



# CHRISTIAN SCIENCE Sentinel

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

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# Destination healing

By BRITTANY DUKE

I was headed to Europe! Along with a group of my fellow teenage tennis players, I would be spending three weeks participating in tennis tournaments in several different countries.

One of the ideas I've learned from attending a Christian Science Sunday School is that God is our Father-Mother. And since God is infinite, filling all space, and ever present, that means that my divine Father-Mother is with me wherever I go. To prepare for the trip, I prayed to know I would be protected everywhere I traveled, since I can never be outside the care of an infinite God. I also prayed to understand that even though my parents wouldn't be with me, I was never without help and guidance, since my Father-Mother God is always present.

The trip was a lot of fun—both the sightseeing and the tournaments. There were many small opportunities to pray, and I frequently thought about my connection with God. But the most memorable healing occurred about half-way through the trip.

Our group ate at many different restaurants as we traveled, and, one night at dinner, a few people joked about the possibility of getting food poisoning from the “interesting” meal. Although I brushed the joking aside, I couldn't quite shake the fear that I could be adversely affected by the meal. The next day, in the middle of a tennis match, I began to experience the symptoms of food poisoning. Even though I was uncomfortable, I tried

to push through. But when that didn't work, I started to pray. The Golden Text from the Bible Lesson that week was: “For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost” (Romans 14:17).

It was extremely comforting to know that I was not governed by “meat” and “drink” but by “righteousness, and peace, and joy.” It helped me understand that food could not harm me in any way, because Spirit is supreme and good and doesn't share its power with anything. The kingdom of God, where I live as God's daughter, is composed of peace. Nothing could disrupt that peace or my God-given joy. I was able to return to the hotel, rest peacefully, and join the group for dinner later that night. The next day, I was back on the tennis courts, and I had no problems for the rest of the trip.

This experience was valuable, because it proved to me that I could experience healing even when I didn't have my parents around, or I couldn't reach a Christian Science practitioner to ask for prayerful support. I learned that I have a “direct line” to God, because my relationship to my Father-Mother is unbreakable. And I'm able to pray and experience healing on my own, wherever I am. ●

*I could experience healing even when I didn't have my parents around.*



KEN BAUGHMAN—STAFF

Originally published in the January 18 & 25, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

# Safe in the storm

By LYDIA PIERCE

The sky seems so much bigger when you're in the middle of the ocean. Especially when it's also the middle of the night. And that's where I was: On a 30-foot wooden sailboat off the coast of Maine. I was sailing with eight other students, plus a teacher, as part of a week-long sailing trip. This was the first night, and we were taking turns keeping watch at the bow of the boat.

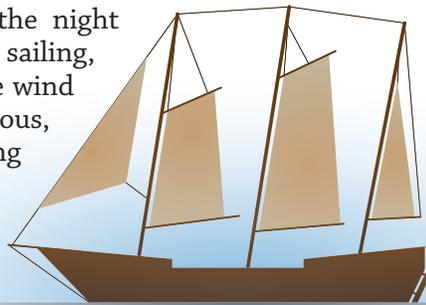
It was an experience like no other: just the ocean, the stars, and me. I took the opportunity to read a metaphysical article from a selection we'd brought with us. The article was called "God's Law of Adjustment," and there was one line that stood out to me: "If a man were drowning in mid-ocean with apparently no human help at hand, there is a law of God which, when rightly appealed to, would bring about his rescue" (Adam H. Dickey, *The Christian Science Journal*, January 1916). As I read it, I felt reassured that no matter what challenge presented itself, God would lead us to safety. His love was completely reliable, and we were always in His care. I carried this thought with me through the rest of the trip, and it helped me overcome the many difficulties I faced.

In the middle of the night before our last day of sailing, it started to storm. The wind and waves were ferocious, and the boat was being tossed around. The bad weather woke me up, but almost immediately, the

story of Jesus sleeping through the storm came to mind (see Mark 4:36–39). When their own boat was being threatened by waves and wind, the disciples became afraid. But Jesus' faith that God was always taking care of him allowed him to sleep soundly through the storm. He was completely at peace in the consciousness of God's presence, and that's what allowed him both to rest comfortably and, later, to still the wind and the waves. I applied this to our own situation and fell back asleep trusting that God was protecting all of us.

The next morning it was still storming, and we ended up having to sail through the bad weather in order to get to our destination on time. I clung to the thought that I'd been leaning on since the very beginning of the trip: that we were safe and secure because, as it says in the Bible, "in him [God] we live, and move, and have our being" (Acts 17:28). This calmed me down, and we eventually made it back safely.

I've never had a more amazing experience than this sailing trip! I'm so grateful for everything I learned about trusting God and feeling His care even in challenging situations. Whether I'm in a boat in the middle of the ocean, or facing some other kind of "storm" in my life, I love knowing that God's saving, healing power is always with me, and it's completely reliable. ●



KEN BAUGHMAN—STAFF

Originally published in the February 8, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

# When prayer replaced panic

By JENNY SINATRA

I couldn't remember much of anything. It was 11:30 at night, and I had a journalism exam the next day. What had I learned in class all semester?

I'd studied, done all my reading, followed the syllabus to a T. But now I was having some kind of memory lapse. My stomach was in knots, and I couldn't even think straight. Should I go to the library? Try desperately to cram?

Then, through all the worry, I heard ...

*You can pray.*

I resisted, because I didn't think I had the time.

