



# CHRISTIAN SCIENCE Sentinel

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

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**A COLLECTION FOR KIDS**

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE  
SENTINEL**

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# I was all better!

By Allie

**D**uring the ride to church one Sunday I got a stomachache. When we got to church, I felt like throwing up, so Mommy and I stayed in the bathroom instead of going into Sunday School.

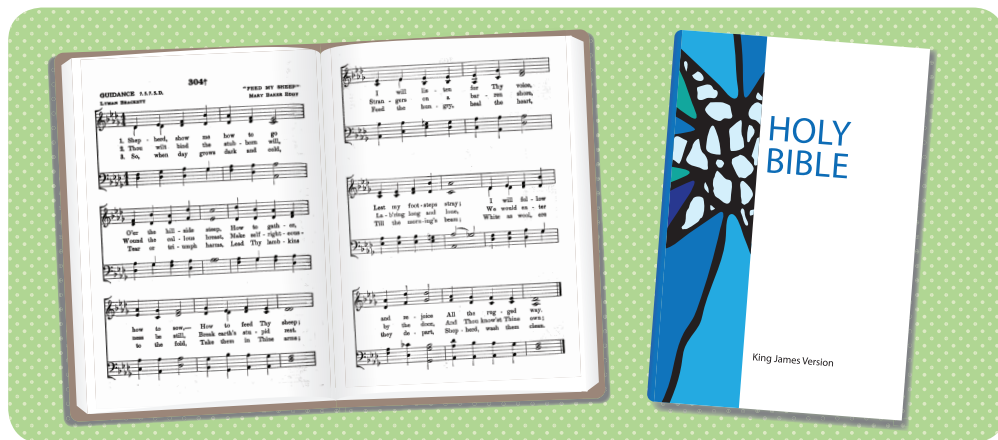
I sat down on the chair in the bathroom and we said the seven synonyms for God, Principle, Mind, Soul, Spirit, Life, Truth, Love. Each of these help me understand something about God.

Then we sang “Feed My Sheep” by Mary Baker Eddy (see *Christian Science Hymnal*, No. 304) and right after that we heard them singing the same song in church!

Mommy and I also talked about that week’s Christian Science Bible Lesson, and I thought of making Bible riddles for each other. It was like my own special Sunday School class! We knew that I was perfect, because God made me spiritual and perfect and keeps me safe. And we knew the Sunday School teachers would be thinking prayerful thoughts for me when I didn’t come in with my sisters. That made me feel good.

Then we went and sat where we could listen to the end of the church service. We sang a hymn, too.

I kept feeling better and better, and then, when we went out after church, I was all better! ●



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Originally published in the January 1, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

# When I was roasting marshmallows

By Alma

One night my family was roasting marshmallows, and I put my stick with the marshmallow on the end into the fire, because I wanted my marshmallow to burn. I like it like that.

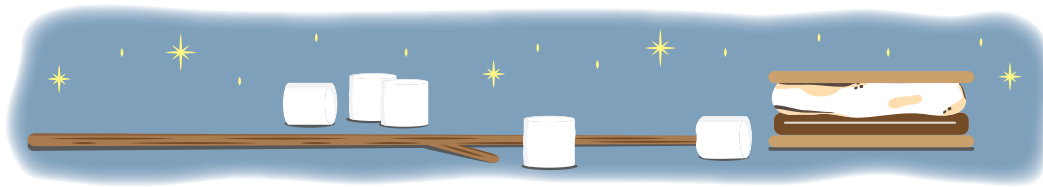
The first time I pulled it out of the fire and I looked at my marshmallow, I didn't see my marshmallow burnt, so I put it back into the fire. The second time, when I looked at my marshmallow, I accidentally hit my hot marshmallow on my eye! It hurt.

My dad and mom cleaned me up, and we went to see some Christian Science nurses to get a bandage. We called a Christian Science practitioner on the way to pray with us. We also sang hymns, because hymns are like prayers and help me feel close to God. I sang one of my favorite hymns at the time. It was "Feed My Sheep" by Mary Baker Eddy (see *Christian Science Hymnal*, No. 304).

