



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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A healing lesson ... from my cowgirl boots?

By Charlene Anne Miller

My cowgirl boots were too tight! I tugged. I pulled. There. One boot was on. I had to hurry. I didn't want to be late for school!

I tried to shove my foot into my other boot while holding the back of the boot. Somehow my heel slipped. It squashed my thumb. My thumbnail was barely hanging on, and my finger hurt. But my boot was on!

I ran to show my mom my thumb. Mom held my hand and assured me I was safe. She told me God loves me, so I could never be hurt. She started praying right away.

I saw that I could pray, too. I knew that God was right there with Mom and me and that God was talking to both of us.

When Mom said that I couldn't be hurt, it made me think of a Bible story that I'd learned in the Christian Science Sunday School. A long time ago, an angry king threw some men into a very hot fire (see Daniel, chap. 3). But the men trusted God to save them. And He did. The king was shocked to see them walking around in the fire—totally safe. He said, "They have no hurt." And when they came out of the fire, they didn't even smell like smoke!

This made me think: Any hurt must be powerless, nothing. So we can turn our thought away from it and turn to God instead.

What happens when we turn to God with our thoughts and heart? God reminds us that we are spiritual, His dear children. So we



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are always loved and always safe. He never stops loving and caring for us. His law of harmony keeps us safe, whole, well. Held in His law, we can't be hurt. God's law frees us from hurts because harmony is the fact, not the hurts.

Whenever we listen to God, we always get the ideas that help and heal us. That's what Mom and I did. And here's what happened next.

Quick as a wink, Mom tapped the side of my hanging thumbnail. It settled right back into its proper place. It didn't hurt, and you couldn't even tell that it had been damaged a few minutes before. It was perfect. I was healed.

After that, we put away my too-small cowgirl boots. But I've never outgrown the healing lesson I learned that day. •

Originally published in the July 2, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Explaining Christian Science to my friends

By Jared

My name is Jared. I live in Johannesburg, South Africa.

I go to an all-boys school, and there are boys from many different backgrounds. I am in Grade 5 and am the only Christian Scientist in my grade. One of the compulsory subjects I take at school is called Religious Education, where we get to learn about God and different religions.

One day our teacher asked us to write a paragraph about our own religious beliefs. When I was thinking about what I wanted to write, I thought about what I'd learned in the Christian Science Sunday School. Every Sunday morning I get to learn about different stories from the Bible and about how much God loves me.

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Last year I gave a testimony at our Thanksgiving service at church about praying about my exams. I prayed by knowing that God is Mind and that I reflect Mind, and also that I am guided by God’s intelligence. I also spoke about being grateful for all the ways my family and I have felt God’s love. I wanted the boys at my school to know about these things, and also to know that God is always with us and helping us: in the classroom, on the rugby field, on the playground, and even in the swimming pool. There is no problem too big for God.

So this is what I wrote in my workbook: “In my religion I believe that God is the one and only ever-powerful God. He is good. My God is Mind, Spirit, Soul, Love, Life, Truth, and Principle. There is no problem too big for Him, and God is with us wherever we go.”

Knowing that God loves me, no matter what, makes me feel safe, protected, and cared for. I hope my friends know that God loves them as much as He loves me! ●

Originally published in the July 16, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.



USA ANDREWS—STAFF

We found my dog!

By Sofia

My family and I were on holiday in the Australian bush, which has large fields of grasslands and forests. We were taking our dog Ginny for a walk. She was off her leash and having a lot of fun, as there were so many new smells and places to run around.

We were having such a great time together, but then Ginny disappeared. We were all worried because we didn't really know where we were and it was such a huge place. She could have been anywhere!

We started to trek deep into the bush. Everyone in my family was becoming more nervous and worried. My dad came over to me because I was very afraid, and he shared this passage from the Bible: "God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind" (II Timothy 1:7).

This really helped me calm down, because it reminded me that God was giving me all the insights and ideas I needed, so I couldn't be afraid. And I knew we could all hear God's guidance—including Ginny. I continued to pray with this idea, and about twenty minutes later, my dad found Ginny! We all thanked God!

