



CHRISTIAN SCIENCE Sentinel

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

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A COLLECTION FOR KIDS

THE
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SENTINEL

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How I prayed ...

... when I was bullied

By Ace

I was at a park and went on the play structure. A girl was on there. I didn't know why she was on there, because she was a teenager.



She said, "Move!" and kicked me off the play structure. The blow hit right in my rib and really hurt. I fell way far to the ground and was crying my head off. There was a huge bruise by my rib.

Then, as I was lying on the ground, I remembered I could pray. I prayed, "God is with me. I don't have to be scared about this." I stopped crying—just like that. It didn't really hurt anymore. I felt divine Love with me. I knew a kick or fall had no power over me. God's pure love is always with me, and I can't be separated from it. I knew that it wasn't just me God was taking care of, but everyone else, too. I felt fine. Fine! And all the people who had come to see what had happened and were worried about me started to see I was fine, too. I don't even remember when the bruise was gone, but when my mom checked later, she said it wasn't there.

I learned how to pray for myself in Sunday School. And that really, really helped me in this experience.

Another time, I was praying the Lord's Prayer in the car with my mom, and suddenly I had a feeling. I felt really good. I knew God was with me, that He cares for me, and I don't want anything else. It was such a cleansing feeling. And that day I had an amazing day.

I like to read the Bible and *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy. One day, when I was about to start reading, I got the feeling to go for *Science and Health*. So I did. I opened it and read it. There was one part where I got the feeling that God is Love. Divine Love. God is Love, and He is infinite, supreme.

I want to tell everybody that God is Love. He cannot be more Love than He is. I would say that a million times more if I could. God is infinite Love. >

... when I got stung by bees

By Georgia



One time I was at the park, and I went under the play structure. There was a bees' nest. I got stung two or three times. There were marks on my leg.

My mom and I prayed together. We thought about how we could love the bees. God made all His creatures, and they are spiritual and good. I thought about how I could be grateful for the bees.

After I prayed, I asked my mom for a spoonful of honey. I don't usually eat honey, but I thought it could be a way of thanking the bees for being good. I felt all better. The marks on my legs disappeared, too!

I'm grateful that God is always with me.

... when my friend needed help

By Thomas



I was eating lunch in my school cafeteria with both of my best friends, Tucker and Christopher. We were talking and laughing when suddenly Tucker fell backward off the bench of our lunch table. As he fell, one of the cafeteria workers caught him just before his head hit the ground. His eyes and face looked funny, and other grown-ups ran over to help.

I was scared for my friend, but I remembered that I could pray and trust God. My friend Christopher asked me what I was doing. I said I was praying, and he said he would pray, too. I prayed that God made everything and God can make only good, so everything is good and good is the only power.

Soon, some emergency workers showed up. When I saw them, I was even more scared for my friend. I covered my eyes so I could focus on God. I prayed, "Tucker is perfect," and I knew that meant God was taking care of him. Christopher was covering his eyes, too. When Christopher peeked, he said, "Look, Thomas. Tucker's up!" I opened my eyes and saw Tucker sitting up.

I know that God is always in control and is keeping all of us safe. ●

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

Nothing is too hard for God

By Kathryn A. T. Knox

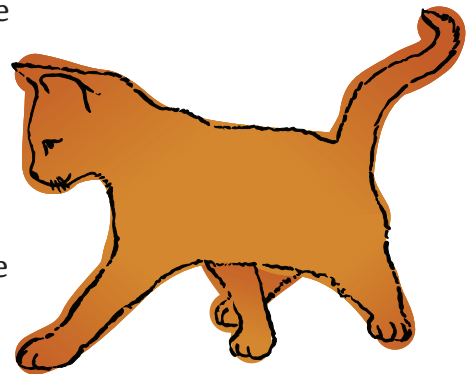
“Can God heal animals?”

I was taking a class on Christian Science, and that was one of the questions I asked my teacher. At home, we’d just had some kittens born to our mama cat. One kitten had deformed front feet. She couldn’t walk or climb. She could move only by pushing with her back feet, and my dad said she would never live a normal life.

I didn’t want to believe that my kitten would never be able to run and play like other kittens, but I was still a little bit afraid. That’s why I asked my teacher during Christian Science class instruction if God could heal animals. He assured me that all life is in God, so it can only express good, because God is good. That meant that even a problem such as this could be healed, because healing is about understanding God and His total goodness better. My teacher encouraged me to let my prayer lead me to the right understanding of this kitten’s spiritual perfection.