But the thought came again: *You can pray.*

So I opened my *Christian Science Hymnal* to No. 134, which begins:

I look to Thee in every need,  
And never look in vain;  
I feel Thy touch, eternal Love,  
And all is well again:  
(Samuel Longfellow)

I read over each line, soaking in the truths like never before.

In the first verse, what stood out to me was the idea that we can count on God. We can turn to God any time we feel lost or afraid, and His help is right there. God's love is tangible to us—reassuring and healing.

The beginning of the second verse reminded me that I didn't have to panic:

Thy calmness bends serene above,  
My restlessness to still;  
Around me flows Thy quickening life  
To nerve my faltering will.

But what did that term “quicken” mean? I knew it didn't have anything to do with a racing pulse or racing thoughts!

The Bible talks of being “quicken” by the Spirit” (I Peter 3:18). Made alive, inspired.

So I saw how a spiritual quickening was a lot different from racing around trying to get things done, even with the best intentions. A spiritual quickening would mean being enlivened by God and inspired to be alert to ways I could express love, even in a tough situation, and to express and glorify God with every single step I took.

The third verse spoke to me with this promise: “Thy hand in all things I behold, / And all things in Thy hand.” Could it be that this exam was an opportunity to see God's “hand”—to see the power of divine intelligence, or Mind, at work? Some of the panic eased as I realized that my success on this test wasn't all up to me.

With these calming thoughts, I was able to go to bed, and when I woke up, the thought came to walk across campus to a bagel shop on the main street. It was just the squirrels and me, trudging across campus in those early-morning hours. But I felt different—not burdened



KEN BAUGHMAN—STAFF

or worried, but more confident that I really was God's reflection, and God was the source of all true intelligence. My time studying at the bagel shop was productive. Gradually, the information from my journalism class started to come back to me. But I was no longer obsessed with remembering all the answers. I was feeling more of my oneness with divine Mind, and that was chasing away the fear of failure.

Later, blue exam book in hand, I took a deep breath and read the first question.

I knew that! And the next one. And the next. As I wrote, the ideas just flowed. When the professor called, "Time," I was able to pick up my backpack and walk out of the classroom with a feeling of confidence and peace.

My good grade was posted a few weeks later. But the victory that stayed with me was the deeper understanding that God really is there in those moments of panic or struggle—to still our restlessness, to quiet our fears, and to love and guide and heal us. ●

Originally published in the February 22, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

## Not guilty!

By ROXANNA DEMERS

**"B**ring your school bag and all of your personal belongings with you."

It was junior year and the middle of third period. Why was I being called out of class by a school administrator?

I was a good kid. I had never been searched before. But when I got to the office, they told me they'd received a tip from a "credible source" alleging that I had been selling/distributing controlled substances to fellow students on school grounds. At the end of the search, they concluded that I had nothing on me, but I still felt as if I hadn't been totally exonerated. I wanted to be completely free from any doubt or question.

After I was escorted from the room, I called my mom. She was understanding and supportive. She told me that my true identity, as God's innocent and pure child, was and is God-protected and

maintained. She also assured me that obedience and moral courage don't put us in harm's way, but that in being obedient, we're safe from every so-called danger.

My mom also reminded me of one of my favorite Bible stories—the story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. These three men's obedience and loyalty to the one God, Spirit, protected them even from death (see Daniel 3). This was a very comforting reminder of God's ever-presence and my safety in God's presence. When I felt ready, I went back to class.

As a lifelong Christian Scientist, it was natural for me to turn to prayer for guidance and comfort. So for the rest of the day, I continued to pray about the situation. I also turned to an article I like from the January 1916 *Christian Science Journal* titled "God's



Law of Adjustment.” I found a section of the article that perfectly addressed my feelings and concerns. It reads: “If our good is evilly spoken of, this does not affect the situation in any degree. Our responsibility ceases when we have complied with the demands of good ...” (Adam H. Dickey).

This passage helped me realize that nothing untrue or erroneous can ever be used as evidence in God’s court, so to speak. In God’s court, I was free, sinless, pure, and perfect. This was the way God was seeing me, and I knew there was no other mind to perceive or judge me in some other way.

I held to these ideas over the next week, but it was challenging. There were some whispers in the halls, and I felt as if my positive character and reputation had been defamed as a result of this false accusation.

On Sunday, I brought up the issue with my Sunday School teacher. We talked about the story in the Bible about the woman who had committed adultery and was to be stoned in public, but was saved from being stoned (see John 8:1–11). While the woman in the story had actually done something wrong,

whereas I had not, I still found helpful parallels between her experience and mine. In the story, Jesus says, “Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.”

I saw that this is the power of Christ, God’s saving love. It frees us from anything that would keep us under a shadow, whether it’s actual sin or a misperception of who we are. I prayed to know that I, too, could be free—to feel trusted by my peers and family, and not to have a false accusation hanging over my head.

It was eye-opening for me to realize that I could be free of feeling misjudged when I’d done nothing wrong. The same redeeming love that freed the woman in the story was liberating me.

Praying this way allowed me to be and feel free from any accusations. I felt convinced that the way God knows me, as completely innocent, was the only way I had ever been, or could ever be, known.