The nurses were nice to me and took care of me by cleaning my face and putting a bandage on it. They even gave me two lollipops when I went home, so I could share one with my sister. The nurses helped me every day for a week afterward. During that week, I prayed and listened to all the healing thoughts God was giving me. I also sang lots of hymns with my mom.

I even wrote my own hymn in my new journal. It went like this: "Day and night, day and night, God is watching you day and night." I liked knowing that God is always protecting me because He is all around me.

Soon I was all healed. And I was able to go paddleboarding and swimming in the ocean and see dolphins with my grandparents in Florida the next week. I am grateful for this healing. ●



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Originally published in the January 15 & 20, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

## 'You're safe'

By Meredith Johnson

**M**y friend and I were camping with her family in the desert, and we were having the best time. During the day, we got to ride dirt bikes around a dry lake bed. At night, we slept in a small motor home. Everything felt so new and different and fun!

One night, though, I woke up because the motor home was rattling. Actually, it wasn't just rattling. It was rattling and shaking, because the wind outside was blowing so hard. It didn't feel sturdy at all like my house back home. I was afraid it might blow over—with us inside!

When a storm comes or the wind howls or we feel scared about something, is there anything we can do? Usually, when I was scared, I would run to my mom and she would pray with me. Sometimes we would sing one of Mary Baker Eddy's hymns, which I'd learned from attending the Christian Science Sunday School. But my mom wasn't there. I couldn't run to her for help.

Then I remembered another idea I'd learned in Sunday School. The Bible says that "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble" (Psalms 46:1). So I knew there was something I could do. Instead of listening to the fearful thoughts, I could listen to God. I could pray, and God would help me.

I had learned the Lord's Prayer and its spiritual interpretation from *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy. So I started by praying with that. When I got to the line in the prayer that says, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven," and has the spiritual interpretation, "Enable us to know,—as in heaven, so on earth,—God is omnipotent, supreme" (p. 17), I stopped and thought about what that meant.

I realized that God was the only supreme power everywhere, all the time. This meant He was governing everything. He even had the wind "in His hands" (*Christian Science Hymnal, Hymns 430–603, No. 492*).

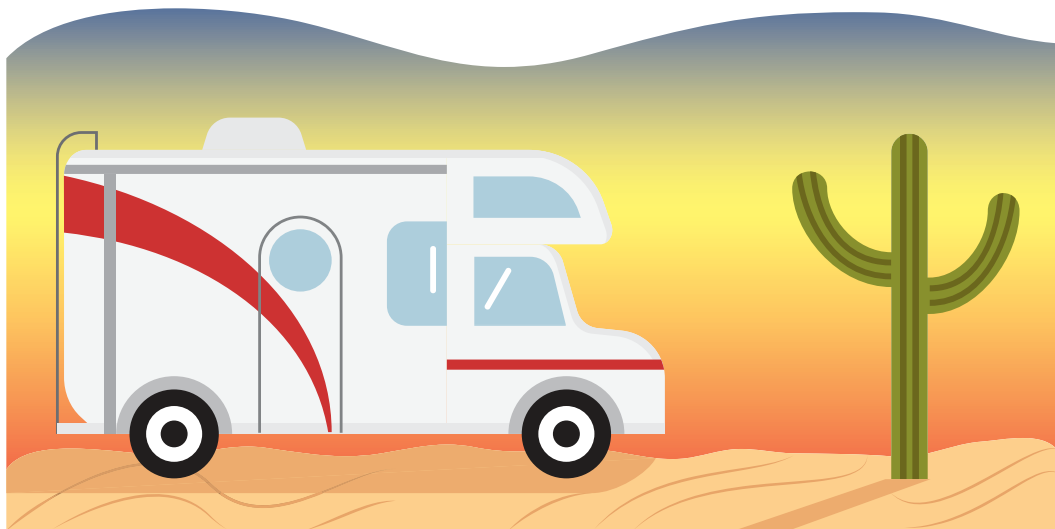
With that thought, I immediately knew that the wind couldn't possibly harm me or the motor home or my friend and her family, because

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we were all wrapped in God’s loving protection. His love was the power, not something scary or destructive.