One thing I read in the Bible during this class was the story of a man who came to Christ Jesus because his son was sick. (You can find this story in the Bible by going to the book of John, chapter four, and looking at verses 46–53.) This father was really worried, and he begged Jesus to “come down” and heal his son, who was “at the point of death.” The man might just have been asking Jesus to come to his house. But I read his request differently. It seemed to me that the man wasn’t sure if Jesus got how serious things were with his son. It felt as if the man was asking Jesus to “come down” from his mental place of inspiration and get on the same level with the problem so he could heal it—as if he was asking Jesus to believe in the problem first, and then take care of it. Jesus refused to “come down,” but he did heal the child.

I realized that I also couldn’t “come down” by feeling sorry for, or sad about, the kitten, or by thinking some problem was just too hard to handle. I spent the rest



of my time during this 12-day class period praying and thinking about the ideas in *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy and feeling very close to God.

When I came home, guess what I found? The little kitten ran to me—then immediately climbed up a tree in the yard! She stood firmly on all four legs as if to say, “Well, here’s who I am. 100 percent good—the way God made me!”

Our family named this kitten “Angel,” and we kept her as one of our pets her whole life. She was a sweet blessing.

This healing taught me that nothing is too hard for God. Every day, He is giving us new views of ourselves and everyone we love. And we can refuse to “come down” from those beautiful and perfect views. Instead, as we stay with them, we’ll see more of God’s goodness expressed everywhere. ●

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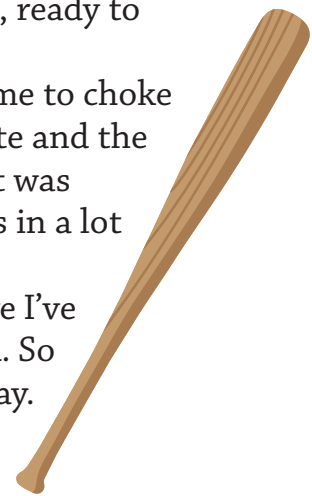
Batter up!

By Hugh

It was the third inning of play for my local baseball team, The Tri-Village Little League. I was in the batter’s box, ready to swing.

Before I got up to bat, my coach had instructed me to choke up on the bat. So when the pitcher threw to the plate and the ball hit the index finger on my left hand, the impact was hard. It looked as if my finger was broken, and I was in a lot of pain.

I go to the Christian Science Sunday School, where I’ve learned that I can pray about anything and be healed. So when the ball hit my finger, I began praying right away. I love Hymn 148 from the *Christian Science Hymnal*, especially the lines that say:



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)

Knowing that God was “round about me” made me feel safe.

By that night, though, I was still in a lot of pain, so my mom took me to the nearest hospital. At the hospital, they X-rayed my finger. According to the doctors, not only was my finger broken, but they felt it would also require surgery to wire it back together again because of the severity of the break. My mom told the doctor and nurse to go ahead and put a splint on the finger and made an appointment with a local orthopedic surgeon for two days later.

Even with these predictions, my mom and I were absolutely certain that God loved me and that I would be healed. That’s how we prayed over the next few days—just feeling God’s love for me. It was a very powerful prayer. We also called a Christian Science practitioner to pray for me.

When I went to the orthopedic surgeon, he took another set of X-rays and said that my finger was already beginning to heal. It was not necessary to have surgery. He made a new splint and recommended that I would need to wear it only for three weeks, not five or six weeks as they’d originally predicted. My mom and I kept praying and feeling God’s love, which holds us all, and the splint came off at the end of three weeks. I had full use of my finger in just a few days after that.

This healing took place just in time for me to go to Christian Science summer camp, where I was able to do all the activities, including the climbing wall, swimming, and the zipline, with total freedom and no pain. It really was as if my finger had never even been injured.

I love studying Christian Science. I have set up a practitioner’s office for myself in my bedroom, and I pray for anyone who asks for help. I am grateful that I got to know God better during this experience. My understanding of God and His love for everyone is what allows me to feel confident about praying for others. I know that there’s nothing God can’t heal. ●

Originally published in the February 1, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Lost and found

By Robert

I have a hamster named Bear. One time, Bear got out of his cage. My mother wasn't home, so I called her and told her what had happened. She told me to go look in several spots in the house. I did that, but I didn't see him.

Over the past few years, I have had several hamsters escape. I have always found them pretty quickly, so this was a first for me. And it was really strange because for a hamster, Bear is pretty big. So I was thinking he would be easy to spot.

I was very worried about him because we have four dogs. I thought that they might try to catch him because Bear looks a lot like their squeaky toys.

I called my mom back and told her that I didn't see him anywhere. She said that she would find him when she got home. Well, when she got home, she looked everywhere, too. And even she couldn't find him. She said, "Let's keep praying."

Keep praying? I hadn't even started praying!

