



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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'Cold is for ice cream'

By Sahil

Since I was five I have regularly attended the Christian Science Sunday School. I love the way Sunday School teachers help us to understand our relationship to God and to know God's care for us. Christian Science has helped me with every problem I have faced.

One day a few years ago, I became very uncomfortable with what seemed like a cold. I called a Christian Science practitioner and told her about how I didn't feel well. She lovingly agreed to pray for me and shared the following lines written by Mary Baker Eddy: "If a cold could get into the body without the assent of mind, nature would take it out as gently, or let it remain as harmlessly, as it takes the frost out of the ground or puts it into the ice-cream to the satisfaction of all" (*Miscellaneous Writings 1883–1896*, p. 240).

She explained to me that cold is for ice cream, not for body. I laughed! I could see that this belief called cold could not touch me because I am a spiritual idea, created by God to be healthy and free. The next day all the cold symptoms were gone.

I am grateful to Mary Baker Eddy for her discovery of Christian Science and to the practitioner who prayed for me. I thank God for this healing. •

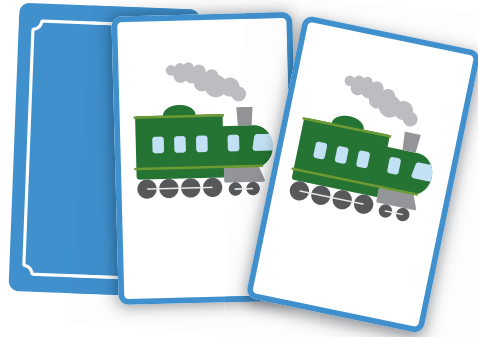


LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Originally published in the January 2, 2017, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Win or lose—love!

By Jenny Sinatra



Imagine you're playing a board game with your sister or brother and your parents. You're doing pretty well and everyone is laughing and having fun. Maybe there's even some popcorn in a bowl on the table. Yum. It's a perfect afternoon!

Then, all of a sudden, you're not winning anymore. Uh oh

This happened to me a lot when I was a kid. I would play card games with my family. And I was good at games. When I won, I was very happy. But when I would lose ... watch out!

I would stomp around and sometimes even crumple a few of the cards. Or I would cry and run out of the room. I didn't like to lose!

But you know what I've learned since then?

I've learned that God helps me to be a good sport, to be kind. Even better, God, Love, helps me love others the way Christ Jesus taught us to—even when a game isn't going so well, or things seem unfair.

Acting with grace and love, whether we win or lose, is so important, because it has to do with being children of God. We may not always feel like being loving, but don't be fooled. The Bible tells us we are God's image and likeness (see Genesis 1:26, 27). God made us to express all His good qualities, every moment. Remembering this can help us love even when it's not easy.

Christ Jesus was a good example of how to do this. And in his Sermon on the Mount he gave us the Beatitudes, teaching us about the Godlike qualities that are ours to express. Here are some of my favorites:

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
(Matthew 5:5, 7, 8)



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What does it mean to be meek, merciful, pure?
To me, meek doesn't mean weak. It means being willing to get rid of selfish pride.



To me, being merciful means giving everyone a chance to shine—even to be glad for them when they win.

To me, being pure means rejecting mean thoughts about someone, and praying for God's love to fill your thoughts instead.



So don't throw the game on the floor or kick the ball over the fence when you aren't on the winning side. Instead, choose to love and to live these Beatitudes. They can help us whether we're playing sports or singing in a group, playing games with family, or even when we're in school. And they offer a special promise: feeling God's love for us. That's an even better reward than winning your favorite game. ●

Originally published in the January 16 & 23, 2017, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

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. •

Originally published in the February 6, 2017, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

LISA ANDREWS—STAFF



Safe in Love's armor

By Charlene Anne Miller

My friends and I were walking to class when a boy began to yell at me. Mean things poured out of his mouth. “You’re a disgrace to the human race!”