I felt so comforted. All the fear left me and I went to sleep peacefully for the rest of the night. And in the morning, my friend and I went right back to having fun.

Even when things seem scary, we are never alone or helpless. Our Father-Mother God is always with us—caring for us and protecting us. And we can turn to our divine Father-Mother and hear God’s tender assurance: “You’re safe.” ●



Originally published in the February 5, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

*He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.*

—Psalm 91:1, 2

# Throw away those 'trash-can thoughts'

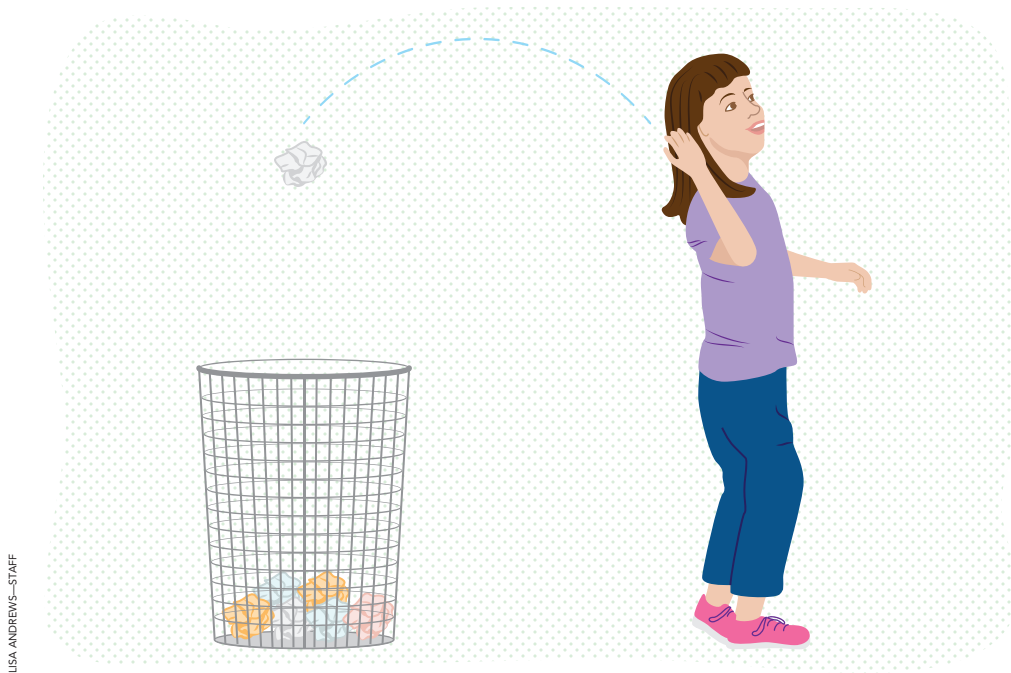
By Sawyer

One day at Sunday School my stomach was really hurting. At the beginning, I was only thinking bad thoughts about how much it hurt.

But after a few minutes, I realized that I was thinking “trash-can thoughts”—thoughts that weren’t true, so I could throw them away. Any bad thought is a trash-can thought, because it doesn’t come from God. God is all good and only gives me good thoughts like that I’m loved and that I’m safe.

I knew that those trash-can thoughts were never really mine, and so what I did to get rid of the trash-can thoughts is I hit them with a good thought like “God loves me” or “God is taking care of me.” And not very long after that, I was fine.

Thank you, God, for my healing! ●



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Originally published in the February 26, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

# You can catch angels!

By Annette Dutenhoffer

**W**hen I was a little girl, I loved bedtime. Mom read a story to my brother and me, and then I curled up in my soft bed, safe and cozy, and fell asleep.

But sometimes after sleeping for a while, I woke up. My eyes were wide open, but it was too dark to see anything. I wasn't afraid, though. I was sure my family was just down the hall, fast asleep in bed.

I knew I couldn't go outside and play. My parents might wake up and wonder where I was. I couldn't look at books—too dark. I couldn't play with toys—too loud! I had to stay right there in my warm bed. But I was awake! What could I do?