Since then, I have thought of this Bible verse in many other situations, too, and it always helps me. ●



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF
MAP: INFAD/ISTOCK/GETTY IMAGES PLUS

Originally published in the August 6, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Prayer made a difference!

By Aria

A couple of summers ago, I went to a sleep-away summer camp, but I ended up staying for only a small part of it because I was scared and homesick. I'd never been away from home before, and I missed my family very much.

Later, when I was in fifth grade, our class went to a science camp. This time, I had a great time and wanted to stay even longer. That's because I prayed!

I realized that when I'd gone to the summer camp, I had let fear be the boss of me, and I hadn't prayed at all. At science camp, I prayed in the morning and before I went to bed. Sometimes, I even prayed during the day.

Some of the prayers that helped me were ones I learned in the Christian Science Sunday School, like the "Daily Prayer" on page 41 of the *Manual of The Mother Church*. I'd also memorized two prayers that Mary Baker Eddy wrote for children. (You can find both of these prayers on page 69 of her book called *Poems*.) Here's the way one of them goes:

Father-Mother God,
Loving me,—
Guard me when I sleep;
Guide my little feet
Up to Thee.
("Mother's New Year Gift to the Little Children")

These prayers helped me to know that God was taking care of me—almost like having a warm blanket over me that made me feel safe and protected. Praying made the difference so that fear couldn't be the boss of me. Instead of feeling scared, I felt close to God and had a good time at science camp. ●

Originally published in the August 6, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Favorite hymns

I just finished second grade, and I go to the Christian Science Sunday School.

I have a favorite hymn. It's Hymn 148 in the *Christian Science Hymnal*, and it starts out, "**In heavenly Love abiding**" (Anna L. Waring). I like it because my grandma sings it to me.

The words in the hymn that I especially like are: "**God is round about me, / And can I be dismayed?**" They help me to know that God loves me and is always beside me, so I can't be sad. —*Raegan*



My favorite hymn is number 477, which starts out, "**Feed my lambs, tend my sheep**" (Natalie Sleeth, *Christian Science Hymnal, Hymns 430–603*). I learned it in the Christian Science Sunday School, where I go with my sister and brother.

I like it because the melody is very pretty, and it has a great message about God protecting us the way a shepherd protects and looks after his sheep. It reminds me that, no matter what, God is always taking care of me. —*Ellie*



Originally published in the August 6, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.



I want to write my healing for the *Sentinel*. But I don't know how.

It's easy! Just answer these questions.

1

What is God telling me to write about?

2

What happened at the beginning?

3

How did I pray?

4

How did things change (in my thoughts and in what happened to me)?

5

What did I learn and why am I grateful?

Now I can send in my healing!

You can share yours here!

jsh.christianscience.com/share-my-healing

Hiding under my bed— and finding God

Name Withheld

I was hiding under my bed ... again. It felt safe. It was like a secret shelter from the angry voices of my parents that filled me with fear.

I was afraid they would get divorced. I didn't know what would happen to us if they did. Would I be with my mom or with my dad? What about the others in my family? And where would my home be?

But right there under my bed, I found God. Where? In my thoughts and in my heart. And I came to know God as Father-Mother Love.

I found in God a Mother who was always there for me, who always comforted me, always knew me. She loved me! Knowing that felt like a great big hug.

I found in God a Father who would protect me, who was strong and powerful. He totally adored me.

Sometimes finding God was a feeling—like I was on a solid rock that made me feel safe and secure. It could also feel like feathers—like a big down comforter wrapping me up all warm and snuggly and holding me close.

Sometimes it was a verse from a hymn. “‘Feed My Sheep,’” a poem by Mary Baker Eddy that is set to music, was the one I often felt Mother Love singing to me. Mrs. Eddy’s “Mother’s Evening Prayer” lullabyed me to sleep (*Christian Science Hymnal*, Nos. 304 and 207).

At other times it was a clear message that Father-Mother God was right there with me and would never leave me alone. Never let me go. Always give me just the right answer to comfort and reassure me.