The rest of my junior year went well. Thanks to the prayer about this situation, I felt empowered to be myself, and this resulted not just in a better and more close-knit group of friends, but also in the joy that comes from knowing myself a little more the way God knows me. ●

### *I felt free from any accusations.*

Originally published in the March 7, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

# Rusty, come home!

By HUNTER BENKOSKI

**R**usty, our golden retriever, was missing.

It was evening, around the time when we usually bring him inside for the night. But he was nowhere to be found. Everyone in my family was immediately concerned for Rusty's safety, as he had never been beyond the wooded area that surrounds our house. And now, darkness had fallen, and it was starting to rain pretty heavily. To make matters worse, there had been several recent stories in the news about animals that had disappeared or been treated cruelly outside their homes.

I was extremely afraid, imagining all kinds of worst-case scenarios. But my mom shared a passage from *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy that helped me think more clearly and more spiritually about the situation. The passage was, "God is the Life, or intelligence, which forms and preserves the individuality and identity of animals as well as of men" (p. 550). It was reassuring to think of Rusty being preserved by God and to know that he could never be outside God's safeguarding, life-giving power.

Since this happened over the holidays, when we had a lot of family visiting, Rusty's disappearance led to a major search party. All my relatives grabbed flashlights and headed off in different directions to look for Rusty. But hours of searching turned up nothing.

It was tempting to feel discouraged and afraid, but I've learned through studying Christian Science that I can always pray effectively by starting with God and what I know about Him. Starting with God, who is Truth, allows the reality

of God's goodness, and His total control over every situation, to come to light.

My family members were all praying with the idea that Rusty was included in Love, which is All, and that God was supplying the intelligence and guidance that we needed to find Rusty. This idea from *Science and Health* encapsulated what we were knowing about our dear dog: "There is but one creator and one creation. This creation consists of the unfolding of spiritual ideas and their identities, which are embraced in the infinite Mind and forever reflected" (pp. 502–503). We prayed to understand that as an idea of God, Rusty could not be separated from his creator. And we worked to recognize that God's care was immediate and ever present. I could feel the love and power behind these prayers.

After searching the areas close to our house, my mom decided to jump in her car and head a mile away to where there's a long, winding road that takes you to a neighborhood behind our property. She drove up and down the road in the dark, looking for Rusty. After she searched the entire length of road, the thought came to her to backtrack and look again in one particular area. This time, though, the guidance came to roll down her window and call to Rusty. At the time, this seemed silly because it was dark, pouring rain, and it was unlikely that her calls could even be heard. But she followed the leading. After she called to Rusty several times,



KEN BAUGHMAN—STAFF

the door of a nearby house opened and a man appeared through the rain on his front step. He pointed across the street and said that he thought the house across the street had our dog. Then he quickly disappeared back into his house.

My mom wasn't sure she had heard him correctly, but she trusted that as Mind's idea, Rusty was safe in God's tender, loving care. And so she followed the man's instructions, pulling up in front of the house he had pointed to. Trusting God as Mind and the only intelligence, my mom went up to the front door and knocked. The door opened, and my mom told the gentleman who answered the door that she was looking for our golden retriever. He smiled

*Rusty was included  
in Love, which is All.*

and said that Rusty was in their garage!

Rusty had been wrapped in a blanket and was sound asleep on a cushion on the floor. He had been given food and water, and the man told my mom that his kids had sat with Rusty for a while to calm him. Rusty had lost his name tag with our number on it. But Love not only directed him to safety, but Love also led us to him.

My mom loaded Rusty in the car and headed home. We were all so happy to have our dear boy back.

How comforting to know that Rusty, as God's idea, had never been lost, because God's love embraces all His creatures. I am so grateful for God's love and care for all His ideas. ●

Originally published in the March 21, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

## Searching for healing

By KAI FISHER

Canoeing on the lakes of New Hampshire might sound like a relaxing vacation. But this class trip was anything but! It was a week-long expedition, and I wasn't totally excited about it at first. But once I realized that I had the spiritual truths taught in Christian Science to help me every minute of the trip, my attitude completely changed. Though I struggled on the first day of paddling, after that, I was able to apply what I knew about God, and about God's harmonious spiritual creation (including me), to every challenge that came up and to watch

as everything began to fall into place perfectly. It ended up being an amazing trip!

Because we were out in the wilderness, we had to drink iodine-purified water. I was accustomed to iodine, having used it to purify water for two-day hiking trips before. But I had never used it for an extended period of time. I was fine over the course of the trip, but the first day back at school, I woke up feeling downright awful. The physical symptoms were intense. Not only did I not feel well, but I was also in a lot of pain. I wondered if what I was feeling might be

the effects of being exposed to too much iodine.

I stumbled through the day, trying to pray and listen to God, but by the time I had to go to cross-country practice, I knew I needed a time-out to really focus spiritually. My coach recommended that I go back to my room so I could call my parents and a Christian Science practitioner.

I did call my mom when I got back to my room, and she shared with me some great metaphysical ideas that reassured me of God's all-power and the complete powerlessness of anything unlike God, good. This was helpful, but when I got off the phone, I was still afraid of the symptoms I was experiencing.

Some part of me realized that the temptation to Google the effects of iodine overdose was something I shouldn't give in to. Looking up this information was in exact opposition to the spiritual ideas I'd been talking about with my mom and had been praying with all day. But I felt as if I couldn't help it; I just needed to check.

When I clicked the search bar, though, something funny happened. Even though I had never typed the phrase before, the suggestion "whole man" instantly appeared in the search bar. It was such a surprise that I had to do a double take. It was just the thought I needed! I realized that my God-given wholeness was the place where I needed to start in my prayers. I didn't need to go hunting online for information that would distract me from understanding my spiritual identity. My wholeness was all I needed to know, because God cre-

ates and maintains my perfection, and that's all that can be true about me, ever.

