make any progress that season.

One day at school, while I was watching the team play, I thought back to our time in Florida. I remembered my first practice there, where I'd challenged every mental suggestion—every thought that didn't line up with the goodness of God—that came at me. That night, I'd really felt I had the God-given strength to overcome anything that was tempting me to give in and give up. My teammates had been so supportive, cheering quotes from the Bible and Mary Baker Eddy's writings at each other as we ran the field. I realized I was still completely supported by those around me, and there didn't need to be anything weighing me down.

This sparked something in me. All fear of re-injury disappeared. Suddenly, I was more focused on accepting what was true about myself and dedicating



COURTESY PHOTO

I began to get outside myself; I cared even more about the team, and was hungry to love God more.

myself to prayer. I began to get outside myself; I cared even more about the team, and was hungry to love God more. I took time with the Christian Science Bible Lesson much more seriously, and looked forward to Sunday School and Wednesday night testimony meetings, which inspired me to continue to pray.

When I was reading *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy one morning, I found this quote: "Let neither fear nor doubt overshadow your clear sense and calm trust, that the recognition of life harmonious—

as Life eternally is—can destroy any painful sense of, or belief in, that which Life is not" (p. 495). Then it hit me: I had been letting both fear and doubt take over my trust in God! For the rest of the day, every time fear came into my head, I kicked it out with the acknowledgment that life is all about God.

I realized how much of a fraud fear is, and how when you give into it, it can seem so powerful. But it really isn't. When I fully accepted that there was "no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear" (I John 4:18), my mind-set changed, and there was progress. I realized I grew because I was more concerned with loving others, my teammates, and God, than stressing out about a personal injury.

With this change of thought, my knee felt better and was back to normal. I was on the field again, and I have been playing soccer and expressing God ever since. ●

Crystal Shepherd is a senior in high school at The Principia.

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Run, pray, swim

By AMELIA GILL

As a teenager in today's culture, it's sometimes felt difficult for me to stay spiritually minded on a day-to-day basis. I don't always go straight to prayer in Christian Science for an answer. This is when remembering my experiences from summer camp (a camp for Christian Scientists) comes in perfectly. Camps like the one I go to help nurture thought to lean on God all the time, including when things get tough and there are struggles and challenges.

In the summer of 2013, I spent seven weeks at a Christian Science camp as a CIT, or counselor in training. As CITs, we are preparing to become counselors, so we are constantly growing spiritually and learning to use Christian Science to guide us through each activity. One instance that helped me grow a lot was when our counselors told us we were all (including them) going to be silent for an entire day. It would be a time of self-discovery and listening to God, free from distractions. Well, the next moment after telling us this news, our counselors said we were all going to run two miles into town, then jump in the lake and swim those same two miles back to camp—silently.

As a cabin, we'd been working out and preparing for hikes, sports, and other activities that required us to be in shape. And while preparing we were all constantly supporting each other with words, with spiritual ideas and encouragement. So, immediately, when I heard we weren't talking for an entire day, I was so frightened that I thought there

was no way I could do the run and swim without constant verbal support from my cabin mates.

Our counselors only said a few words before we left on the run. They reminded us that we don't always need to use verbal prayer to help each other. Praying and supporting each other silently works, too.

We were off before we even had the chance to *want* to say anything! We had to instantly know we were prepared with the God-given spiritual perseverance and energy to accomplish our goal. Starting was easy. We stuck together on the run, so I looked around me at each of my cabin mates and recognized each spiritual quality they expressed that I was grateful for—poise, strength, grace, patience, courage, selflessness, etc. Focusing on appreciating my cabin mates was very calming and effective, knowing their individual strengths complimented and revealed my own. I didn't spend time focusing on my breathing, muscles, or pace. My thought process and physical movement was becoming natural and effortless. Before I knew it, we were rounding the last bend to the dock by the lake.

After drinking some water and changing into our bathing suits, we jumped into the chilly lake. I'd done this swim before, but felt like this might be the most demanding part. I wasn't sure how this would go.