My mom and dad never did separate. We did have good times and took some fun trips together. But for me, there was always that uncertainty of not knowing when things might blow up between them.

The big blessing that came from all this was that I kept growing closer to my Father-Mother God. I became more and more dependent on that strong, all-powerful Love. And I knew more and more that I could always count on it—whenever, wherever, and forever.

Turn page 

As I grew up, I was able to do many things that seemed very scary to me. I could do them because I knew that God was right there with me, giving me all the strength and ability I needed.

Now I'm all grown up and certainly don't fit under my bed anymore. But God is still my Father-Mother and my best friend. I listen and ask, and yes, that same under-the-bed Father-Mother still answers me. God's arms are still around me. God's hug still embraces me. God's messages still comfort, guide, and teach me. God still loves and adores me.

No matter how big or small you are, those same arms of Love are all around you, even if things seem scary. That same Father-Mother is right there, knowing, adoring, leading, and blessing you. And God is big enough to care for each of us all the time, forever. ●

Originally published in the August 27, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.



ANNA LUTWILLER—STAFF

The pain vanished

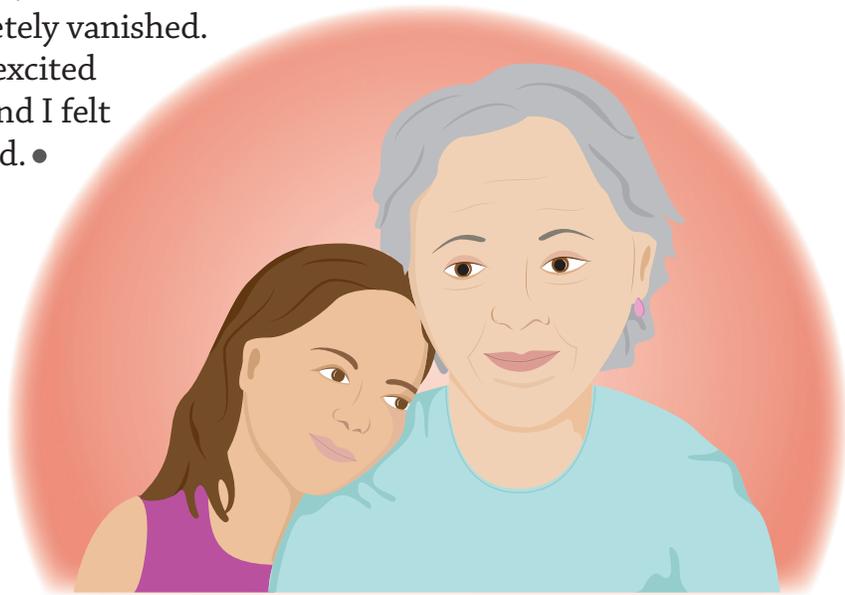
By Grace

My sister and I were at my Grammy and Grampy's house while my mom was out shopping. The four of us were having lots of fun. But that afternoon I began to feel ill, and my ear was really hurting. I felt a little scared.

Grammy and I went to rest and pray. I knew that nothing could hurt me, because a beautiful thought came to me that I had learned in the Christian Science Sunday School: There is no spot where God is not. This helped me feel less scared, but the pain was continuing to get worse.

Soon my mom came home, and we called a Christian Science practitioner to pray for me, too. I kept praying to know that pain is not the truth about me because God made me perfect and keeps me perfect. So nothing could ever harm me or make me unwell. I knew that I am really spiritual, so I must be safe.

After I rested awhile and prayed and sang hymns, suddenly my ear stopped hurting so much. I felt really hungry, so I went downstairs and had some dinner, and then I realized the pain had completely vanished. I was so happy and excited about my healing, and I felt so much love for God. ●



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Originally published in the September 10, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Love chases away the storm

By Annette Dutenhoffer

It was a dark and stormy night. At least, that's what my dog Raven thought!

It was nighttime. Raven was curled up on the floor, sleeping. I was watching the weather report on TV. The report showed a storm that had happened very far away from where we live. The thunder crashed and the rain poured. Raven thought the storm was at our house! She was very afraid and walked quickly into the bathroom. She sat on the floor in front of the bathtub and shook with fear.

