

# Christian Science Standard

## Deborah Klingbeil

Welcome to *The Christian Science Standard*.

I write and publish *The Standard* and am responsible for its content.

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*The Standard* is an anthology of resource material related to the successive stage in Christian Science, a stage in which the medical and scientific discoveries of Mary Baker Eddy, as well as the theological ones, are being tested and developed.

The word “anthology” has a lovely derivation coming from the words “anthos” (flowers) and “logia” (collecting.) Today of course it means an assortment or gathering of written material, especially fiction. Both fiction and non-fiction are published in *The Standard*.



*The Standard* is published twice a year, in June and December.

*The Standard* is free and goes to a small number of subscribers who have supported us or been interested in the work of Spindrift in the past. It is my way of saying thank you. If you do not wish to receive *The Christian Science Standard* please let me know and I will be happy to take you off the list. Otherwise your subscription is free and ongoing.

As many of you know, beginning in 1997, I began exploring the medical and nursing applications of the Spindrift methodology developed by my father, the late Bruce Klingbeil, and tested mostly by my brother John Klingbeil I have been following a roadmap of programs, each with stated objectives, that I dubbed *Seedcorn 2001*, *Bladecorn*, *Greencorn*, *Bringing in the Sheaves*, *SILO*, and *Open Homestead*.

Currently

the *Seedcorn*,

*Bladecorn, Greencorn* and *Sheaves* programs have been accomplished.

*SILO* began this month and is expected to last approximately nine years. The primary purpose of the *SILO* project is to define, develop and perpetuate the skills needed to be a Christian Science laboratory prayer provider. A secondary purpose, to be accomplished in the last three years of the *SILO* project, is to develop a research program capable of exploring the ethics, skills, and basic concepts of Spindrift nursing. A brief description of the *SILO* program can be found in this issue's *Letter from the editor*.

To maintain this work I adhere to a life of silence as a contemplative except when teaching and so am no longer available to the public except through my publications. I can be contacted at:

## **Section One: Of Special Interest to our Secular Readers**

### **How do you measure one drop of prayer An occasional series**

#### **Part Two**

#### ***Electrifying Views of Reality***

#### **Chapter One: Will the real reality please stand up?**

In the early 1900's an unremarkable English clergyman named Leslie Weatherhead had a brief mystical experience that left him somewhat confused and a little bit embarrassed as he had never had such an experience before and he never had one again. It happened on a murky November night as he was traveling third class on a train from London.

“For a few seconds only, I suppose, the whole compartment was filled with light. This is the only way I know in which to describe the moment, for there was nothing to see at all. I felt caught up into some tremendous sense of being within a loving, triumphant and shining purpose. I never felt more humble. I never felt more exalted...All men were glorious and shining beings...An indescribable joy possessed me. All this happened over fifty years ago but even now I can see myself in the corner of that dingy third-class compartment with the feeble lights...In a few moments the glory departed – all but one curious, lingering

feeling. I loved everybody in that compartment. It sounds silly now and indeed I blush to write it, but at that moment I think I would have died for anyone of the people in that compartment.”(1)

Weatherhead isn't the only person to ever have had such an experience. Such experiences occur much more often than you would think. A study carried out in 1975 by sociologist Andrew Greeley for the National Opinion Research Center showed that 35 per cent of Americans surveyed claimed to have had a mystical experience. (2)

Considering that up until 1994 the American Psychiatric Association officially classified “strong religious belief” as a mental disorder (2: p.430) and that such experiences are still highly suspect – not the sort of thing you'd want to mention at a party - it's surprising that so many people admitted their experiences.

The author of the book quoted above notes that:

“Mystical experiences do not come only to those who strive to have them, they also come spontaneously to people who do not desire them, perhaps have never heard of them, and at first, do not know what to make of them.” (2: p. 133)

Mary Baker Eddy had such an experience when she was healed of an injury in 1866. Years later she would look back and pin-point this event as her discovery of Christian Science. The difference between her mystical experience and many others is that she called it “the falling apple” which led her into the knowledge of spiritual healing. (3)

That she considered such mystical experiences to be the basis for the healing of physical problems through spiritual perception is obvious not just from her own recovery but from her later statements in *Science and Health* , for example

“Become conscious for a single moment that Life and intelligence are purely spiritual, - neither in nor of matter – and the body will then utter no complaints. If suffering from a belief in sickness, you will find yourself suddenly well.”(4)

I should explain that I am using the word “mystic” here only in the sense of one who experiences a reality beyond the physical, not in the sense of anything mysteriously unknowable.

Eddy did not consider such experiences of what she called “Life in and of Spirit” to be only for the purpose of healing the sick. She told some of her students that the ability of a spiritual healer to induce such a state in a student was just as important a skill as healing the sick was.

What are

these

experiences? Some of them, like St. Paul's conversion on the road to Damascus or Martin Luther's appeal to God on his horse in the middle of a severe a thunderstorm have become famous. Others come to everyday people including children. With no context to put them in, people often dismiss them as momentary aberrations.

It has been my experience that many people are naturally gifted in spiritual healing but are unaware of this because they have no context with which to access or understand their gifts, kind of like if you were born with a great talent for playing the piano before the piano was invented or else lived in a country where pianos were unknown or even worse where pianos were considered something quite negative.

The book *Why God Won't Go Away* tells us

“In modern usage “mysticism”....is often used pejoratively to dismiss sloppy or superstitious thinking. The *New World Dictionary*, in fact, defines the word as “vague, obscure, or confused thinking or belief.”(2:p.100)

This book explains that mystics themselves see their experiences as “an uplifting sense of genuine spiritual union with something larger than the self.” (2: p. 104) But it also gives society's view of mystics as being:

“...the victim of some emotional or chemical imbalance...In the common view of current scientific understanding [mysticism] ...is a delusional state brought on by brain dysfunction...Medical research has proposed many causes for these intense religious states, from fatigue or emotional distress, to obsessive thinking or even mental illness. Since the time of Freud, in fact, many psychiatrists have believed that mystical experiences are illusions triggered by a neurotic, regressive urge...”(2:p.99)

“Science, it seems, has no shortage of rational explanations for the strange accounts of the mystics, and while these explanations may vary in approach, they all agree on one important point: The mind of the mystic is a mind that has somehow become fundamentally confused. Mysticism, in other words, is the result of mental pathology, and mystics, whether they suffer from neurosis, psychosis, or functional problems of the brain, are people who have clearly lost track of what is real.” (2: p.108)

The two medical doctors who wrote this book ended up not agreeing with the above assessment.

As part of their research they scanned the brains of both Franciscan nuns and Buddhist monks during prayer and meditation. It did not occur to them, apparently, that the act of scanning

might change the meditative state. With IFT the unconscious reinforcement of brain as primary, induced by the powerful ritual of hooking the person up to a brain scan during prayer, would work against the ability to attain the kind of meditative experience that heals the sick on a foundation originating somewhere other than brain and matter. Perhaps in other meditative states the conflict is not there. I do not know.

The doctors who did the research believed, by their own admission, that the brain creates thought and that there can be no mind without the brain. (2: p.33) In divine Science consciousness is seen as primary and the brain is theorized to be a virtual illusion built by a self-deceived consciousness but able to be transcended by a stronger all present non-local and totally self-aware Consciousness.

Other theories lie somewhere in-between. In the new book *Out of Our Heads: Why You Are Not Your Brain and Other Lessons From the Biology of Consciousness* author Alva Noe claims that “only one proposition about how the brain makes us conscious...has emerged unchallenged: We don’t have a clue.”

Noe strongly disputes that thinking can be described in purely physical terms “like the process of digestion.” and concludes:

“You are not your brain. The brain, rather, is part of what you are.” (5)

The two doctors who did the brain scans of people who were praying and meditating did find many things that were fascinating. They found that activity in the part of the brain that helps people move around in space by providing a template of where the self starts and ends, and where the world outside of the self begins, was greatly reduced in activity during peak prayer times. This would cause a blurring of the sense of separation between self and the rest of the universe or what would feel real and absolutely like a sense of being at one with something other than self.

But Eddy would disagree with the premise that our sense of unity was brain based. She wrote:

“Every concept which seems to begin with the brain begins falsely.”(4: p. 262)

“The unity of God and man is not the dream of a heated brain;” (6)

Eddy saw her mystical experiences as a glimpse into reality, and not a momentary aberration. She came to feel that the everyday lives we live as physical beings were instead the aberration.

Which is true? Are such events connected? What triggers them? Are they a glimpse into a fourth

dimension of reality or are they aberrations that come from brain chemistry? If the experiences are glimpses of a reality beyond what we know then why is this reality hidden and what is hiding it? Can you learn to access mystical states at will and what happens when you do? Are all experiences of an alternative reality equal? Are some harmful and can they harm people other than the one praying? Does it cheapen the mystical experience to access it for physical healing? Why do some alternative states of consciousness produce physical healing while others don't? What about drug induced altered states of mind?

I can see my Christian Science readers drawing back in horror and doing a little "protective work" at my mention of drugs but before you dismiss those completely you might recall that Eddy, though disapproving of drugs, drew some lessons from the mental states induced by opium (4: p 90.)

In goal-referenced prayer research these questions about views of reality are mostly irrelevant. The point there is mainly to see if you can change matter with your mind and if your faith makes it easier to do so.

But in the prayer research of divine Science the question of reality is front and center.

The Spindrift research does not have at its core the aim of proving that prayer works. It has at its core the exploration of this alternate view of reality.

Spindrift researcher Bruce Klingbeil wrote:

"To those Christians who would turn away from the world as a source of heavenly understanding, *The Spindrift Papers* and the tests it describes speak with special clarity. For these tests seek not to describe the world or the things that are in the world, as the sciences do, but rather the things of the Spirit. These tests describe also an aspect of the Incarnation...the finger of God in human experience – however unexpected the form of it may seem to be." (7)

Is the physical world virtual – an illusion –behind which lies a larger reality, a larger reality that occasionally breaks through and is perceived as a mystical experience or as a physical healing or as both simultaneously? If so, can you induce such experiences with practice?

Or are such mystical experiences a brain created altered state of consciousness hard wired into us but basically illusory in nature?

These are the basic questions of IFT research.

## Terminology not meant to be exclusive

By IFT research I mean Christian Science research. For those of you who are “Christian Scientists” the phrase often means church membership or else a certain set of behaviors such as reading your Bible lesson daily, not smoking or drinking, and not taking medicine.

For those of you who are not Christian Scientists I have found that the phrase “Christian Science” is sometimes an annoying one. Many people think of Christian Science in negative terms as a personal religion that harps all the time on Mrs. Eddy and that is in part a faith healing cult whose fanatics, however well meaning, let little kids die without medicine.

If I do nothing else in my life I hope that by the time I die some of my writings will have helped change what the words “Christian Science” mean in the public mind.

Let’s deal with the exclusive issue before we go any farther. People who are not Christians may feel left out by the phrase “Christian Science” but they should not. The word “Christian” is a reference to Christ Jesus but one does not have to accept the personal Jesus as the Messiah in order to appreciate or benefit from Christian Science as a Science.

In the theory of divine Science it is perfect Mind, not person, that is the Messiah, or that which saves. The Mind that Jesus accessed (more successfully than any person has before or since) is the same Mind that we also can access in following his example and healing the sick. St. Paul writes:

“Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.” (8)

When reading the word “Mind” think data base. An infinite perfect Mind includes an infinite perfect (no errors or bugs at all) data base that contains the information content of the world. Quite a good thing to have access to. Of course there is much more to an infinite Mind than its data base but this is a good place to start thinking about what such a Mind might be like.

We speak of kilowatts when we speak of electricity because of James Watt, a person, and we speak of volts because of Allesandra Volta. No one feels they must personally be followers of these people and no one that I know of is offended that we use their names based on the work that they did.

Eddy based her healing work on the life of Jesus, and she based her theory on the spirit of Christ which she saw in both religious and scientific terms. She says however that the term “divine

Science” is interchangeable with the words “Christian Science”; the words are not meant to be exclusive.

She also says that the words “Christian Science” apply more directly to the context of the human need while the phrase “divine Science” is broader, used in context of the workings of the entire universe. In one place she tells a student to rise from Christian Science to divine Science.

In this article, because I am not looking so much at human needs as I am at how the entire universe is put together, I will use the phrase divine Science.

There is no need for anyone to feel left out or to feel they must be a member of a certain church to deal with this theory, any more than you had to go to Princeton University where Einstein worked in order to be affected by gravity. No university can own physics, and no church can own divine Science. You don’t have to accept Jesus as your personal savior or Einstein as your personal physicist in order to study and apply the theories demonstrated by either one.

The comparison is not exact because holiness is not central to the theory of relativity while it is central to the Spindrift tests; holiness is the engine that makes identity field theory run. Already, though, the Spindrift tests are redefining words such as holiness, spirituality and goodness in terms of hard data.

Those who talk the talk of spirituality are not necessarily able to walk the walk of the experimental test. So far, instead of being exclusive, the Spindrift tests have shown patches of holiness showing up in some startling places. People who have led hard lives and made lots of mistakes – people who do not exactly jump out at you as Mother Theresa types - have done pretty well on these tests.

### **God as a Principle to be accessed instead of a person to be asked.**

If God is Principle than God is not person. In the 19<sup>th</sup> century , and even today, to say that God was not a person to be asked for healing but is a universal Principle to be accessed in order to bring about a healing is quite a departure from the way people think of praying for the sick. It shifts the work to us, but it also gives us welcome action. We don’t have to sit around waiting for a supernatural being to answer our prayers. The Principle is there and all we have to do is access it.

“Who would stand before a blackboard, and pray the principle of mathematics to solve the problem? The rule is already established and it is our task to work out the solution. Shall we ask the divine Principle of all goodness to do His own work?” (4: p.3.)



It is this type of prayer – the accessing of a universal Principle – which we use in IFT prayer research.

### **A limited data base**

Artificially Intelligence has grown by leap and bounds in the last twenty years but the second chapter of the book *Why God Won't Go Away* (2) gives us a charming view backward to the first primitive experiments in this field.

They tell of a robot with a limited data base and with limited input from a video camera that was wired to its frame. The camera fed information to its digital “brain.” The robot’s job was to walk a short distance across a room and open a door.

It took many hours to accomplish this. The main problem was that every time the robot moved all the angles from which its camera “saw” things changed slightly. The robot did not have a large enough data base to realize that it was causing the change, that the change was not external. To the robot every time it moved the room became an entirely new room.

After it finally completed the task, walking to the door and opening it, the robot was set up to do the same thing again. This time someone had put a piece of tape on the door not realizing that that would totally throw the robot.

“The robot’s progress ground to a shuddering halt. Someone had pressed short strips of black tape onto the door to form a small black X. The X changed everything. The robot knew nothing of doors with X’s. Nothing in its silicone-based sensibilities hinted that a door might be marked with an X and still be considered a door. Because of the X, the door’s “doorness”, for the robot, had dissolved and the robot saw no choice but to turn away and continue its search elsewhere.” (2:p.13)

Might not the spiritual dimension of the world be something like that black tape? When our limited receptors encounter the spiritual identity of a person or a research organism they no longer recognize it as an identity. Only physical pattern is contained in the limited data base and not the X, the spiritual dimension, associated with it.

By accessing a larger data base, or in Biblical terms by accessing “the mind that was also in Christ Jesus” that problem can be solved. Then functions that are a lot more complex than opening doors – functions like healing the sick – can be accomplished.

According to IFT those so-called mystical experiences, experiences of our connection to all things and of life in and of Spirit – are part of the process of accessing a data base

*beyond our*

brains.

Modern researchers have seen mystical experiences neurologically as a lessening of activity in one area of our brain, yet those same researchers write: (the word “identity” in brackets is my addition):

“Although the notion of a reality more real than the one in which we live is difficult to accept without personal experience, when the mind drops its subjective preoccupation with the needs of the self and the material distractions of the world, it can perceive this greater reality. Mystical reality holds, and the neurology does not contradict it, that beneath the mind’s perceptions of thoughts, memories, emotions, and objects, beneath the subjective awareness we think of as the self, there is a deeper self, [identity], a state of pure awareness that sees beyond the limits of subject and object, and rests in a universe where all things are one.” (2: p.155)

If you have never had a mystical experience this does not mean you are not capable of it. The neurological researchers quoted above note this fact.

“Humans...are natural mystics blessed with an inborn genius for effortless self-transcendence. If you’ve ever “lost yourself” in a beautiful piece of music, for example, or felt “swept away” by a rousing patriotic speech, you have tasted in a small but revealing way the essence of mystical union...if you’ve ever been wonder-struck by the beauty of nature, you know how it feels when the ego slips away and for a dazzling moment or two you vividly understand that you are part of something larger.”(2: p.113)

Eddy reminded her readers that such experiences in a more sharply focused way are also possible now and that we do not have to wait until after we die to have them. (4: p.573). She also states – referring to the vision or mystical experience that St. John was said to have had on the Isle of Patmos (i.e. the Biblical book of Revelation):

“This testimony of Holy Writ sustains the fact in Science that the heavens and earth to one human consciousness, that consciousness which God bestows, are spiritual, while to another, the unilluminated human mind, the vision is material. This shows unmistakably that what the human mind terms matter and spirit indicates states and stages of consciousness...Take heart, dear sufferer, for this reality of being will surely appear sometime and in some way.” (4:p 573)

My dad used to laugh at himself concerning the very first patient he ever had as a Christian Science practitioner. He was a young man in his teens then, and did not yet have the experience or the confidence to put aside the personal responsibility, and therefore

personal fear,

that new practitioners often feel.

His first case was a woman named Bernice who had a very severe case of cancer. She was expected to die at any time. As it happened she was instantly healed after the first treatment but she was in such an altered state of consciousness that she hardly noticed her healing – it faded into nothing in comparison to the sense of oneness and harmony and love that she was feeling. As a result it was two days before she came down from her buzz and remembered to call Bruce, her practitioner.

In the meantime Bruce Klingbeil was sweating his guts out praying day and night trying to heal her because at that stage in his career he was not experienced enough to see mentally that she was already healed. The longer she went without calling the more he feared the worse.

Ironically, years later, data from the tests Klingbeil devised for Spindrift showed that it was possible to pray too long and too hard and that in some cases less prayer produced more measurable result, presumably because the longer prayers were unnecessary and carried some elements of fear.

Although it does not always occur, this kind of mystical experience or direct experience of a non-physical reality, one that feels more real than the disease ever was, is a special trademark of IFT as opposed to volitional mental healing. A high percentage of patients healed through IFT do experience this.

## **Divine Science as a force field**

Although Eddy called herself founder, leader and Discoverer, and although she did found a church, she didn't refer to herself in her writings as the founder of a church (her followers did that but she did not) or as the discoverer of a church. Her concept of divine Science was much broader.

### **Her writings indicate that she saw divine Science as a spiritual force field through which an underlying universal benevolent Principle worked.**

In her healing of 1866, before she had founded a church or written *Science and Health*, she described how she was healed this way (the italics are mine).

“The first spontaneous motion of Truth and Love, *acting through Christian Science* on my roused consciousness, banished at once and forever the fundamental error of faith in things material; for this trust is the unseen sin, the unknown foe, -the heart's untamed desire which breaketh the divine

commandments.” (3:p. 31)

If divine Science is a church how could Truth work through a church before that church existed? That makes no sense.

Eddy could easily have written “The first spontaneous motion of Truth and Love on my roused consciousness...” but she did not write that. She mentioned a mechanism.

What makes sense is a system of divine laws, or divine Science, as the mechanism or field through which Truth or Love (God) acts on or moves the individuals within that field.

Eddy is consistent throughout her writings in her presentation of divine Science in this way.

Eddy does speak of herself as the fonder of a mental system of healing but by founding such she means, by her own admission, that she made it accessible and comprehensible to human thought. She struggled through her own experiences to “fix the dye”, that is to make the knowledge of this system of divine laws a ‘permanent dispensation’ of knowledge for mankind.

Divine Science, theorized here as a mental system or field through which divine Principle works, was already in place. She did not put it there. She did not invent it. She discovered it, described it as a complete theory, tagged a name on it, and proved it according to the 19<sup>th</sup> century proof systems available to her.

She also left the imperative for her followers to prove and develop it further as a better understanding of science or what she called “the gain of intellectual momentum” (9) occurred. Through trial and error, and through countless revisions of her written “textual explanation”, she made access to this spiritual force field called Christian Science available to anyone.

Eddy did not use the word “field” in the way we use it today. She often struggled with the 19<sup>th</sup> century words available to her in trying to explain twenty-third and twenty-fourth century concepts. For example she called microscopic particles “infinitesimals” (10) and instead of speaking of the unconscious subconscious and conscious mental causes of disease she referred to these as the remote, predisposed and exciting causes. (4: p.230)

When speaking of divine Science she calls it “God’s right hand grasping the universe” (10: p. 364) which doesn’t sound much like a church to me. She speaks of what today we call a field in a number of ways, primarily as the unity of good (the title of an entire book that she wrote on

the subject) of an infinite presence, and as a system of ideas or a system of laws.

Before we can understand how Mrs. Eddy viewed divine Science as what we would today call a field we need to understand her use of three words: Christ, Mind, and reflection.

And even before we go into that we need to understand how very much at odds she was with her culture.

She was a Victorian woman. Her husband fought in the Civil War. She was timid by nature and had been raised as a female never to disagree with anyone but always to make the peace yet now she was publicly disagreeing with some of the most powerful men of her day.

She lived in an age where people believed in predestination- the doctrine that even some innocent babies were damned by God to burn eternally in hell. She lived in an age when public speaking by a woman was suspect and when women did not generally own property. Though poor and sometimes homeless as a young woman she was, by the end of her life, quite wealthy and this was deeply resented in a female – a lawsuit was started (and lost) to render her incompetent to handle her own fortune.

Also she had been married three times. Though twice a widow she had actually divorced her second husband and back then this was very shocking.

She lived in an age where Bible based Protestantism held the kind of sway over people that the sciences hold today.

Yet she didn't think God was a person but rather a Principle who governed creation through what she called divine Science – an interwoven network of laws through which Principle nourished, held in balance, provided tenderness to, and governed the universe in orderly systematic unchangeable modes that never played favorites but acted through law. In other words through a field.