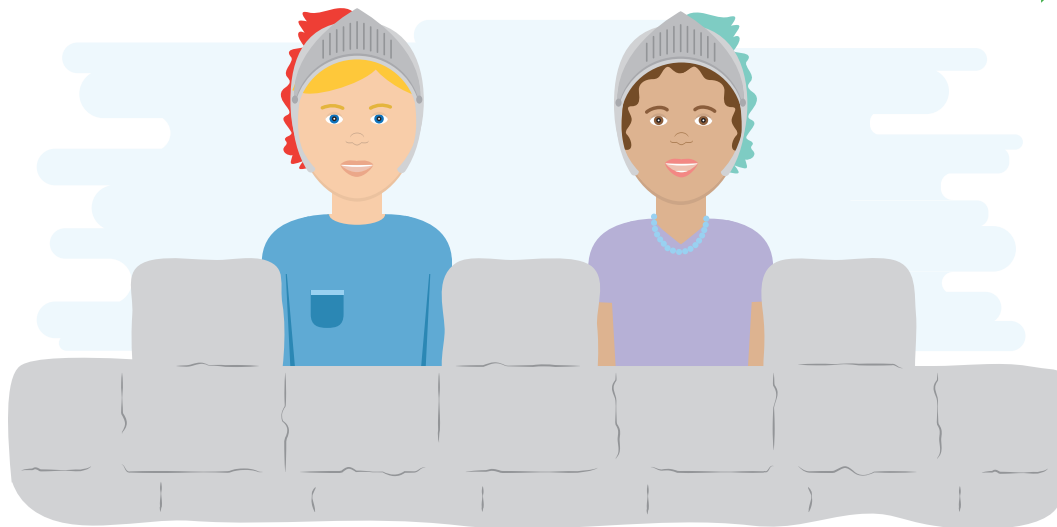
Every day the insults rained down. My friends wondered why I didn’t fight back. A war of words? Nope. I chose to pray instead.

I read the Christian Science Bible Lesson every morning before school. The ideas about God I found in the Lesson were powerful. They helped me deal with problems and find healing. You might say that these spiritual truths became a shield of defense, protection, and strength.

One morning as I was reading the Lesson, I was feeling pretty crummy about this boy. So my heart was wide open to God. My eyes lit up when I read this phrase: “The armor of divinity.”

That amazing phrase is the “marginal heading” (or key idea printed in the margin) for this paragraph in *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*: “At all times and under all circumstances, overcome evil with good. Know thyself, and God will supply the wisdom and the occasion for a victory over evil. Clad in the panoply of Love, human hatred cannot reach you” (Mary Baker Eddy, p. 571).

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LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

“Clad” means dressed. “Panoply” means a complete suit of armor—head-to-toe protection! Like a Stormtrooper or a knight! And “Love” is a Bible-based name for God. What a powerful spiritual truth! Love isn’t just a shield, but armor. Wow! This armor “fits” everyone. And best of all, it’s always on—never off.

I felt wrapped in Love’s armor after that. Secure and strong and safe.

Later, at school, the yelling began again. But I knew I was safe in Love’s armor. And in that moment, God showed me something else: I wasn’t the only one who was shielded by Love. God opened my eyes to see that this boy was, too. And this protected his heart from hate.

I looked right at him and smiled! My heart filled with love. I knew that nothing anyone said or did had any power over me. And I knew that he was free from hate, too.

Suddenly, the boy turned to his friends. He told them to be quiet. He said: “It doesn’t bother her. It never bothered her. Let’s go.”

The bullying stopped. Good triumphed over evil. And we were all safe in Love’s armor—each of us. ●

Originally published in the February 20, 2017, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

*Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.
Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.*

Charles Wesley, *Christian Science Hymnal*, No. 312

I sang my prayer

By Brooklee

I go to the Christian Science Sunday School. In Sunday School, we learn about God and we read Bible stories and talk about them. I also learn about how to pray if somebody is hurt, like, “God, I need some help,” and then listen to what God says.

When I was playing hide and go seek with my dad, I hurt myself. I was hiding, and then I jumped down behind the bed and scraped my knee. My dad helped me back onto the bed, and I started singing, “God is Love and All-in-all. He loves everybody and me. He is all Spirit and Love.” This means to me that God loves everyone. God loves Mommy. God loves Daddy. God loves my sister. God loves Saco and Gizmo (my cats). God loves Brooklee. That’s me!

And then my knee did not hurt a tiny bit, and I was ready to play again. •

Originally published in the March 6, 2017, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

I kept trusting God

By Cathy Edge

It was my first big-girl bike. And it was my favorite color: blue. I loved the wind in my face when I rode it fast. And I loved riding bikes with my best friend after school.

One day, when I went to take a ride on my bike, it wasn't there. That was strange. I'd left it in the same place I always did. I went to tell my mom about it. When we couldn't find my bike anywhere, we realized it had been stolen.