My mom and I talked about Bear. She said that we could trust in God and feel God's presence. Since God is Love, God must be caring for Bear. And we could feel Love reassuring us that Bear was safe. He could never be lost since Love fills all space. Bear could never get outside of Love.

I stopped for a moment and thought, "What should I be thinking?" I was still afraid about Bear, but then I remembered the "still small voice" from the Bible story about the prophet Elijah (see I Kings 19).

At first I was thinking about how Bear's voice was so tiny. Even if he needed help, would we even be able to hear him? But then I remembered from the story that the "still small voice" is actually God's voice! And it turns out that it doesn't matter how small God's voice seems to be, because it's still more powerful than an earthquake, a wind, or a fire. God's voice is big, strong, and mighty! Wow!

I realized that I was seeing Bear as a weak little hamster, wandering helplessly through our house. But I realized that Bear was reflecting

God, just as I was. We could all hear God’s voice—God’s powerful voice that speaks louder than confusion or fear. I knew Bear would be found.

We looked up the “still, small voice” in *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*. Here’s what it said: “The effects of Christian Science are not so much seen as felt. It is the ‘still, small voice’ of Truth uttering itself” (Mary Baker Eddy, p. 323).

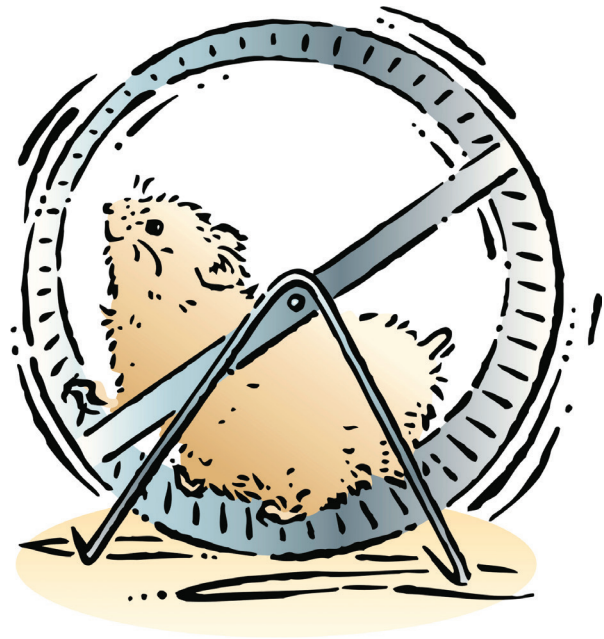
When we read that, I understood that I could calm down and feel God’s love for me, for my mom, and for Bear. As I did, I felt the “still, small voice” of Truth comforting me. I wasn’t afraid anymore, and I was now listening to God.

The thought came to put Bear’s cage on the floor and to tilt the lid of his cage, on the side of his cage, like a ladder. We put his running wheel on the outside of the cage and an extra bowl of food in the cage. That night, I thought I heard Bear running on his wheel. But I somehow knew not to look out the door into the hall to check on him. (I think that was God talking to me, because I now know that Bear would have run away if I’d startled him by looking out there.)

The next day, Bear was in his cage! (My mom cried, she was so happy.)

If I hadn’t stopped to pray, I don’t think I would have ever thought of using the wire lid of Bear’s cage as a ladder for Bear to climb back into his cage. I’m glad that Christian Science is teaching me how not to be afraid when I feel helpless, or when I feel as if I don’t know what to do.

I’m also grateful that I’m learning to pray and to recognize that “still, small voice” of Truth. And I think Bear is happy that I’m learning to pray, because it’s prayer that brought us back together again. ●



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Originally published in the February 15, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Love and the little finch

By Gerda Bickel

This is a story about how God, divine Love, tenderly looks after all His creatures, just as He looks after you.

In the garden close to our house, we had an aviary filled with all kinds of little finches. They were happy to live together and chatter away all day long. Whenever I looked at them, I marveled at the infinite beauty and individuality they expressed, and I thanked God for caring for each one of them.

One morning, when I was giving the birds their food and fresh water, I noticed a tiny baby bird on the ground. He was so small that he didn't even have feathers yet. He had fallen out of his nest. I picked him up, and, as it was early morning, he was very cold. I gently cupped my hand around him so that he could feel surrounded by warmth and love, as if he were nestled in his mummy's feathers. I prayed to know that he could never fall out of God's tender, loving care, so he must be perfectly safe.

Because I wasn't sure which nest was his mummy's, I took him into the house. We named him Muffi and fed him special baby food with a pipette. He had to be fed every three hours, so I would take him with me, in his cozy bird box, wherever I went.

Each day he grew a little bigger. When his feathers came in, I could see that Muffi was a beautiful male zebra finch.