I told her she was OK because there really wasn't a storm outside. But she didn't believe me. She wouldn't budge. Raven was afraid of a storm that wasn't even real!

Sometimes storms can be scary to us, too. Not just storms outside with thunder and lightning, but storms like sickness or sadness or worry, too. Maybe when you're feeling afraid of your own "storm," your mom or dad tries to comfort you, just like I tried to comfort Raven. But maybe you still feel scared.

What can you do then? You can pray. When we pray, we listen to God. God always tells us the truth, because God is Truth. The truth that God tells us is that there is no storm and no place for stormy thoughts where He is, and that He is everywhere and all good. The truth always comforts us and makes us feel calm instead of stormy. It makes us feel safe and protected.

That night when Raven was so scared, I knew I needed to pray. I sat down on the floor right beside her. I prayed by thinking about one of Mary Baker Eddy's hymns that I learned a long time ago in the Christian Science Sunday School. Maybe you know it, too. It starts,

It matters not what be thy lot,
So Love doth guide;
For storm or shine, pure peace is thine,
Whate'er betide.
(*Christian Science Hymnal*, No. 160)

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That hymn told me that it doesn't matter what the stormy thoughts are. It doesn't matter how loud they are or how real they seem, either. None of them can be true where God is.

Love, another name for God, always makes us feel peaceful, right where we are. Why? Because Love and fear can't be together. Love is like light, and fear is like darkness. When light shines, darkness is nowhere. Where Love is, stormy thoughts of worry are nowhere.

I knew that Raven was safe, because there was no storm. But I also knew that she would always be safe, no matter what, because Love is all around her in every place, in every moment. God told me in my prayers that Raven could never be anywhere without Love. None of us can be!

Hearing those thoughts made me feel better, and Raven stopped shaking. I had felt God's love, and I knew Raven had, too.

I got up to go to bed, and she followed me into the bedroom, where she curled up on her cushion and went right to sleep.

God, Love, chased away Raven's untrue stormy thoughts so she felt safe again. And Love is always with you, too—keeping you safe from any storm. ●



Originally published in the September 24, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

God's help when I needed it

By Ainsley

Every Saturday I have horseback riding lessons. Currently I am riding a horse named Aya. She is really sweet and kind.

Recently, after a lesson, I was picking Aya's hooves. When you pick the horse's hooves, you take a pick and scrape all the rocks, mud, and dirt out of the hoof. When I do Aya's back legs, it is harder than doing the front, because her back legs don't stretch out as easily as her front legs do. It is also harder because there is more weight on the back than on the front.

So I was doing this when I lost my balance and dropped Aya's hoof on my foot. Aya kept her hoof there, not knowing it was on my foot. Since horses are such big animals, they are very heavy. So when this happened, it hurt. It was also uncomfortable because I was thinking, "Oh no! What am I going to do?" That's when I turned to God!

The first thought that popped into my head when I started listening to God in prayer was that I am a perfect creation of God, so Aya could not hurt me. If you were to look up *perfect* in the dictionary, you would probably find something like this: flawless, pure, the exact measurement. A perfect creation of God is something that can't be hurt or tampered with. I learned this from my Christian Science Sunday School teacher, and it always helps me to think about myself this way.

After this prayer, I had the thought to simply ask Aya, "Please get off my foot." Aya graciously lifted her hoof, and I thanked her and gave her a "Good girl!" pat. It is unusual for her to respond like that, so I was very grateful. And without pain or any more trouble, I was happily on my way, praising and thanking God. ●



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Originally published in the October 8, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Walking home from school with God

By Susan Adams

Do you ever walk to school? I did every day when I was in kindergarten. Sun, rain, or snow, I walked the five blocks to the old, red brick building that was my school.

Before I left each morning, my mom would give me a big hug and whisper, “God loves you, Susie.” Then she watched as I walked through our backyard and climbed the big steps up to the wooden gate. Once I was through the gate, I crossed the narrow street and walked to my friend Molly’s house so we could go to school together. It was a fun way to start the day. When school was over at lunchtime, we followed the same path home.