This was a far cry from predestination. It was a far cry from what Victorian ladies were supposed to be up to.

Well, you can imagine,

No wonder on one day when she was frustrated she told a student:

“November 27, 1891, My present sense of heaven is to have some person that would understand me one bit.” (11)

Let's look at those three all important words: Christ, Mind, and reflection.

Most Christians then and now think of Christ and Jesus as the same thing. Eddy saw Jesus as a person and Christ as something he expressed. (4: 332-335) He expressed the Christ, she said, more than any other human ever has, but we can all access the Christ because we are all part of the Christ.

Here is how she explained what she thought the Christ was to a reporter from the *New York Herald* in 1901.

“If we say that the sun stands for God than all his rays collectively stand for Christ, and each separate ray for men and women.”(12)

Christ was something collective; it was the spiritual identity of everything connected in one unified whole.

Eddy did not believe that we are absorbed into God; distinct identity is at the heart of her theory.

“The divine Mind maintains all identities, from a blade of grass to a star, as distinct and eternal.” (4:70)

But she also pointed out to that reporter that the sun didn't send out little suns; it sent out light. She did not believe that each identity had a separate mind, brain, or ego. She saw God as the one perfect Consciousness, a Consciousness that included the perfect and complete data base or information packet underlying the entire universe. This Consciousness was reflected, not originated, by individual identity, although she admitted:

“Few there are who comprehend what Christian Science means by *reflection*.” (10:p. 23)

Eddy believed in one Mind – one Consciousness, one Ego, shared by everyone and everything. Light has many colors in its spectrum and it may be that you reflect more of the purple and I reflect more of the orange, but we are all the light and we have only one Sun, one God. We do not have, according to her theory, our own personal suns, minds, brains, egos hormones, passion, or desires. We share one benevolent Mind.

That's a really radical idea compared to mainstream Christianity. Most people didn't like the idea of sharing the same Mind with their neighbor and they very much preferred to keep their own ego and not think in terms of sharing that either.

But if you

think of it in

terms of the unity of creation it's a wonderful concept. With one Ego we all feel good at the same time; there is no conflict. There is no fragmentation of the Ego.

Most people then and now too, think this is too idealistic. They think it's kind of a loopy idea held by people who have never had to tough it out in the real world. They will continue to think this until it is proven according to modern standards of scientific proof, and some will probably think it even after.

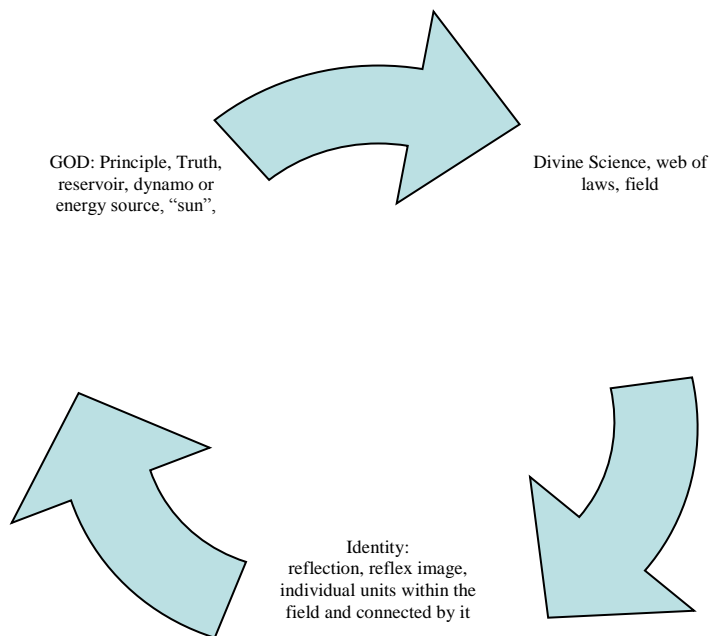
According to Eddy's theory divine Science is the system of laws which holds it all together – the medium through which Mind or Principle acts and affects the universe. We live in divine Science like a fish swims in the sea. My brother used to say that Science was the ocean and his prayer a wave in that ocean.

Eddy writes:

“The divine Science of man is woven into one web of consistency without seam or rent.” (4:242)

“We are individually but specks in His universe, the reflex images of this divine Life, Truth, and Love, in whom “we live move and have our being.” (12: p. 109)

“God, the divine Mind, self-existent, self-perpetuating, and self-energizing, is the great universal reservoir or dynamo...” (11:p.144)



Someone

asked Mrs.

Eddy once if she claimed a stone to be spiritual. She answered,

“To erring material sense, No!” (10: p 27)

To the limited data base, - to the little robot that cannot recognize a door with tape on it, -No! But to the one real Consciousness that we share and that we live in? Yes.

“...but to unerring spiritual sense, it [the stone] is a small manifestation of Mind, a type of spiritual substance.”(10:p 27)

Prayer here means transcending the limited receptors of our little robots or brains, and reaching the infinite data base of the one Consciousness. When we do that we see the stone because it is right there in that Consciousness. This is what we mean by praying to perceive spiritual identity and this is why we can pray for stones and bugs and even inorganic systems. They're there in Mind and you can find them.

At least so far. Early tests results along with some statements from *Science and Health* have made the Spindrift researchers suspect that some physical identities are only brain or dream created and do not exist spiritually in the eternal data base of the one Consciousness or Mind. We have so much to learn.

Eddy was continually exploring the web of laws or field that she called divine Science. According to the diary of Calvin Frye, (Eddy's conservative, taciturn New England secretary), she was experimenting with levitation toward the end of her life – exploring the forces in back of gravitation.

The church has denied this. They will not give scholarly acceptance to any fact unless it has three independent sources of verification, or at least that's how they used to approach things; that may have changed. It's been a long time since I've been in Boston.

Frye's diary is the only place her interest in levitation appears so the church has felt comfortable denying it.

Considering the ironclad honest reputation of Calvin Frye, and the fact that this information is in his own handwriting, (I've seen it) and considering the obvious fact that it is unlikely that Eddy would have shared this with those she had not known for as long as she knew Frye, I think the church has denied it in order to keep anything outlandish from attaching itself to the already shaky reputation of Christian Science as a religion.

The point here is not whether studying levitation is slightly woo-woo; the point is that continual

research and



experimentation into the development of the ideas is needed at every stage. Mrs. Eddy knew that. Her followers don't seem to.

The idea of divine Science as a force field through which God as Principle not Person worked was not a concept that existed in the culture in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Most of Eddy's students came from Protestant churches and carried much of their Protestant culture with them when they came into Christian Science.

They gave lip service to Principle – and once in a while rose to a mental height of glimpsing God as such – but they mostly continued to think in terms of divine Science as a personal religion to be believed in and a church to attend and support. That attitude has continued to this day.

In just the same way the ancient Hebrews said they believed in one God only, but they continually sacrificed to other gods and often feared the influence of local tribal deities. Even the Psalms indicate their continuing belief that although Jehovah was the best God He wasn't the only god in town.

This was in defiance of what their religion taught them and was in complete defiance of the first commandment that they claimed to hold so dear. For example Psalm 86, written easily a thousand years after Moses taught monotheism, states:

“Among the gods there is none like unto thee, Oh Lord...”

We may consciously accept God as true and we may emotionally believe in God but that does not mean that we have severed the unconscious cords that so strongly tie us to the world's resistance to good. My brother once said that to do that was like tearing the guts out of a living thing that was fighting back at you; it is this kind of agony and “the way of the cross” that “fixes the dye” and makes new ideas permanent in our thought. It's this kind of agony that makes you a healer. How? By tearing away the defense mechanisms that hide goodness (and linguistically the word God means “good”.)

Christian Scientists, including myself, often speak of life as Spirit but just as often live as though matter has power and this is not a criticism; it takes time, and mental infrastructure, before such radical ideas can be absorbed much less applied.

Hard or not it is up to us to make the effort. If only a few people make that effort their chances of surviving resistance is not great: my brother and dad are examples.

While Christian Scientists love to think that Eddy accomplished her mission in full the fact is that shortly before her death she dictated and signed a statement saying “It took a combination of

sinner that was fast to harm me.” She also told a student on one of her last carriage rides that if only the students had obeyed her “I would have lived and carried this Cause.” (11)

Discovering a spiritual force field in the 1800’s was not something that could possibly occur without resistance.

There must be a collective effort in order to defeat the unnatural apathy concerning this research work today. It cannot be done by one or two individuals.

A central theme of Eddy’s identity field theory is that consciousness, not matter, is primary. In this theory the brain does not create thought. An illusory mind creates the brain. This illusory mind, which she dubbed mortal mind, is self deceived and emotionally defended. Like the ancients who felt the need to create idols and then impute power to them and worship them, this mind has a deep unconscious need to believe in something other than itself and so, according to IFT, it creates the human body including the brain and then gives it power and worships it. Eddy states her theory this way:

“Sometime it will be learned that mortal mind constructs the mortal body with this mind’s own mortal materials.” (4, p.402)

“Consciousness constructs a better body when faith in matter has been conquered.” (4: p.425)

[Regarding the mystical experience that healed her in 1866] “I had learned that Mind reconstructed the body and that nothing else could...It was a mystery to me then, but I have since understood it.” (3:p..28)

## Modern Insights

I very much enjoyed reading the excellent and well written book *Why God Won’t Go Away: Brain Science and the Biology of Belief* (2) written by two medical doctors.

These two doctors began by assuming that mystical experiences were delusional.

“The mystics certainly insist that they have experienced just such a reality; a realm of being more real than the material world...Science and common sense, on the other hand, tell us such a thing is not possible. Nothing can be more real than the material universe...Our own scientific inquiry began with this assumption.

But science has surprised us, and our research has left us no choice but to conclude that the mystics may be on to something, that the mind's machinery of transcendence may in fact be a window through which we can glimpse the ultimate realness of something that is truly divine. This conclusion is based on deductive reason and not on religious faith...but before it will make any sense we have to second-guess all our assumptions about material reality, and understand how the mind decides what is essentially and fundamentally real." (2: pp. 140-141)

One of the conundrums these two careful researchers ran into was that if you claim that religious experiences are "only in your mind" then you also have to admit that the belief in material reality is also "only in our mind."

"All perceptions exist in the mind. The earth beneath your feet, the chair you're sitting in, the book you're holding in your hands may all seem unquestionably solid and real, but they are known to you only as second-hand neurological blips and flashes racing along the neural pathways inside your skull. If you were to dismiss spiritual experience as "mere" neurological activities, you would also have to distrust all of your own brain's perceptions of the material world. On the other hand, if we do trust our perceptions of the physical world, we have no rational reason to declare that spiritual experience is a fiction that is "only" in the mind. (2: pp. 146-147).

This book was certainly not written from the basis of IFT but it contained many important insights that were helpful to me.

But first, some disclaimers. The two doctors who wrote the book see the brain as producing thought and see thought as not being able to exist without the brain (p.33) and so it does not occur to them that doing brain scans of people while they pray might increase their belief in brain and so eliminate the type of meditative experience that breaks away from the brain. Because they do not theorize that such an experience is possible they do not look for it.

They do not theorize that mystical experiences can be related to physical healing and so no evidence of that is looked for; in fact the experimental set-up blocks, or I should say retards, such results.

It is assumed that "religious experiences are highly emotional" (2: p.31) yet IFT prayer has of necessity a very low emotional content. They do not theorize, as IFT does, two separate types of consciousness in the world. There are other places too where IFT simply does not jive with their research.

results of what they did – and their openness to new ideas (unlike dogmatic religious types) to be so refreshing.

I found it especially interesting that the brain (or as I would put it the self-deceived and emotionally defended “mortal mind” that created the brain) has a mechanism for constructing a model of the universe that involves organizing data in the form of opposites.

”The human brain’s ability to reduce the most complicated relationships of space and time to simple pairs of opposites – above and below, in and out, left and right, before and after, and so on – gives the mind a powerful method of analyzing external reality.

Again, we tend to take this crucial mental process for granted; after all, what could be more obvious than the notion that the opposite of “up” is “down”? But the relationship of “up” and “down” is not as absolute as it seems. In fact it’s really quite relative and arbitrary and only feels obvious to us because our minds have evolved to see things that way.

In other words the [brain’s] binary operator does not simply observe and identify opposites, but in a very real sense it creates them... These relationships are conceptual, of course, and far from absolute; “up” for example would have very little meaning to an astronaut far from earth...

...So, when the cognitive imperative, driven by some existential fear, directs the binary function to make sense of the metaphysical landscape, it obliges by interrupting that existential problem and rearranging it into the pairs of irreconcilable opposites that become the key elements of myth: heaven and hell; good and evil; celebration and tragedy; birth death and rebirth; isolation and unity.”(2: pp. 63-64)

I mention this because it becomes so obvious in prayer that this model is not always accurate; God has no opposite, Life has no opposite. There is nothing outside of the Field. There is no dualism.

When we realize that the theory of opposites is simply a brain construction used for analysis it is easier to transcend it in prayer, just as when we realize that the sun setting and rising is simply a false perception of the five senses, then it is easier to transcend the five senses and understand the true relationship of the earth to the sun.

The perceptions of our receptors are the basis of our views of reality and therefore of our science. If we can at least rise to the point where we realize that our receptors are limited and that reality may lie outside them, this would be a first step toward the openness needed to do prayer research.

Some

researchers

have all ready reached this state. Elizabeth McTaggart in her book *The Field* not only tells us that:

“Dozens of scientists in prestigious areas around the world have demonstrated that all matter exists in a vast quantum web of connection and that an information transfer is constantly going on between living things and their environment. Still others have produced evidence suggesting that consciousness is a substance outside the confines of our body.” (13)

But she also explains to us that:

“The most important quality common to all these researchers was a simple willingness to suspend disbelief and remain open to true discovery, even if it meant challenging the existing order of things, alienating colleagues, or opening themselves up to censure and professional ruin”. (13: p.13)

## **Chapter Two: Getting a Charge out of IFT**

In the first article in this series, which appeared in the Dec. 2008 issue, I looked at some simple technical ways of measuring “one drop of prayer.” In this article I am looking more at the context in which such measurement is done and also at the long range picture of what we can expect when doing such research.

I named this article *Electrifying Views of Reality* and so far I have only talked about views of reality and not about electricity.

Illustration Ben Franklin

While writing this issue of *The Standard* I was also reading the excellent and entertaining book *Electric Universe* by David Bodanis. (14) He is one of my favorite science writers and I will be discussing his book on Einstein's famous equation at some point in *The Standard* when we also discuss the Spindrift equations.

It was no coincidence that I was reading a book on electricity as I wrote this. In Christian Science electricity is classified as a mental and not as a physical force. *Science and Health* calls it "...the least material form of illusive consciousness."(4:p.293) She also wrote:

"Electricity is the thought essence which forms the link between what is matter and mortal mind." (11:p. 144)

Understanding electricity as mental and as a misperception of a larger, more benevolent force is vital to practicing divine Science.

"According to human belief, the lightening is fierce and the electric current swift, yet in Christian Science the flight of the one and the blow of the other will become harmless." (4: p.97)

This statement is more than an optimistic expression of hope. It is an eventually testable hypothesis, but only within the framework of a larger theory, the theory that electricity itself is mental and that it is only a partial perception of a much larger force. Insofar as it is destructive this perception is flawed, and its harmful effects can be corrected, healed, or rendered harmless on this basis.

"Destructive electricity is not the offspring of infinite good." (4: p.93)

My teacher in Christian Science, Ivimy Gwalter, told us in class that some day we must learn to do with divine Science everything that is now done by electricity for she felt that electricity was a counterfeit of the true ordering forces of God, or perhaps a misperception of a larger field is the better description.

This

sounded odd

to me. I was only 17 when I went through class with Miss Gwalter – and she was approaching 90 – so I found much of what she said puzzling simply through my lack of experience.

Now, four decades later while reading this book on electricity, her comment makes a little more sense to me especially in terms of the Spindrift tests.

I can see that it is inconsistent, when praying for someone with a brain disorder, to affirm that the electrical system of the brain does not govern man because God is man's Mind, and yet at the same time to use a computer whose inner workings depend on an electrical system and never think twice about it.

That's kind of like believing that the earth is flat and then using a new satellite global positioning system to keep from falling off the edge of the earth.

You need to be sure that your view of reality and your technology are in sync.

In IFT, unlike in goal-referenced healing through prayer, we are talking about a view of reality that conflicts with the view presently held by society. This is why there is so much more resistance to it, why the burden of proof is infinitely greater, and why it's going to take a much longer time to communicate and demonstrate IFT than other types of healing through prayer.

Healing is much more than the disappearance of symptoms and electricity is much more than the stuff that plugs in. Bodanis gives us a look at what would happen if there were no electricity and it goes much farther than having no ATM machines, computers, cell phones, lights or electric motors.

“What if the very existence of electrical forces stopped? All the Earth's oceans would gush upward and evaporate as the electrical bond between water molecules broke apart. DNA strands within our body would no longer hold together. Any air-breathing organism that was still intact would begin to suffocate, for without electrical attraction the oxygen molecules in air would bounce uselessly off the hemoglobin molecules in blood.

The ground itself would open up and begin to melt as the electrical forces that hold the silicates and other substances of our planet let go. Mountains would collapse into the voids left where the continental plates had torn apart. In the last few moments a few living beings would see the sun itself switch off, as our star's electrically carried light abruptly stopped and the world's very last day turned to night.” (14: pp3-4)

“We are fragile organisms, living amid these roaring, stately, powerful migrations of electrical

charge.

The dominion of electricity shapes us all.” (14:p. 223)

That last quote is a conclusion no Spindrifter would agree with. If the Spindrifft tests show any thing they show that identity is far from fragile and that the forces referred to are not the ultimate forces that shape our world but only mis-perceived sub-sets of larger, more benevolent, and as yet un-accessed and misunderstood mental forces.

This however is not something our culture accepts. In fact it is one of those ideas tabooed by the culture that the Spindrifft tests must address. The burden of proof is on us.

One of the similarities between the history of the knowledge of electricity and the history of Spindrifft is that at every step along the way people did not believe what the researchers came up with because it was so far outside of their cultural perceptions.

Of course it's presumptuous to compare the history of Spindrifft with its two scientifically un-credentialed researchers to the rich and centuries long history of electricity, but I'm sticking to my guns.

The first development of the knowledge of electricity must have come from isolated observations. Even medieval people must have seen sparks at night when they got under their bedclothes and felt static. They might not have associated it with lightening or called it electric but there was knowledge of something shimmering and sparking in the universe.

In a way the mystical experiences of “life in and of Spirit” the momentary “altered states of consciousness” that have arced forth since history began are like that – something shimmering and sparking but not understood except as momentary aberrations.

Bodanis writes:

“The force of electricity is very powerful, and has been operating nonstop for more than 13 billion years....For most of history; humans simply stumbled around it unaware.” (14:p.4)

“...All of humanity was surrounded by a powerful network of mysterious force fields. People had been walking through these fields for many thousands of years...but because the fields were invisible no one had ever noticed they were there. The only hints of their existence were “mistakes” of nature, such as the sparks caused by static electricity, or the flash of lightening.”  
(14: p.55)



The spiritual force field represented by divine Science is also very powerful and has been operating nonstop for eternity. Humans continue to stumble around it unaware. The only hints of the existence of mental and spiritual ordering forces have been, up till now, the occasional arcing forth of “miracles” or the sudden shimmer of an altered state of consciousness, an insight into “life in and of Spirit.”

## **Good timing**

After the invention of the telegraph there was a long pause in electrical inventions, a pause that ended just at the time divine Science was being developed as an accessible healing system.

“Even into the 1870’s, there was still no fundamentally new technology...Only in the hot summer of 1875 [in Boston] did the first of such fundamentally new inventions appear” (14: p.27)

Eddy discovered divine Science in 1866, published her book in 1875, and died in 1910. During those years electricity was the big science story of the day.

Electricity was still a big science story even when my dad was growing up. He could remember reading science fiction books as a boy about electric force fields in the sky.

It took time for electricity to move from the stuff of science fiction in the public mind to being so much a part of the mainstream that now we seldom even think about it anymore.

## **Three conclusions**

One of the first things I learned while reading the book *The Electric Universe* and while thinking about the spiritual dimension of the universe is that science is a gradual process. It is a story that spans many generations. It involves human beings who have both good and bad qualities. New ideas are not always accepted, egos get in the way of things succeeding, it often takes a long time for things to get done, and there are always stories of love, greed, ambition, and hope intertwined with the objective parts of science.

The fact that Spindrift involves spirituality does not mean that its science will arrive from heaven in pristine perfection or that its tests will be done in a void. Like all science it will develop through human history and its progress will sometimes be clogged by human imperfections.

The second conclusion I came to while reading this book is that all new ideas are resisted and that this

resistance comes at high cost. This happened at every step of the way in the story of electricity. It has happened at every step of the way at Spindrift. I suspect that it happens with all science.

The resistance can be lessened through prayer. Because there is a human cost to resistance the nursing side of Spindrift must be developed to deal with that.

The process of resistance should not be resented. In science, as in other areas of life, it's not the end product or even the data that is most important. It is the process of doing science that counts. Resistance is part of the learning process. Every experience we have leads us to Truth and we can always be grateful for this entrance into a higher state of learning. Looking back I can see that so many of the frustrating times, when it felt like we were getting nowhere, were actually vitally important times of development. Every moment, in hindsight, had purpose and power.

When having difficulties in your own life it is good to remember that every moment of your life does have purpose, that it does mean something, that it is not wasted, and that this will someday be clear.

Christians sometimes call this slow process "leavening" based on a parable of Jesus. (see Luke 13) If you raise bread too quickly the final loaf will not turn out well. Any baker knows that bread should be raised at least twice because the yeast changes the chemistry of the loaf and it needs time to do that.

Doing things over, like raising bread twice, is not always a bad thing. The goal of Spindrift is not simply to generate data but to change the mental chemistry of the world. We too will be changed in the process. Humility is required.

My third conclusion while reading this book and thinking about Spindrift simultaneously is that spiritual healing is going to change form as the Spindrift research advances. Technology always follows laboratory tests. In the history of electricity each time experiments were done that demonstrated a part of electric theory for the first time brand new technologies followed.