Then I remembered something I learned in my Christian Science Sunday School class. I could catch angels!

Catching angels? That sounds funny. But angels aren't hard to catch. You don't need a special glove like when you play baseball. You don't need a big net like when you go fishing. Why?

Because angels aren't shiny people with feathery wings. Angels really would be hard to catch if that were true! So what are angels, anyway?

In my Sunday School class, we learned things from the Bible and Mary Baker Eddy's book, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*.

In that book Mrs. Eddy says, "Angels are pure thoughts from God, winged with Truth and Love ..." (p. 298).

Right there in my bed, I thought about how catching angels really means listening for good thoughts from God. How did I know what those angel thoughts sounded like? Since they come from God, who is Love, they must be just like Love. I thought about how much God loves me. That made me feel like smiling. I also felt kind of warm and happy inside. That good feeling made me know that I had just caught an angel—a pure thought straight from God.

Then, without saying a word out loud, I asked God if He was with me. Right away, I felt peaceful, happy, and especially loved. Those were

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more angels! Those good thoughts were with me right there in the dark night. They told me yes, God is right where you are—always!

The next day I was playing outside, and guess what happened? I caught more angels while I was swinging in the backyard. “Of course!” I thought. Since God is everywhere, those good angel thoughts from God have to be everywhere, too. They are with me when I’m asleep or when I’m awake—just like God is! They are with me in the middle of the dark night or in the middle of a bright and sunny day—just like God is! That made me feel happy and loved all over again.

I caught angels when I was a little girl, and I still catch them now, even though I’m a grown-up. Those loving angel messages from God are here and there and everywhere. I can catch angels and so can you! ●



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Originally published in the March 12, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

*When angels visit us, we do not hear the rustle of wings, nor feel the feathery touch of the breast of a dove; but we know their presence by the love they create in our hearts.*

—Mary Baker Eddy, *Miscellaneous Writings 1883–1896*, p. 306

# 'Perfect and bump-free!'

By Harlow

It was summertime when my foot started hurting. I showed my mommy the part of my foot that didn't feel good. There was a black spot. I like to play outdoors without shoes, so Mommy thought I stepped on something. She cleaned the spot and gave me a kiss, and I felt better.

But my foot kept hurting, and there was something growing where the black spot had been. It was hard for me to play soccer and wear my favorite shoes. Someone told me it was a wart and more would grow on my foot. That scared me. I wanted this bump to go away. I wanted a healing!

My mommy said she would help me. She said the first thing we could do was know that this bump was not a part of me. She said there's not a spot where God is not! God is everywhere, so there is no place for a silly bump. She also said we would not give it a name. So if I said "my bump" or "this wart," we quickly corrected the sentence. It wasn't mine because it wasn't anything! I wasn't as scared when I knew it wasn't part of me.

In the Christian Science Sunday School, I learned Mary Baker Eddy's prayer for little children. I would say it at bedtime, but I knew I could pray this prayer anytime. It is an easy prayer to remember, and I like that it rhymes.

Father-Mother God,  
Loving me,—  
Guard me when I sleep;  
Guide my little feet  
Up to Thee.  
(*Poems*, p. 69)

We always add, "God is all around me," when we pray together at bedtime. I liked that the prayer included feet! And it reminded

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me that God loves me. Mommy said pain and bumps are not part of God's love for me and that God guards me from anything that could hurt me, not only while I'm sleeping, but also while I am walking and playing.

I noticed that when I prayed this prayer and thought only about God, my foot did not hurt. And even if it did bother me once in a while, we didn't look at my foot to check it. We agreed it was silly to look for something that did not exist. Instead, we kept praying to see what was true about me as God's child.

One day I was taking a bath, and I had to clean my dirty feet. When I looked at my foot after I washed it clean, I didn't see any bumps! My foot was all healed. Right there in the bathtub I thanked God for helping me see myself as He created me—perfect and bump-free! •



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Originally published in the March 26, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

# Nothing to fear

By Cathryn Rathsam

**M**ichael loved his nightly bedtime story. One evening before bed, his mom read him an old Irish folk tale. It told of a goblin that lived in a closet under the stairs in a family's home. Parts of the story were silly and fun, but other parts were a little scary.