One day Molly and I walked into our classroom and got a big surprise. There were lots of people there, and a fun party was going on, with cake and games and singing.

When the party was over and everyone started to leave, I followed them. But something didn’t seem quite right. I didn’t know that the teachers had asked everyone to leave through a different door than usual.

When I got outside, I didn’t recognize where I was. All the trees and houses looked like they were in the wrong places! I was on a street where I’d never been before. Molly was nowhere to be found. And I couldn’t return to the school for help because the school was locked. I looked up and down the street and saw no one.

I stood still on the corner because I didn’t know what to do or which direction to go. Then I remembered Mommy telling me I could never be alone, no matter what. She said my loving Father-Mother God was always with me to protect and direct me. A feeling of being safe came over me like a hug. I didn’t feel alone at all. I knew God was right there taking care of me.

Soon I noticed a car driving slowly up the street. Then it stopped right at my corner. When I looked inside, I saw that the driver was my kindergarten teacher. I was so happy to see her! When she asked if I would like a ride home, I said, “Yes, please!”

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My teacher and I walked up to my front door together. When my mom opened the door, she looked very surprised. After all, I was late getting home, and I had my teacher with me. Mommy thanked her for bringing me home.

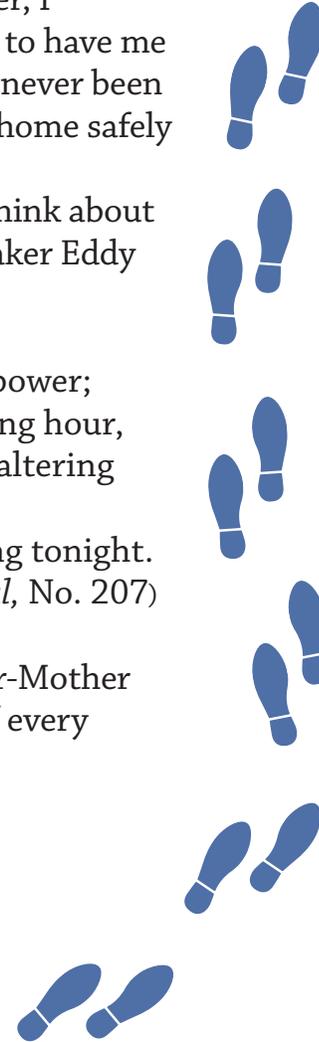


As I looked at my mommy and my teacher, I saw how happy and relieved they both were to have me back home. I was glad to be there, but I had never been worried. I had been sure God would get me home safely in His way. And He did.

When I think about this healing now, I think about a verse from a hymn with words by Mary Baker Eddy that Mom sang to us so often:

O gentle presence, peace and joy and power;
O Life divine, that owns each waiting hour,
Thou Love that guards the nestling's faltering
flight!
Keep Thou my child on upward wing tonight.
(Christian Science Hymnal, No. 207)

We are all God's children. And our Father-Mother protects us and cares for us every minute of every day—wherever we are. ●



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Originally published in the October 29, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Prayer stopped the bullying

By Timmy

I've played ice hockey for the last seven years. Last fall, I joined a new team. We were really good and won most of our games, and at first, all of the players seemed really nice.

But then, about halfway through the season, one kid began bullying me. I'm the goalie, and he'd say that I was afraid of the puck, that I was small and a bad player, and that he didn't like my leg pads. He said those things very loudly so everybody else could hear. During games, this boy and some other players would say mean things about me when I made a mistake or let in a goal.

Hearing that stuff made me think that I might be a bad player like they said. Sometimes, I'd look down at my leg pads and think, "Are these really bad pads? Maybe I should ask my dad to get new ones." When I was in bed at night, I thought about the mean things my teammates were saying about me.

I didn't know what to do. My coaches talked to the bully, but he would only stop for a day. Then the coaches talked to the team and our parents. They said the bullying needed to stop. When they talked to the whole group, I realized that I wasn't alone. That made me feel a little better, but I still felt like I needed to do something.

