



# Christian Science Sentinel

"What I say unto you I say unto all, *Watch*" —Jesus

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# Back on the trail

By Jenny Sinatra

**UH-OH. THIS DOESN'T** look like the trail,

I thought as we climbed awkwardly past heavy green bushes and swatted away branches. *Where is the next trail marker?*

For this trail, the markers were bright blue lines painted on trees, and I'd been following them for the entire hike. But now I was all mixed up.

I looked behind me at my group. They were talking and laughing, holding on to the straps of their backpacks or swinging water bottles. They had no idea we were lost.

I stopped walking and told the group they could take a break, sit down, and rest by a nearby tree. I knew I needed to step aside and pray, turning to God, our Father-Mother, to show me what to do. I knew that even though I was leading this hike, God was in charge of everyone on the hike, including me. I'd learned in the Christian Science Sunday School that because God is Father-Mother, we can always count on God to take care of us just like our mom or dad would.

So, right there on that big mountain, I prayed to feel that God was caring for every creature, every bird, every hiker. God was supplying everyone with good ideas to help them journey forward. God was meeting each need.

This verse from the Bible came to me so strongly: "Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and lean not on your own



understanding; in all your ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct your paths” (Proverbs 3:5, 6, New King James Version).

That was my answer. I’d learned that when I didn’t know what to do, the answer was to stop struggling to fix something so I could be ready to hear what God was telling me. And I could trust that God leads.

Within a few minutes, things felt different. With new hope, I had the thought to look in a certain direction. There, just around a corner, I could see it: a bright blue trail marker on a sturdy tree. I was relieved, but not very surprised. God had shown me the way!

The group finished up their break. It was time to get back to the hike and press on to reach the summit of the mountain. We had our trail markers—but more important, we had God leading the way.

Now, whenever I feel lost, I remember this hike and how I trusted God with all my heart. God showed me how to find—and stay on—the trail, and He will help you, too.●

## My thumb was perfect

By Luna

**LAST YEAR WAS** my first summer at a camp for Christian Scientists in Maine. I was enjoying all the activities and learning new skills, like sailing and archery.

One day, we were playing a competitive game when a girl accidentally ran into my hand. I heard a loud, threatening crack from my thumb. In the past, I’ve jammed my thumb during volleyball and basketball, but this was much more severe. When I looked down at my thumb, I saw that it was crooked and swollen. It hurt, and I was afraid I’d broken it.

I told my counselors what had happened, and they had the Christian Science nurse come to bandage my hand. The first thing she did was to ask which hymn from the *Christian Science Hymnal* was my favorite. I told her that I loved Hymn 350, which has the refrain “All, all is well” (Mary Peters, adapt.).

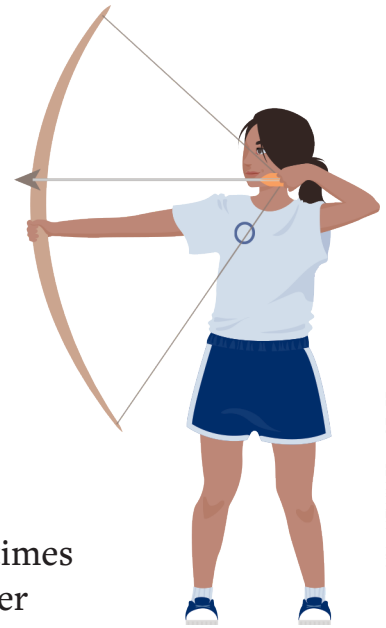
She pulled out a *Hymnal* and had me flip to the page. She asked me why I loved that hymn so much. I told her it was because it reassures me that everything will be OK, that everything is OK, and that everything has always been OK. This is because God loves us and is always taking care of us.

I scanned the hymn for another helpful passage and saw a phrase I hadn't noticed before: "Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us." It was the most perfect idea for this situation! It made me think of God's strong hand shielding me instead of thinking of a broken hand.

I continued to pray with the peaceful, healing ideas from this hymn.

The very next day, my thumb was back in place, as though nothing had ever happened. There was no more pain, either! I had a good and normal day and even water skied. My thumb was perfect.

The lesson I learned from this healing was that sometimes we can see something (like the way my thumb looked after the accident) that seems scary and impressive. But instead of looking at that, I can immediately turn to what I know about God. When I let my thoughts rest on God in this instance, I felt His presence, and it resulted in a quick healing. I'm so grateful. ●



ANNA LITWILLER — STAFF

## When I was nervous about going to camp

By David

**THIS PAST SUMMER** I went to a two-week sleep-away camp all by myself for the first time.

It takes a full day of driving to get from my house to the camp, so the day before, my mom and I drove to a town near the camp. After we checked in to the hotel, we ate dinner nearby. A couple of hours later, I started to feel very ill. I was nervous about going to camp and about making friends, and I started throwing up.