Muffi always loved cuddling up in my hand, but I knew that he was growing bigger and needed to be among his bird friends, where he could learn how to be a grown-up bird. So I began taking him to the aviary each day, and soon he learned to fly and eat birdseed like the other birds.

But, oh dear, the other birds didn't like him at all! I prayed to God to show me what to do, and the perfect idea came: Muffi could live in our conservatory, where we had small trees and plants in pots. Muffi loved it there! He was happy to fly around and sit on the different branches or hide among the leaves.

One day, Michael, a little boy Cub (a junior Scout), knocked on our door. He was selling flower bulbs to raise money for a charity. I introduced him to Muffi, and the two were fast friends. Muffi flew straight onto Michael's shoulder. I showed him how Muffi loved to be held

cuddled up with just his head peeking out.

Each day I continued to take Muffi for an outing to the aviary. One afternoon, as I was walking with him, he slipped out of my cupped hands and flew high, high up and over our neighbors' houses, far into the distance, until I couldn't see him anymore.

I was very sad and worried, since Muffi didn't know how to live in the wild.

But instead of crying, I did what I always do when I'm sad: I turned to God in prayer. In the Bible, in the book of Matthew, there's a promise that says, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father" (10:29). Understanding that God is All and everywhere helped me see that not one of God's spiritual ideas could ever be outside His love. I also knew that none of God's creatures could come to any harm, because God, good, created everything, so every aspect of God's creation must be good.

I did not allow any worrying thoughts such as, "Muffi is lost" or, "Where will he find food?" to come in. In her book *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, Mary Baker Eddy tells us that God, Love, holds control "over all" (p. 514). I knew then that Muffi was safe. Love, God, always knows exactly where Muffi is, because where Muffi is, Love is.

Sure enough, Love was caring for our little finch. Guess what happened next! Muffi landed on a car parked in a neighbor's driveway, and at that moment, the front door opened and out walked Michael, the boy Cub who had just recently visited Muffi in our conservatory.

When he saw the bird on his dad's car, he quietly went closer, stretched out his hand, and Muffi hopped right onto it. Michael gently cupped his other hand over the little finch and brought him safely home to us.

You can imagine how happy we were! And how grateful we were to God for this proof that He does take care of all His creatures.

Of course, we took Muffi straight to the conservatory and fed him well.

Muffi was very hungry, since he'd had a busy three hours away from home! When he was



GERDA BICKEL

done eating, he snuggled up in my hand with just his little head peeking out—happy and contented.

I learned so much about divine Love that day. Love is always in control of every one of its ideas. And as we trust Love's presence, allness, and power, we can see Love's care for every creature big and small. •

Originally published in the February 29, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Safe in my Father-Mother's care

By Avantika

Since I was a small child, I've gone to the Christian Science Sunday School. Going to Sunday School and studying the Bible and *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, by Mary Baker Eddy, have helped me learn many truths about God, which I apply in my daily life, in school, and on the playground. One of the truths I've learned is that God is infinite good and our Father-Mother. He takes care of us as a parent does, and His love is always with us. I had a healing that helped me understand this very clearly.

I had just started to play badminton in my school when my mother had to travel about 2,000 kilometers [1,243 miles] to Guwahati, Assam, in East India. One day, while playing, I sprained my back. At first it didn't hurt very much, but after some time it became very painful. It was so painful that I could barely move or walk. I called a Christian Science practitioner. I told him about the pain, though I didn't mention my badminton class. The practitioner, who knew my mom was a long way from home, reminded me that I was complete—that I was whole and perfect as God's child—and that was true even if my mother wasn't around. We talked about how I could feel



KEN BAUGHMAN—STAFF

joy and happiness, because those qualities come from my Father-Mother, so they're always with me.

I also sang Hymn 263 from the *Christian Science Hymnal*. It begins:

Only God can bring us gladness,
Only God can give us peace;
Joys are vain that end in sadness,
Joy divine shall never cease.
(J. O. Wallin)

This was helpful, but I was not completely relieved of the pain. When I called the practitioner back, I mentioned my badminton class and how I'd hurt my back while playing. He then shared this passage from *Science and Health* with me: "When an accident happens, you think or exclaim, 'I am hurt!' Your thought is more powerful than your words, more powerful than the accident itself, to make the injury real.

"Now reverse the process. Declare that you are not hurt and understand the reason why, and you will find the ensuing good effects to be in exact proportion to your disbelief in physics, and your fidelity to divine metaphysics, confidence in God as All, which the Scriptures declare Him to be" (p. 397).

I understood the truth of always being safe in God, and the next day I was completely healed. I am grateful to God for this healing, because it helped me see that God really is my Father-Mother and that I can always rely on my divine Parent to care for me. ●

Originally published in the March 14, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Be a dragon slayer!