I'd learned about prayer in my Christian Science Sunday School, and through my family studying the Christian Science Bible Lesson (found in the *Christian Science Quarterly*) together every morning. I'd also seen prayer bring healing before—like the healing of a finger that had been stuck in a closed car door. So I knew that prayer could heal the bullying.

I talked with my dad about how I should pray. Dad said to start with thinking about God as Love. He said that because God is Love and is everywhere, Love's goodness and kindness also had to be everywhere, in everybody. Love never created a bully or a mean person.

I could see these good qualities in many of my teammates. My dad suggested looking for good things about the other boy, too. He said

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I could start small. The more I thought, the more good things I realized about him. He was a really good skater. He had a good wrist shot and scored goals. He liked talking about hockey equipment, just like I do. And sometimes, he was actually friendly. Dad explained that these good things were evidence of this boy's true, God-created, spiritual nature. As I prayed, I saw even more goodness in him, and the bullying and meanness seemed less agitating.

Pretty soon, I started feeling better and less alone. I wasn't afraid anymore. Deep down, I knew that the other boy and I, and our whole team, were really God's children, filled with goodness and kindness. And guess what? The other boy began being much nicer. When I'd practice the cello in the locker room before hockey practice, the boy would hang out and listen. He'd tell jokes and make me laugh. He also became really nice on the ice. We even became best friends, and he invited me to his house to play hockey in his basement.

When I think about how prayer helped to heal the bullying, I think the key was how praying made me see all of us—the whole team—spiritually, as God's good and loving children. This is one of the best healings I've ever had. ●

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



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Favorite Bible characters

My favorite Bible character is **Daniel**, because he was safe in the lions' den after a king put him in there (see Daniel, chap. 6). If I feel scared, then I think about Daniel. And then I'm not scared anymore.

One night I didn't want to close my eyes because I had yucky (scary) thoughts. But God got rid of the yucky thoughts for me and made me feel safe, just like He protected Daniel.

—*Eliette*

Some of my favorite Bible characters are **Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego**. When they were thrown into the fiery furnace, God saved them, and they were able to walk away, safe (see Daniel, chap. 3). God saves you, too, so nothing can hurt you.

One time when my tummy was hurting, it was like being in a fiery pit. But God helped me out of the pit by healing me, just like God helped the boys in the Bible. Then I could play again.

—*Serenity*

Originally published in the November 19, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Always in God's care

By Caryl Grosch

My best friend Nancy and I loved to climb trees. There was a special tree at her house that we liked the best. It was a weeping willow with lots of graceful branches. We'd pretend we were climbing as high as the clouds.

One day while I was climbing the willow tree, the branch I was holding on to broke. I fell to the ground and landed on my back. It knocked the breath out of me. Nancy's mom was watching us from the kitchen window, so she saw what happened and came running out. She gave me a hard pat on the back, and I started to breathe again. She wanted to call a doctor, but I asked her if she could first call my mom. I knew my mom would help me remember some of the things from my Christian Science Sunday School class, where I was learning all about God's care for me.

When I got home, Mom took me to my room and got me comfortable. She reminded me that "God is love" (I John 4:8). Love was caring for me. Love had always kept me safe.

My head hurt, so I closed my eyes while Mom sang one of my favorite hymns from the *Christian Science Hymnal*. It's by Mary Baker Eddy, and the first line is, "O gentle presence, peace and joy and power" (No. 207). When Mom sang those words, it made me feel calm and peaceful. That's when I started to hear some healing thoughts from God. Here are some of them:

God created me in His image. Since He is Spirit, I had to be spiritual. Something spiritual couldn't be hurt.

Since God is good and perfect, I had to be good and perfect, too. That didn't change. That couldn't change.

My mom was singing another hymn when I opened my eyes. Then she asked me if I'd say the twenty-third Psalm with her. It starts: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures" (verses 1, 2). I loved to think about lying down in soft, green grass where I was safe. God's love was surrounding me just like a big hug. I was always in His care.