As I thought about this idea further, I remembered the Bible story in which Jesus had to pay a temple tax but had no money to do so. So Jesus told Peter, his disciple, to look in the mouth of the first fish he caught and the money would be there to pay the tax (see Matthew 17:24-27). Peter didn't

look in any other fish's mouth to see if there was extra money. He simply took what he needed and was thankful for the provision.

I realized something similar applied in my case. I got my "coin"—the message of the "whole man"—and I could accept the gift God had given me and thank Him for it. With this insight, the fear I'd been feeling vanished, as did most of the physical symptoms. The dizziness and nausea completely disappeared, and the pain I'd been experiencing was mostly alleviated.

By the next morning, the pain was completely gone. And I had a new appreciation for the power of knowing my wholeness and perfection as God's spiritual idea.

This healing has prompted me to turn to God regularly—not just when I'm struggling or need healing—because I've realized how valuable God's messages are to everything I'm doing. These angel ideas are always available to each of us, guiding us to inspired solutions, new perspectives, and healing. ●



Originally published in the March 21, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

# Test-taking triumph

By AVA LESKO

I couldn't complete the test. I'd studied and felt I knew the material. But in spite of my hard work, I couldn't get through the exam for my Advanced Placement chemistry class. It was extremely disappointing, but I promised myself that it wouldn't happen again.

After a restful Christmas break, I came into class prepared to succeed on the next exam. But the first question left me feeling as if I were reading another language. I tried to clear my thought immediately by praying. But fear seemed to take over, and I was forced to leave most of the exam blank. Even though I had another class period to finish the exam, I didn't feel I could complete the test anyway, as I did not know most of the material, despite hours of preparation.

That afternoon, after I got home from school, I decided I needed to approach things differently. Instead of beginning to study again immediately, I took some time to pray.

I began by praying to let go of any resentment I felt toward the class, the teacher, or about the test, and I declared that the test was an opportunity to demonstrate my God-given intelligence. This intelligence is infinite, since God is infinite, and I knew I could express it freely. I also recognized that intelligence was not brain-based, but God-based.

I realized that often I would ask my friends who had already taken the test whether it was easy or hard, and since most of them said it was difficult, I'd been

starting each test with a predetermined opinion about how well I would probably do. I had accepted the idea that the test was difficult, and that I had to struggle as a result. I could also see that I was limiting myself by starting from the wrong standpoint—that intelligence was coming from me instead of from God, who is the one and only Mind. In my prayer, I declared that Mind was always present and that God was in control and governing me.

Next, I reviewed my motives for taking the class and my desire to do well. I saw that the only motive I'd really had was a pure desire to learn. Chemistry had always been one of my favorite subjects, and I have always loved to learn. I knew that with this pure motive animating my work, only a positive outcome could be possible. I was expressing God's goodness, and only good could be the result.

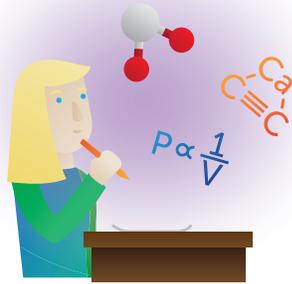
I also prayed with the idea that there was nothing outside Mind, God. There was no limited mind taking a test or being confused. As Mary Baker Eddy says in *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, "All is infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation, for God is All-in-all" (p. 468). This was a great reassurance that one Mind governs my work, as well as every aspect of creation.

Before opening my chemistry book again, I turned to this quote from Proverbs: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowl-

*I decided I needed to approach things differently. Instead of beginning to study again immediately, I took some time to pray.*

edge him, and he shall direct thy paths” (3:5, 6). I decided that as I proceeded to study for the test, I would put all my trust in God and never doubt that I would be directed to the right material. I felt a lot of peace about this approach, and my studying went really well after that.

The next day, I had another opportunity to finish the exam, and I did so with ease and confidence. Rather than panic, I felt a calm sense of guidance, as though I was being led to the correct answer or the



right method to solve the problem at each stage of the test. It was a completely different test-taking experience from what I'd ever had before, and I finished the exam feeling joyful and inspired. My good grade reflected both my hard work and, more important, the prayer that had gone into my test prep.

This experience gave me a new understanding of how to pray effectively about tests, and to triumph knowing that I am truly the expression of infinite Mind. ●

KEN BAUGHMAN—STAFF

Originally published in the April 4, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

## Healing on the sidelines

By CARSON HUSSEY

Soccer! I love the game. I love the running, the sun on my back, my cleats gripping the grass, the friendships with teammates, the competition, and, most recently, the opportunities for healing.

Picture this: My high school soccer team is warming up for the final game of the season. We know it's the final game because we've won our qualifying games up to this point—up to the state competition—and there are no more games past state. Where am I in this picture?

I'm on the sidelines, sitting on the hard metal bench, unable to participate in warm-ups because of a pain in my hip. I can hardly walk, let alone run, handle the ball, or kick.

Being injured and sitting out a game isn't something new. I've had a number of soccer injuries, and, to be honest, I took a pretty halfhearted attempt at dealing with them. However, two years ago, I began attending a school for Christian Scientists, where I am surrounded by people who regularly turn to God through prayer for healing. My classmates' examples have encouraged me to apply myself more wholeheartedly to spiritual healing. And sitting on the sidelines during the team warm-up for the state competition was one of those times. I realized that I could either accept the possibility of healing and apply myself wholeheartedly to prayer, or I

*His confidence in the thruth he was stating  
awakened my thought to the possibility that  
I could be healed right then and there.*

could sit on the bench for this important game.