By Jenny Sawyer

When I was little, I didn't like climbing into my bed if my room was already dark. I had to take a flying leap to make sure that any monsters underneath didn't grab my ankles. And once I was on my bed, I had to get tucked in in three ... two ... ONE! seconds, just to be sure I was safe.

Lots of people told me there weren't any monsters. My parents. My babysitter. Even one of my friends who was a few years older than I was. But I was still scared. And that fear seemed pretty big and believable.

Then one night I thought: I can pray! I'd learned in the Christian Science Sunday School that God, Love, fills all space. There isn't any place—even under my bed—that isn't filled with Love.

So what about the monsters?

Well, since Love is here and there and everywhere, there's no room for anything bad. Not one single monster, big or small. So the idea that there was anything in my room that could hurt me was nothing more than a mistake, an error.

How do you correct a mistake? By knowing what's true. And that's what I did. The more I stuck with the fact, the truth, that Love was All, the less afraid I felt. Soon, I didn't have to take a flying leap. I didn't have to scramble under the covers to be safe. The fear was gone.

The Bible has an interesting name for the things in our lives that make us afraid. If you look in the book of Revelation, you'll find it. It's "the great red dragon" (see Revelation 12).

A dragon! That name might make the scary things sound even scarier. But wait. Look at the way Mary Baker Eddy explains the dragon in *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*: "The great red dragon symbolizes a lie ..." (p. 563). That's right. This



KEN BAUGHMAN—STAFF

awful, threatening thing, this “monster,” is nothing more than a big, fat lie. If it’s a dragon, then it must be made up—like those monsters under my bed.

Now, just like in my experience with my own “monsters,” sometimes bad things can look or feel pretty scary. For example, a bully could be a type of dragon. So could sickness, or a powerful storm. What can you do then?

That’s when it’s time to be a dragon slayer!

To slay the dragon, all you need to do is know what’s true. Truth always wipes out a lie. It’s powerful and dependable. And Truth is another name for God, so being a dragon slayer means sticking with what you know about God. Knowing how pure and good and all-powerful God is makes that dragon shrink down into something that isn’t scary anymore. In fact, when you feel the presence of Love, or when you understand the almighty strength of Spirit, that dragon vanishes completely. That’s when you get to say, “I’m healed!”

Really, that’s what it means to be a dragon slayer. It means facing down every scary or painful thing by praying and feeling God’s power and presence. And when you do that, you realize something really cool: Being a dragon slayer actually means being a healer. Which is exactly what you are any time you meet—and beat—a dragon. ●

Originally published in the March 28, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

No great red dragon

Whoa, great red dragon!
You sure look big and strong.
You could be quite alarming
If you weren’t a total wrong.

So great red dragon,
There’s nothing you can do.
For seen through Spirit’s lens
You vanish right from view.

Oh, great red dragon,
Your existence is a fake.
There’s only God’s creation—
Revealed since I’m awake!

—Ken Cooper

See Revelation 12:7–10 (to:) and *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, p. 563.

God is always with me

By Maya

When I was at camp last summer, I had a really important healing.

My friend Rachel and I went swimming in a pool that was 11 to 12 feet deep. Rachel was teaching me how to touch the bottom of the pool. When I finally touched the bottom, I was so happy that I did it over and over again. But all of a sudden my ears started popping because of the pressure at the bottom.

After I got out of the pool, I went to the square and rock dance. But then my ears were hurting a lot. So I asked my counselor if I could go see the Christian Science practitioner. She took me to him, and we sat together quietly and prayed. The practitioner told me that God is always with me, and that He is my shield. This helped me feel safe and comforted.



He also reminded me that “there is no spot where God is not.” And he said I could think about this verse from the Bible: “Be still, and know that I am God” (Psalms 46:10). I knew that even though I was far from home, God was there for me.

That night, I kept saying and thinking about those ideas. The more I prayed and felt close to God, the less my ears hurt. I knew that the pain couldn’t be real because only God and His love are real.

The next day my ears were all better. Ever since then, I haven’t had a problem with my ears!

I like to pray because it gives me courage to face any kind of problem. When I pray, I feel safe, like I’m wrapped in a blanket. I know God is all around me and everywhere. ●

Originally published in the April 11, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Let goodness grow

By Cali McClure



“I don’t like school anymore,” Melinda said sadly.

Her mom, who was reading a book in the den, looked up in surprise.



The words seemed to stick in Melinda’s throat. She had always loved school. Ever since kindergarten, she had loved her teachers. She had made friends easily. In fourth grade, she had even been elected president of her class.



But she wasn’t thinking about any of that now. All she was thinking about were the tears that threatened to spill over.