That night, as Michael's mom tucked him into bed, he was sure that there was a goblin under *their* stairs. His mother assured him that there was no such thing as a goblin. Someone had made that story up, just like many of the other stories they had read together.

Michael still wasn't sure. So his mom reminded him about what he'd learned in the Christian Science Sunday School: God's love was all around him and always with him. Day and night, God's love was right there, keeping him safe. But Michael still wanted his mother to lie beside him until he fell asleep. So she did.

The following night, Michael was still worried about goblins. Again he asked his mom to lie beside him while he fell asleep. She said she was sorry but she was busy with other things that night.

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USA ANDREWS—STAFF

That's when Michael had another idea. He'd learned he could always turn to God in prayer when he had a need.

He asked, "Mommy, please tell me five things about God."

He listened as she reminded him of the "five G's": God, good, guides, guards, and governs you!

Then he added, "Tell me three more, please."

Michael's mom asked God what she could share with Michael that would help him. She thought of Christ Jesus' words, "Be not afraid" (Matthew 14:27). And she reminded him of something else he'd learned in Sunday School: that God is here, there, and everywhere! Since God's love fills all space, there's really nothing to fear.

This helped Michael so much that he quickly fell asleep. After that, he wasn't afraid of goblins anymore. And best of all, he learned that God's love takes away fear. Always! ●

Originally published in the April 9, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

## My arm was totally healed

By Xander

Once, I was playing outside with my grandparents' horses. I was chasing Tryfan, the Welsh pony, and we were playing together. But then he jumped over a big log on the ground. And I tried to jump over part of it, too, but I didn't succeed.

I fell to the ground and landed on my arm. I lay there until my mom and dad and Mia (the name we use for my grandmother) helped me get up, because I couldn't use my right arm.

Right away, my parents and Mia reminded me who made me—God! And we all started praying.

So I had a couple of great thoughts that God gave me. One was that the horse didn't mean to hurt me by jumping over the log; we were just

playing, and we loved each other. Another was, “God did not make me hurt.” God loves me and is always taking care of me. There is no room for a hurt in God’s love.

My parents helped me get comfortable and prayed with me every day, and we also asked a Christian Science practitioner to pray for me. My arm didn’t hurt at all after the first day. And each day after that I could move it a little more, but I still couldn’t lift it up.

I kept thinking that God would not drop me or let me trip and hurt myself. God wouldn’t let that happen because He made me spiritual, which means I’m always safe, and I can’t fall out of His arms. I stayed home from school for a week while we were praying.

After that, I jumped up and went to school. And by the end of my first week back in school, I could lift my arm all the way up and could even write normally again. My arm was totally healed.

I still like to play with Tryfan! ●



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Originally published in the April 23, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

# What can prayer do? It can heal!

By Tessa Parmenter

I want to tell you about the time I learned that prayer can heal.

When I was about six years old, there were these things on my knee. They were warts, and they really bothered me. When my friends pointed them out and talked about them, I felt bad. I thought I had done something wrong to get them.

I looked at them so much and thought about them lots of times every day. I wanted them gone.

One day, I was looking at them and couldn't stop. I felt like I was stuck staring at a tablet or TV that I couldn't turn off.

My mom saw me looking and asked me if I wanted to pray with her. I did.

I knew a little about prayer from my Christian Science Sunday School class. But I was going to learn so much more.

The first thing my mom helped me know was that God loves me so much. She told me that instead of looking down at the warts, I could know and feel God loving me.

The Bible talks about not looking down where it says: "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" (John 4:35). This means we all can lift our thoughts to God and know that good is ready for us. It's right here, because God is right here. It gave me hope to know that there was something good for me.

The next day, any time I thought about looking at my knee, I said, "No. I will not look down."

Every time I said "no," I felt like I was shutting the door on those bad thoughts that said something ugly was part of me. The only thoughts I was going to let in were ones about God loving me. This is what Mary Baker Eddy, who discovered Christian Science, talks about when she says in her book *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, "Stand porter at the door of thought" (p. 392).