This will also happen at Spindrift. Changing forms of spiritual healing should be expected. Mary Baker Eddy once told a student:

"The day will come when Christian Scientists will not have offices downtown and sit and wait for sick people to come and be healed." (11: p234)

Spiritual healing meets the definition of technology because it is the application of a body of knowledge. Every time laboratory tests are done that demonstrate a part of identity field theory its

technology of spiritual healing will advance. Today's form of spiritual healing is as different from what the new forms will be like as the telegraph is different from the computer.

I need to spell this out because so many Christian Scientists are deeply invested in the current form of spiritual healing and do not foresee its development. The development of spiritual healing should be expected and welcomed.

In the rest of this article I would like to explore at length these three conclusions.

### **Conclusion #1: Science Develops Through Human History**

Human history means human beings and human beings are not perfect. To take an example from the story of electricity Samuel Morse immediately springs to mind.

I always thought the telegraph was invented by Samuel Morse but actually Morse stole it from a likable guy named Joseph Henry. Joseph was a frontiersman working in the Yukon who got tired of the cold and took the first indoor job that came to him even though the pay was low. He became a school teacher. He had a lot of unruly farm boys to deal with so he had to think of something to keep them busy. He invented a number of electrical devices, including the telegraph, to keep his boys busy.

“Boys like building stuff and the bigger the better.” (14: p.15)

At the end of his life Joseph Henry would be a friend of Abraham Lincoln's, work at the Smithsonian, and would still be friends with some of those boys.

I am currently reading a book put out by the Joseph Henry Press. The title page blurb says:

“The Joseph Henry Press, an imprint of the National Academies Press, was created with the goal of making books on science, technology, and health more widely available to professionals and the public. Joseph Henry was one of the founders of the National Academy of Sciences and a leader in early American science.” (15)

Bodanis describes Joseph Henry by saying:

“He was a deeply religious man and had always suspected that God had created marvels not visible to ordinary eyes. With enough ingenuity, though, we could magnify and reveal God's hidden work.” (14: p.17)

other hand began as an art student with an inflated sense of his own talent who was living on his mom's money. He deeply hated Catholics and blacks and wrote some racist material that would make a modern person's blood boil.

“[Joseph] Henry was as easy-going at Princeton as he had been at Albany. The students liked him. By now he was stretching telegraph cables for more than a mile around the Princeton campus and students regularly helped him in the work. Henry had often declared that patents were the sort of thing that had held Europe back. He happily explained to Morse how his system worked...In America, a young and growing country, it was right and proper, Henry believed, for all good citizens to share what they had learned.” (14:p.22)

Morse took what Henry had told him, got patents on everything, and never gave Henry credit or financial reimbursement for any of it, though to give Morse his due he did make many improvements to the basic ideas Henry gave him.

“Did it matter that he had largely stolen the idea for his invention?...Although divine justice didn't keep Morse from earthly riches it did strike in another way. Joseph Henry had a satisfying life, at ease with his students and respected by his peers. Morse, however, having engaged in so much subterfuge, spent much of the next three decades stuck in litigation trying to defend the patents he'd railroaded through in his name.” (14:p.24)

What I learn from this is that Spindrift must not expect to be any different than any other type of science for there is always some injustice – just think of how hard it has been for women in the sciences for example. It is important not to be shocked by such things but to be ready for them, to walk through them with grace, to insist on justice but without getting hot and bothered about it, and to always keep our eye on the big picture – on the good that the research does in the world and not on the sometimes petty personal stories that accompany it. It all comes out in the wash and history moves on. The Spindrift story too will play out long after the lifetime of any one of us.

Bodanis speaks of the complexity of electricity. Divine Science too is extremely complex and the way that it continues to develop in human history is going to be extremely complex. It is almost impossible for anyone in a single generation to see the entire picture, but we should attempt to think of the big picture and not just our own personal experience.

In the story of electricity there were many types of people and each one of them was needed to bring out a fuller picture of what electricity is. Looking at some of their personal stories sheds light on what we can expect at Spindrift.

There was the gentle Alexander Bell who invented the telephone not for fame, power or money, but because of his love of a deaf woman whom he later married. The woman was upper class and he was not; he hoped to impress her dad and therefore win Mabel's hand by inventing something spectacular like the telephone. And he hoped to help the deaf by his invention too.

“Aleck’s love...extended not just to Mabel but to the whole community of the deaf. It was a powerful motivation. His own mother had been unable to hear...He had grown up in a family where understanding how a sound could be communicated was central to every daily task.” (14:p.30)

Bell understood that while “blindness separates you from things deafness separated you from people” and he was determined to overcome this. (14:p. 29)

If you are interested in trivia it is interesting to note that Bell's grandpa was the famous elocution expert that George Bernard Shaw used as a model for Professor Henry Higgins. (14:p.31)

Bell eventually married Mabel. At the end of his life Bell did research on flying machines and was a strong advocate of women's rights.

“There's a photo of him as a very old man with a white beard, standing on a pier in Nova Scotia, watching a test run of his most advanced hydrofoil, a shiny, streamlined, aluminum blur heading toward a speed record. His wife, Mabel Hubbard Bell, can't be seen in the picture because she's piloting the hydrofoil.” (14:pp. 225-6)

We need gentle souls similar to Alex Bell at Spindrift. We also need scrappy street smart hard-nosed people who start out by making mistakes but redeem themselves through experience.

Ambitious Tom Edison did not grow up in the kind of supportive family that Bell had. His dad once whipped him in public, he ran away from home at 15, and he started out his career by stealing as many patents as he could. He tried to steal Bell's patents and probably would have succeeded if Bell's rich business man father-in-law hadn't hired a flock of lawyers.

Edison was talented enough that he didn't need to steal patents but when he started he didn't have enough confidence to realize that. Later he made so many improvements to the telephone that he earned the patents that he did get related to Bell's invention.

Edison

was a brilliant

man who worked hard enough to get ahead on his own. He quickly redeemed himself from his shady beginning but the driving hunger to get ahead never left him. For those of you who know your Bible, Bell was a gentle Joseph type and Edison a Jacob. Its Jacob of course, despite stealing his brother's birthright, who suffered and overcame his nature and so became the father of the children of Israel.

In divine Science a driving personal ambition is not a healthy thing, but a driving hunger to know the truth is useful and it moves things forward in a different way than gentle curiosity.

We need both.

Edison redeemed himself in my eyes when I read this delightful description of an unsuccessful experiment that he did which nevertheless shows that he was open to the unthinkable, -a pre-requisite of any true scientist.

“In absolute privacy he'd built a small pendulum, attached a wire from the pendulum to his forehead, and then tried using the sheer power of thought to move the pendulum. Nothing happened and, half embarrassed, half puzzled, he'd put the experiment away, accepting that he was not going to be the one to reveal any such unseen power.”(14:p.55)

Edison had credentials and funding and lots of it. Spindrift could sure use a little of that. When Edison was looking for a material to use as a filament in light bulbs he was able to finance sending his assistants around the globe to places like China, Brazil, Cuba and Japan on expeditions searching for what he wanted.

“‘I believe,’ he told his workers, almost in exasperation, ‘that somewhere in God Almighty's workshop there is a vegetable growth with geometrically parallel fibers suitable to our use. *Look for it.*’ And this his team did. He had more money than any of the other inventors working on electricity – those nearly limitless funds from his New York backers – and more important, he had the most motivated workers. Edison knew that his drive came from having been poor, and he generally hired others like him;...” (14:p.47)

In some ways Edison's funding and credentials worked against him. Although people may not realize it that happens a lot today in the sciences too. Not that there is anything wrong with funding or success but it needs to be kept in perspective or you risk everything.

People with funding are working so hard they have little time for deep thought and they are so busy defending their reputation that they can't risk what starts out as fringe science, (which is

almost everything). Building credentials means saturating yourself in a mind-set which may block the discovery of something entirely opposite to that mind-set.

At one time Edison came very close to discovering the existence of electrons.

“I was working on so many things at that time,’ he once said many years later, ‘that I had no time to do anything more about it.’ It was the mistake of a lifetime.” (14:p. 53)

J.J. Thomson, a less successful and less famous scientist with less funding and fewer credentials, was the first to discover the electron, though several other people came close around the same time.

“J.J. Thomson, rather than Edison, got the Nobel Prize and was heralded as the man who explained how Victorian electricity really worked. But there was one giant flaw.”(14:p.54)

That flaw was the belief that space was empty and electrons jumped across the empty spaces moving by their own propulsion. The concept of force fields was not understood by the general scientific community because they had been trained in Newtonian physics which did not lend itself to such ideas.

Before Edison such fields had been discovered. They had not been taken seriously partly because the man who discovered them did not have mathematical training and had few scientific credentials. He was also a member of a religious group which he himself described as “a very small and despised sect of Christians” (14:p.64) and so for years his research was not recognized as being the huge leap forward in science that it was. His name was Mike Faraday.

Edison had read some of Faraday’s *Papers*, but failed to grasp their significance.

Michael Faraday’s religious beliefs of a God whose presence was everywhere around us made him open to the concept of fields.

“Faraday had one great advantage over his rivals in England and on the Continent. They had all been trained in the advanced mathematics that Sir Isaac Newton had developed in the 17<sup>th</sup> century...Their universe was basically empty. When forces operated it would have to be, they believed, through the cold distance-leaping process that Newton had labeled ‘Action at a Distance.’

Faraday...skipped learning much mathematics beyond elementary arithmetic...he’d never been seduced by the beauty of Newton’s Bach-like equations. But even if he hadn’t been poor, and even if he had learned calculus, there was a

further reason Faraday wouldn't have been convinced that space was empty. Faraday's family had been devout members of a religious minority called the Sandemanians, a Quaker-like group...

...From his religion, Faraday was convinced that space was not empty, but that a divine presence was everywhere. He was used to being ridiculed for such beliefs...and he had learned to keep his views private. ...Looking for a further link between electric currents and magnets, he knew to concentrate on the one thing everyone else had missed...Even when space seemed empty something was there." (14:pp. 62-64.)

"When he went to the seashore at Hastings, a long day's coach ride from London, his wife found him kneeling on the beach to examine the ripples in the sand, pondering how they spread. It was something that Edison would never have had time to do." (14:p.65)

"As a young man Edison had tried reading several of Faraday's works, but now that he was so busy with light bulbs and generators and electric motors – now that he had a vast workforce to supervise, and a great personal fortune to invest – it was much harder to find the time for such difficult reading." (14:pp 55-56)

The building of a body of knowledge about electricity needed its Faradays, its Edisons and its gentle Alec Bell's. It could not have come from one person. Indeed Bodanis tells us that the stories along the way,

"...take us from Hamburg cellars during a World War II firestorm to the mind of Alan Turing, brilliant computer inventor, hounded by the authorities of the very country he'd saved...there's the forty-something Robert Watson Watt, desperate to escape a boring marriage and the tedium of 1930's [town of] Slough. There's Otto Loewi, who wakes up one Easter eve realizing he has solved the problem of how electricity works in our body, yet in the morning, agonizingly, can't read the scrawled explanations he jotted beside his bed during the night; there's the boy from rural Scotland, James Clerk Maxwell, who was treated as a fool for years by bullies at his elementary school, yet who became the 19<sup>th</sup> century's greatest scientific theorist, able to envision the inner structure of the universe in a way that scientists of a later era would realize was profoundly true. All of these stories would illuminate how the immense force of electricity was gradually seen: how it was led out of its hidden domain..." (14:pp.9-10)

At Spindrift too we are just beginning the journey. From Mary Baker Eddy in the 19<sup>th</sup> century, to the Spindrift work in the 20<sup>th</sup>, to heaven only knows who and what in the 21<sup>st</sup>, the story is only beginning to unfold as the immense spiritual forces of identity field theory emerge from its hidden domain..



The discovery of electrons - the basic unit of electricity - can be compared to the discovery of spiritual identity – the basic element in non volitional spiritual healing.

Every identity “from a blade of grass to a star” is the result of a packet of highly organized information. Spindrift researcher John Klingbeil tells us that “Pattern is the measurable dimension of identity”. (7: cover)As our ability to measure complexity advances biologists have been astonished at the complexity of even a single cell. Patterns no one ever dreamed of are found in the minutiae of every identity.

The information that makes up an identity, such as a person, can be thought of as a data base. Biologists believe that the ultimate data base is physical and stored in our DNA. In divine Science the theory is that what we see in the genome is not the ultimate data base but that it is only the projection of collective “mortal” thought and that it hides a larger data base beyond it.

Here is an over-simplified analogy. When computer animation began to be developed there were many problems because there was not a large enough data base to work with. To use one example to symbolize all of them there was the problem of something called jaggies.

“Lines or edges drawn on a computer often take on a jagged appearance – a staircase effect

where the line is supposed to be smooth. The imperfections in the lines were and are commonly known as ‘jaggies’ (or, more formally, as aliasing). The effect of jaggies was even worse in animation, where they created a crawling-ants effect along edges. One way to deal with them was to mix the color of a line and the colors of the areas next to the line in many combinations...” (16)

The problem was that early software did not have a big enough data base to do this successfully. They only had about 250 colors in their database and they could not block out the jaggies drawing on that limited number of colors. When improvements in the software finally allowed a much larger data base to draw on the problem was solved.

“It wasn’t feasible with 256 colors, which did not allow enough color choices for effective blending, but a sixteen-million-color palette meant you could make lines look the way they were supposed to look.” (16:p.27)

In *Science and Health with key to the Scriptures* we read

“Jesus beheld in Science the perfect man who appeared to him where sinning mortal man appears to mortals...and this correct view of man healed the sick.”

(4:pp 476-477)

In modern language you might say that the people around Jesus, and many people today, were working with the old software – that they saw creation with jaggies – matter bodies - around the edges of identity because of limitations in their data base (brain).

According to divine Science these “jaggies” (matter bodies) are not real. They are not part of the picture. They are imperfections coming from a limited data base, a limited information packet. When the database is expanded several million times – when we have access through prayer to the Mind (data base) “that was also in Christ Jesus” then the spiritual identity minus matter, minus the jaggies, comes out clearly.

The jaggies are then “healed.”

Those mystical experiences of life in and of Spirit are the USB’s or ports allowing us to plug us into a larger data base. It’s not enough either just to have the mystical experience, any more than it’s enough to have a USB port on your computer. You have to know how to act – how to plug into that experience, how to apply it both during the experience and after.

Jesus apparently drew at will on this data base where most people were still using the old software and this, according to identity field theory, is how he healed.

### **Conclusion #2: Resistance is a Part of the Process of Science Though it has its Costs**

A similarity between Spindrift and the story of electricity is that new ideas have been disbelieved and this held back or delayed the work.

A man named, appropriately enough, Cyrus Field, wanted to run a telegraph line under the Atlantic Ocean.

In order for this to work you needed an understanding of the force fields that move electrons. A Scottish scientist named William Thomson explained to Cyrus Field that electrons did not move through a cable by their own power but were propelled by an invisible force field and that the actions of that field must be taken into account for the cable to be successful.

“Cyrus Field was a polite man, but these must have seemed the ravings of a lunatic.” (14:p.78)

Accordingly he picked another scientist for his project manager “...Edward Whitehouse who didn’t believe in preposterous invisible flying force fields.”

(14:p.78)

The project was a colorful one involving whale attacks, storms at sea and brawls in Irish pubs. Spindrift has never been attacked by whales but there have been plenty of colorful incidents in the history of Spindrift. Don't be surprised if there are more before the tests become mainstream. Hopefully not involving brawls in Irish pubs.

Whitehouse failed big time because he did not understand electrical fields. To save the project Field then went back to Thomson who put things right.

“Cyrus Field was always polite to Thomson after the success of the Atlantic cable, but seems to have steered clear of discussing invisible fields. It was still too bizarre for a businessman brought up in the era of clanking steam-engine technology to believe.” (14:p.87)

“Who could believe we live in a universe swarming with such invisible waves?”(14:p.91)

Thomson may have understood force fields but I doubt he would have been much use when being attacked by whales. Without the hearty if skeptical Cyrus, the Atlantic cable, which finally demonstrated the existence of the force fields that moved electrons, would not have been built.

We need everybody, even skeptics, to develop Spindrift's work in the world.

The translation of Eddy's identity field theory into measurement terms by Spindrift is comparable to the laying of the cable which finally showed that what scientists were saying about fields was true. It introduced this concept into the culture and allowed its further development.

Identity field theory has many components. It is a theory that begins with the primacy of consciousness not the primacy of matter. It does not see the material world as having been directly created by a creator God. It sees the material world as the result of the interaction of two opposite forms of consciousness, in other words it sees consciousness as binary and explores it as such, making a distinction between what the theory calls mortal mind and divine Mind (faulty database/ perfect database).

The discovery of the electron led to inventions like electric lights and electric motors. The discovery of the force fields that moved electrons made new wireless technology possible, technology like radar and radio.

Just as certain new technologies came out of the discovery of electrical force fields so new technology is coming out of the Spindrift tests. The word “technology” means the application of

a body of knowledge. We think of technology as physical gadgets because so much of it springs from a body of knowledge about the physical world.

Just like with other technologies spiritual healing develops as our knowledge is demonstrated. Computers are more complex than the light bulb. Spiritual healing too should be expected to develop from "the light bulb stage to the computer" and to change form as we learn more about it.

Just as the discovery of the electron led to inventions like electric lights and electric motors so too the discovery of spiritual identity as basic to healing spawned the technology of traditional spiritual healing – one individual praying for another and healing them. It brought absent (non-local) healing into serious play. By absent treatment I mean prayer from a distance.

The spiritual healing done in the 19<sup>th</sup> century, at the time the development of the theory of divine Science was in its infancy, is truly remarkable. For anyone wanting to watch a documentary on these healings I have extra copies of a DVD or video called *The Onward and Upward Chain* produced by a Christian Science foundation which I would be happy to send to you on request.

Just as the discovery of the force fields that moved electrons made new wireless technology possible, so the advent of the Spindrift tests and the demonstration of divine Science as a field advances the technology of spiritual healing. It makes collective healing and the healing of organic and non -organic systems not only possible but much more easily understood. It makes repeatable laboratory tests possible within ethical guidelines and it also makes collective prayer possible because for the first time such prayer can be coordinated in such a way that one person's prayers do not inadvertently cancel another person's prayer.

These new forms of spiritual healing are available right now but have not yet been launched because the defense mechanisms blocking them have not yet been dissolved.

The same thing happened in the story of electricity. Once fields were better understood and the knowledge of them was developed technology such as radar became known but disbelief blocked the technology for a while. In Biblical terms the scientists working on radar might have said "we did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." (see Matthew 13:58)

Disbelief came at a cost. Radar was so badly needed. It was a huge jump over the old way of detecting enemy aircraft.

“In World War I, blind people with exceptional hearing had been placed under the likely path of incoming Gotha bombers and asked to don stethoscopes attached to large Victrola-like horns.” (14.121)

The Committee reviewing the reports on the possibility of radar included a man who

“...was as familiar with the theory of electrons within metals as he was with medieval vowel forms in Serbo-Croat...” (14:p.122)

It included others who were skeptical and “would not be tolerant of teething problems” as the infant technology of radar was developed, (14: p.122)

There was also a man on the committee who

“... immediately explained that he knew for a fact that the newfangled radar defenses they were planning were never going to work effectively.” (14:p.123)

Unfortunately this man’s opinion carried weight because he had been placed on the committee by Winston Churchill.

“Since Churchill’s own scientific education hadn’t quite reached the levels of the early nineteenth century, he had no way of recognizing Lindemann’s incompetence.” (14:p.123)

When the first report on radar (which stands for radio detection and ranging) crossed the committee’s desk

“...the report seemed too out-landish to be true...only one individual thought it worth keeping. “ (14:p.130)

These kinds of growing pains must be understood, expected, and patiently overcome in the Spindrift work too, as in all scientific work. But it should also be noted that the resistance to the new science of radar was not academic.

Lives were lost.

### **Conclusion # 3: Technology, Including the Technology of Spiritual Healing, Develops as Laboratory Tests are Done.**

Science, including divine Science, is never stagnant. It continually develops.

After the discovery of the fields that moved electrons you might have thought the

development

of electrical knowledge would have run its course.

“At that point it might seem that the story of electricity is over. There are ancient charged electrons hidden inside all matter, and there are force fields that can separate out those charged electrons and make them move. But if that were all today we would still be living in a world of grand Victorian electricity; there would be elaborate light bulbs and telegraphs, and possibly even electrically powered horseless carriages, but that would be it. (14:p.89)

Today Christian Scientists are still living in the grand, if slightly faded, era of Victorian spiritual healing. Having grasped the spiritual identity that lives within all of us no further development has been thought necessary – indeed the further development of spiritual healing which Eddy demanded, predicted and urged her students to work for has been resisted as heresy.

“While the great Atlantic cable laying was first underway another friend of Thomson’s ...had begun to look more closely into the fields that Thomson was trying to control...He realized that fields had a complex inner structure and were actually made of two parts – an electrical part and a magnetic part.  
His vision was extraordinary.” (14:p.89)

As spiritual healing was carving out a path for the church she founded to be established despite opposition Eddy began to look more closely at the nature of the physical universe. She realized that it had a complex inner structure and was actually made up of two forms of consciousness, one non-local, infinite, and benevolent, and one volitional, emotional and magnetic or hypnotic in nature.

“I shall not forget the cost of investigating, for this age, the methods and power of error.” (10:p.222)

Her vision too was extraordinary.

Note that Eddy said she explored error for her age, not for all ages. The implication is that we must do this for our age, especially as in other places Eddy warns us that in the future (and the future is now) error will band together into mental forms not previously seen in history.

The next phase of the research in electricity – the discovery that electrons teleport or jump wildly within their fields, - would lead to the invention of the computer.

What Eddy discovered about the two forms of consciousness has not yet been brought online but it has the potential to bring forth a type of spiritual healing that will change the world as much as

the invention of computers.

Computers exist not only because electrons teleport in what appear to be a random way but because of a substance called silicone.

Some substances, like metal, conduct or transfer electricity. Some substances, like glass, resist electricity – they do not conduct it.

Silicone does both but it's fickle. At first scientists could not understand how to control the flow of electrons, how to turn the flow on or off within the silicone. It would take years of hard work and the insights of many people before atom sized switches controlling the flow of electrons were workable.