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Pretty soon I fell asleep. When I woke up a little later, my head didn't hurt anymore. I was completely healed and ready to go back outside to play.

I was so thankful for my healing. And Nancy was glad that we could go right back to climbing trees—which we did! ●

Originally published in the December 3, 2018, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Welcome the Prince of Peace

By Annette Dutenhoffer

We were all having fun ... or so it seemed!

It was a couple of days before Christmas, and the house was full of relatives. We were playing games, and everyone was getting silly. But one person didn't like the silliness. He threw down his cards and stormed away from the table.

I didn't understand what had happened, and I was surprised to find out that he was angry with me. Why?! Down went my cards, too! Up the stairs I went, slamming the bedroom door behind me. So much for Christmas fun.

But I didn't stay mad for long. Behind that slammed door, a gentle thought came to me: "You have what it takes to deal with this. Don't wait. Go fix it now."

The thought was just as firm as it was gentle, and it came with a warm feeling of peace. I knew this voice that was speaking to me in my thoughts; I'd heard it before. It was what I like to think of as "the Prince of Peace."

It wasn't a prince like in storybooks. "The Prince of Peace" is one of the names the prophet Isaiah used when he told everyone the Christ child would be born. You can find his prophecy in the Bible. It says, "The government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace" (Isaiah 9:6).

"The Prince of Peace" refers to Christ Jesus. I'd learned in the Christian Science Sunday School that while Jesus was the baby who was born in Bethlehem, Christ is the name we use when we talk about his spiritual self as the Son of God. And Christ is also the message from God that tells us about our own spiritual selves as sons and daughters of God.

Even though the man Jesus is no longer here, the Christ message from God is. It tells us that we are good like God is because He made us! The Christ helps us remember that we like to do what is loving and

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kind so that everyone we know can feel God's love and be peaceful, calm, and full of joy, too.

That day in my house, I decided to listen to the peaceful message Christ was telling me about myself and my relative. It was that God, Love, made us both loving, so being mad isn't part of what we really are.

I took a deep breath and went downstairs. I was so happy that I already felt love instead of anger. I knew my relative would rather have fun than be mad, too. I found him sitting alone and feeling sad. I gave him a big hug and told him that I was so sorry (even though I still didn't know what I had done wrong).

He said OK and hugged me back. The rest of that Christmas was lots of fun, with no more problems or hard feelings between us.

At Christmastime—or anytime—we can all listen for the Christ and feel calm, secure, and loved, instead of angry, sad, or frustrated. You'll know its message by the peaceful feeling it gives you. So when you hear it, be sure you welcome it! ●

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LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

No more bad dreams

By Natsuki

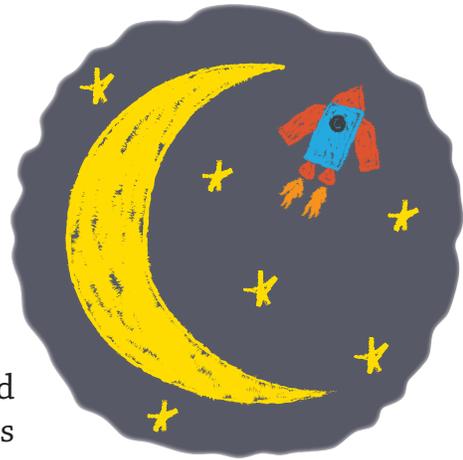
I used to have not-nice dreams, and I was scared to go to sleep at night.

But then I started listening more to God. When I listen to God, I stay really, really calm. I know a thought comes from God if it is really nice and kind, because God is Love. God helps me to not be scared, because He is the biggest and He always helps everyone.

Also, God makes everything very good, so there is no room for bad dreams.

I read lots of books about God. My favorite book is *My Best Friend* by Joy V. Dueland. I like it because when I read the book, it makes me feel Love is right here with me. It says you can listen to God when you are angry or sad. My favorite page says, “God’s love is behind the gentle things and all the good that happens.”

Every night before I went to sleep, Mum and I would read that book. Now I don’t have bad dreams anymore. ●



USA ANDREWS—STAFF

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