I had been learning about God in the Christian Science Sunday School. On the wall in my Sunday School were the words "God is Love," which is from the Bible (see I John 4:8). Feeling God's love for me helped me feel comforted. I knew that just as God had created me to express love and feel loved, He'd created everyone else that way, too. So no one could want to take something that wasn't theirs. Instead of feeling mad at the person who'd stolen my bike, I completely trusted God to take care of me and everything that was mine. And I was absolutely sure that my bike would be found and returned to me.

My mom and I decided to go to the police station to report my stolen bike. The police were very kind and asked me lots of questions. What did my bike look like? Where had I last seen it? When I finished answering, they told me they would do their best to find my bike. But they warned me not to get my hopes up, because most people didn't get their stolen bikes back.

I wasn't discouraged. I had put my trust in God, the highest power there is. So how could I doubt?

From then on, every night after my mom tucked me into bed and I said my prayers, I would say, "Now we will pray about my bike." And we did. My trust in God stayed firm. I never gave up. It made me happy to feel God's love and care for me, and to feel close to God when I prayed.

I prayed every night for two weeks. Then the police called.

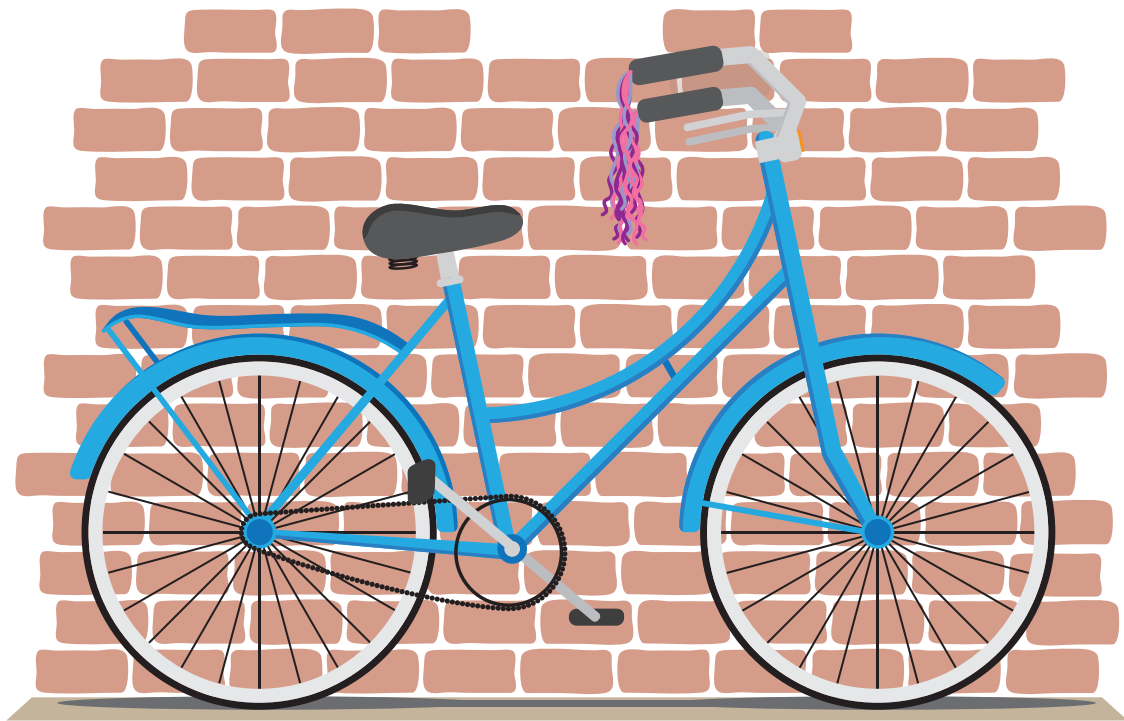
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They had found a bike that matched my description of my bike. Would we come down to the station to identify it?

Mom and I went right away. And guess what? It was my bike! The police were amazed that it had been found. I thanked the police, and I thanked God.

That was the first time I had prayed consistently and patiently about a problem. And I've never forgotten what happened when I did. I know now that I can always trust God's love and care for me. And so can you.●

Originally published in the March 20, 2017, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.