As we all were at different levels of swimming, we stuck in a few small groups rather than one large group. I

tried to keep pace with two other girls. I had to rest many times in the beginning. As soon as we had a steady strong pace of front crawl stroke, I immediately started praying more deeply than I ever had before. I had no one to talk to, look at, or listen to except God.

I stated thinking about what I was grateful for, and then took time to focus on the camp's summer metaphysical theme, based on a quote from *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy, which we had memorized, "Let us accept Science, relinquish all theories based on sense-testimony, give up imperfect models and illusive ideals; and so let us have one God, one Mind, and that one perfect, producing His own models of excellence" (p. 249). I realized, since we reflect the one Mind, we were all together, "one," on this challenge. This brought me peace, knowing we were conquering weakness, tiredness, and at the same time progressing toward a greater understanding of our true spiritual identity. At this point, I felt as if prayer was literally moving me.



COURTESY PHOTO

It would be a time of self-discovery and listening to God, free from distractions.

With God as my strength, I finished the swim with a personal record. A sense of joy and accomplishment overwhelmed me! I greeted my incoming cabin mates as they got to shore. We hugged, silently congratulating each other on completing what had seemed like an impossible task.

Remembering this experience helps me whenever I worry about myself—my grades, my appearance, my future. I am reminded of who I am and what I really rely on. To go to camp and be challenged to understand the power of our own prayers for ourselves and others is so valuable. And to be silent and realize how much God is really on my side, guiding my life, is the most calming and comforting feeling in the world. ●

Amelia Gill is a junior in high school in Illinois. She enjoys traveling, athletics, and spending time with friends and family.

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Lifeguarding prayers

By SIDNEY FOX

Last summer I knew I wanted to work as a lifeguard at a local pool—so I took an intensive lifeguarding course as soon as summer break began. I spent 30 hours over the span of a week learning everything I needed to know in order to receive my lifeguard certification. Just a few days after completing all the requirements, I was hired to work at a pool nearby. I was really excited to start because I would be putting all the skills I had learned into real life practice!

But then, the night before my first day of work, I started feeling extremely nervous. In spite of my training, I doubted that I really had what it takes to rescue and save someone if the necessity arose. I was worried that if someone actually started drowning I would be so scared that I would forget how to rescue them.

I spent that night feeling really uneasy, and even considered not going in to work at all. Then the idea came to me to read some of that week's Christian Science Bible Lesson, which was titled "God the Preserver of Man." The Golden Text read, "The Lord guards you.... The Lord will protect you from all dangers; he will guard your life" (Psalms 121:5, 7, New Century Version). How applicable that passage was to my situa-

tion! My thought was now more at ease.

I realized that God is the real lifeguard: He is guarding and protecting everyone in the pool, and in my job I am simply expressing Him. All I had to do was be confident that if I needed to rescue someone, God would be right there guiding me and protecting everyone involved.

In the Responsive Reading of the Lesson, I read, "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust" (Psalms 91:2). This helped me to understand that I could trust God to protect and guard not just me, but everyone in the pool. Later that night I also thought about a quote from *Education at The Principia*, a book written by Mary Kimball Morgan, the founder of the school I attend. The quote is, "God would not give you something to do and fail to give you the wisdom, strength, and grace necessary to accomplish it" (p. 222). My feeling of uncertainty

was replaced with the reassurance that I had all the training I needed to go up on that lifeguarding stand, and that God is constantly supplying me with all the confidence, grace, and strength I need to perform the job well. I went to bed that night feeling calmer and even looking forward to my first day of work. >



God is guarding and protecting everyone in the pool, and in my job I am simply expressing Him.

When I woke up the next morning, I held steadfastly to the quotes I had been praying with the night before and went in to work that day confident that all was well. The first day went very smoothly—the staff at the pool was extremely friendly and supportive. Thankfully, I didn't end up having to rescue anyone from drowning that summer, but I was put in several situations where I was able to help people, and I was grateful I

had the opportunity to express God in this way.

I'm so grateful for the change of thought I had—from worry to confidence that God is in control—and the opportunity to understand better my relationship with Him. ●

Sidney Fox will be a senior in high school in the fall. In her free time she loves to play with her dogs, swim, sing, and play softball.