Problems were encountered at every step. Bell labs cancelled all research on silicone at one point feeling it would lead nowhere. (14:p. 176)

Once the first successes, though primitive, began being built the scientists debated whether to call the invention a surface-state amplifier or an iotatron. These and other names were rejected.

“When the ore-veins inside the silicone were ‘on’, then lots of electric current could cross. When they were ‘off’ there was high resistance to any current crossing. This meant that the device *transferred a resistance...*” (14:p.180.)

They called it a transistor.

There would be many more layers of research before transistors led to computers but with the understanding of silicone the building blocks were in place.

Collective “mortal” consciousness is much like silicone – a sort of mental version of the substance. It contains both elements that “conduct” healing and elements that retard it.

Eddy understood this. In the beginning of her research she thought, like most Victorians, that evil was personal and she fought back when people committed what she saw as mental crimes. Her research took her much deeper however and by the end of her life she was approaching evil much differently.

She wrote that sin existed before sinners. She talked to students about the banding together of evil – collective thought – and how to address it in prayer. She tells us that the original version of the Lord's Prayer did not say “Deliver us from evil” but from the one evil, or collective thought comprising evil and she felt that was a stronger reading. She saw

evil as a web

counterfeiting the spiritual force field of divine Science. She said that in the future (and remember that the future is now) this web would increase in subtlety and density especially in the recesses (less accessible areas) of collective and individual thought.

The word programmed was not in the language at the time that she wrote but she used words to convey that animal magnetism was what we would call programmed in its responses, that evil was illusory, and reactive – that it did not originate itself but was a reversal of the action of good, in much the same way as the retina of our eye reverses images. She saw evil as much more than a personal belief in something bad but as a fixed and deeply entrenched collective illusion that had to be directly faced with intelligence.

She understood too the immense difference between healing a case where all you were doing was dealing with a personal belief in evil and one where you were dealing with what she called a world-induced struggle, or collective belief, a web which is millions of times stronger.

It would be premature here to go into a long discussion of how to dismantle what Spindrift calls the defense mechanisms that bloc our immediate experience of life in and of Spirit. The demonstration through early Spindrift tests that the defense mechanisms act in programmed ways, that they responded differently to different situations, and that they act at all times to conserve energy, were huge steps forward. The fact that healing – spiritual energy – flows naturally along the lines of least resistance like any other form of energy, is also revealing.

Every illusion, every defense mechanism, has its “pins” and if you dismantle those first through applied pixels of spiritual perception you isolate whole sections of the mechanism from the rest of it and it begins to destroy itself.

I remember the tingle that I felt when I read this description of a fractal “removal pattern” called a Cantor set.

“A section is removed from the middle of a line, then a corresponding section is removed from the middle of the two remaining pieces, and so on until the line falls apart in a shower of dimensionless fragments.”(17)

I could picture that (not too hard actually as they had a visual representation in the book.)What I mean is that I could feel it because that is what I do in prayer especially in prayer where I am trying to heal something in collective thought, like resistance to the next successive stage of divine Science.

Instead of working with lines a healer is working with mass emotions such as hate, ambition

and most of all



fear. Rather than attacking this ugly festering mass as a whole and doing battle with it the healer applies small and achievable pixels of spiritual perception, like little pin points, to break the lines or emotions at selected places. This begins a process by which the mental mass accelerates its own self-destruction, falling apart in a shower of truly dimensionless fragments.

Prayer is like solar power. We all have equal access to the sun. But learning to access it intelligently and apply it directly to a problem is another matter entirely. All prayer is good and prayer has many functions other than to heal but if you want to heal you need to learn to apply prayer directly and specifically to the problem.

There are ways to pray that are more intelligent than others when it comes to directly applying prayer to healing. You have to know where to start and what to do. This comes partly by being led of the Spirit, partly from reading and studying the theory, and partly from trying it. For me trying it means modeling the defense mechanisms through laboratory tests.

Every defense mechanism has places where it is more concentrated and where it is less concentrated – places where thought is highly defended, and places where it is not so strongly defended. It helps to know this when breaking prayer down into parts and when dealing with large mental structures.

The more I learn about how defense mechanisms work the more I am simply astonished at the recorded healing works of Jesus because he seemed to be able, like a mental surgeon, to put his finger exactly on the point of pressure.

It amazes me how Jesus could have known all this – and presumably much more - a few thousand years ago. A study of how he handled resistance – when he led a patient into a temple full of hostile people and when he took the patient by the hand and led him outside of the city gates – when he “put them out” (put all the people out of the room) and when he gathered the whole town together as in the healing of Lazarus – it all begins to make more sense once you start modeling the defense mechanisms. Why did he do it one way in a certain case and do the opposite in another case? How did he know which person among the hundreds at the pool of Bethesda was ready to be healed (undefended against good?)

There is nothing like working with spiritual healing every day to send you back to the Bible with a driving hunger to learn.

To summarize (and forgive me for repeating) we have so far seen three steps in the history of electricity.

1. The discovery of the electron that led to the technology of things like the telegraph and electric lights.
2. The demonstration, originally via the Atlantic telegraph cable, of the force fields that move electrons. This led to wireless technology like radar and radios.
3. The demonstration of how electrons teleport within their fields, and how this can be controlled within silicone. This led to computer technology.

In divine Science we have also talked about three historical steps.

1. The discovery of spiritual identity that led to the technology of healing the sick through a non-volitional type of prayer and which also brought absent treatment (prayer from a distance) into serious play.
2. The demonstration by the Spindrift tests of divine Science as a field within which spiritual identities move. This led to several advances – a more advanced ability to heal collective, (and not just individual) organic and inorganic systems, a way to coordinate and fine-tune group prayer, and the ability to explore theory through the experimental test.
3. The third historical advance in the human history of divine Science is Eddy's discovery of the binary nature of consciousness –her theory that the material world is not directly created by God but is a temporary illusory accommodation of two mental forces. She theorized that collective mortal consciousness (rather like silicone) has both elements that “conduct” healing and elements that block it and she felt that the flow could be controlled. This advance, if it can be demonstrated in the lab – will lead to new technology in spiritual healing. Specifically it should lead to a much better understanding of how to dismantle both individual and collective defense mechanisms and how to put prayers in place that will continually act to prevent problems rather than to cure them. It should also lead to a burst of development in the prophecy sector (read spiritual diagnostics.)

The fourth step in the story of electricity is the story of how electricity shapes everything from our bodies to the stars. This includes “liquid electricity” or electricity within the fluid areas of the cells of our bodies, including our brains.

The corresponding phase of the Spindrift work is ahead of us.

Most people do not believe that the mind builds the body, but if it does then is it really possible to understand in detail how this occurs?

The

would indicate that it is possible to someday understand and demonstrate this.

The basic building block in identity field theory that relates to this important fourth stage of the work is Eddy's theory that good is related to order and evil to chaos – that the question of where chaos comes from is for the scientist the same question as the theologian's query of where evil comes from. This part of her theory is most clearly seen at the microscopic level. The smaller the unit you are dealing with – from a cell down to an atom – the more thought sensitive it is. In other words the more easily moved by thought the action is and the easier it is to measure.

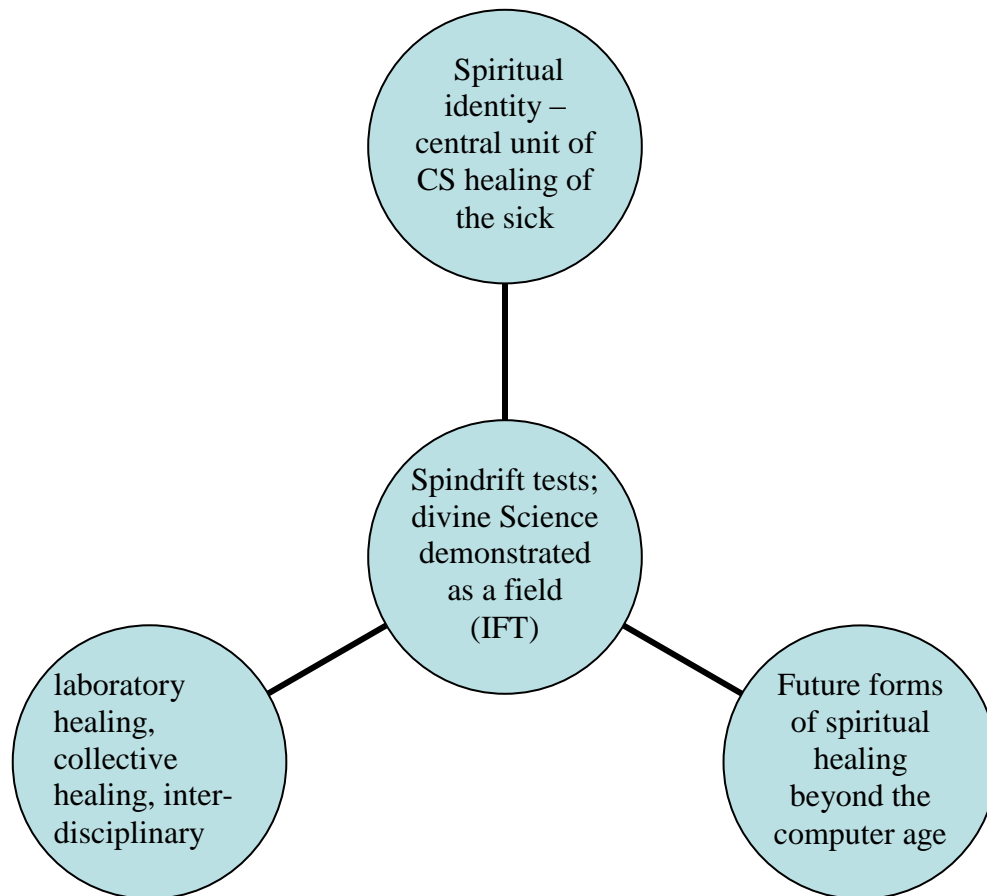
It is at this level of observation and measurement that we can most clearly see that the introduction of holy thought – thought embodying qualities we think of as 'good' - brings an increase of order, while the introduction of 'bad' thought (anger, revenge, hate) thought causes chaos to manifest. I am talking about collective unconscious thought here as well as conscious and associationally linked individual thought (prayer)

At this stage we have not even tried to define or quantify good thought or bad thought. Holy thought has been defined as that which brings about a certain orderly result when associational linked to the system (as in a laboratory experiment where someone is praying for the organism.).

We are at a very primitive stage of the research.

To talk about what technologies of spiritual healing future Spindrift tests might spawn is premature but it seems obvious that those new technologies might include insights into mentally induced biotechnology, an understanding of spiritual energy, (which has different properties than physical energy,) and an understanding of how consciousness builds the body.

Just as the computer has revolutionized our world so future technologies in spiritual healing, whatever they may be, can be expected to impact the world on a more than an equal scale.



Holy thought brings order to a system. Ann Beals writes (referring to unconscious thought as well as to conscious thought):

“Our thoughts influence the atomic structure and function of our body...Thoughts generate energy, and this energy becomes form. Thought and energy and form are inseparable. Energy cannot exist without the thought that generates it. Harmless thought emits harmless energy. Aggressive fearful thought generates harmful destructive energy.” (18)

As I said before, the discussion of this future phase of the work is premature. What I learned in reading the book *The Electric Universe* is that when contemplating the spiritual universe we need to be humble. We need to understand the complexity of what we are approaching and the need for long term exploration. We need to be grateful for and envelop with love all the people who have worked on this and will work on it in generations to come. We need to patiently put each building block in place before rushing to rash conclusions or trying to make the Spindrift research fit into a narrow and short sighted personal agenda.

Again Ann Beals writes from her standpoint of divine Science:

“It is known that gravity, electromagnetism, the weak and strong nuclear forces are universal, but these are now lesser or secondary fields...The spiritual field is the primary or governing field with the four other fields secondary and controlled by it.” (18:p.49)

“Freeman Dyson [physicist] stated the idea this way, ‘Atoms are weird stuff, behaving like active agents rather than inert substances. They make unpredictable choices between alternative possibilities according to the laws of quantum mechanics. It appears that mind, as manifested by the capacity to make choices, is inherent in every atom.’ (18:p.50)

“Mary Baker Eddy has written, ‘In sacred solitude divine Science evolved nature as thought and thought as thing.’ (18:p.53)

“Life is lived in the spiritual field. Atomic structures that include life are embedded in this Mind as tangible ideas or crystallized forms of energy. Although seemingly dense and opaque, they are actually empty space and clouds of energy.

Viewing a living form objectively, as we do, it appears to be solid, dense, and impenetrable. But to the Mind in the spiritual realm, physical forms are transparent and present no barrier to Mind. A living body is like a hologram – a cloud-like form of harmless energy. This form, being transparent to Mind, both the individual mind and body are easily accessible to the influence of Mind...the spiritual dimension penetrates the innermost recesses of a living thing...no physical body presents a solid barrier to the healing and regenerating thought-forces of this Mind.” (18:p. 55)

In divine Science matter is defined not as what you see but how you see. There’s a better way to see than the physical way, a more advanced data base to draw on.

The SILO program which I am just beginning is about entering the innermost recesses of prayer. Far from being an empty void or a tranquil setting this secret place of the most High rocks with energy and is electrifying in its bursts of power.

I have a friend who was an explosives expert during the war. Now he blows up old buildings for a living, working for a demolition crew. His co-workers call him a powder monkey, using military slang.

For those of you who thought that the Spindrift prayer research was in limbo you should be aware that a couple of us powder monkeys are fooling around mixing prayer and some

explosive theory. We are being a little more careful these days to figure out what a fuse is attached to before we light it but I for one am getting a big bang out of the tests I'm running before sticking the data in the SILO.

Oh yes, The BOOM times are yet to come.

### Footnotes

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Illustration of dynamite guy.

### **Pixel**

The coming scientific revolution heralded the end of dualism in every sense. Far from destroying God, science for the first time was proving His existence – by demonstrating that a higher collective consciousness was out there. There need no longer be two truths, the truth of science and the truth of religion. There could be one unified vision of the world.”

Lynn McTaggart in the book *The Field*, 2008, p.226 ( see previous footnotes.)

## Letter from the editor

I would like to start by thanking you for reading all or part of this publication. In a world of sound bytes and what they tell me is an ever decreasing attention span I am grateful to anyone willing to wade through these long articles, grapple with the ideas, and think some thoughts that are hard to think.

I am aware too of how busy people are and how difficult it is even to find the time to read the local paper, so again I thank anyone whose interest in the Spindrift work prompts them to read some of these articles.

I have been sitting here thinking some thought that are hard to think myself concerning the future of the Spindrift work. The bad news is that these are serious times. The good news is that serious times push us to our zenith.

In the science fiction trilogy by John Klingbeil titled *Richard Garrett* John puts these words into the mouth of Ezra, one of the characters. The man Richard, who is also mentioned, is the book's main character.

“As he walked toward the door his eyes took in the well-dressed men and women, men and women who thought they had freedom of choice in all things. What fools they were! What use is freedom of choice if one's options are limited? Of what use is freedom of choice if there are ways of life and worlds of thoughts and ideas which will never be known to you because your culture, by it's built in determinates, forbids it?

If your culture has no concept, and therefore no words for something, how can you think it?

In the time of vulnerability what would Richard do? Richard had glimpsed something that few men had ever seen; the fact that some ideas once lost can virtually never be retrieved. This was a profound thought. Certain outlooks, once excluded, can never come again other than over ages of time and with great pain.

This was not widely believed for most people thought that ideas could be discovered at any time by the perceptive thinker. None of the fools that believed such nonsense had any idea of the torture, the alienation, the self-doubt, which attended anyone who made such a discovery nor did they conceive of the strength it would take to move such a discovery even a few steps beyond one's self. It was not something he would ever attempt even if some great new truth were his to



recognize or to give.

Richard was another matter. The young man might all too easily walk into the jaws of forces which would devour him.”

The author of these words, as many of you know, did exactly that. John was not talking theoretically or off the top of his head. He recognized the cost of his choices.

Those of you who are Christian Scientists should be aware that Mary Baker Eddy in several places indicated in her writings that the ideal scenario would be if the successive stage of Christian Science would be developed by her students about fifty years from the time in which she personally lived.

The standard of Christian Science via the Spindrift research was uncovered and did sprout at the time Eddy predicted but it has not yet been watered, nurtured, cherished or given warmth. It has not yet gone through the processes necessary to bring it into the world. Those processes are still possible but they must now occur under conditions that were not present when the work first began.

Despite the cold and the storms Spindrift’s sprouts are still viable and still growing, however slowly, and this is extremely hopeful

## **New terrain**

Next year it will be one hundred years since Eddy’s death, twice as long as the ideal time Eddy laid out for developing these ideas. The windows of opportunity that existed when the Spindrift research began are now closed. This should not be seen as a completely negative thing but simply as a shift in mental terrain.

Let’s say that you are traveling by foot in an unexplored area and you have invested in a lightweight canoe because you expect to have to cross a river. Only instead of a river you find a tall mountain with snow on the top.

The mountain is not there because of evil forces that are personally out to get you. Yes, this new circumstance will change how quickly you can proceed. Yes, it will be harder to proceed, yes, you will have to give up the canoe you meant to use to succeed, and yes you will now have to figure out how to climb the mountain and the techniques will be different and more challenging than crossing a river would be.

On the other hand you might find that you love mountain climbing and you will certainly get a much better view of the landscape when you reach the top.

Spindrift

the opportunity to succeed by crossing a river. There is now a mountain to cross, but mountains are not all bad. The circumstances right now are a mixed bag.

“Defense mechanisms” is a phrase used at Spindrift to describe the resistant forces that block retard or hide the spiritual nature of the universe. In Christian Science the terms animal magnetism or hypnotism are used. The term “animal magnetism” means something different in Christian Science than out of it; it is our basic term for evil.

By the time Bruce and John Klingbeil died in 1993 they had learned enough about the defense mechanisms in research terms to consider them not as evil forces to fight but simply as engineering problems to solve. This is a good way to approach them.

A recent Pew survey reported on public radio’s *All Things Considered* in January 2009 shows that most Americans still believe in a personal male God living somewhere in the sky. God is perceived as being our big Buddy and as having human emotions. The number of people who believe that the Holy is a force or non-physical presence is slowly growing. According to this survey it is now just under a third of those Americans who believe in God. A surprising number of people do not believe in God and that number is also growing.

With a personal God it is natural that people should also see the devil, or evil, in personal terms. There has been a tendency – and perhaps a time and place where this tendency was understandable, - to see the resistance that Spindrift has encountered in personal terms. There has been a tendency to see ourselves as the underdog, as the victim, as having been treated unfairly.

That time has now ended.

Spindrift and Spindrift nursing have been thought of for decades as something vulnerable that needed our support. This is partly because at first the ideas were infants in the world and infants are vulnerable and do need protection. It was also because Christian Science was ahead of its time in the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> centuries, being born into a world that did not have the scientific mind set, vocabulary, methodology, or infrastructure to probe its details and its depths.

## **A time of power**

A better analogy in keeping with our seed corn theme is that we must now realize that the ideas in *Science and Health* have sprouted – we have entered the successive stage of

Christian

Science – with the advent of the Spindrift work. The sprouts do not look like the seed and so Christian Scientists have not recognized that what is growing is the development of the seeds they have held so precious for decades but it is.

Today we are just entering the adult phase of the Spindrift work. Increasingly we can turn to the IFT system of Mind Medicine for help, rather than feeling that it needs our help. The Christian Science teacher Dr. John Tutt (a medical doctor at the Mayo Clinic before he became a Christian Science healer) once reminded my dad in a letter, “Truth supports us. We do not support Truth.”

It is important for all of us, as we enter a new phase of the work that I have dubbed SILO, that we understand its strength and power. It’s time to shed the skin of the persecuted underdog and emerge into the astounding power of scientific spiritual healing.

Christian Science sees evil as impersonal. Just as in physics every action has its equivalent reaction so also in prayer and spiritual healing every blessing has its proportional resistant force to be neutralized. This should not scare us, impress us or discourage us.

Resistance may come disguised in the form of fear, lack of money, sickness, criticism, hate mail and so on but it is really none of these things. It is an impersonal resistant mental force that can be put aside with effort.

Christian Scientists in particular can affirm in prayer that they love to make this effort daily, that they love to “handle” (heal) animal magnetism because it is part of Christian Science to do so and they love Christian Science.

At Spindrift it is now time to do this and to do it intelligently without fear. It is time now to transcend our perception of personal pain and get the job done. We cannot afford to wallow in personal frustration. Things have changed drastically since 1993 when the last Spindrift research experiments were done. Like erupting volcanoes the defense mechanisms in collective thought have erupted unimpeded. Massive new resistant land forms have solidified. We need to get around them or over them to proceed.

This is not a reason to despair. Physically, only one year after a volcano erupts and covers everything with lava which then hardens, it is possible for plant life to begin growing once more. With mental volcanoes the same thing is true.

## **SILO**

The reason I am bringing this up is that I have started a nine-year program called SILO.

It is important for the supporters of such research to understand why I am approaching the work differently than we did back in the 1970's. Back then we could start organizations, give talks and workshops, and this would help us more than it would hurt us. The progress we made would offset the resistance set up.

This is no longer true. Massive new forms of resistance have hardened. Today we must be much more precise in our efforts to bring these ideas into the world. Today the resistance has gone from fluid to hard rock. Today it is necessary to work with the precision of a bomb squad. Today it is necessary to first bring the ideas into the SILO to be ready for future needs.

I am talking strategy. I am talking engineering. I am talking about more complex ways of praying than modern Christian Scientists have been used to. Sometimes, though Christian Scientists hate the concept (which they shouldn't), I am talking about making concessions.

Mrs. Eddy was a tough old general and understood the concept of the concession when it was used to advance spiritual good. Jesus did too.

The use of concessions and strategy by Jesus, the prophets, Mrs. Eddy and Spindrift will be an ongoing discussion in this publication.

Many people continue to believe that the Spindrift research could be developed at any time, that if we just had enough publicity and reached enough people we would succeed. This is no longer true. The war has not ended but the rules of engagement have changed drastically. The mental terrain we are working in today is as different from 1971, when we started, as a jungle is from a desert.