One of the team's assistant coaches, also a Christian Scientist, came over to talk with me and shared some ideas about the power and presence of God's care for me. Though I can't remember his exact words, I do know that his confidence in the truth he was stating awakened my thought to the possibility that I could be healed right there and then. I reached out to God for help with my whole heart, knowing that, as Jesus promised in his Sermon on the Mount, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matthew 7:7).

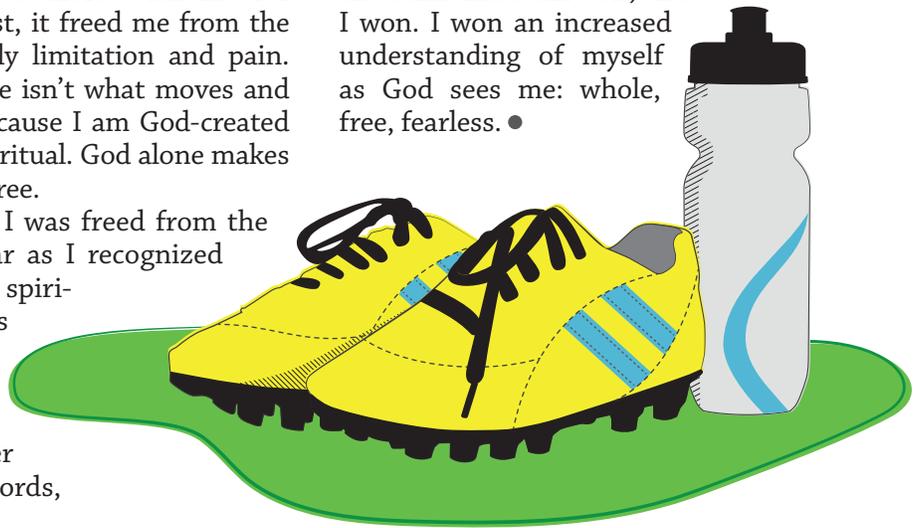
Immediately this inspired thought came to me: God puts you on your feet every day, and today is no different. This instantly struck a chord with me for two reasons. First, it freed me from the thought of bodily limitation and pain. I saw that muscle isn't what moves and animates me, because I am God-created and therefore spiritual. God alone makes me upright and free.

And second, I was freed from the limitation of fear as I recognized that, in terms of spiritual reality, this moment was no different from any other moment of any other day. In other words,

this moment was still full of all the qualities of God: strength, unhindered ability, freedom of movement, and intelligence. This was exactly the inspiration that I needed.

My thought changed, and I felt the fear drop away. I could see that nothing could stand in my way. With this freedom of thought came freedom of expression, and I was able to move about easily and comfortably. I joined the team for warm-ups and the game.

This healing felt a bit like when Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego went fearlessly into the fiery furnace, because of their confidence that they were following God, and they were completely protected in doing so (see Daniel 3). I, too, felt a spiritual impulse to follow God and so went forward with courage and calm. The team won, and I won. I won an increased understanding of myself as God sees me: whole, free, fearless. ●



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Originally published in the April 18, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

# At home with Love

By MEGAN BELL

Life was going really well. Great in fact! After moving house two years before, I was in a whirlwind of activity: studying hard for exams and regularly participating in equestrian competitions.

Christian Science has helped me so much in all my activities, and it had been especially helpful during the move. Now, as I prepared for exams, I found I was turning to it more than ever. I recalled reading that Mary Baker Eddy once paused before she entered a room to let the Christ, the powerful idea of God's presence, go before her (see Julia M.

Johnston, *Mary Baker Eddy: Her Mission and Triumph*, pp. 138–139).

I decided that before I entered the exam hall, I would pause to affirm that I reflected God, the one Mind, and it was this Mind that gave me the intelligence I needed to know the answers. This really helped settle my thoughts and prepare me for each exam.

When exams were over, it was a huge relief! I had a busy summer planned with equestrian events, but the main event was a trip from the UK to the US to attend a Christian Science summer camp.

However, amidst all this joy, my mum announced that our family would be moving to a new area some distance away. I was in disbelief and very resistant to the idea as it would mean changing schools and leaving all my friends. To say I felt unsettled and fearful about the future would be an understatement.

It wasn't until I went to summer camp that my thought began to change. It was very inspiring to be among other Chris-

tian Scientists, and the environment was very uplifting. I was struck by how loving everyone was, and how supportive the counselors and campers were of each other.

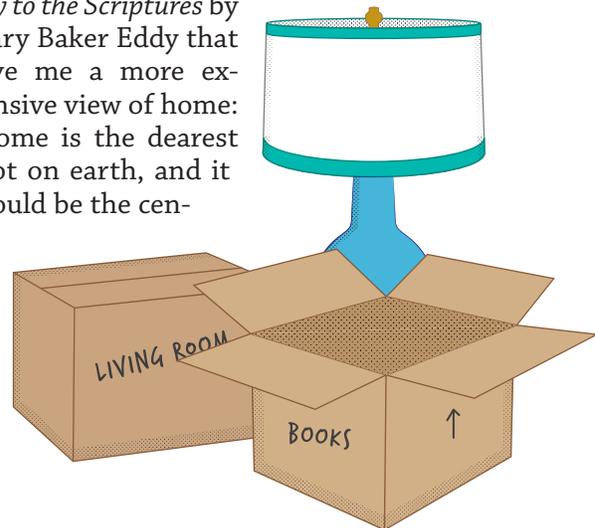
Each day, we were encouraged to express gratitude, and I found that whilst I was doing this, it was impossible for me to hold on to resentment about my situation back home. And, since I wasn't in touch with my mum during this time, I had to turn wholeheartedly to God to feel peaceful and secure about whatever came next. Because

God is good and Love itself, I knew that the right plan for all of us had to be unfolding.