Originally published in the June 2, 2014, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Christian Science practitioner for a day

By TABITHA KEMNITZ

Last summer I took a service trip to Peru with my National Leadership Council class, a group of young Christian Scientists learning about servant leadership together. We were there to help plaster and paint a school in a village near the city of Cusco, and we would also teach English, art, sports, dance, and music to the students for several days. In order to spiritually support the trip, a Christian Science practitioner prayed from her home in the US—and each of us took turns being practitioners for a day as well. Everyone was assigned a buddy so we could pray together for the class throughout the day.

The night before it was going to be my turn to be the practitioner, I prepared readings from the Bible and *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, by Mary Baker Eddy, for the testimony meeting we would be having the next day. I chose passages that talk about how God loves

His children, and how He is in constant communication with us and never leaves us alone. I fell asleep with those ideas fresh in my mind, knowing that the next day I could hold strongly to them and use them to pray for the class.

The next morning I woke up quite early, for what seemed to be no reason. Moments later my roommate rushed to the bathroom, feeling ill. After I reassured her that everything was OK, we both went back to sleep. Half an hour later I woke up again, moments before my roommate ran once more to the bathroom. That time one of our class leaders came in and we prayed together with the answer to the question in *Science and Health*, “What is man?” (p. 475). We knew that *man* (a term Mrs. Eddy uses to refer to all men and women) is nothing that can be tampered with; man is the image and likeness of God. We affirmed together that my roommate re-

flected God perfectly and completely, and once she was feeling better we went back to sleep.

Half an hour later I was woken up again—this time by my alarm clock. I thought back to what had happened during the night, and was reminded of the story of Samuel in the Bible. When Samuel was just a boy he was woken in the night by a voice. Samuel was a student under the prophet Eli, so he went to him, thinking he had been called. But Eli said he hadn't called Samuel, so Samuel went back to sleep. It wasn't until the third time Samuel came into his room that Eli realized God was communicating with Samuel, and told him to reply, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth" (see I Samuel 3:1–10). I felt that, in a way, the two times I had woken up to help my roommate were a kind of call from God, a reminder that I needed to listen to His direction.

So I stayed awake, before the rest of the class got up, praying and preparing my thinking to be receptive to God's messages.

Our class started off the day by reading the Christian Science Bible Lesson together and sharing gratitude for what we were learning. Gratitude is so important—it helps us realize that God supplies us with everything we have and need. Gratitude helps us to better understand the feelings of others, and love them. I think the gratitude sharing that day helped our class to feel love and joy no matter what we were individually feeling or thinking. My roommate was

feeling much better by the end of the day as a result of all the prayers being offered and ideas shared.

Before we ate breakfast, I read aloud to the group the passage from *Science and Health* that my roommate and I had prayed with earlier, which answers the question "What is man?": "Man is not matter; he is not made up of brain, blood, bones, and other material elements. The Scriptures inform us that man is made in the image and likeness of God..." (p. 475). I hoped that starting our day with this would help us all to affirm that we are spiritual reflections of God, not made of matter and prone to being sick.

When it was time to hike up to our location of service, I helped the class to all stay together. Some students were able to walk extremely quickly up and down the hill to the work site, while others needed to take more time. I felt it was important that our

whole class spend that time together, hiking as one team. Unity is a way of expressing divine Love. When the faster hikers slowed down and spent that time with the kids who walked more slowly, it was a wonderful feeling for everyone. No one was left hiking alone; as a group we were able to talk and share love and support.

I loved serving as our group's Christian Science practitioner that day. Throughout the day, as we worked and taught, my classmates came to me, no matter where I was, to ask for prayerful help if they needed it. We would sit down and pray or read together, and



I stayed awake, before the rest of the class got up, praying and preparing my thinking.

everyone found a snippet or spiritual concept that really helped them. Serving my class in this way was one of the best feelings ever—I was able to completely let go of a personal sense of myself, and focus solely on praying for and with our group.