## **The Promised Land**

The story of Moses in the Bible tells us that when the children of Israel reached the Promised Land they refused to go in. Because of their need of added spiritual development they were then told they had to wander in the desert another forty years.

When they heard this some of them tried to enter the Promised Land anyway to avoid the acknowledgement and the consequences of their first failure to act. Their effort was a massive failure. They had to turn back into the desert until a new generation grew up ready to go into the Promised Land with pure motives. They also needed this additional time to develop the strength needed to deal with what the Promised Land offered. The generation that remembered slavery died in the desert. It was a new generation that entered the Promised Land.

I see this as happening at Spindrift also. It's going to take longer than we thought and we are going to have to secure everything we do for future generations at every step along the way. Those Spindrift sprouts are going to have to be brought in from the open fields and be kept alive in cold frames for now. Once brought to maturity the harvest will need to be held in a silo before it goes out to the world.

But again the good news is that the extra work we have to do is already making us so much more disciplined, so much stronger, and it will make the work better when it is finally "poured out of the bottle to become a river of change in the world" (quote from John Klingbeil.)

Joshua, Moses himself, Caleb and a few others did not complain about the extra forty years like most of the Israelites did. They did not take it as punishment. In some cases the implication is that they were grateful for the extra time. They did not lose their joy; they became stronger and more intense. They used the forty years to put down spiritual roots, plan strategy, become more focused.

In the book *Moses* which is being serialized in this publication, and which was also written by John Klingbeil, the differences in attitude are described well. It's a scene worth reading because each of us too must decide what our attitude should be given the realities on the ground concerning the Spindrift work. In this scene from chapter 11 Thea, the Ethiopian wife of Moses, is talking to him about the judgment that the people must wander forty more years and that in most cases only the younger generation will finally enter the Promised Land.

Never had she seen him so meek and gentle, so devoid of will.

"It is a harsh judgment for the people that they must wander until death," she said softly.

"The present terms of the Compromise are that the people and their children will be strengthened forty years and then their children will return to this place again," he answered.

The gold and silver flickered richly in the light of the lamps, the blues and purples and scarlets of the hangings blended with the moving shadows of the flickering light. He lifted his eyes to her. "How is Joshua?"

"He has adjusted," she answered with a smile. "Even now he asks Esther to marry him."

"And you?"

"My happiness is beyond measure."

"To live as a nomad the rest of your days?" he answered with wonder in his voice.

"God will keep you alive and well until we return again. The precious gift of forty years with you, forty years with friends like Joshua and Caleb, forty years to learn of God from one who walks with Him, forty years to make you as happy as I can -- all this is unexpectedly given me. It is a gift of which I am not worthy, but which I accept with deep rejoicing." Her eyes searched his face. "And you?"

"I am content," he answered, "and your answer makes me more so. The light burns in us; we are not bound by the Compromise."

He reached out and took her hand. "It is time to go home. I'm sure Joshua has said what he needs to say by now."

As they walked together to their tent the silence of the camp was the silence of a people in mourning, the reluctant sad acceptance of the self-discipline of serving God. In the hearts of the two who walked together was the joy of obedience freely given.

As Thea slipped inside the tent Moses paused and looked into the night toward Canaan. To him the Promised Land was a presence, not a place. The Promised Land he sought was that timeless Presence which knew no Compromise, the Place where law and infinity and eternity were one. While others wandered he would increasingly walk in the land he sought. He smiled in the darkness, then turned and went inside.

Eli sat at his tent door long into the night. He listened for the sounds of the wind simply out of long habit and then looked upward at the cloud. This, too, was becoming a habit. He did not share the sadness of the other Israelites for the forty years of wandering imposed on them. He was happy in the nomadic life; he had grown accustomed to the cloud, and was content to leave the establishment of a new way of life to a younger generation. He paused in his thoughts to utter a prayer that the new generation would be wiser and more holy than the old.

There were other pluses to the years in the wilderness that lay ahead. Moses would still be with them, and Thea, too. He was already a friend of the little group that stood so close to God; now, with Esther's coming marriage, he was practically one of the family. Perhaps holiness rubbed off on people; it was that way with donkeys. If you were around them long enough you began to understand them and learn their ways. Perhaps he, too, would learn of God.

And then there was the family. Joshua would have time to be a family man before he was busy taking cities and leading the people. That was a real plus for Esther and for his other grandchildren who would be a part of their lives; there would be years of good family living before the great work of settling a nation began.

Perhaps it was only that he was growing old; there would be few who would look at it the way he did.

He rose and turned to go inside, but before he did he looked again at the cloud that was also a pillar of fire. Never in the history of the world had the sign of God's presence been so forever close to a people. He would never enter Canaan but he would die beneath the cloud. It was enough.”

## Plan B

The Biblical narrative tells us that they did eventually succeed in entering the Promised Land and with more strength than they would have had if the original plan been implemented. Sometimes you have to go to Plan B.

At Spindrift the time has come for plan B. I am calling my plan B the SILO project because it gathers in the ideas we need for future disbursement. The SILO program was originally scheduled for next year. I am grateful to say that things are going well enough here that it will be in full swing by the time you get this publication.

The book *Richard Garrett* offers insight into plan B. The plot of the three *Richard Garrett* science fiction novels that my brother wrote has to do with what would happen if the Spindrift research was not developed within its natural time frame, something that has now occurred.

In the beginning of the story, which is set in the future, prayer research is forced underground and is lost from the world for some time. At the end of the story a few of the people who had continued to develop IFT, but stayed under the radar, accept the risks of bringing their experiments back in the world. They do so thoughtfully. The character of Richard explains it this way at a strategy session: Everything he has written here can be applied to Spindrift today.

“The introduction of new ideas begins with education and the building of a conceptual base for the new ideas. People attack what they don’t understand and these ideas are difficult to understand....Granted the research will lead into sticky areas, but we’ll monitor and review what the fallout might be as we go along. It’s up

to us to make this an evolutionary rather than a revolutionary process.

Evidence doesn't always change people's minds. What people believe is mostly governed by the paradigm of their times. If we give people new spiritual technologies without giving them the mindset they'll just use the new technologies for the same old purposes and in the same old ways as before but if we challenge the paradigm we run into massive resistance.

The greatest need of the world has always been spirituality but those who have brought it have always been crucified rejected and otherwise abused. The world is filled with Christians who know not their right hand from their left. They prattle of God's goodness and healing power but choose never to come close to the mark of the beast that is within us all and there, in the silence of the inner being, begin the work of effacing with blood sweat and tears the root of that which binds us to a material selfhood.

Even if our ideas are gradually brought into the world the first thing that the world will do will be to try to put the new wine into old bottles. They'll try to adapt the new experiments and new ideas to the old thought structures. They'll hammer and pound and dissect and rearrange and theorize until they fail. They will attempt to pre-empt all that we share with them. They will take it and try to exploit it though they will not succeed.

In the meantime we must be engaged in the process of education, supplying the background of thought which permits what we have developed to be understood.[Editor's Note: This is where the role of publishing comes in and this is part of why I have started a publishing company.]

We need to model the interaction of these ideas with the world every step of the way."

During SILO the defense mechanisms will be modeled as I go along. For me SILO represents a more mature and self-disciplined stage of the work than anything I've done to date though I speak only for myself and not for the work of others.

### **The need for prayer providers**

There are many people who can get an occasional IFT measurable effect including children, but no one that I know of at the moment who is both willing and able to get measurable effect with an IFT result in the lab consistently under pressure and facing the new resistant forces that have accumulated since 1993. The gene pool has shrunk to zero. A new generation of healers needs to be developed. SILO needs to



accomplish this.

Part of the problem is that in the early days Spindrift was keeping pace with new developments in math, computer science, biology and physics but now it is way behind those fields which have developed so much more quickly. Our prayer skills have not kept pace with the scientific skills that have developed since 1993.

## **The Silo Program**

photo

## **Purpose**

**The primary purpose of the nine-year SILO project is to define, develop, and perpetuate the skills needed to be a Christian Science (IFT) laboratory prayer provider.**

**A secondary purpose, to be accomplished in the last three years of the SILO project, is to develop a research program to explore the ethics, skills and basic concepts of Spindrift nursing.**

### **One SILO**

The SILO program will have three phases. During the One Silo project (first phase or first three years) I will concentrate on the building blocks of identity field theory and also work on pinning down some of its stickier elements such as associational links and defense mechanisms.

### **Two SILOS**

The second three years or Two SILO phase will focus on both spiritual healing and biotechnology.

New forms of spiritual healing flowing from the laboratory tests will be explored. A special emphasis will be given to dismantling collective defense mechanisms and to preventive prayer (prayer that prevents diseases, protects crops etc.).

Biotechnology is more complex. In the Spindrift methodology an experiment can be set-up and measured in one of three ways.

First, it can be goal-referenced or measured in reference to meeting the goals of the person praying without regard to the norms of the organism.

Second, it can be normalcy-referenced . Most Spindrift tests are normalcy-referenced This means that both the control and treated organisms are compared not to each other but in reference to how much they each move from a stressed position toward their norms. The norms, taken as a whole, are considered a field.

Third, the final type of experiment, is the one that relates to biotech. Spindrift found that non-goal referenced prayer, when applied continually over time to a healthy (non-stressed) organism, - that is to an organism already at its norms – resulted in an

unexpected

effect. The research organism changed its norms. We call this an identity-referenced experiment.

Sometimes, as in the lab, this happens through prayer. Sometimes this happens in the world at large because collective thought swings back and forth in its belief.

Eddy's theory indicates that organisms including humans can change form without genetic manipulation. She says this in several places, for example in *Science and Health* on p.124.

“The elements and functions of the physical body and of the physical world will change as mortal mind changes its beliefs. What is now considered the best condition for organic and functional health in the human body may no longer be found indispensable to health.”

When these changes come about not as a swing in collective belief but quite specifically through non goal-referenced prayer (prayer where you do not begin with a goal of changing the organism in a particular way nor do you determine what the change should be) and when the change is useful, it can be thought of as a type of mentally induced biotechnology or biotech minus the physical genetic manipulation.

In other words it can be thought of as a type of mental surgery. Biotech is an extension of surgery, of the physical manipulation of an organism. *Science and Health* states on p. 402:

“Christian Science is always the most skillful surgeon, but surgery is the branch of its healing which will be the last acknowledged.”

In other words we're pushing the envelope a little to monkey around with this in the lab but it's just too interesting a subject not to give it a try.

When Christian Science treatment is applied to experiments where animal parasites are the research organism they do not all respond in the same way. Some parasites change form when you pray for them. Others die, some leave their host, some lose or lessen their reproductive ability, and some don't change at all but when you pray for the host you can change the environment which breeds them and so reduce the harmful effects.

All of them so far seem sensitive to timing – praying at certain stages of their life cycle produces more measurable effect than prayer at other stages.

I would like to know why the organisms act differently when receiving the same prayer.  
Biology begins with

classification and proper identification. Material biology begins with physical classifications. Mental biology needs to begin with mental classifications. What are the common mental factors which cause certain responses to prayer and are there similarities in different organisms in how they respond? If so, why?

The various responses do not seem to follow physical lines at all - you can't say that all parasitic worms respond one way to IFT type prayer and parasitic wasps another way – and yet definite groupings do appear which does not yet make sense to me. What are the common (and presumably mental) factors that cause a group to be a group, in other words to respond in the same way to prayer?

A statement that Eddy makes about parasitic worms in children (S&H p. 413) seems to me to imply that some parasites have no spiritual identity but are simply creations of the human mind. This might explain why some die when prayed for.

But it isn't those that interest me as much as the ones that change form or evolve over two or three generations when prayed for. A generation can be quite short in some species.

This is an example of what I mean by spiritual biotechnology. With physical biotechnology so much a part of our present and our future it's important that spiritual biotechnology keep pace with and relate to the physical field of the same genre. It's important that we understand both the differences and similarities between spiritual and physical biotech, that we understand how the two relate to each other, and that we develop our prayer skills with as much vigor and intelligence as the biologists are developing their physical biotech skills. That's a tall order when you think of the millions of dollars, thousands of hours, and systematic investment financial and intellectual that physical biotech has going for it.

We don't have that but we have astonishing results. Those results have to be hard and fast enough, and enough people have to be able to get those results through prayer, in order for such tests to be "poured out of the bottle and become a river of change in the world."

It's always important for society to have fully developed choices and options. It's always important to keep up with the scientific Jones', not for prestige and certainly not in the spirit of competition, but to maintain a society with options.

How this could possibly occur I do not know but I do know that the same ordering forces that produce such astonishing results in the lab also create and guide the channels through which such results enter the world.

SILO is a

but it is a start.

### **Three SILOS**

The Three SILO program over the last three years of this project will focus on experimental tests that lay the groundwork for Spindrift nursing skills to be taught, tested, researched and standardized.

Tests that do not “work”, (that is experiments where the results do not support the hypothesis), will probably be even more useful than those that do work in terms of what they teach me. I look forward to both.

### **Collective effort**

If I have learned anything from reading books on science it is that science is a collective effort with the work of one person building on the next and with many people working on the same thing at the same time.

Though my own efforts are small they are needed. Each bit of work done makes it easier for the next generation and adds a necessary part to the collective effort.

Spindrift needs people from many fields before it can develop but educators, scientists, mathematicians and statisticians, computer technicians, nurses and writers will have nothing to study analyze or report on if there are no healers that can get IFT results consistently in the lab. At present that gene pool is down to zero. This must be the first priority and this is what I will be working on for the next nine years.

I'll begin simply with some mustard seed experiments to pin down some questions about associational links. I will also start right off the bat with some experiments involving parasitic worms common to pigs to study defense mechanisms.

Some people think it is absurd to do experiments involving prayer for such organisms. I will spare you the counterpoint of mystical adoration intertwined with contemplation of the parasites in pigs but I can tell you that much of what I have learned so far I have been able to apply to defense mechanisms in other areas – including the mental defenses that have been blocking the development of the Spindrift work.

Parasitic behavior is symbolized by but not limited to actual parasitic research organisms.

To go back to what I quoted earlier the book *Richard Garrett* asks:

What use is freedom of choice if one's options are limited? Of what use is freedom of choice if there are ways of life and worlds of thoughts and ideas which will never be known to you because of your culture, by it's built in determinates, forbids it?

If your culture has no concept, and therefore no words for something, how can you think it?

## **Publishing in its broader meaning**

This issue of *The Standard* is going to focus on what publishing means. Research is a way of changing the determinates of a culture in ways that can be verified collectively by the entire society, and not just by religious individuals. This is part of what it means to publish. Publishing isn't just words on a page but inscriptions of the disk of collective consciousness.

Publishing is so much more than printing words on a page and marketing the ideas. It means proving and demonstrating concepts that the culture has rejected, put under taboo, smothered, or never encountered. It means recording concepts on the disk of collective world consciousness through verifiable proof and rugged personal experience.

No book is ever truly published until its ideas are developed in the world and provide, as Mary Baker Eddy wrote "proof of their utility." (See her definition of "church" in the glossary of *Science and Health*.) In this sense Christian Scientists have not yet accepted the work of publishing Mrs. Eddy's book. Her theory, though written down, remains undeveloped and unpublished.

## **The raven's nest**

photo

The SILO prayer program will begin modestly on June 1, six months ahead of schedule. My first Chapel Lab is a donated trailer, the kind they use for offices at construction sites. It has been adapted and outfitted for the first phase of the work.

I have named the trailer *The Raven's Nest*. I named it this partly because real ravens come and make a ruckus on the grass in back of the trailer almost every afternoon but mostly because of something that Mary Baker Eddy wrote.

Knowing the human tendency to rest in the goodness and love of God without working hard and actively breaking the resistance of a world Eddy once reminded her students of the Biblical symbol of a tree whose leaves were for "the healing of the nations".

"Now," she said, "let my students carry the fruit of this tree into the rock-ribbed nests of the raven's callow brood." (*Miscellaneous Writings* by Mary Baker Eddy p. 356).

I have seen the nests of ravens and they really are rocky or else full of sticks. They do not look comfortable. Bringing spiritual healing into a resistant world is not always comfortable either.

The word "callow" does not mean evil. It means young, immature, and inexperienced. Americans in this sense are callow when it comes to spiritual healing.

In the Bible the raven (orev in Hebrew) is considered a ritualistically unclean bird according to the book of Leviticus. Observation confirms that they are not the neatest birds in the world, in other words they are not very clean in real life or ritualistically.

In our last issue we spoke about bird language. You should never start out learning bird language by learning raven because ravens do everything backwards, break all the rules, and have a complex and challenging language.

They are intelligent and independent creatures. According to the Biblical narrative the first bird Noah released from the ark was a raven. (Genesis 8:7) Once free the raven took off and did its own thing, never returning. Moses had to try again with the gentler more obedient dove.

When the prophet Elijah was starving and lying near death by the brook of Cherith God commanded the ravens to bring him food and the Bible tells us that they did. In the Biblical book Song of Songs the beauty of ravens is praised. And the Psalmist, referring to the generosity of the Holy One, writes in Psalm 147 (9)

“He giveth to the beast his food and to the young ravens that cry.”(KJV)

Divine Love certainly has been generous to me by giving me a freestanding Chapel Laboratory. The trailer is only to work in, not to live in, although there is a bunk should things get tough again and should I need a place to live. Eventually I hope to outgrow this trailer, even as one outgrows the nest, but after four decades of working out of spare bedrooms, unheated garages, and the corners of people’s basements, this specially adapted trailer is an answer to prayer.

### **A trial balloon – or maybe a raven released from the ark**

You as subscribers are my model group, my trial balloon, for the first attempt at developing these ideas in the world. *The Standard* goes to a small and specially selected audience so these ideas will have at first a small controlled release giving me time to assess the defense mechanisms.

The tests themselves are so modest that they can be no more than feasibility studies that hopefully will provide a springboard for future research. The results will be gathered into the “SILO”.

While the scientific footsteps will be modest what I learn about being a Christian Science prayer provider in a laboratory setting should be enormous. I hope to use what I learn to harvest a bountiful crop of laboratory prayer providers enabling the work to go forward.



## **A time of unrestricted spiritual growth for everyone**

I am grateful to have been given the luxury of that extra forty years in the desert, or at least of an extra nine years of preliminary prayer and research. I am blessed in not having to throw the data out there without the time to first take a close and intense look at the meaning of the experiments.

We have a chance to influence the context in which this data enters the world.

Mary Baker Eddy once wrote of herself:

“ We have asked, in our selfishness, to wait until the age advanced to a more practical and spiritual religion before arguing with the world the great subject of spiritual healing; but our answer was, “Then there were no cross to take up, and less need of publishing the good news.”

(*Christian Healing* by Mary Baker Eddy page 1.)

If we too have been given this cross to take up, this mission of taking spiritual healing into the rocky nest of the raven, (and note her reference to publishing) then at least we have also been given the time and the means to do it right.

## **JOY!**

From my emails over the last two years I have noticed among Christian Scientists specifically and among Spindrift supporters in general a quiet discouragement, a feeling that the odds are against us, and that success is so improbable that it doesn't pay to keep trying. I have often felt this discouragement myself and sometimes been crippled by it.

This is such a joyful time. Any thought that it is not does not originate with you; it is a mesmeric suggestion being inserted into your thought to discourage you and you can toss it out if you see this. Like you I am learning this as I go.

We have the opportunity, like those in the Bible who were given an extra 40 years before fighting the battles that came with the Promised Land, to develop our ideas and apply them directly and intelligently to the problems in the world.

## **A can-do approach**

I was touched and inspired by the story of a man in rural Wisconsin that I read about in the

November 12-

18, 2008 issue of *The Country Today* newspaper. The article was written by Sara Bredesen and it's about how he built a planetarium. Not just any planetarium – the world's largest mechanical rotating globe planetarium. That means that instead of having a fancy machine that projects stars onto the walls the entire roof of the building rotates. Holes drilled in the inside layer of the roof represent stars by having lights behind them.

In Oneida County Wisconsin, which happens to be the county I was born in, a boy scout leader named Frank Kovac Jr. wanted to build a planetarium so that his troop could learn more about the stars. Eventually it grew to be a bigger project with a bigger vision.

Kovac did not grow up in the country. He grew up in Chicago where city lights meant rare glimpses of the stars. Maybe that's why the occasional camping trips with his dad meant so much to him.

“The soft-spoken 43 year old had only a high school diploma, few building skills and no mechanical aptitude to speak of but his love of the night sky and persistence led him to create the world's largest mechanical globe planetarium...The project was trial and error. There were no models or blueprints to follow...After investing \$1,000 in material and a year of planning he was devastated when the orb crashed to the dirt during a windstorm...’But even though it failed it gave me the idea how to proceed.’ he said. ’The concept was right but the material was wrong.’

Mr. Kovac's dedication to the project over the next four years drew tolerant jests from acquaintances, such as a friend who always asked him how he was coming with his 'sanitarium'...

...For the proper perspective the globe had to be tipped forty-five degrees. Mr. Kovac spent months hand digging a pit under the 4,000 pound globe to accommodate the tilt... Getting the building approved for public use took five more years of frustrating paperwork. 'They had nothing to compare it to.' Mr. Kovac said...

...Mr. Kovac built the globe entirely himself with money from a paper mill job. 'I'm only a high school graduate' he said. 'If I had a degree, I wouldn't be able to share this with the public. A professional astronomer would be working in an office. I can look at the stars....I want to show people the universe and their place in it.'...

...’if you really want something, you really have to work at it.’ Mr. Kovac said.’ That's a message I try to tell kids when they come here to visit.’ Mr. Kovac has proven it. With the soft creak and rumble of two tons of plywood, he can move the whole universe.”(From *The Country Today*.)

some tolerant jests myself for thinking that holing up in a trailer for nine years and praying over parasitic worms will result in moving the universe to a better place but the thing about Spindriff is the need to not just talk or write about our ideas but to act. It is possible to succeed and it is possible to act without waiting for grants, fame, or “permission” from the scientific or religious world to begin.