Mom set down her book and put her arms around Melinda. The sun was streaming in the window. Rosie, Melinda’s calico cat, bounded over to the couch and sat gently on her foot. But Melinda was too busy crying to notice.

Finally, her mom asked a question. “What happened at school today that’s making you so unhappy?”

Melinda gulped. “It’s not just today. It’s every day. Because of the sixth-graders.”

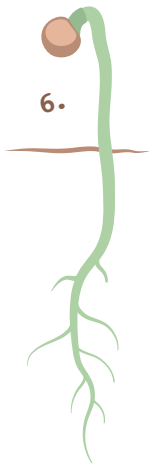


Some of the kids in Melinda’s fifth-grade class had been combined with the kids in a sixth-grade class. And there were many more sixth-graders than fifth. In the beginning, it seemed like a good opportunity to make new friends. But then, she explained between sniffles, “The sixth-graders treat me like a baby and call me names.”

Her mom was quiet for a minute. She often got quiet when Melinda talked to her about something upsetting, or when she asked for help with a problem she was having. Melinda knew that her mom was praying, asking God to help them feel and hear Her motherly love and reassurance.

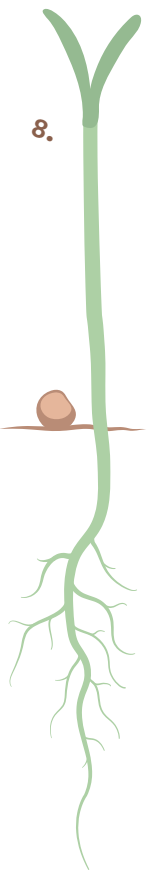


“I know!” Mom said. She pulled out the book she’d been reading when Melinda walked in the door. It’s called *Prose Works* and is a collection of writings by Mary Baker Eddy, who discovered Christian Science. Mom read aloud



to Melinda, “We can rejoice that every germ of goodness will at last struggle into freedom and greatness, and every sin will so punish itself that it will bow down to the commandments of Christ,—Truth and Love” (*No and Yes*, p. 8).

Melinda blinked back her tears and sat up. It was almost like a light bulb had gone on. She understood the main idea: Even a little seed of goodness has the power to grow, while anything that isn’t good or Godlike has to be destroyed. This sentence was telling her that nothing could stop her from being who she was. That no matter what, she could still express all the goodness she knew was natural to her. She could also trust God to tell the other children about their own goodness.

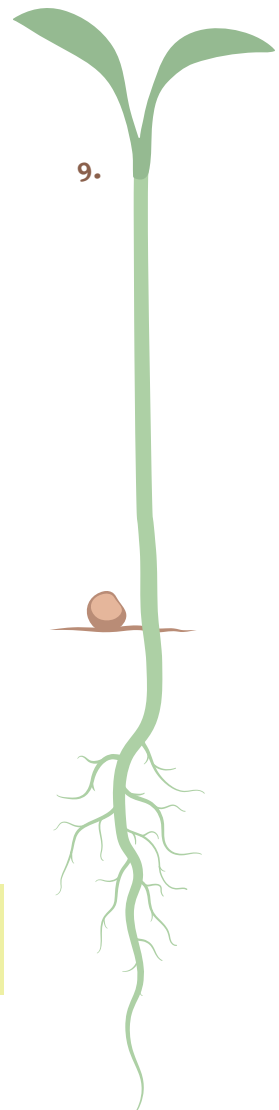
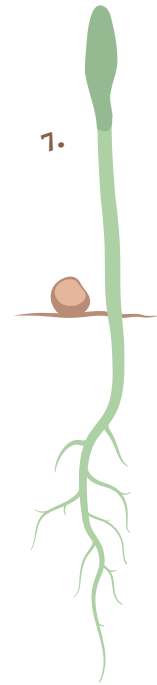


“And no matter what any sixth-grader says to me,” she told her mom, “I don’t have to feel hurt. I’m free to be good!” She jumped off the couch, hugged her mom, and scooped up Rosie the cat.

The next day after school, Melinda was smiling as she danced in the door. She’d had a good day being good. And although it took a little while, the sixth-graders got to know her and they all became friends.

The next year, when Melinda was in sixth grade, she was especially nice to the fifth-graders. She wanted them to know that they were liked and included. More than that, though, Melinda knew how good it felt to be good. It made her feel close to God. And that was more than good—it was great! •

Originally published in the April 25, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.



Two special healings

By Luna

One day I was walking to school with my mom, and my knee was hurting a lot. My mom noticed I was limping and asked what was wrong. I told her my knee hurt. My mom reminded me that I could listen for God's good thoughts and be comforted. I knew that listening to God was a way of praying and would heal my knee.