I was glad that I stopped looking down and that I shut the door on those thoughts that tempted me to look down. Because when I did, I

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stopped thinking about the warts. And when I stopped thinking about them, after just a day or two, I actually forgot all about them! This gave me more time to play.

A couple of days later, when my mom and I were playing, something amazing happened. We saw that there was nothing on my knee. The warts were gone!

I thought, “Wow!”

I almost couldn’t believe that something I had seen with my eyes could be gone like that.

This made me think that the stories about Jesus’ healings in the Bible must be true. I’d always thought they were nice stories, but I’d never thought they could mean anything for me. Now they meant so much!

Today, I still love to read the stories in the Bible to learn more about healing. And I love to pray for myself and others, because I know everyone can be healed—just like me. ●



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Originally published in the May 7, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.



# A quick healing of my eye

By Lizzie

I was giving my cat, Charlie, one of my killer hugs—which Charlie normally loves! Then my iPad fell off the counter and scared Charlie, who got up very quickly and leaped over the back of the chair. As he did, he accidentally scratched my eye. I was really scared and called for my parents.

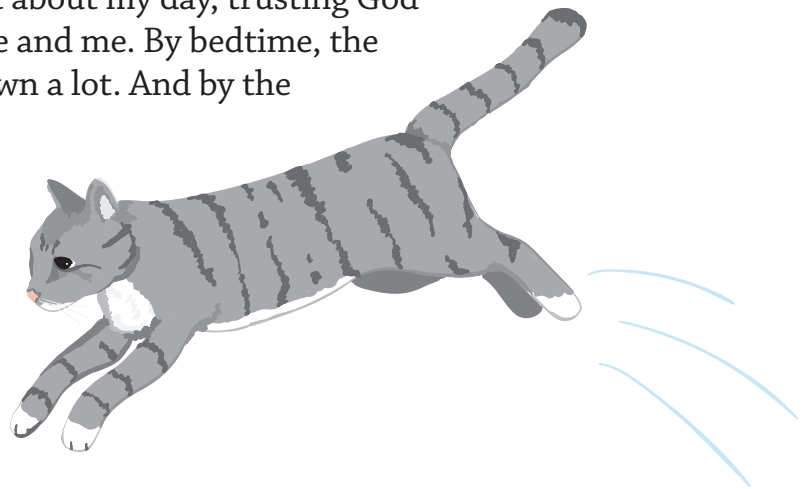
I knew I had to forgive Charlie, because in other situations I've demonstrated that forgiving is the first step in healing, since forgiveness helps me feel close to God. So that's what I did. I knew Charlie never meant to hurt me.

My parents and I prayed for me, knowing that there can be no accidents in God's kingdom, because God is all good, all power, and God knows no bad. So I must always be safe.

I felt a little better thinking about this, but my eye still hurt. My dad called my grandmother, who is a Christian Science practitioner, and she said she would pray for me. She also reminded me that I am the image and likeness of God, which means I am pure and spiritual and can't be hurt. Minutes after this, I was laughing and watching TV.

The next day, my eye was swelling a little, and I got scared again. My mom comforted me and said there was nothing to be afraid of, so I went about my day, trusting God to take care of Charlie and me. By bedtime, the swelling had gone down a lot. And by the next morning when I woke up, my eye was completely healed!

I am so grateful for this healing and for the loving power of God. ●



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

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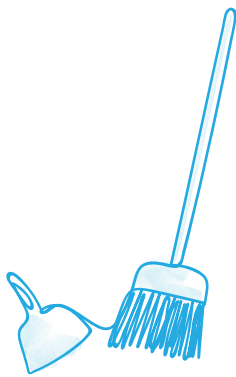
# 'Thank you, God!'

By Susan Adams

**D**o you have a favorite toy? Caden has a toy vacuum, a mop, two brooms, and a dustcloth. He likes to clean! But his favorite thing is his vacuum.

One day Caden asked, "Grandma Susie, have you seen my vacuum?" He asked one, two, three times.