At camp, we had metaphysical sessions—opportunities to discuss Christian Science and share ideas about what we were learning. One thing I discovered during these sessions was a passage from *Science and Health with*

*Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy that gave me a more expansive view of home: "Home is the dearest spot on earth, and it should be the cen-

*I understood  
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LESA ANDREWS—STAFF

tre, though not the boundary, of the affections” (p. 58).

This helped me focus on all the good that was present in my home and understand that this good would remain with me, wherever I lived. I felt reassured as I began to see home more spiritually and realized there was nothing I could lose.

When I returned home from summer camp, we moved house. Though we didn’t have long to settle in, since school started just a few days later, I still felt a tangible sense of God’s love. I had taken it with me—from camp, and even to our

new house—and I knew that I could embrace everyone in my new class with this same love. This is practicing Christian Science, since, “The vital part, the heart and soul of Christian Science, is Love” (*Science and Health*, p. 113).

Today, life is going really well. Great in fact! I did well on my exams; my new home is lovely; and we are all happily settled. When I look back, I can see how Love was with me every step of the way—and, of course, continues to be.

I am so grateful for Christian Science and the lessons it is teaching me. ●

Originally published in the May 2, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

## Out from under the shadow

By AIDAN O’HAGAN

When my older brother got back from a three-month survival course in the wilds of Tanzania, he had some stories to tell. Some really crazy stories. Lions, ostriches (yes, they can be scary), not to mention his trip up to the peak of Mount Kilimanjaro. It was clear from his tales that while his journey in Africa was exciting, it also brought with it some serious personal challenges. Likewise, his adventure also brought me some of my own.

As the youngest of three brothers, I’d reached a point where I realized I was pretty much a repeating track, a song on replay. My older brothers had carved out a way, and I was along for the ride, cruising through sports, school, and camp on the reputation already made for me by the name “O’Hagan.” I became used to hear-

ing “Little O’Hagan,” “Mini O’Hagan,” and “Sean or Brendan’s little brother,” and at first, I didn’t mind. It made things easy. Having watched my brothers go through middle school and high school, when I got to the same places, I had confidence, because I felt as if I already knew exactly what I was doing. In a small way, it almost felt as if I’d done it all before.

But that changed. I grew up a bit and realized I didn’t want to feel like a repetition. And all of sudden, instead of feeling that my older brothers were there to pave the way for me, I began feeling that they were creating a rather large shadow that I couldn’t get out from under. I wrestled with a growing feeling of being lost, as well as feeling confused as to what I should even be doing. It was around this time that my older brother left for Af-

rica, and that shadow I felt I was trying to escape only grew larger. As my brother's achievements grew, my confidence steadily declined.

Because I wanted to break out of these uncomfortable thoughts and feelings, I started attacking the problem in thought, as I've learned to do in Christian Science. I knew that this involved understanding God better, and also my relation to God as His son—not the product of a human family, but God's own complete, spiritual creation.

I started to rethink the idea of living under a shadow. The Bible talks about how we can dwell “in the secret place of the most High,” “under the shadow of the Almighty” (Psalms 91:1). Of course, this isn't a literal shadow, but I saw it as a better way of thinking about the idea of living under a shadow—that it could be the “shadow” of God's care. Another passage in Psalms offers this prayer: “Hide me under the shadow of thy wings” (17:8). And I also thought about the idea of God brooding over us like a mother bird, like in Mary Baker Eddy's hymn that begins, “Brood o'er us with Thy shelt'ring wing” (*Christian Science Hymnal*, No. 30). These passages reminded me that it's God's very nature to govern us, and protect us. I saw that the Bible doesn't ask us to live under the shadow of man, but under the protection and nurturing care of God, and that is a safe place, protected as a mother would shelter her young.

I recognized that by allowing myself to feel that I was being overshadowed by my brothers, I was limiting myself, because I wasn't appreciating my own God-given goodness, abilities, and individuality. I also realized that measuring myself against my brothers' accomplishments was keeping me from giving all the glory to God, the highest power. As long as I

used my brothers' accomplishments as my yardstick for achievement, I was saying that my highest aspiration was to be like another man. Instead, I needed to shift my focus to God. Under God's care, I was protected and supported in being myself and in recognizing God as my source. This was so freeing!

The change in my thought immediately affected my attitude. Knowing that I no longer had to make up the distance between where it seemed I was and where my brothers were, allowed me to be more confident in the way I approached being myself, and understanding myself as God's expression. It brought me out from the “shadow of man” into a better awareness of my own individuality and my strengths as God's son. It's still a daily, prayerful effort to feel empowered to be myself, instead of feeling intimidated by others' accomplishments. But I'm appreciating my own journey—not up Mount Kilimanjaro perhaps, but up to new heights of spiritual understanding. ●



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Originally published in the May 16, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

# The ride of my life

By PAMELA KEISER

It was a horse that helped me make Christian Science truly “my own.”