“God demands a more Christian, zealous and persistent effort to resist evil and overcome, or our Cause will again be covered by the rubbish of centuries...God has said, Do my prophets no harm, and inasmuch as you bless them I will bless you. But the strange infatuation to forget and not watch, causes the worst of results...Oh may the divine Love keep you from *sleeping* and bless you ever.”

*Mary Baker Eddy, Course in Divinity, p. 50.*

A can-do attitude needs to be the spirit of Spindriff. The raven’s nest is as good a place as any to begin.

## **Books to borrow**

Before I end this letter I have two announcements. Some of you may remember “The Klingbeil Library for the Betterment of the Mother Church” (a slight inside joke referring to the church’s Mary Baker Eddy Library for the Betterment of Humanity.)

The physical Klingbeil Library is now closed however a few of you did write to me after the last issue of *The Standard* asking to borrow, or have photocopied portions of, some books that I quoted in the publication.

I have a bad habit of highlighting, underlining, and dog earring my books. Anyone who can overlook that and who wants to read a book mentioned in this publication but who can’t find it at the library is certainly welcome to borrow it via the mail.

Media mail (book rate) is lots cheaper than buying these books. With budgets tight at libraries a surprising number of these books cannot be found in the public library. I am happy to pay the postage to mail you the book if you will mail it back within 12 weeks.

## **The importance of traditional spiritual healing**

My second announcement has to do with spiritual healing. As the ex wife of a Protestant minister - and one who met many liberal Protestant ministers during that experience – I am well aware of how the “miracles” of the Bible have come to be seen as

symbolic

rather than factual.

In a letter to a student (*Course in Divinity*) Mrs. Eddy once said that in prayer we needed to call fire down from heaven to burn away the symbol so that the substance was accessible. This is what the Spindrift tests are about. They're about transcending ritual. They're about making healing and the presence of the Holy more real than you ever accepted might be possible.

Marcus Borg, a bestselling author and a Professor of Religion, gives this description of his own beliefs on spiritual healing. In his book *Reading the Bible Again for the First Time*, (a book whose back cover sports endorsements from such diverse reviewers as Rabbi Harold Kushner and *The Christian Science Monitor*), Borg explains his problem with the lack of Biblical style healing today. He asks the vital question of whether such healings "ever happen anywhere?" He writes:

"If I became persuaded that they do, then I would entertain the possibility that the stories about Jesus reporting such events also contain history remembered. But what I cannot do as a historian is say that Jesus could do such things even though nobody else has ever been able to. Thus I regard these as purely metaphorical narratives."

Borg, Marcus, *Reading the Bible Again for the First Time: Taking the Bible Seriously but Not Literally*, Harper Collins, New York, 2001, p.47.

His phrase "*Reading the Bible Again for the First Time*" makes its point. I would recommend to Christian Scientists that they read *Science and Health* for the first time again, that they read it with fresh eyes. I also recommend highlighting the passages that are less familiar and focusing on them and not beginning with a stereotype of the book as being about a personal religion but approaching it as a book of scientific theory.

Having a physical healing through prayer opens up the Bible in a way that cannot be explained to people who have not had this experience. When you realize that the stories in the Bible may really be true and scientifically explainable, that they are not just symbols myths or poetry, it sends you searching in a way that nothing else can.

The Spindrift tests are healings in the lab where the healing or measurable effect is seen in context and where each is a building block of theory. Such laboratory tests open up *Science and Health* in the same way that individual physical healings open up the Bible. Such tests not only show that healing works, they let you explore how healing works. Whether or not an experiment supports the hypothesis being tested it will send you back to S&H with new eyes and real excitement, just like being healed of a disease makes the Bible start jumping off the page again. In both cases you can try it yourself, and

figure out what it means, without relying on blind faith. Talk about interactive!

Both types of healing, individual healings and lab healings, are needed. One helps build a collective body of knowledge accessible to anyone. The other helps build up a personal body of knowledge that changes individual lives forever. Both must be kept in balance. SILO must harvest and protect both.

For those of you who are Christian Scientists it should be remembered that our ordained pastor is both the Bible and the *Science and Health with key to the Scriptures*. We turn to both when we need to be ministered to. Both must be manifested or “published” [the Word made flesh] in our lives.

The SILO program now underway must include both the traditional healing of the sick through prayer that opens up the meaning of the Bible, and the laboratory demonstrations of how prayer works that open up the scientific meaning of *Science and Health*.

As I start out on this new nine-year program of research experiments it is also important to keep pace with traditional healing in the field. It is important to match laboratory healings with individual healings. To accomplish this I am doing two things.

**First, I am adding a series to this publication on how to give a Christian Science treatment.**

**Second, I am experimenting with a more-or-less traditional healing project locally.**

**It will take about three years. There will be an article on this after it is accomplished.**

It is hard to find a practitioner that accepts the Spindrift tests or that practices in the successive stage.

To address this need I will begin including in this publication specific instructions on how to give a Christian Science treatment and also answering questions sent in on this topic. This appears in the section “Of Special interest to our Christian Readers” beginning in this issue. I hope anyone who has a question will feel free to send it in.

Since *The Standard* only comes out twice a year and many of you will want more information before this series is finished I can recommend two books to you, both by Ann Beals and both available from her company called “The Bookmark” at [www.thebookmark.com](http://www.thebookmark.com). The first book is called *Christian Science Treatment: The Prayer* *That Heals*

and the second is actually a pamphlet, not a book, and is called *Animal Magnetism: What evil is, how it operates, and how to overcome it in Christian Science*.

Also, a Spindrift supporter sent me an entire box of books by Ann Beals so if you would like to borrow any of them through the mail let me know. Email is the best way to reach me.

I also have a cell phone but since I lead a life of silence it is usually turned off. However at night before I go to bed and again in the morning I check messages. If you wish to leave me a voice mail feel free to call me at 262-672-9266.

### **An example of what publishing means**

Ann Beals has some prejudices that I do not share – as undoubtedly my writing probably contains prejudices unknown to me that others do not share. Also, she does not support the Spindrift tests.

Despite this her sincerity and effectiveness as a healer is unquestionable and her writing is clear and detailed. Her simplicity in explaining animal magnetism in her pamphlet of the same name may have saved my life during the year of 2006 when I was very ill. Certainly it was a concrete help in my prayers and in my being able to understand the emotions in back of my illness.

Oddly enough I had read the pamphlet years ago and liked it but not thought of it as anything special. At the time I re-read it in 2006 I picked it up mostly because it was small – only 38 pages – and I was too weak to hold a heavier book.

It is interesting that Beals had “published” this pamphlet in terms of her own personal integrity long before I added my bit in “publishing” her pamphlet by the healing that I gradually had, that is by the Word made flesh

The way Ann published her pamphlet through “the Word made flesh” (“the Word made flesh” is a quote from John 1:14) is described in a book called *Christian Science After 1910* by Andrew Hartsook. A paragraph on pages 150-151 tells us:

“Ann Beals is the daughter of Harry Smith, a noted Christian Science lecturer. In 1967 she had become a *Journal*-listed practitioner in Massachusetts but witnessed with dismay the decline in the movement. Ms. Beals had written a penetrating article in 1974 on the subject of animal magnetism....it was rejected for publication by the *Journal* and *Sentinel* editors. When she made plans to have it printed herself she was warned that her practitioner card would be removed from the *Journal*. She resisted the coercion and published the article in February 1974. She was

then pressured by her teacher to withdraw the pamphlet...When it became clear that her practitioner card would be removed, she acted first and withdrew her name from the *Journal* in September of 1976.”

To me it is astounding that a person would have to give up their livelihood, their standing in the community, and the beloved fellowship of the church they have made the center of their life, just to write a pamphlet of thirty some pages, especially when the pamphlet is not radical in any way – it a simple clear account of Ann’s own application of Eddy’s teachings. There is nothing in the pamphlet that is not already stated elsewhere in Christian Science.

How easy it would have been for her to back down. How easy it would have been for her to begin to doubt her original ideas.

The integrity she showed is what I mean by publishing, not the words she had printed up at the copy shop. That integrity, though I knew nothing about it at the time, probably enabled me to access not just her words but the spirit behind them and so to be healed.

I once had a patient who was a concert pianist. He practiced a short difficult section of Mozart for hours on end.

“Paul, “I asked him, “Why do you play that over and over for hours? I doubt anyone in the audience will notice such a very slight difference in fingering after all your hours of work.”

“That’s true.” he acknowledged. “They probably won’t hear the difference. But the integrity I put into it will communicate to them – they’ll feel that and it will communicate what Mozart is.”

Publishing, if it’s the Word made flesh, is like that.

“My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man’s wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power.”

St. Paul, I Cor. 2:4

“Let the Word have free course and be glorified. The people clamor to leave cradle and swaddling clothes.”

Mary Baker Eddy, *No and Yes* p. 45

Every time I do a research test in my little raven’s nest, The *Standard* is published.  
Every time there is a

physical healing related to the successive stage of Christian Science *The Standard* is published.

It not enough just to write something, anymore than it's enough to dye something a beautiful color. If you don't use an agent to "fix" the color it will all wash out or at least fade a lot.

The integrity, the struggle, the healing, - that is what fixes the words and makes them accessible for the future, just like a chemical fixes the dye and makes it permanent. We need to make the Spindrift work accessible for the future. We need to bring the new concepts, - the concepts that are not yet in our culture, -into the SILO so they will be there when the grain is needed.

Within a decade of Eddy's death in 1910 the Board of Directors was in court at odds with the publishers of Mary Baker Eddy's writings. They felt that publishing should be subordinate to and controlled by the church.

Obviously both sides had lost before they ever entered the court. St. Paul writes:

Now therefore there is utterly a fault among you, because ye go to law one with another. Why do ye not rather take wrong? Why do ye not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded?"

I COR. 6:7

Paul is recommending a concession for the advancement of spiritual good. His advice was not taken.

Underlying this lawsuit was a very deep misunderstanding of what publishing meant. Publishing means healing and is central to Christian Science. It is not peripheral and it needs to be independent editorially from the church organization, even if it supports that organization financially and spiritually. It was because publishing came to be seen as necessarily church related that manuscripts on science and medicine were never published in Christian Science and therefore these ideas did not develop.

You can hawk the trade edition of *Science and Health* all you want to, like a hot dog at a ballgame, but you will never publish it until all three aspects of the book – its science theology and medicine, are developed in the world as "one stupendous whole."

The series on how to give a treatment that I will write in *The Standard* will have one big difference from Ann Beals writing and from other writing on how to apply Christian Science treatment to healing. It will be based in the successive stage of Christian Science. In other words it will include insights clarified by the Spindrift research.



## **Bringing in the sheaves**

A silo is a place where you store your grain until it is ready to be distributed to meet future needs. It is time to fill the silo. By the time the SILO project is complete our silos will be overflowing not only with the grain, with data, but also with a much more practical understanding of what it all means than we had before. This is a journey we will take together.

Every one of you who takes the time to read these pages, to think, pray and grapple with complex new ideas, helps to fill the silo, helps to publish or establish in world consciousness the concepts involved. I have learned never to underestimate the power of that effort.

It always seems like such a private thing when you are sitting alone reading, praying, thinking, or trying to understand something, but such activity has a real effect in the world around us and it is not so private at all – it blesses and lightens the entire world atmosphere. The only way to develop these ideas in world consciousness is to develop them in our own minds and hearts first. We can all be very grateful that we are being given the time and space we need to do this.

I very much welcome questions which you can email to me, leave on a voice mail, or send in a letter. I will answer your questions in *The CS Standard*.

Thank you for taking part.

Sincerely,

Deborah

## **Math and Mystics**

### **The first in an occasional series**

About forty years ago Ed Catmull was laid off from Boeing. He had a degree in computer science but few people were hiring. Computers were not all-pervasive then as they are now. He decided to go back to school and do his doctoral thesis on computer animation even though at the time most people thought it was a whacky idea.

“Computer animation was sort of on the lunatic fringe at that time,’ said Fred Park, a fellow PhD student in Catmull’s class who also worked on animation. ‘People were just barely to the point where they could get a computer to put out still images.” (1))

Eventually Catmull would try to sell Disney on his ideas of computer animation. Disney turned him down telling him that they thought it had no future. (1, p.14). Later Catmull would invent revolutionary mathematical applications for animation such as bicubic patches, Z-buffers and texture mapping. He would be among the first to “create a new way of telling stories, within a virtual world of mathematical constructions...” (1, p.8). He would be one of a group of talented young people that started the computer animation company Pixar. And eventually Disney would buy Pixar for \$7.4 billion dollars. (1. p. 4)

In 1972 however, at the same time that the Spindrift researchers were doing their first seed tests, he had limited resources and his chosen field of computer animation was an area of computer technology that people thought of as kooky.

“He decided to digitize the closest thing at hand – his left hand. Nothing about the film came easily or simply. He began by making a plaster-of-Paris mold of his hand; when he pulled the mold away, the hair on the back of his hand came away painfully with it. He then made a plaster model from the mold and drew about 350 small triangles and other polygons on the model in ink.

When he was done, the drawings of the polygons crisscrossed the plaster hand like a net. Just as one could approximate a curved line with a series of short strait lines, a curved object could be represented by a mesh of polygons. Digital counterparts of these polygons would represent the surface of his hand in the computer. He laboriously measured the coordinates of each of the counterpoints of the polygons and typed them into the computer with a Teletype keyboard. With a 3-D animation program that he wrote, he could reproduce the disembodied hand on a screen and make it move.

Just getting a look at his imagery was a task in itself. Because the display hardware never showed the entire image on screen at any one moment – it took thirty seconds or so to cycle through the image – Catmull could see a frame of his work only by taking a long-exposure Polaroid of the screen and looking at the snapshot. Once he was satisfied he then shot the footage using a thirty-five millimeter movie camera that the department had rigged to take pictures from a CRT screen.

The resulting film, roughly a minute long, was jaw dropping in its day. It showed the hand swiveling, opening, and closing...” (1, p.14)

. Catmull did not know that what he was doing would someday be relevant to the work of a religious

Victorian woman named Mary Baker Eddy. Had he known that he would have been just as astonished as Mrs. Eddy would have been had she been given an animated video game.

## The language of math

Spindrift was not the only small group to be working on consciousness research in the 1970's and 1980's. There was a burst of development in this area at that time.

Lynn McTaggart in her book *The Field* speaks of some of the research that was going on at that period.

“A number of scientists working independently had come up with a single bit of the puzzle and were frightened to compare notes. There was no common language because what they were discovering appeared to *defy* language.” (2)

Just after the Civil War Mary Baker Eddy had discovered a new theory. Her problem was not only that she had to write her books with a quill pen and no spell checker; her problem was that there were no words in English or any other language to accurately describe concepts she discovered that were not in the culture and therefore not in the language. In fact she called this “the chief difficulty in conveying the concepts of divine Science accurately...” (3.)

On the theological side no human language alone can put love in your heart or give you the spirituality you need to understand the “new tongue” spoken of in the Gospels.

But on the scientific and medical side the Word, to be made flesh, could have used a bit more complexity than what Eddy had access to in explaining her theory through what she called “...the meagre channel afforded by language.” (3, p.460)

Math is not a perfect language but it's about as close as you can get. It can describe a lot more, and describe it more accurately, than languages like English Spanish or German. You can't easily describe how one soybean is different from another in English words. It would be hard using English to describe one soybean so accurately that you could distinguish it immediately from a thousand others. You can't easily show in words how its moisture content differs microscopically from another bean or where one patch of skin is slightly thicker than in another area. Data can show you all that in a second.

You can't too easily describe the minute differences between thought-flows either but data and computer generated graphs can show you the specific differences between two streams of

prayer in a second.

That data comes from measurement. In order to see the patterns of measurable effect from prayer you sometimes need to take 70, 80, or 90 thousand measurements. A human being doing that would be prone to human error and it would be immensely time consuming. A computer, taking a reading from a treated (prayed for) organism and a control organism, can take such readings every two seconds and tabulate them in no time flat. Patterns that you didn't know existed suddenly appear.

Today these unexpected patterns, including patterns Eddy talks about in her theory, can be shown in visual representations digitally on the computer monitor. That means you don't have to be a mathematician to find the patterns. They jump out at you. Like Catmull's hand the patterns of prayer move swirl, open and close. You can see them.

We've entered a new era.

### **Fascinating fractals**

An interesting area of computer technology based on a concept in math called "fractals" relates to the Spindrift work. It was certainly not available in Eddy's day. It was just beginning to be developed when the two Klingbeils were doing the Spindrift research.

It's called cellular automata or CA. a kind of computer mathematical "game" invented in the 1950's but developed only recently as the concept of fractals also developed.. It has become an important tool for investigating pattern formation.

Basically computer cells are created and are given a finite number of states that they can exist in, such as on and off, or, with a five state version they would have five states they could exist in. These cells, sometimes called computer robots, are given choices as to which state they will be in. Though the choices appear random they are not. CA shows that abstract patterns can create copies of themselves – can reproduce – by following a set of fixed rules. In laymen's terms CA shows that pattern lies far deeper in the universe than people once imagined.

"Cellular automata are examples of mathematical systems constructed from many identical components, each simple, but together capable of complex behavior." (Tom Wolfram in *Nature* 1984.)

What governs such complex behavior? Where does order come from? What are the ordering forces in our world, how do they operate, and what kind of principle governs them?

In CA mathematicians program their computers and then let them run on their own for years and see what patterns develop. For example a popular form of CA involves virtual ants. The diagram on the next page comes from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where James Propp has been tracing virtual ants on his computer for more than a decade. It shows how, after about ten-thousand steps, a two ant state spontaneously begins to build a highway.

What makes the virtual ants do that? And what does this have to do with prayer?

According to identity field theory prayer is all about bringing order to a system. An understanding of order, proportionality and symmetry is therefore useful in any scientific monitoring of prayer-flow.

CA is about much more than math. It's about where order and pattern come from. CA has shown that even non organic (non living) systems, and computer cells such as the virtual ant (with no memory and no ability to plan) mimic living systems in their behavior. They act in orderly ways. They also show how symmetry will disappear momentarily and then reappear in a larger pattern, something that also occurs in spiritual healing.

“How recurrent symmetry arises was one of the first mathematical mysteries that confronted Propp and others enthralled by this ant universe.” (4.)

The Spindrift work is about much more than making seeds grow or praying for plants. It's about where symmetry and order in the universe come from.

Eddy writes: “Every Christian Science treatment is accumulative.” (*Course in Divinity* p. 49) This can be traced via the computer. A specially built computer board that my brother had used and which I now have in storage was still creating more symmetrical – and continually evolving - patterns during the originally prayed for part of its cycle than it was in the non-prayed for part of its cycle 10 years after John personally was gone.

**Today the language of math has become so much richer and complex than it was in Eddy's lifetime that the channel for language is no longer meager. As our understanding that the universe is governed by law has expanded our ability to express this has also expanded. The meager channel of language is no longer too meager to express some of the finer points of Eddy's theory.**

By the time Spindrift began experimenting with the effect of prayer on mathematical constructions within a computer – and seeing the resulting visual changes on their monitors – the language of math had increased a thousand fold.

Bruce Klingbeil added to this by inventing new calculus adaptive to Christian Science theory. Added to the study of fractals, which was developing as he did his original tests, Klingbeil found that the new math had the potential of a new and previously unheard of application – it could describe, and visually model, the flow of prayer. It could also describe and visually model resistance.

Eddy's 19<sup>th</sup> century theory had come on-line. With the speed that computers brought to mathematical calculations it was suddenly possible to mathematically model aspects of her theory that

previously had no way of being explored in detail.

It was like an astronomer upgrading from a 19<sup>th</sup> century telescope to the Hubble. The details of identity field theory had been stated in Eddy's book *Science and Health* but she told us herself that she did not attempt to "treat in full detail so infinite a theme." (3, Preface. P x)

With the new calculus invented at Spindrift, and the advances in math in the culture generally, Eddy's theory suddenly began appearing in higher resolution with the promise of much more detail to come.

That Eddy expected her theory to someday be expressed in new language is obvious to me. In *S&H* she speaks of the "scientific evidence" supporting her theory. She says that it will "accumulate" adding:

"Gradually this evidence will gather momentum and clearness, until it reaches its culmination of scientific statement and proof." (3:p 380)

Most Christian Scientists think that *Science and Health* was the culminating statement but Eddy did not say that. She called *Science and Health* a textual explanation.

Looking at the stars through a better telescope does not change the existence of the star; it simply brings it into focus with higher resolution.

During the years 1973-1993 Spindrift was keeping pace with the new developments in math. Today we've fallen behind and that is part of what the SILO project needs to remedy.

## **How to pray in the laboratory**

Christian Science prayer can very appropriately be applied to two identical CA programs over a period of years, one as treated, and one as control.

How do you pray for virtual ants daily over several years? Well you don't pray for the ants themselves of course. Everyone prays differently which is good, but since I have been asked this question I am happy to answer it.

I pray to be grateful for the order that exists in the universe and for the Principle from which that order flows. I pray that how these ordering forces work might reveal itself to me and I affirm that such ordering forces bless all of creation. I rejoice – I really do! - that I live in an age where it's possible to see this. I feel the excitement and joy, almost a blissful thing, that comes from being part of an experiment that brings me close to the primal  
causative

elements of our universe.

I actively foster in my mind an expectancy of good flowing from this experiment. As when reading a good mystery, (except here the Holy One is the Author) I can't wait to move from chapter to chapter, or experiment to experiment, and eventually see how it all comes out. It's like actually being a character in a really good book and trusting the Author.

I pray that this experiment results in something good for the whole world and that nothing gets overlooked. I express gratitude every single day for the computer and for all the people who worked so hard to make the computer program I am running possible.

I guess the phrase "expressing gratitude" is sort of a CS cliché. What do I actually say? I say to myself (silently), "This is so great. This is just so amazing to have a machine that expresses so much intelligence." And I do stop to think of physical scientists – like Turing and others – and the hard lives they led because of their contributions to computer science. I close my eyes and say "Thank you. Thank you so much. Blessings to you wherever you are." and I really mean it. That's the part that makes prayer work - when you really mean it.

I "express gratitude" for pattern and I find happiness in watching the developing computer patterns and knowing that they are governed by the same ordering forces that govern the circumstances of my life. I see – I really look at - and affirm quietly what to me is the sacredness, beauty, and infinite variety of the patterns on my computer monitor. I sit quietly for long periods basking in the wonder of it. I do a lot of listening for the self-revealing nature of infinite Principle. I don't talk a lot in prayer. I just sit and kind of feel it.