I have been learning the ninety-first Psalm in Christian Science Sunday School. I've memorized about half of it. Mom comforted me and reminded me about the verses that I know. The first two verses say: "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."

Mom and I talked about how I could always trust God, my Father-Mother, to be with me, even if I wasn't with my parents or brother. Also, since God is everyone's Father-Mother, everyone at camp is a child of God and expresses joy, goodness, and brotherly love.

Mom reminded me that joy comes from God, and God always gives us joyful, comforting thoughts. Sometimes, when you are trying to listen to God and do a good activity, bad thoughts like fear come in and try to take the joy away. But Mom reminded me that I didn't have to listen to any bad thoughts. Because my joy comes from God, nothing can take it away. It's always with me. We also talked about the other children—that they might be feeling the same way I was and that I could help them by being friendly, joyful, and loving.



Then Mom started to read me the weekly Bible Lesson (found in the *Christian Science Quarterly*), which is citations from the Bible and from *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy. As Mom read through the Lesson, I started to feel better and got very tired. She told me later that she read through the Lesson two times and stayed up praying, but I don't remember because I fell asleep.

In the morning, I felt much better. We packed up the car and drove the remaining two hours to camp. We stopped and had a good barbecue lunch. I was still nervous. But I knew that bad thoughts didn't belong to me and couldn't take away my joy, so I didn't have to listen to them.

When we got to camp, Mom helped me get settled. By the time she left, I was busy getting ready for a swimming test.

I had a lot of fun at camp, and even though I wasn't with my family, I felt happy to be there. I made a lot of friends, and the two weeks went by very quickly. I am really looking forward to going back to camp next year.●

## No more scary thoughts

By Sophie

**I USED TO** be scared of a lot of things. I was scared of going up the stairs at my school if no one was with me, and of going into the girls' bathroom alone. I was also scared of going upstairs to my bedroom if nobody was with me, and of falling asleep at night by myself in my dark room after Mommy

and Daddy put me to bed. My house and school seemed so big and scary, and I felt like there was a monster following me everywhere I went.

But then one day I suddenly had the idea of saying a simple prayer to myself. I had learned in the Christian Science Sunday School that God is Love and fills all space. So my prayer was, “God is with me. God is with me.”

At night, when my mom was putting me to bed, we would pray the Lord’s Prayer and say a little rhyme that I’d also learned in Sunday School: “There is no spot where God is not.”

I realized that God is always with me wherever I go, and since God is all around, there is no room for bad thoughts—or scary monsters!

The next day, when I went to school, I went into the girls’ bathroom and was all alone. I didn’t feel scared. In fact, I didn’t even remember that I had ever been scared at all. And now I can go up the dark stairs and play in my room or fall asleep at night without being scared even when I’m all by myself, because I know that God is holding my hand and keeping me safe wherever I go.

I’m so grateful to God that I’m not afraid of being alone anymore.●



LISA ANDREWS — STAFF

## My healing from reading *Science and Health*

By Isaac

**ONE YEAR AGO**, when I was eight years old, my awesome mom encouraged me to read *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy. I knew this book from going to the Christian Science Sunday School, but I had never read it all the way through.

For a while I read it, but then I just stopped reading it. My mom encouraged me to continue again, and so slowly I kept on going back and reading more and more.

Recently, I was on the last chapter. I thought that I had read enough, so I stopped reading because my head hurt. Suddenly, I was crying in my bed, and my mom asked me what was wrong. I told her about my headache, and I asked her if headaches were healed in the Bible, because I knew lots of other things were. She said she couldn't remember headaches being healed in the Bible, but she knew they had been healed through Christian Science before because she had read testimonies of people's healings.

Then she asked me what chapter I was on in *Science and Health*, and I said I was on "Fruitage." This is a chapter full of testimonies from people who were healed just by reading *Science and Health*. My mom said reading these testimonies could also help me, so I kept reading. I found many helpful, healing experiences. As I read, I remembered that God never created evil or harm, because God is all good. I was able to fall asleep peacefully. In the morning, I was completely better.

After I finished *Science and Health*, my mom told me I should write an article so that everyone could read about my healing, so I did. •



LISA ANDREWS — STAFF

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