Each time Grandma said, "I'm sorry, Caden. I haven't."



Caden was worried that his vacuum had been left behind at their old house. They lived in a new house now. How would they ever find it?

Grandma thought of lots of places to look. The big closet by the front door. The little room by the garage. The cabinet with flowers painted on it on the sun porch.

But Caden's vacuum wasn't in any of those places.

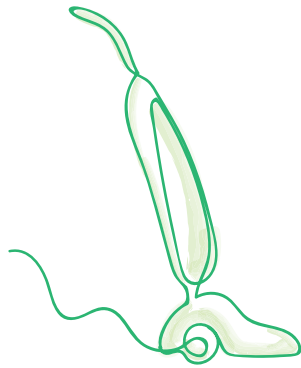
Grandma really wanted to help Caden. So that night at home, she prayed. Grandma knew that God loves Caden very much. God loves him no matter where he is or what he is doing. God takes care of him. That thought reminded Grandma of a song she always sings to Caden before he takes a nap:

God loves Caden every day.  
God loves Caden in every way.  
That is why we always say,  
"Thank you, God. Thank you, God. Thank  
you, God!"

After that, whenever Grandma thought about Caden and his vacuum, she thanked God. She thanked God for being all-knowing and all-loving. Grandma knew that Caden and his mommy could listen to God. God was giving them the ideas they needed.



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LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

The next morning, Grandma went over to Caden’s house. They were talking in the rocker when Caden’s mommy came in. She had found the vacuum! She said she found it in a strange way. Grandma had the feeling that it really wasn’t strange at all. It was proof of God giving us the right ideas all the time.

Caden’s mommy said she’d been in the living room. She’d noticed her guitar in its case leaning against the wall. Then she’d had a thought: “Could Caden’s vacuum be behind that guitar?” She went over to the guitar and saw the vacuum behind it. She also found a mop and a broom that Caden hadn’t even known were missing!

Caden and his mommy were so happy! Grandma was happy too! They all said, “Thank you, God! Thank you, God! Thank you, God!” •

Originally published in the June 4, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

## The twenty-third Psalm brings healing

By Jacob

One night, I was watching television when a commercial advertising flu relief pills came on. Not very long after that, I began to feel sick with some of the symptoms the commercial had described. I turned off the TV and went to bed, hoping that when I awoke, I would feel better. When I opened my eyes early the next morning, though, the headache I’d been feeling before going to bed was still there, along with an unpleasant feeling in my stomach.

In the Christian Science Sunday School, I’ve learned that I am spiritual—the pure expression of God, who is Truth and Love. So I

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knew this picture of sickness was not the real me, because the pure expression of Love couldn't also include something bad. I also knew that my perfect spiritual identity couldn't be affected by any negative suggestions, like those I'd heard in the commercial. I decided to read the Bible, along with *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy, in order to understand this more clearly.



After gaining some inspiration from these two books, I thought I would pray a little before going back to sleep. As I did, the first idea that came to mind was the twenty-third Psalm. I felt like God was speaking to me directly through the healing words of the psalm. One part that stood out to me was: “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me” (verse 4).

I thought about how this could relate to my current situation. The “valley of the shadow of death” could be the false belief of sickness, and the “rod” and “staff” could be God’s divine messages gently speaking to me and guiding me the way a shepherd guides his sheep. I felt comforted by this thought and was able to fall back asleep.

When I awoke again a little later, I was feeling much better but not completely well. So I turned back to *Science and Health*. The first thing that stood out to me was this sentence: “Disease is an image of thought externalized” (p. 411). I spent a while trying to find the meaning of this idea, until it hit me. The “image of thought” was the advertisement, and it was being “externalized”—brought to the surface—through my belief in it. I prayed to see that I cannot be governed by a suggestion of a power or life apart from God. I slept for a while longer, and when I awoke I was completely healed!

I am endlessly grateful for this wonderful experience and the lessons I have learned from it. The twenty-third Psalm has long been one of my favorites, and it is amazing to see its healing effects. ●

Originally published in the June 18, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

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