I was fourteen. I’d been attending the Christian Science Sunday School since I was six and had had many healings. But my parents had always taken the lead. I’d never been asked to call a Christian Science practitioner on my own or to treat a situation as “mine” to pray about.

Then came the news that I needed to sell my horse. My family was struggling financially, and the neighborhood stable was closing. Also, because I was starting high school in the fall, I wouldn’t have much time for my equine friend. I accepted why I needed to sell my horse; I just wasn’t prepared for the “how.”

To complicate things further, my mom explained that since I was the horse’s owner, I was responsible for selling him. That was a little intimidating. My mom encouraged me to prepare myself spiritually. She and my dad would support me, she told me, but if I wanted help from a practitioner, then I would have to make the call.

This was a serious step for me. I procrastinated. I dreaded having to call and ask for help. I finally realized I was afraid, but I knew that God would give me the courage to pick up the phone. I prayed with one of my favorite passages from the Bible: “In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion” (Psalms 71:1).

When I finally called and the practitioner lovingly told me she would be happy to pray, all my nervousness left. She suggested I study several passages from *Science and Health with Key to the*

*Scriptures*, including this one: “All of God’s creatures, moving in the harmony of Science, are harmless, useful, indestructible” (Mary Baker Eddy, p. 514). By the end of the conversation, I felt ready to be a witness to God’s love for me, my horse, and his future owner.

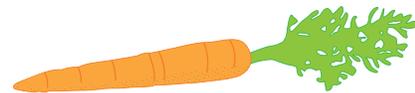
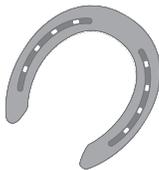
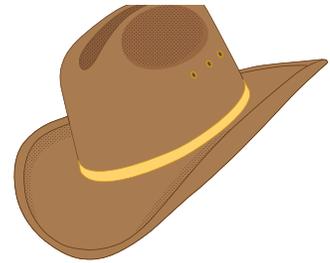
I wrote up an ad for my horse and soon received a call from the family of a nine- or ten-year-old girl. They wanted to see my horse and have the girl ride him. This family felt like the answer to prayer.

But on the day we were supposed to meet, my horse started limping as I rode him before they arrived. I dismounted in a panic. Here I was, all by myself! There was no way to call the practitioner, my parents were off running errands, and now the prospective buyers would come and see that my horse was lame.

“Please, God, help me!” was all I could muster.

Instantly, that passage from *Science and Health* came back to me, and I realized that, because he was really God’s creation, my horse was useful and had a purpose to bless the next little girl who would own him. He was really an indestructible idea of God, sound, and free of limitation. No lie in the form of a physical condition could say otherwise.

Within minutes, my horse began walking and trotting without any sign of lameness. And that very day, the family bought my horse! >



I helped them load him into their horse trailer, and I waved goodbye to my beloved friend. I was happy to have sold him, but then, suddenly, I was overwhelmed with grief. Again, that passage from *Science and Health* came to thought. I realized that my horse needed to bless others with his usefulness, and I was truly happy for the little girl who now owned him. Just as suddenly, the sadness left; I knew God was caring for all of us.

This series of healings made a tremendous impact on me, and I saw very clearly that “all things are possible to God” (*Science and Health*, p. 1). Soon after, I applied for membership in The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts. Christian Science and also membership in The Mother Church have been the anchors in my life. ●

Originally published in the May 30, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

## A new comfort zone

By CHANDLER BROWN

Who wouldn't want to move to France? Most people would think, “Wow! Cool! What a great opportunity!”

But what most people didn't know was that I was moving to France ... but I was going alone. And, frankly, I was a little scared. This was seriously outside of my comfort zone.

My parents had connected with a French family and arranged for me to live with them as a sort of “exchange” for a year. At first I thought it would be awesome to go learn the language and be in another country. But as the time for me to leave got closer, I started having doubts. I didn't want to leave my friends and family. Plus, I would be missing my freshman year in high school in the US. Eventually, though, I realized that this was a once-in-a-lifetime experience, and I couldn't pass it up.

The first few weeks I was in France, everything was a blur. I was traveling

with my host family for the end of summer break, and I was enjoying myself. But as soon as the break was over and school started, life began to settle down, and I got scared again.

What if the kids don't like me because I am an American?

What if I can't understand anything? Why did I ever decide to come here?

For the first few months, all these questions were swirling through my head, and I felt very alone. My host parents were really nice, but home seemed so far away. I had multiple nights when I just wanted to leave.

Then a passage from *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy came to my rescue when it popped up on my phone one day: “Home is the dearest spot on earth, and it should be the centre, though not the boundary, of the affections” (p. 58). This quote really struck me as a good reorientation

as to how I should be viewing my home.

Before this thought switch, I had pictured home as back in the US with my family, dog, and friends. But as I read this quote, it dawned on me that my home in the US should not be the “boundary of the affections.” My feeling of safety and love does not exist solely in my house in the US, because God was the true and only source of love in my life. God is Love itself. And as I’ve learned in the Christian Science Sunday School, God is all around, everywhere. He is All. So Love could never be absent. That whole day, I really felt God’s ever-present love encompassing me.

Another breakthrough happened when I remembered a verse from one of my favorite hymns, which says, “And find our home in every place” (Rosemary Cobham, *Christian Science Hymnal Supplement: Hymns 430–462*, No. 443). This quote brought me so much comfort, and in that instant, I realized that I didn’t have to miss home because I was already there. My home was in Love. And God’s love was always with me, so I didn’t have to feel that I was missing anything by being in a different country.