USA ANDREWS-STAFF

God's truth washes away pain

By Jonah

My family and I traveled to Florida for a Thanksgiving vacation near the beach. On Thanksgiving Day we went to the beach for the whole morning. Then we headed to our RV (a motor home) for our Thanksgiving lunch.

After lunch, my stomach hurt. My mom and I prayed about it and came up with an amazing thought based on what we had witnessed at the beach earlier that morning. I had built lots of sand castles, but no matter how big or solidly I built them, they were always washed away by the waves.

We thought of the ocean as standing for God's power. And we compared the tummy pain to one of those grains of sand. The tummy pain or grain of sand didn't stand a chance against God's mighty ocean of truth. Truth always washes away error, or anything that isn't good.

We also called a Christian Science practitioner, and she told me about one of Jesus' parables in the Bible (see Luke 8:5–8). It goes like this. One time a farmer planted some seeds. Some of the seeds got trampled and eaten by birds. Some fell on a rock and didn't get enough water. Some



LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

landed where there were thorns and got choked and couldn't grow. And some fell on the fertile soil and flowered and were abundant.

The practitioner told me that God plants me in the fertile soil and takes care of me day and night. It made me realize that the tummy pain was the opposite of fertile (what's pure and good), and that since I am planted in the "fertile soil" of God's love, that pure and perfect and healthy soil, I couldn't be touched by anything infertile or unhealthy.

I remembered the poem "Feed My Sheep" by Mary Baker Eddy, the Founder of Christian Science. In the poem it says, "Shepherd, show me how to go / O'er the hillside steep" (*Poems*, p. 14). To me that meant God, the Shepherd, leads me not just to the top of, but over the hill. The hill was like the pain in my stomach. I go over the hill to wherever I need to go, with God leading me all the way. In the same minute as I thought about that idea, I was healed completely!

I was so grateful that I was healed and that I could rejoin the family fun, and that I was able to play with the friends I met at the campground.

I'm also so grateful to my mom, the practitioner, and to God. God healed me and led me all the way over the hill as God always has and always will.

The "ocean of truth" won against the grain of sand! ●

Originally published in the April 17, 2017, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

Seeing the perfect me

By Suzanne Smedley

When I was in elementary school, I had to wear a uniform. Every morning, Monday through Friday, I woke up and put on that uniform: white shirt, plaid skirt, brown shoes with laces. And every day when I looked at myself, I'd see the same thing: white shirt, plaid skirt, brown shoes with laces ... and an ugly wart on one of my knees.

The wart really bothered me. I'd noticed it for a couple of years, and I was sure that's what everyone saw when they looked at me. But I couldn't hide it because I had to wear that uniform skirt every day.

One day, I'd had enough! I didn't want to live with that wart anymore. So I went to my mom to talk with her about the whole thing.

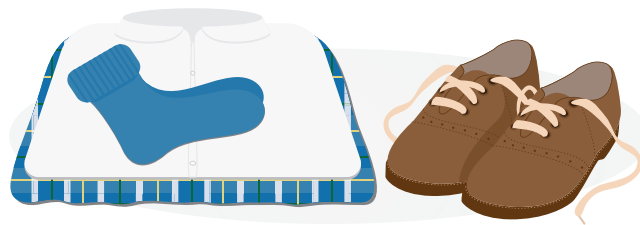
Mom always had good ideas that helped me know God as my best and most trustworthy friend. Whenever Mom and I prayed when something bothered me, and I trusted God totally, I had healings.

Mom always talked to me with a lot of love. I knew from my Christian Science Sunday School classes that God is Love, and I wanted to feel this Love—not fear or irritation or sadness. The way Mom spoke to me that day when I went to her about the wart, I felt so much love. Not just Mom's love, but God's love. It was like I felt nothing but that love. As we talked about God, I saw that God created me, and that He created me spiritually, in His image and likeness. That meant I was as perfect as God is, and that everything about me was beautiful. How could something that God, good, made include anything ugly? Impossible!

My heart was happy again after our talk. I knew Mom would keep praying for me because that's just what Mom did when I needed help. I went off to play and completely forgot about my knee. It didn't cross my mind even once.

A few days later, my friend Corinna and I were kicking a ball around in my front yard. It was a warm day and I was wearing my shorts. When I reached down to pick up the ball, my eyes went to my knee. And guess what? The wart was almost gone. It was dissolving, and I was so excited! Within a couple of days there wasn't even a trace of it.