And that is basically how I do it. It's so simple. You don't have to be a genius or a saint. I have gone into detail here to show you that you could do this too. It's not hard. It's not mysterious. You don't have to be a mathematician. You just need to have enthusiasm , curiosity, and gratitude.

I bet all of you reading this already do have these qualities or you wouldn't bother wading through something like *The Standard*. I bet you could get a result praying for CA. It's a lot easier than praying for disease. It's an easy entrance level test except it takes patience because it takes years. You get used to it. It's a good discipline. It becomes as much a part of your day as eating breakfast. It would be a great project for a prayer group or a Sunday School if the kids liked video stuff and if the project was explained and organized properly.

It's hard

to get access



to CA programs right now and it costs too much. You pretty much have to do your own analysis (beyond the reach of most of us) or know a mathematician who will do it for you. That is hard to find because mathematicians treat cellular automata as sort of their own private club plus if they have the time to do analysis they naturally want to do it for their own CA projects. And of course the prayer thing makes some mathematicians think you're a kook.

SILO has broken some of these barriers and will work on more general access for the future. This is just one example among many of what can be done today.

If you think I am giving you a sales pitch you are right. I want to foster in people the realization that being a laboratory prayer provider doesn't have to be a big scary thing. There are entry level tests. Once a permanent Spindrift lab is set up – and I expect this to be the next step beyond the raven's nest - there will be a place for anyone who wants to “try this at home.”

We really have entered a new era.

Although I come from the prayer side of Spindrift, - not the math or education or science or medical side – I find the enrichment of prayer by these mathematical concepts to be a wonderful thing.

Many people, including religious people, find math hard or scary and are not aware of the new leaps forward in math. This is one reason they are not aware of the new potential in applying math to religious theory.

People don't usually associate math with spirituality, but then they don't usually associate science with spirituality either. If you are going to serve science up with Christianity then you better dish up a portion of math too because you can't have one without the other. Math is central to science just as the story of Jesus is central to Christianity.

As our thought of spirituality develops so too our thoughts of science and math should develop. It is natural to appreciate in ever widening degrees the sacredness and beauty of order and proportionality, the miracle of complexity in creation, the infinite nature of laws in the universe, the accessible power of underlying Principle, and the perfect balance we see throughout our universe in terms of forces.

## **New Math**

A book called *Is God a Mathematician ?* by Mario Livo (Simon & Schuster, 2009) apparently asks some basic questions. I can't footnote this entry properly or tell you what

page of the

book this quote is from because I copied the quote from the March 2009 issue of *Scientific American* (bottom of page 82). I haven't read the book yet but I am writing this article in April and the book is on order. By the time you get this in June I will have read it and it will be available for borrowing. Here is the quote that intrigued me along with the title.

“The unreasonable effectiveness of mathematics creates many intriguing puzzles: Does mathematics have an existence that is entirely independent of the human mind? In other words are we merely *discovering* mathematical verities, just as astronomers discover previously unknown galaxies? Or, is mathematics nothing but a human *invention*? If mathematics indeed exists in some abstract fairy land, what is the relation between this mystical world and physical reality? How does the human brain, with its known limitations, gain access to such an immutable world, outside of space and time? On the other hand, if mathematics is merely a human invention and it has no existence outside our minds, how can we explain the fact that the invention of so many mathematical truths miraculously anticipated questions about the cosmos and human life not even posed until many centuries later?”

And how does the new math that has been so recently discovered - or created - relate to Spindrift? When you read in *The Spindrift Papers* about non-Euclidian geometry the reference is sometimes to fractals. If you're one of those people who are scared of math, don't let the word scare you. A layman's book about math titled *The Mathematical Tourist* by Ivars Peterson, describes fractals.

“Euclidian geometry, created more than 2,000 years ago, best describes a human-made world of buildings and other structures based on straight lines and simple curves. Although smooth curves and regular shapes represent a powerful abstraction of reality, they can't fully describe the form of a cloud, a mountain, or a coastline...

...A close examination of many natural forms reveals that, despite their irregular or tangled appearance, they share a remarkable feature on which we can build a new geometry. Clouds, mountains, and trees wear their irregularity in an unexpectedly orderly fashion. Nature is full of shapes that repeat themselves on different scales within the same object.

A fragment of rock looks like the mountain from which it was fractured. Clouds keep their distinctive wispieness whether viewed distantly from the ground or close up from an airplane window. A tree's twigs often have the same branching pattern seen near its trunk...

...Mandelbrot, the first person to recognize how extraordinarily widespread this type of structure is in nature, used the term 'self-similar' to describe such objects and features. In 1975 he also coined the word 'fractals' as a convenient label for self-

similar shapes. Based on the Latin adjective meaning 'broken' it conveyed Mandelbrot's sense that the geometry of nature is not one of strait lines, circles, spheres and cones, but of a rich blend of structure and irregularity."  
(4:pp.118-119)

Mandelbrot coined the term "fractals" in 1975 (4. p. 118) just as the two Spindrift researchers were finishing their first seed tests and struggling to find mathematical expressions for a world of thought that they saw as a blend of goal-referenced irregularities and identify referenced structure. Their religious peers thought they were off-base. Perhaps that is inevitable with anything new. Mandelbrot and others working on the new math were considered a bit weird by their peers in the world of math too.

Some of this new math had been discovered as early as the nineteenth century. Referring to the work of a nineteenth century mathematician named Helge von Koch, Peterson tells us:

"Such strange mathematical behavior led mathematicians at the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries to refer to this self-similar curve as mathematical monstrosities...Such curves were sometimes described as 'pathological'. It was 'mathematics skating on the edge of reason' as the mathematician Hans Sagan of North Carolina State University remarked...  
...These pathological curves and surfaces, they believed, were aberrations, - skeletons in the closet of otherwise orderly mathematics. To them, such figments of the imagination represented a mathematical pathology having nothing to do with any real-world phenomenon and were unlike anything found in nature. Nevertheless a few mathematicians took these monster shapes seriously enough to explore their properties in some detail." (4, pp.121-122.)

The shapes they were describing led to new ways of measurement – ways of measuring that could eventually be applied to the flow of thought – but at the time the research did not get far because back then even the language of math was limited by a "meager channel" through which to explore new theory.

That changed with the advent of computers. Although some mathematicians at first saw computers as "cheating" they quickly realized that the speed with which a computer can perform mathematical functions, and the ability to see digital visual representations of the resulting patterns, had morphed math into an entirely new universe of exploration.

"In his explorations of fractals, Benoit Mandelbrot had a distinct advantage over Perrin, Koch, and other predecessors. He could commandeer computers to calculate and display stunning images of the extraordinary forms. Today, what  
nineteenth

century mathematicians could barely imagine can be speedily depicted and studied in three-dimensional, full-color splendor.” (4: p. 127)

## **Math on the move**

It came as a surprise to me that math is still developing. Before Spindrift I had always thought of math as something that was invented a long time ago and that never changed. When my dad first told me he had invented some new calculus to analyze and communicate his tests my naive response was, “Hey, you’re not allowed to do that.”

But of course you are. Math is being invented (or perhaps discovered) every single day. New research is always being done in math just like in other areas of science. Just as medicine and genetics has developed and our knowledge has grown, so math too has developed and our knowledge has grown.

“To many people, mathematics, - unchanging, reliable, dusty with age – has an aura of authority and rests on a firm foundation of pure logic...

...Behind the apparently stolid, pristine, immutable public face of mathematics, however, lies the exciting, turbulent, ever-changing world of mathematical research. Just as physics and other sciences go through other episodes of revolution and evolution, mathematics, too, changes and grows, not only in the way it is applied but also in its fundamental structure. New ideas are introduced; intriguing connections between old ideas are discovered. Chance observations and informed guesses develop into whole new fields of inquiry.” (4.p.6)

“Mathematical research in modern times is an extensive enterprise. Because thousands of mathematicians publish hundreds of thousands of pages of new mathematical findings every year, most mathematicians find it difficult to keep up with what’s happening across the field. Most of the time, they have to be content with being-up-to-date in only a narrow furrow in the field. Consequently mathematics tends to stay tightly packed into segregated compartments.

Nevertheless, many of the most striking mathematical results of the last few decades involve notions developed in one field that turn out to be a key element in solving outstanding problems in another, seemingly unrelated field.”(4. p.8)

The new calculus created by Spindrift now stands in a lonely furrow being applied only to Christian Science theory. However I think this math may someday be found useful in solving problems in other areas and could become a story in itself, quite apart from Spindrift.

Few people have yet realized the enormity of what it means that the Spindrift work is equation expressible.

In his book Peterson tells us:

“Fractal geometry doesn’t prove that Euclidian geometry is wrong. It merely shows that classical geometry is limited in its ability to represent certain aspects of reality.” (4. p.120)

Spindrift’s work is like that too. We are not trying to discredit the work of others. We are just saying that modern science is currently limited in its ability to represent certain aspect of reality and that it would be enriched by being able to do so.

To religious people we are also saying that the new Spindrift calculus does not replace the Bible or traditional prayer but it shows the magnification of them, like looking under a microscope at a drop of pond water and finding it much richer with life than you imagined. You can put “one drop of prayer” into a mathematical construction and find it infinitely more complex and richer than you ever imagined.

### **Taking the tour**

“To most outsiders, modern mathematics represents unknown territory. Its borders are protected by dense thickets of technical terms, its landscapes strewn with cryptic equations and inscrutable concepts; few realize that the world of modern mathematics is rich with vivid images, provocative ideas, and useful notions.” (4. p. xv)

In a similar way Spindrift represents unknown territory to many people. *The Spindrift Papers* contain difficult technical terms, the idea of praying for enzymes ,bugs – virtual or organic – and seeds seems inscrutable, and the vividness of Spindrift’s ideas and their application to reducing human suffering is not yet widely known

This is part of why I am writing *The Standard*. I want you to know that you do not need to be a mathematician or a mystic to appreciate and be affected by the Spindrift work.

Peterson holds out hope for non-mathematicians in his book. He says he wrote the book so that people could walk around in “Math Land” without being a mathematician.

“Gazing into Math Land, one may now catch the glint of a fractal tower piercing a wispy mist or feel the inexorable pull of a swirling strange attractor. Sometimes the air murmurs with snatches of wondrous tales about mathematicians tangling with knots, peering into higher dimensions, pursuing digital prey, playing with soap bubbles,

or wandering in labyrinths.” (4. p. xvi)

It is my hope that this series, *Math and Mystics*, will give you a guided tour of Spindrift’s math, let you glimpse its high towers, peer into its higher dimensions, and sometimes discover the playful side of prayer.

Your seat on the tour bus for “Spindrift land” including its “mathematical park” is reserved. We’ll be stopping next time in the realm of equations. Fasten your seatbelt because it’s just as thrilling as a roller coaster.

It also happens to be a roller coaster that has never before been tried in human history and you’ll be one of the first ones to climb aboard.

Enjoy the ride!

## **Footnotes**

- 1.**Price, David A. The Pixar Touch: The Making of a Company 2008, NY Alfred A. Knopf, p.13
- 2.** McTaggart, Lynn, *The Field: The Quest for the Secret Force of the Universe*,2008, NY, Harper, p.14
- 3.** Eddy, Mary Baker, Science and Health with key to the Scriptures, 1975, Boston MA, The Christian Science Publishing Society, p.349
- 4.** Peterson, Ivars, The Mathematical Tourist: New and Updated Snapshots of Modern Mathematics,

### **Pixel**

“Christian Science translates Mind, God, to mortals.  
It is the infinite calculus defining the line,  
plane, space, and fourth dimension of Spirit.”  
Mary Baker Eddy *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 22

### **Religious Pulp Fiction**

### **The Prayer Tracker**

A murder mystery by Deborah Klingbeil  
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### **Synopsis**

Should prayer be tested in a laboratory? Keith Redland thinks so. He is a professional prayer researcher who works at a laboratory where simple organisms are prayed for in controlled settings. During the winter he leads a quiet contemplative life, praying for his research organisms. In the summer he is “out in the world” running a liberal non-denominational summer camp called Camp Prayer Tracker.

Keith is accused of murdering George Lucor, a member of an ultra conservative group that violently

opposes his work. He finds the body in a cabin at Camp Prayer Tracker, has no alibi, and has had run-ins with this group before. Though his current lifestyle is quiet he is a Viet Nam vet who knows his way around a gun, and in fact owns several guns, and who does regular target practice.

When the media begins calling him a cult figure his summer camp is forced to shut down. Keith's already troubled relationship with his evangelical daughter begins to fall apart. He begins receiving death threats. Some of the threats are aimed not only at him but also at Callie, a 14-year-old girl who attends Camp Prayer Tracker.

Keith struggles to solve the murder in order to save Callie's life, his own life, to win back his daughter, and to preserve his life work. He also struggles with unresolved inner conflicts concerning violence and non-violence, justice and forgiveness.

In our last segment Keith's daughter April, an evangelical who loves her dad but disapproves of his research, was about to be married. Just days before the wedding Keith found the body of George Lucor on the grounds of Camp Prayer Tracker where George had been renting a cabin. George had been murdered; shot through the back of the head through an open screened in window.

Keith quickly became the main suspect when it was discovered that George was a member of a group called The Defender's of God, a group that hates the kind of prayer research Keith is involved in. George was about to buy the farm next to Camp Prayer Tracker. Unknown to Keith he was buying it for the sole purpose of harassing Keith's work.

There are other suspects. Mahlon Mompers, a man who has made millions running a flypaper company, was also renting a cabin at Camp Prayer Tracker at the time of the murder. He had also wanted to buy the farm next door but lost out to George's earlier bid. The farm does not appear to be valuable but Keith wonders if there is something at the farm that no one knows about that Mahlon wants. With George out of the way Mahlon is in line to buy the farm.

Also, George was about to get an inheritance. His mom was the illegitimate child of a Depression era peddler named Harry Apple with whom the inheritance originated. Is it possible that there are other unknown illegitimate children or heirs who might kill to get an inheritance?

George was "Internet hunting" at the time of his death. When the story took place in 2005 such hunting was legal in Wisconsin though it has since been banned. Internet hunting means shooting a real animal via remote control over an internet hunting site. Matt, Mahlon's nephew, is a vegetarian and an environmentalist. Could he have shot George?



As the story progresses Keith begins getting short notes or “bug bytes” mocking some prayer experiments he is doing with houseflies as the research organism. The notes also threaten his life and the life of Callie Cooper, a 14 year old girl who attends Camp Prayer Tracker and whose dad is the local Methodist Minister.

Rev. Cooper is officiating at April’s wedding. He is having a bad week. Mother’s day is Sunday and he has to deal with memories of his wife (Callie’s mom) who died years before in a traffic accident. And now not only has his daughter been threatened but his mother (Callie’s grandma and Keith’s best friend) is in the hospital seriously ill. The whole town calls Callie’s Grandma “Granny”, even Keith, because she is a sympathetic person and the kind of woman who bakes cookies and makes you a nice cup of tea.

This is in contrast to Heartha, the crude and simple minded farm woman who lives next to Keith. People feel sorry for her as she just came home from the hospital but she seems like such a throw-back to a long gone generation that it’s hard for people to make friends with her.

Callie has landed a summer job helping out at Heartha’s, and Keith is planning to ask both Granny and Heartha if they ever knew anything about Harry Apple. Both ladies lived through the Depression, though they would have been children when Harry disappeared in 1935. Granny would have been about 16 then, and Heartha 10.

On the day of April’s wedding Keith receives a ‘bug byte’ titled “Final Warning”. It makes it clear that whoever wrote the note – which may or may not be the same person that murdered George – is someone Keith has met before. Years earlier a member of the Defenders had entered his house and killed Keith’s dog. The note tells Keith he’s come back and this time to shoot him and not the dog.

Alec, a former police officer and a friend that Keith served with in Viet Nam, is on the way to the town of Goosehoot where Keith lives in order to help him solve the murder but he does not make it in time. As our last chapter ended, and as Keith was dressing for his daughter’s wedding, he was shot in the back with birdshot. He figures out an important clue – that the shooter is allergic to pets – but before he can figure out who it might be he loses consciousness.

## **Part Two**

## night through Thursday May 5, 2005

I woke up on a stretcher surrounded by fireflies that flashed around my face like mini camera-toting paparazzi. Alec was there. When he had arrived I didn't know. How long I had been out I didn't know. I was just grateful that he came with me in the ambulance.

They took me to the Two Loons hospital where it was confirmed that I had been hit in the back by birdshot. Most of the birdshot had missed me and gone into the wall but enough had entered my body to do some damage.

"Any of these pellets could have penetrated an internal organ." the doctor said cheerfully. "You're a lucky man."

I had missed my daughter's wedding. My back, my pride, and my anger were all on fire. I did not feel lucky at all yet.

"I would never have gone through with the wedding if I'd known." April said Thursday morning when she visited me. "I thought you stood me up. I'm sorry. I'm just so sorry."

"It's not your fault." I said.

What I meant is that it was my fault for being the kind of a dad that she thought would stand her up, the kind of father that she always worried would not come through for her.

"There's nothing for you to feel sorry about."

"Oh but naturally I'm so sorry you've been hurt. Of course I am. Who would do such an awful thing?"

She was sitting next to the hospital bed close enough to adjust the sheet over me, which she did.

"I would have come earlier this morning but mom said you'd had surgery and that you would still be out. Are you OK? Does it hurt?"

"Yes to both questions. It wasn't real surgery. They just dug out the birdshot and poked around."

"Daddy, they're calling you a cult figure on TV. I know you're not like that but don't you think this

prayer research, I mean well with a murder and the danger...". She stopped and groped for words. "Is it worth all this?"

I looked at her for several seconds before answering gently,

"To me yes. Besides I'm not going to let someone tell me how and when and for what I can pray. Even a condemned man is allowed to pray."

"But what if God is trying to tell you to stop the research? I mean if it's wrong I don't want you to be punished. I'm so scared for you dad."

"April, God didn't shoot me. A person did."

"Why is it so important to you to try to prove that prayer works? Can't you just take that on faith?"

"My work isn't only about proving that prayer works any more than astronomy is only about proving that the earth is round."

She was staring at me with concern. They had given me some meds. Was I rambling?

"Try to rest." she said. "Your mind will clear soon."

"I want to explain it to you." I blurted out.

My voice sounded as if it was coming from another person. I could hear the pleading tone.

"I love you daddy but I won't listen. It's of the devil and I don't want to encourage you in something that hurts you. I think it's wrong. I know it's wrong."

"You're not the only one who thinks so." I said wincing from the needle-like pain in my back.

"April, please hear me out just this once. Then if you don't want to hear anymore about it that's OK but please I want to explain it to you."

Geez, the meds they had given me must have been strong. What was I thinking talking to April about my vocation? We had always tiptoed around the subject in order to keep the peace. It was understood that the subject was not a safe topic of conversation, that it was taboo.

"I

can't listen

daddy. The radio said you're even praying for flies. How come it's so easy for you to love such creepy stuff when you found it so hard to love me? Don't you understand that that hurts?"

"I've always loved you April." I told her. My voice sounded like the voice of an old man.

"I held you in my arms when you were five minutes old. The thought of you and your mom kept me alive all through Viet Nam, even after I was hit. You still keep me going, more often than you know."

"But mom says you volunteered. You left us when I was just a little kid. And you didn't even have to go."

How could I explain? I had not realized that the War would last so long. I had felt stifled and out of place in the suburban parish I had been assigned to as a pastor. I had longed unbearably to do something with more purpose than to settle disputes among the ladies of the flower committee.

There had been no emails then, no cell phones. We had only three to five minutes to talk to our family each month if that much. The War stretched on and on. I came home with shrapnel in my back, horrors in my head, and found out that my wife had fallen in love with Brian Molbec. April, my little April, my little baby, was sitting on his lap and was afraid to come to me.

The divorce was hell. I put all the money I had in savings in my daughter's name, turned down my weekly visitation rights, and walked away.

"Why didn't you come see me on the weekends when I was growing up?" she asked.

It was the question I had been dreading for years but I felt relief when she asked it.

"Mom wanted you to."

It was the first time she had asked though we had had a tentative relationship since her 21st birthday. In more than twenty years I had never felt at ease bringing the issue up though God knows I had started to many many times. Slowly I tried to explain.

"I was still raw from combat." I said. I feared even as I said it that it would sound like an excuse instead of an explanation.

you was so painful that I could not lose you like that once a week and live. I know that walking away was wrong and I will regret it till the day I die but I cannot change it now honey, I can only say I am so very very sorry.”

“I guess I can sort of understand that although I know I could never walk away from my child.” She took a deep breath.

“I’m a Christian and I can forgive the past. What I worry about now is your religious doubt. I’m so afraid you’ll die or get killed without finding the Lord. You can’t find the Lord by setting out a test, like a trap, to catch the Lord in.”

“I’m not setting a trap to catch God in. I’m opening a window to see Her work.”

Damn! Why on earth had I let that pronoun slip? It would alienate April completely and it was irrelevant. To me, unlike to April, God was not a person but a force and gender wasn’t an issue.

Come to think of it the whole subject of my vocation was irrelevant to my relationship with April. I wanted to end the entire disastrous conversation but I didn’t know how. She was staring at the floor and I could not see her expression.

“Doubt seems to me to be a natural part of faith.” I told her. “What’s so bad about doubt? I don’t doubt that God is Love but I sure as hell doubt that I know everything about Love. You’ve shown me that much.”

She looked at me without comprehension. I wanted selfishly and desperately to be close to her, to have my daughter understand what I was really like.

“Reason can be just as holy as faith.” I said more passionately than I meant to. “To be denied a scientific approach to Christianity is more painful to me than unrequited love.”

She felt my head to see if I had a fever.

“When did you ever have unrequited love?” she asked lightly.

“I adored your mother for years after she remarried.”

“That’s breaking a commandment daddy. That’s coveting. I know you prayed about it and asked forgiveness?” She gave me a worried look.

“Anyway you never came to see her; you never came to see us. It seems to me that you’ve

substituted some kind of surface intellectual hang-up for the love of your family. You can't find the Lord through intellect. You have to find Him through love, and that includes the love of your family."