This experience taught me that God’s love is unconditionally given to everyone. It taught me that keeping spiritual ideas uppermost in my thinking—no matter

if it’s in the form of gratitude, hymns, or simply being together with a group—will always help me. And I learned that looking away from yourself to help others is the most freeing experience in the world! ●

Tabitha Kemnitz will be a senior in high school in the fall at The Principia, a school for Christian Scientists. She’s from California, and loves to explore California state parks.

Originally published in the June 16, 2014, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Reject, replace, rejoice

By TAYLOR MACINTIRE

During the summer before my freshman year of high school, I attended a camp for Christian Scientists in Colorado. While I was there, my friends and I challenged ourselves to peak a 14,000-foot mountain called “Yale.” I have been hiking my whole life, but I had never peaked a mountain before—so I was really looking forward to this opportunity.

The day before this climb, my shoulder and arm had been hurting and I had been feeling sharp pain all the way to my fingers. During the hike the next day, the pain grew even greater, and although we made it to the top of the mountain—an exhilarating feeling—I was getting worried.

When we were on our way down the mountain, I slipped and fell and landed on the arm that had been hurting. As I got up, I found I couldn’t move my wrist or my fingers. A counselor helped me down the mountain, and when we re-

turned to camp, I went to see the Christian Science practitioner who works there.

I had relied on Christian Science for healing my whole life, and I knew this issue with my arm could be healed too. The practitioner and I prayed together, and she reminded me that divine Mind, God, has all power. Mary Baker Eddy wrote in *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* that “Mind is the source of

all movement, and there is no inertia to retard or check its perpetual and harmonious action” (p. 283). I held on to this simple truth throughout the entire day. I also

visited the Christian Science nurse who works at camp, and she wrapped my wrist and put my arm in a sling.

Even though I wasn’t able to move my wrist or fingers, and my shoulder was still bothering me, I felt peaceful and cared for, and I was able to do all the ac-

When you love others, it helps to clear your thinking.

tivities with the other campers. Over the next few days I continued praying with the camp practitioner, knowing that I could be grateful for God’s work, which is complete and perfect—an injury simply couldn’t be a part of that work!

A few days later the camp session ended, and I flew to California for a ten-day family vacation. I was able to continue to work with the Christian Science practitioner, and she reminded me to express love toward everyone around me. At first, I didn’t really understand what she meant because I didn’t think it would help my arm. But now I understand that when you love others, it helps to clear your thinking—you’re focused on seeing others as God sees them, instead of on a mistaken view of yourself or others as material or limited.

The first night in California, I realized that I could really take a stand against error—against a picture that said I was material and susceptible to accidents, rather than spiritual, created in God’s image and likeness. As I was lying in bed, I realized that what really needed to be healed was my thought, not a painful arm. I opened up the *Christian Science Hymnal* to Hymn No. 148, which begins, “In heavenly Love abiding, / No change my heart shall fear” (Anna L. Waring). My mom had mentioned to me earlier that day that sometimes pain in our day-to-day experience can have to do with fear in our thought. I realized that I’d been feeling some fear that my activity—including having fun at camp and with my brothers—could be limited. But I could get rid of fear in my thinking!

Further along in the hymn, I read these words:

The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

COURTESY PHOTO



I decided that the “storm” of fear would have to “roar without me,” because God was all around and I had nothing to fear.

Then I remembered an idea that someone had shared at a Wednesday evening testimony meeting I’d attended at camp. It was called the three R’s—reject, replace, rejoice. Following this concept, I rejected the idea that I was contained in a material body that could be limited or injured and replaced it with the idea that I was a perfect expression of God. God has no limits, which means that, since I reflect Him, neither do I.

The next morning when I woke up, I was completely healed. I was so happy! I could freely move my shoulder without pain, and I had full function in my wrist and fingers, whereas just the night before, I wasn’t able to move them well at all.

I have grown up relying on Christian Science healing, but I never felt that I completely understood the effectiveness of prayer or exactly how to pray until this experience. I learned that I was not praying to be free from a specific physical condition, but instead I was praying to get rid of fear and limitation in my thinking. I am truly grateful for this experience. ●

Taylor MacIntire will be a senior in high school in the fall. In her free time she loves to read, travel, and row on her crew team.

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