I was so grateful to God. And after that healing, no one loved to wear her uniform skirt more than I did. ●



Originally published in the May 1, 2017, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

I knew that God was with me

By Alexandria

One morning before school, my mom dropped me off at my grandmother's. I noticed that I had a scratchy voice and a sore throat. I could only whisper.

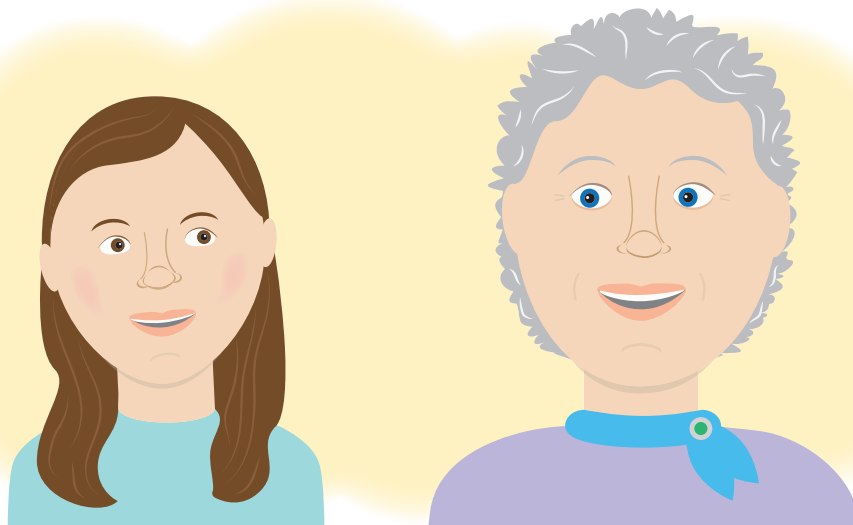
I told my grandmother that my throat hurt. So then my grandmother told me she had a Bible verse for me. I've learned some Bible verses at the Christian Science Sunday School, and they help me feel close to God. When I think about what a Bible verse means, it helps me feel comforted and know God's care for me. It also helps me focus in school and feel safe whenever I am scared.

The verses my grandmother shared with me were from Psalm 139, and they're talking about God guiding and holding us: "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me" (verses 9, 10).

This helped me feel better because I knew that God was with me. It meant to me that God is always with me no matter what, and is always with you no matter what. It made me feel comforted by God's love.

I felt much better and went to school and had a great day. •

LISA ANDREWS—STAFF



Originally published in the May 15, 2017, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

In perfect focus

By Mark Swinney

A lot of cameras have something called autofocus. When you point the camera at an object, the camera automatically brings a fuzzy image into clear view.

So if you looked through the lens of your camera at a flower and you saw a fuzzy image, you would never try to change the flower. All you'd need to do is change the focus.

In sort of a similar way, when you're praying, you can depend on God to change your view of things. God is good, made everything good, and keeps everything good. When you ask God to help you see that goodness, this prayer gives you a clear picture of what is actually present.

For example, when I was in elementary school, my friends and I built a fort out of some old plywood we'd found in the desert. We wanted to test it for strength. I got inside and my friends threw big rocks at it. After it got quiet, I looked out to see if the test was over. A rock that was already in the air hit me right in the forehead.

It hurt and made me bleed. So I headed home, and that's when I began to pray.

From what I'd been learning in the Christian Science Sunday School, I knew that my identity—my true and real identity—comes from God, Spirit. "What is this real identity like?" I asked God in prayer. As I walked along, I could tell that God was bringing everything into focus for me, and I felt loved. God, I could tell, is absolutely perfect. And here's what God told me about who I am: I exist as the spiritual image of God, always in perfect focus! I saw that I'm not the image of an accident. I am always God's image, so I must express the wonderful nature and essence of God.

Just as you don't need to change the flower if you see a fuzzy flower through your camera, when you pray you don't need to try to improve the perfect image of God. God's image—that's you—is already intact. Allowing God to show you that perfectly clear and true image makes all the difference.

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When I got home, my mom was concerned because of the blood on my shirt. But after she washed me off, she saw that the bleeding had stopped and the swelling was almost gone. By the next day, I'd been healed.

You, too, are always the image of God and God alone, and nothing can change that. And just as you can depend on a camera's autofocus to bring clarity to your pictures, you can depend on God to bring clarity to the way you see yourself. When you pray, be open for the power and love of God to change just one thing—your perspective. Then you'll see yourself as God sees you. And that brings healing. •

Originally published in the May 29, 2017, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.