My mom started singing a hymn I like. The first verse starts, "I walk with Love along the way, / And O, it is a holy day" ((Minny M. H. Ayers, *Christian Science Hymnal*, No. 139, © CSBD). I held my mom's hand while she sang the hymn. We walked slowly because of my knee. I thought about the words and that I'm safe walking with Love. Love doesn't let any pain come to me.

When my mom finished singing the hymn, she asked if I wanted to sing the first verse with her. We hadn't even finished singing the verse when I felt all better. I went running off toward school. I was healed.

Another healing I had was of being anxious. I was going to start a new summer camp the next morning. The summer camp I had been in before wasn't a good one, and my mom was sending me to a different camp. She told me it would be a better camp for me.

After dinner, my stomach started hurting a lot. I was crying. My mom asked me if I was worried about starting the new camp. At first I said no, but then I told the truth and said that I was. My mom explained that the people at this camp would be nicer and take good care of me. She said that most of all, God was always there for me. I could feel God's love wherever I was.

My mom called a Christian Science practitioner to pray for me. Then we called my grandmother, and she also reminded me that God was with me, even at camp. We prayed with this line from *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, and we also said it out loud together: "God is everywhere, and nothing apart from Him is present or



has power” (Mary Baker Eddy, p. 473). The pain started to go away, and I was able to lie normally in bed. My mom sang hymns to me, and I went to sleep.

The next day at camp I had the best day ever! And the rest of my summer at that camp was great, too. I’m grateful God is always there to help me. ●

Originally published in the May 9, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Should I strike back?

By Jenny Sinatra

When I was in middle school, there was a girl in my gym class who would take my shorts and T-shirt from my gym locker and throw them in the garbage can. Yuck!

I’d never done anything mean to her, so I was confused. Why was she picking on me? She didn’t seem to care about hurting my feelings, and she even laughed when she took the clothes. No one else in the locker room helped me, either. No one stood up to her and told her she was wrong.

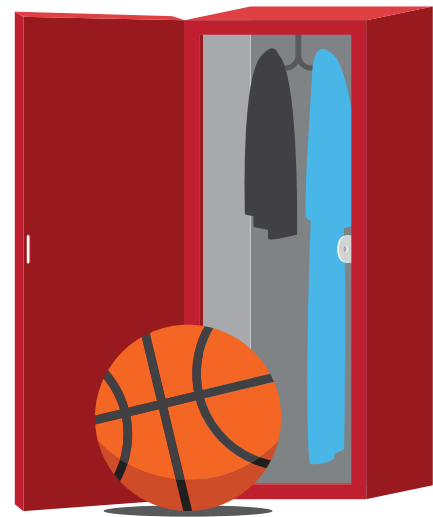
What was I supposed to do?

I guess I could have taken her gym clothes and thrown them away, too. But I didn’t really think that striking back was the best solution.

I guess I could have yelled at her to leave me alone. Maybe that would have scared her for a while, but I didn’t think that would fix the problem for good.

I needed a better idea.

Each Sunday, I went to the Christian Science Sunday School. In my class, we would talk about how Christ Jesus responded when people treated him like garbage. He didn’t turn around and do the same to them. But he didn’t shrink



KEN BAUGHMAN—STAFF

in fear, either. He was brave and confident because of what he knew about the power of God's love.

Jesus' life inspired me, and I tried to follow him as best I could (even though I was still working on being nice to my family when I was in a grumpy mood!).

So I decided I would think in a kind way about this girl who threw my clothes in the trash. You might call it a Christly way, since I was trying to see her the way Jesus would, as made in God's image and likeness.

I started to listen to God and think about this girl as God's child. As I prayed like this, I realized that the truth was that it was normal for her to be happy and good, and that it wasn't normal for her to be mean—to feel that she had to hurt other people to get attention.

I almost felt sad for her. Jesus showed his enemies compassion by loving and healing them. It's true—Jesus even healed his enemies! I wanted to be like that, not someone who hated or was afraid of people who weren't nice to me.

Very soon after I prayed like this, the girl stopped throwing my gym clothes in the trash. One day, she even came up to me at my locker and looked me right in the face. She seemed surprised that I wasn't afraid. She told me I was "cool" and backed off. That was it.

You might be wondering: Did this girl stop acting like a bully and start treating everyone like a friend?

No. At least not right away.

For me it wasn't good enough that she'd stopped picking on me, but that she still made rude comments to other kids. So when I saw her in the hall, I tried to remember what was true about her, the good that God knew, and not label her as a bully.

Over time, I really could see her good qualities, spiritual qualities, that I knew came from God. I was seeing her in a more spiritual way. Soon, I noticed that she was treating other people with more respect, too.