I also realized that since I am always one with God, then the qualities I loved about my parents, friends, and home were

with me right in that moment, because those qualities come from God. I could never be separated from them. This recognition completely wiped out any lingering fears, and I saw an immediate increase in my progress in speaking French, as well as feeling comfortable in my new surroundings. I also felt a new closeness to God as I relied on Him in everything I did.

The rest of my year in France was so rewarding, and I loved every minute! I made a lot of new friends and still keep in touch with them today. And I gained so much from living in a wholly different culture.

Best of all, I also learned to trust God completely and to put my whole faith in Him. By relying on God’s care, protection, and love, I learned how to be fearless, even when I was far from what seemed to be my comfort zone. In fact, I found a new comfort zone: being at home with Love, wherever I go. ●

*I realized that I didn’t have to miss home because I was already there. My home was in Love.*



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Originally published in the June 13, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

# When I went to get my learner's permit

By ELI ABBOTT

Last summer, I really wanted to get my learner's permit so I could start practicing driving. But taking tests of any kind has always felt hard to me. Even though I study and prepare, my test results don't always show what I know.

For the permit test, I used the state online testing site—taking practice exams to prepare. Though I'd studied on and off throughout the year, I still failed my first few attempts at taking the actual test. The biggest struggle for me was knowing what to study, because the Department of Motor Vehicles has so many versions of the exam and you never know which test you're going to get.

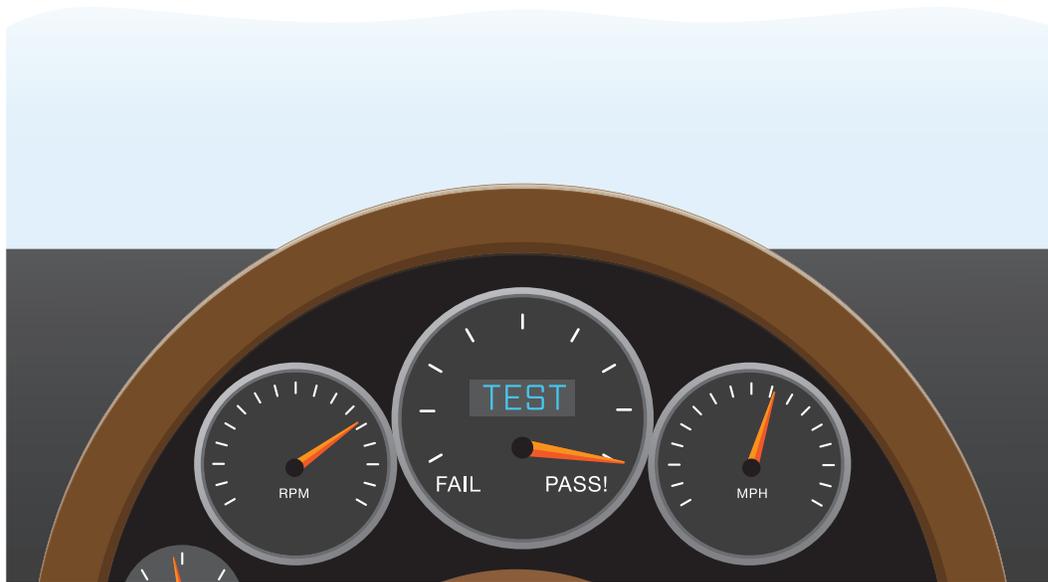
After many failed attempts, I began to worry that maybe I wouldn't be able to pass.

One of the things that I will always be thankful for is growing up in a family where God is at the center of our lives. Attending the Christian Science Sunday

School and reading the weekly Bible Lesson have been my regular practice for as long as I can remember.

When I was younger, one thing that my mom always used to say to me before I'd go to school was that I could remember that "God made me able." This helped me remember that as God's child, I was created with all the intelligence and ability I needed, and my understanding of this would enable me to succeed. I'd also learned in Christian Science Sunday School that "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him" (Genesis 1:27). Being made in God's image meant that I must be capable. The spiritual fact that I am God-created and able has stuck with me, and it still comes to me when I need it.

I decided that it was time to start praying about the test. I called a Christian Science practitioner and told her how I was feeling. The next time I went to



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

*The spiritual fact that I am God-created  
and able has stuck with me, and it still  
comes to me when I need it.*

take the test she reminded me that I am “embraced in the panoply of God’s security.” That helped me feel calm. She also said that because I’m really God’s reflection, I can think and act rightly, so I have the scope, liberty, freedom, and space to respond intelligently to the test.

My mom and I waited more than two and a half hours at the DMV before I got called up to take the test.



On the way up, I reminded myself that “God made me able.”

The lady at the desk smiled at me and said: “This is your day. Today you will pass the test!”

This was like another angel message, a reminder of God’s presence and my ability, and she made my day by saying that. I walked into the test with confidence. After I finished, I felt great, and very soon I found out that I’d passed!

I felt so happy to have my permit in hand. Mom and I decided to go back and thank this woman at the desk, who gave me that encouragement, and show her my permit.

Even though taking tests can still feel like a challenge, this experience was a real proof for me that God is present and is helping me. I am so happy to be learning that God really does give me the ability to do all the things I need to do. ●

Originally published in the June 27, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

*Love inspires, illumines, designates, and leads  
the way. Right motives give pinions to thought,  
and strength and freedom to speech and action.*

Mary Baker Eddy,  
*Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, p. 454

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## A COLLECTION FOR TEENS

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