Safe at recess

By Maya

I didn't like the game that the boys in my class were playing at recess, because they tried to catch us girls and "lock us up." But I didn't know the right words to tell them to stop, because we had just moved to the French-speaking part of Switzerland and I didn't speak French yet. I used to try to protect my sister from these boys as they chased us. I was scared and I told the teacher at recess.

Mommy was praying with my sister and me about it. (You can read her testimony on page 14.) Prayer means asking God to help, and thanking God for helping. Prayer means that you're listening to God. God is your friend. We prayed together by knowing what was true about the boys in my class because of the way God made them. For example, they are God's perfect children and they are God's reflection, so they had to be good and loving since God is good and loving. We asked God to help us see this about the boys.

Praying like this helped me know the right things to do each time. For example, one time I told the teachers who were in charge at recess when the boys bothered me. I prayed at school when I felt scared.

When one of the boys wrote us a note to say he was sorry, it made me feel good and I thanked him. Afterward, in Sunday School, I put up a leaf on the forgiving tree that said that I had forgiven the boy.

Now he doesn't scare me at recess. He even invited me to his house for a play date. ●



Originally published in the June 12, 2017, issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*.

LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

Emmie's healing

By Melissa Frontczak

Our family has two cats. One is named Emmie. She is all white except for a black spot on her side and a skinny black tail. She loves to cuddle and to play outside.

Sometimes, when Emmie plays outside, bugs crawl on her. Before she comes inside, we take the bugs off her because the bugs' home is outside, not on our kitty.

One day, my husband, Arthur, found a strange bump on Emmie's neck. He told me about it, but I thought it would just go away.

A few days later, Arthur talked about this bump again. He was worried about our cat.

Both Arthur and I love Emmie very much, so we decided to ask God for help. Since God is all-powerful Love, we knew we could trust God to take care of Emmie. We agreed to pray for her.

But as I started praying, I felt a little scared. What if one of those bugs had hurt Emmie? What if the bump didn't go away? I had to tell those questions to stop bothering me so that I could hear what God was telling me about Emmie.

When I listened to God, I could feel how much God loves Emmie. Because He loves Emmie so much, I knew He must be keeping her safe.

I thought about the bugs we found crawling on Emmie. The Bible talks about how God made "every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that it was good" (Genesis 1:25). Since God made the creeping things and saw them as good, I knew I could see them as God sees them and know them as harmless. One good idea of God could never hurt another good idea.

Mary Baker Eddy, a woman who also loved animals, explains more about this when she says, "All of God's creatures, moving in the harmony of Science, are harmless, useful, indestructible" (*Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, p. 514).

Wow! Because those bugs were really God's creatures, they couldn't harm, or hurt, anything. But that wasn't all. Both Emmie and those bugs were useful, especially since they were teaching me about how

God loves all of us. And it was comforting to know that Emmie, as God's creature, was indestructible. Her gentle, loving presence was totally safe because Emmie was created by God, completely spiritual.

Every time scared thoughts tried to talk to me, I told them to be quiet! And then I could hear God's much stronger voice telling me Emmie was perfectly cared for in His love. The scared thoughts soon stopped coming, so all I could feel was God's love.

A few days later, I was petting Emmie and my hand touched her neck where the bump had been. It was almost gone! I called to Arthur and he said he had just noticed that, too. He wasn't worried anymore. Pretty soon, the bump completely disappeared.

We both thanked God for taking care of Emmie. Emmie said, "Meow," in thanks, too! ●

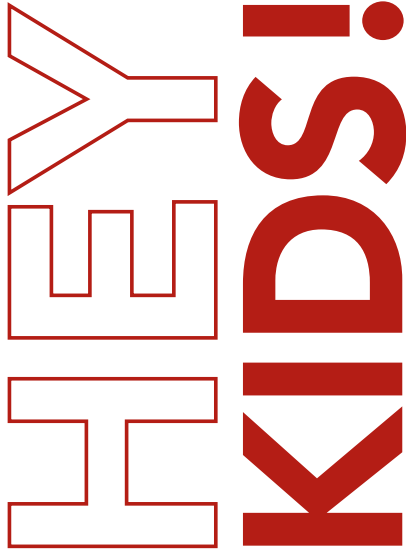
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LISA ANDREWS—STAFF

A COLLECTION FOR KIDS

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