God loves all His children and holds them together in harmony. This isn't an empty promise. As we pray to see others as naturally loving and good, as God made them, we will feel a Christly love for others a little more in our lives each day. ●

Originally published in the May 23, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

The glass came out!

By Hazel

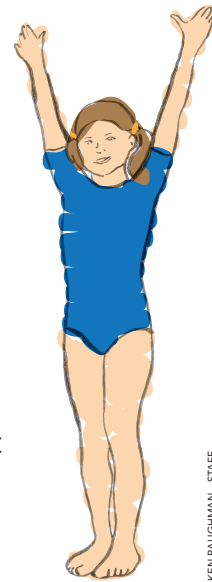
Daddy was helping me do a gymnastics move called a back hip circle on my bars in the playroom when I crashed into a picture. The picture was in a frame with glass in front of it. The glass broke into small and big pieces. And some of the glass got into my foot.

After my foot got cut, Mommy took me into the bathroom to clean it up. My foot bled for only a minute. All the cuts closed up really fast. At first it was hurting, but then I prayed and it felt better. I prayed that God helps me pray, because He gives me the ideas I need, and that God was right with me taking care of me. And I also knew that God doesn't make accidents, because God is only good.

After my left foot healed up, there was a bump on top for a long time. It seemed like there might be a little piece of glass stuck in there. We kept praying about it. We prayed that even if it looks like I have a bump, God is still here and God is good. I knew that because God is good, He doesn't let any bad stuff come into me.

One night after we prayed again, the glass started to poke out of my foot. So before bed, Mommy plucked it out. It didn't hurt or anything.

My foot healed right up really quickly, and now there's no bump. ●



KEN BAUGHMAN—STAFF

Originally published in the June 6, 2016, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

The ice skating show

By Blythe Evans

Fancy moves! The ice skating show! These were the things I looked forward to when my parents signed me up for figure skating lessons. Figure skating sounded pretty cool, but the lessons and practice sessions weren't easy. I had to work hard to master what we were learning. Gradually, I got better at it.

In the spring each year, the figure skating club where I took lessons would put on an ice show. It was a big deal. Almost everyone in our town came to see it. After working so hard, I was looking forward to being in the show with my beautiful costume and newly learned skills.

But there was a problem.

For our part in the show, my group had to skate out onto the ice in a line that was three kids across. Then came the tricky part. We would put our arms over the shoulders of the person next to us, lean over, and skate on one leg with our other leg raised high behind us.

The problem? I was on the outside of our threesome, and the girl in the middle always fell down during this part of the performance. Even worse, because we were skating as a group, when she fell, she pulled me and the girl on the other side of her down, too. And she did it *every* time.

As the date of the ice show got closer, I felt worried and discouraged. I didn't want our skating routine to be ruined in the show the way it had been in practice. I talked to my mom about this, and she suggested that we pray about it together. After all, she reminded me, we can pray to our Father-Mother God for help with any problem that comes along, no matter how big or small. That was good news!

Here's how we prayed. First, my mom said, let's love this girl. Christ Jesus taught us to love one another in just the same way that he loved us (see John 15:12). And Jesus loved everyone he saw with endless patience, kindness, and generosity. He knew God was always supplying everything each person needed, no matter what that was. And that kind of love heals. Because Jesus saw these people as so



good and so cared for by God, it helped them to see themselves that way, too.

My mom and I talked about how much God loved this girl, and how God was supplying her with all the strength, balance, and confidence she needed. God was helping her. And right in the moment of our routine, she could feel that support and express those qualities.

My mom also mentioned that God was with me, too. Everything in my experience was under God's control. My happiness and my expression of divine Love's beauty and skill were safe with my Father-Mother God. I could trust that "all is under the control of the one Mind, even God" (Mary Baker Eddy, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, p. 544).

We prayed with these ideas. That means we thought deeply about these truths and accepted them as real and making a difference in our lives. Soon, all the worried thoughts left.

On the opening night of the ice show, I went to the arena, loving my skating partners and trusting that everything was under God's safe and harmonious control.

When the familiar music began, our group skated out onto the ice. The spotlights were bright and colorful. We did our opening moves and skated through our routine. Then came the trickiest trick of all: our special stunt of skating together on one leg. We put our arms over each others' shoulders, leaned over, and ... we did it perfectly! Legs out behind us, we skated without even a little wobble.

When we finished, the girl next to me looked over and exclaimed, "I didn't fall down!" I smiled and thought, "Thank You, God!"

We can depend on God to help us with everything we have to do. And we can know that our Father-Mother Love is helping others along the way, too. Learning that God cares for each of us in this way was even more thrilling for me than those first exciting moments on the ice. ●

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