"Oh April, I do love you so very very much. Love and Truth are not exclusive. God is Truth as well as Love and the search for truth takes many forms."

How the words went round and round year after year. We should be talking about her wedding, about the music and the dancing, and whether the cake tasted good and who came and what they wore but instead here we were again going in circles about issues that most people would find abstract.

Why was it we could never have a normal relationship? I didn't know how to be the kind of dad that watched football and hunted or fished, the kind of dad that she would find normal. Or would she?

I willed myself to stop the conversation and not say anymore. I wanted to ask her if there had been reporters at the wedding and if they had been obnoxious. Instead I said nothing and waited several moments until she spoke.

"The truth is in the Bible." she said quietly. "Jesus didn't set up experiments. The Bible is all we need. I don't see why you feel you need something outside of the Bible. That I just can't understand."

My heart screamed out for recognition and I tried to suffocate the scream. Perhaps it was because I had been so near death, so near losing her for good, so near to never seeing her loyal calm face again, that I wanted to connect with her now on some genuine level without all the layers that separated us. I wanted so much for her to understand who I was.

But I reminded myself that I was the parent. I was the one who should be trying to understand her, not the other way around. I mustn't be selfish. I should be thinking of her and not of myself and not of my need to break through to some real relationship, real to me anyway.

That was the rub. What was real to her? And why was I analyzing? The poor kid had just gotten married and the talk should be about that.

I groped for a way to end the conversation gracefully but my head was pounding, my back was hurting, and my heart was breaking. I would never be able to explain to her that science isn't just about tests and experiments but that it was a way of thinking, a way of organizing information in a way that squeezes the most help out of it for real people

with real

problems.

I felt an almost physical desire to tell her that science was a joyful creation-affirming hands-on practical enthusiastic and disciplined approach to life and that it embodies the qualities that Jesus said he loved.

Instead I said lamely ,“The scientific method is as important to me as prayer. I could no more live without the scientific method than I could live without prayer.”

“Prayer I understand daddy. I will always pray for you.”

I looked at her with my heart full of emotions that were vivid but that were unlabeled by my mind. I did not understand what I was feeling. I only knew the feeling was intense.

April would soon be living in Goosehoot with Todd. They were both over 40. There would be no grandchildren but perhaps I could finally get to know her.

“Do you think I did it?” I asked involuntarily.

“No, of course not.” she said giving me a quick painful hug. “I know you’ll figure out who did this sinful thing too.” she continued encouragingly. “I know that you’re smart daddy. I’m proud of that. You just mustn’t put it ahead of your faith.”

“Why don’t you and Todd go on a honeymoon?” I asked her. “I’ll pay for it. I want you to get away from here in case there’s any danger.” I hadn’t told her yet that the last note, the one labeled *The Final Warning* had mentioned her.

“At the very least get away from all this publicity.” I continued.

I did not know how to tell her about the threatening note. I would tell her mother. Renee handled these things so much better.

“I’m not leaving you.” April said. There’ll be time for our honeymoon later. I wouldn’t think of leaving you when you’ve been hurt.’

“I’m OK. The kindest thing you could do for me would be to go away where there was less danger.”

“I won’t leave you here alone in Goosehoot like a sitting duck to be shot at. You’re my father and I believe in honoring my father and mother as the Commandments say.”

I sighed.

seemed to be talking past each other.

As she got up to leave my ex-wife Renee came in. She was the one who had found me on the floor because she had stormed over to give me a piece of her mind for not showing up at the wedding.

“Keith,” she said, “Oh Keith I am sorry.”

She pulled up a chair and began to cry. I wanted to comfort her, to take her hand, but I felt like I wasn't supposed to. When she was done she asked me the same question that April had asked,

“Keith is this strange research really worth all that you are going through and putting everyone else though? Do you realize that you could die?”

I looked at her still beautiful face and remembered how, decades earlier when we were dating, I had tried to explain to her why I do prayer research. I told her it was like a bird being able to fly but that was dumb because she never did like birds. “They flutter too much.” she had said. “It scares me.” When I healed sick people just by praying that scared her too. It seemed all fluttery and mystical to her while to me spiritual healing was as normal as setting the table for dinner.

I never claimed to measure divine Love directly any more than I could track where a bird flies. When a bird touches down for a moment you see her tracks. By studying those tracks you learn more of the path she takes in the air. From the physical effects of prayer I learned how the Holy Ghost moved with grace and power like a bird.

Lying there in bed I suddenly remembered how, when I went to seminary, I had quoted a poem about the white wings of the Holy Ghost. “Don't say ‘Ghost’” objected the professor wrinkling his nose. “It's obsolete. The proper liturgical usage is 'Holy Spirit'”. At least Renee did not wrinkle her nose at me.

The actual word once translated “Ghost” and now translated “Spirit”, is pneuma, which means wind or breath. How can you track the wind? How can you track the breath of God? By watching what happens when it moves. That's what I wanted to say to Renee now as she sat there with one wisp of hair curling at the side of her face, Kleenex scrunched up in her hands and that worried, confused look in her eyes.

“Praying is like flying.” I wanted to tell her. “It's like when a bird is let out of a cage and flies and knows this is what birds do. This is what I do. The research is my ocean and I fly above it diving and grabbing whatever jumps out of it that day. How can I voluntarily live in a cage when I



can hear the ocean roaring?” That’s what I wanted to say but all I said was,

“It’s what I do for a living and I’m not going to let violence define me or format my life.”

She blew her nose again and looked down at her lap the way she always had when, as she put it, I was “being stubborn.” Suddenly she noticed my rock. I had been holding onto it when they lifted me onto the stretcher and I vaguely remember playing tug of war with the emergency medical person who tried to snatch it. Alec had motioned to the man to let me have it, had cautioned him not to allow me to over exert myself.

The nurse had tried to snatch it too. She had put it in a plastic bag and stuck it in a closet, but I talked the housecleaner into retrieving it and setting it on the bedside table.

“Why is there a rock on your table?” Renee asked. “Isn’t that the same rock you were carrying when you were at the church?”

“It’s a lodestone. You know, things stick to it.”

“Um, things? What things? I don’t see anything.”

“Metal things. It’s a magnet created by lightening. I found it.”

“Oh. I thought it was a rock. And you brought it to the hospital? Have you taken up rock collecting as a hobby?”

I did not want to tell her it was my weapon. I did not know what to say.

Renee said nothing either. She didn’t need to. She had that patronizing look of confused concern that I remembered so well, the same look that she’d had when I first began sketching the reproductive systems of snails all over the house, showing how those systems were being affected by pollution. They were just snails for heaven’s sake. The drawings were inoffensive. But it had upset her when I sketched a large snail on the back of a church bulletin. I had been working out the analysis in my head and had grabbed what was at hand without thinking. I collaborated with someone who had a PhD and got two good peer reviewed papers published out of that summer’s work; both in solid scientific journals, but that hadn’t seemed to matter to her at all.

It wasn’t until after I got back from Viet Nam that I got my advanced science degrees but I had always been interested in math and science and as a pastor that had not always been appreciated.

Her husband Brian came in before either of us could think of anything to say and she stood up.

“I’ve made you some vegetarian soup and homemade bread.” she said. “Brian has called a company to repair the broken window at your cottage. The police are done in there. We’d like to fix that for you.”

I looked at Brian in surprise.

“The guy can come this afternoon and have it done before you come home tomorrow.” said Brian, “If that’s OK with you.”

“Of course” I said. “Thank you. That’s a nice coming home gift.”

“Dad” began April but her mom intervened.

“Honey your dad is tired; let’s let him get some rest. We’ll see you soon Keith. I don’t think you’re safe in that cottage. Maybe you should consider moving in with us for a little while. Todd’s mom said it would be OK even if we’d be a little crowded.”

She kissed me and turned to leave. I looked at Brian but he was talking to a nurse and I could not see his reaction to his wife’s awkward invitation.

“That’s nice of you, but I’m OK. Alec is taking me home tomorrow and he’ll be staying with me. Roy might come down too. Or I might even go to Chicago and stay at Alec’s house for a while. It’s secure. I’ll let you know.”

“Say ‘hi’ to Roy for me” said Renee, who had always had a soft spot for him. Women always did.

“I’ll bring you some wedding pictures dad. And we have cake leftover.”

When they left I felt relief. I was in pain and needed to be alone. I was not alone for long. Rev. Cooper and Callie visited ten minutes later. They had just visited Granny and Callie was visibly upset. Seeing me pale and weak in a hospital bed didn’t cheer her up any.

“You had surgery didn’t you?” asked Rev. Cooper.

“Yeah, but minor, just to dig the pellets out. How’s Granny?”

“Not very good” said Callie, looking like she might cry. “She wants to see you like badly. She’s real upset and says she needs to talk to you.”

“She’s been watching the news about this murder on CNN and Fox and its upset her.” said Rev. Cooper. “Do you think they would let me wheel you down to her room? She really did seem to want to see you. Are you up to it? They said you were going home tomorrow.”

“We’re having a prayer vigil at the church tomorrow night to pray for her and for you and to pray that this murder be solved.” Callie said before I could answer.

“Well how nice.” I said looking over at Rev. Cooper genuinely surprised.

Yes,” he said absentmindedly. “I thought that it would be a nice symbolic gesture with the town so stirred up about the murder and everything.”

Callie looked at her dad. They were miles apart spiritually and she just now seemed to be realizing it. It wasn’t the best time for her to be having such insights.

“Are you allowed to eat? We’re going to have lunch in the cafeteria. You want me to bring you some ice cream?” she asked.

“Only if you’re going to rub it on my back” I said. “It feels like I’m on fire.”

Rev. Cooper looked nervous. I wondered if he still thought I might be a suspect even though I’d been shot. The police could accuse me of writing the notes myself but I could hardly shoot myself in the back.

It had been almost 3 hours before the wedding when the intruder entered. I wondered how early Rev. Cooper had arrived at the church and if he had an alibi for the time of the shooting. Did he think I was the one who threatened Callie? Did he think that I had killed George and that I might now hurt his daughter? It made no sense, but Rev. Cooper was under a lot of strain and if he thought his daughter was hanging out with a murderer it was possible he had cracked and shot me.

Man, I was straining at gnats to suspect the Reverend. Murders always make you suspect such terrible things of your neighbors.

Still, I would have to find out from Callie if her dad was allergic to animals. Callie adored

animals and

yet they had no pets. I could not afford to ignore the slightest possibility.

“Alec is coming by in half an hour.” I told Rev. Cooper. “Why don’t you have lunch and meet me back here. Alec can wheel me downstairs and we can visit Granny for a few minutes or however long the nurse will let us. I’ve been wanting to see her since before this all happened and I wouldn’t want to leave the hospital tomorrow without having a chance to reassure her.”

And without finding out why she wants to talk to me I thought, but I did not say that out loud.

After they left I turned on cable TV. They had said Granny had been watching TV and it had upset her. Was it just the fact of the murder that had upset her or was there some new information?

They were talking about the murder of George Lucor all right. It seemed so odd to see perfect strangers talking about my quiet life on television to millions of people.

“The religious cult figure who found the body was shot yesterday and police are investigating whether this latest shooting has any bearing on the murder.” came the professionally interested voice. “No word yet on his condition.”

The reporter was standing in front of Ippy's feed store and Sally Peardon pranced behind him, with her hair curled, trying her best to get in the picture. I had to admit that her hair looked nice and reminded myself to tell her so. Although maybe she wouldn't care to get a compliment from a “cult figure.” Geez. They made me sound like someone with a long robe and dagger in a horror film.

Charlie, our local taxidermist, was the next to be interviewed. He was explaining how George had come into his shop a few days before he'd been murdered, and how a woman named Samantha had come in a day or so before that.

“That George now, he said his grandpa was a peddler named Harry Apple. And the woman, well she said Harry Apple was her grandpa too.”

Charlie announced this proudly as if he had just spelled something correctly at a spelling bee. I sat up in a hurry with the news of this woman – and I just about killed my back doing so.

woman and the murder victim, know each other?" the reporter asked.

"Said not. Who knows?" Charlie leered knowingly at the camera. "But that George fellow he was surprised he was when I told him about the girl. Big tall girl she was. She said her grandpa Harry Apple used to hunt Huns around here and was tickled pink when I told her we still had a few around. That's what the dead man, what George had come in to ask about too you know, those Huns. They're out by Rhinestone Rock only they don't let you hunt over there at that religious commune. They think it's a sin or something. What's so sinful about putting some food on your table?"

Commune? We'd been called a lot of things but never a commune. Apparently it was open season on Camp Prayer Tracker.

The picture of Charlie abruptly disappeared. A brief history of Huns was given with a few blurry photos. Huns were Hungarian partridges that made good hunting because they rocked from side to side when they flew like a side-winder missile. According to the news they had first been introduced to our area by Frederick Pabst, the beer mogul. There were certainly some of them nesting on the ground near Rhinestone rock and I hoped this TV publicity didn't cause a horde of poachers to come and try their luck. Suddenly the flashing banner "Breaking News" interrupted the talk of partridges.

"Our reporters have learned," the man on TV said, "that George Lucor was in line for a large inheritance because he was the only known heir to Harry Apple. The appearance of another possible heir has complicated the murder investigation. Apple was a peddler from the Depression Era who disappeared around 1935. Police are calling the woman who visited the taxidermist in Goosehoot "a person of interest."

He held up a picture of a woman with long hair drawn by a sketch artist from Charlie's description. I did not recognize her. Then he gave the "breaking news".

"The police have not released her name but we have learned from reliable sources that she has arrived here in Goosehoot at the scene of the murder and is currently being questioned by the police. "In other news..."

The reporter droned on but I clicked the TV off. I needed to think.

Unfortunately a hospital is no place to think. The clink of the med cart, the snoring of the woman across the hall, and a scream from a man in the hallway who did not want to be lifted all jostled in my mind as my thoughts scurried up and down the hall wondering if the patients, who were making various sounds of bodily discomfort were OK.

The nurse had scowled at me when she picked up my tray because I had not eaten my dinner. She kept trying to take my rock away when he thought I was sleeping. I felt out of sorts with everyone. It was jolting to realize that this would be true even if there had been no murder; I simply wasn't in sync with the world around me anymore and I did not feel confident that I could find my way back.

I did feel confident however that I could solve the murder; that seemed a simple thing in comparison to fitting into the world

When Alec came I almost hugged him. I didn't though – he'd have hated that. He already knew about the girl on the news. The one that was second cousin to the murder victim, the one that was suspected of killing George for an inheritance she would then be in line for.

“OK. Her grandpa was Harry Apple, our lascivious peddler” Alec confirmed. He had gotten it from the local police who seemed more open to talking to an ex police officer than they were to the public. “We have no idea who her mom was” he continued. “And yes, she saw the murder on the TV and came to Goosehoot, turned herself in.”

Alec had also gotten a report on the Defenders faxed to him from the police station in Chicago while he had been gone this morning and he filled me in on what he knew. Things were getting complex and my head ached. The group had anywhere from five to eight thousand members nationally. They were known to be violent but the incidents had been spread out and there had been no convictions. It was probably only the inner core of the Defenders that were violent; publicly they raked in donations from people who perhaps did not realize the full extent of their activities. The police suspected them of being behind the bombing of abortion clinics in Cleveland, Chicago and elsewhere. They had spoken openly against prayer research.

He told me all this while helping me into a wheel chair. I could walk but not far and not comfortably; besides the hospital insisted I use the chair. By the time Callie and her dad came back we were ready and we all went to the hospital room on the second floor to see Granny Brodell.

They had tubes that looked the size of garden hoses going into her small body. I was afraid when I

saw her, afraid that she might be scared or in pain. Granny had shrunk. Her lips had cracked, her skin looked dry, and her breathing was a little louder than it ought to be.

Callie had immediately put the bedrail down and was sitting on the hospital bed talking to her Granny about the boy she had met. She was wearing a lime green tank top and a hot pink sweater with her red hair drawn up in the back by some kind of a loopy thing. Granny smiled at me and motioned for me to come over. She did so without disturbing Callie's rapid chatter. In fact she winked at me and it made me feel better. Perhaps she wasn't as sick as she looked.

The boy in question of course was Mahlon's nephew Matt Huck, Mahlon was second in line after me as a suspect, or maybe third now that they had this woman mentioned on TV. Callie's dad wasn't going to be thrilled about her liking a boy so closely connected to the murder. In fact there had been some talk at Ippy's feed store about Matt being the murderer, since he had had a fight with George the day before he got killed.

Callie mentioned this aspect of the case to her granny, her eyes spitting fire.

"The dumb police accused Matt of doing it." she said. "It's so totally stupid of them, and like so unfair."

Granny broke in and talked Callie into seeing the bigger picture. Even while weak and in pain Elizabeth Brodell was every inch the grandma.

"Are you OK" Granny said to me." and I nodded and reassured her.

Heck, I was obviously in better shape than she was but before I could ask her how she felt the nurse came in and brought some medicine while Callie reluctantly left the bed to sit on the window sill.

"Did you bring me my lavender cologne?" Granny asked Rev. Cooper.

"No, I forgot. I'll bring it tomorrow night, along with some wedding cake."

"Is that why Callie is wearing lipstick?" I asked Granny. "Did she get all jazzed up to go to the wedding? Or is it the new boyfriend?"

"He's not my boyfriend." Callie objected, blushing.

"Lipstick?" huffed Reverend Cooper."Where did she get lipstick?"

"In

my purse,

dear,” said Granny, “It’s a pretty pink appropriate for a girl of her age.”

“Her age? She’s not even 15!”

Granny chuckled.

“She will be in June Albert.”

Granny closed her eyes and took a long slow breath.

“At fifteen I was already engaged.” she said reminiscing.

The memories seemed to pain her.

“I have to talk to your dad and Keith alone.” she told Callie.

Immediately Callie kissed her and went for a walk in the hall. But after she left Granny couldn’t seem to bring herself to say anything.

“I thought you didn’t meet Mike until you were in your twenties.” Cooper said, referring to her late husband and moving the over-the-bed table so he could sit closer to her.

“I don’t mean Mike. That was later. It was a boy back in Ireland many years ago that I was engaged to...” She sighed. “Don’t interfere with Callie’s first puppy love Albert. I just hope that when Callie is as old as I am she’ll have something good to remember.”

“Ho, ho, we’re learning all of your secrets Granny” I said “So why didn’t you marry the poor guy? The first one you were engaged to before Mike?”

Granny coughed up some blood and shook with a spasm. The nurse was called, tubes were adjusted, and even more medication was given. When all was calm again Granny still seemed reluctant to talk so I opened the conversation.

“Granny, did you ever hear of a peddler called Harry Apple?”

Her eyes flew wide open and she trembled.

“How did you know Keith? And why would you of all people torment me with that now? Can’t I have even one happy little Irish memory without that coming back?”

To my

horror she



began to cry.

I quickly reassured her that I didn't know anything. I explained to her about George saying,

“If Harry Apple had another illegitimate child or grandchild they may have murdered George for the inheritance. That's why I asked.”

She stopped crying but sobbed noiselessly. I felt terrible for having somehow hurt her. The light blanket covering her was rising and falling rapidly. I wondered if I should call a nurse

. “Granny we can talk later. You need to rest. None of this is really important.”

I looked around for the buzzer.

“It's so important Keith. And it's OK. It just surprised me to hear you say his name. That's why I wanted to talk to you don't you know. Sit down. I need to tell you both something before Callie comes back”

We both sat down close to her yet she seemed in no hurry to go on. Finally she began to tell the story.

“It was so long ago, when I was 16, one month after I came to America. My fiancé's family was supposed to follow.”

Now she was talking rapidly as if to say it all as quickly as possible.

“The farm ladies all liked Mr. Apple. My mom liked him. Heartha's mom liked him. Charlie Hansen's aunt, who lived where your camp is now, she really liked Harry Apple. Everyone did until the day he went too far.”

“What do you mean?” said Rev. Cooper.

“It was behind the barn. I tried to fight him off.” she said coughing.

She was clutching the sheet in one hand and moving her fingers, as though crushing a flower.

“What?” Rev. Cooper exploded. “You don't mean...”

“Sit, Albert,” she said. “I need my strength to tell you. There was a child.” She covered her face with

her other hand. "I had a baby daughter just before my 17<sup>th</sup> birthday. I only saw her once and then they took her away from me. My dad didn't tell me till the day he died who they gave her to and by then we couldn't trace her. Adoptions in those days were more informal you know."

Her shoulders quivered under the blanket. Her voice kept breaking but she stubbornly pushed each word out over her lips anyway. Speaking of this was obviously painful; I half expected her lips to bleed as the words came roughly through them.

"After I married Mike we tried so hard to find my little girl. We wanted to raise her together. My father told me when he died that he had given the baby to Harry Apple's brother because he couldn't find Harry himself. Sometimes I suspected my dad might have killed Harry. The private detective told me Harry was never seen again after 1935, when it, well when it happened you see, and my dad was just that angry.

We couldn't find any of the Apples except we found Harry's wife but she hadn't seen Harry in many many years and knew nothing of the brother. There just wasn't anything to go on. No social security number and there was no footprint on the birth certificate. No computer data bases like you have today. Nothing like that, we didn't even know what name she was going by. I never stopped trying."

It was as if something frozen inside of her had melted resulting in an uncontrollable flow of words.

"When your wife Kathleen was born" she said, looking at Rev. Cooper, "it seemed like such a gift from God. And then when I lost her and my husband in that awful car accident I wondered what I had done that God hated me so. He took my husband and both my children away from me."

The rawness of Granny's anger shook me as much as the news of the baby.

Normally Rev. Cooper would have oozed some kind of reassuring religious remarks. Instead he stood with his mouth open. Granny gathered herself with an effort.

"Keith, God bless my soul" she wept "it's possible that I could have a grandchild that would murder if she thought she would get Harry's inheritance. That woman they talked about on TV, she could be..." She could not say more.

"I heard what they said on TV" I said taking her frail hand in mind. "I'll help her Granny, that's what you want isn't it?"

Immediately I saw the relief in her eyes.

“Get a good lawyer. Not that I hold with murder but it’s all I can do. Who knows how she was raised, or what they did to her. Promise me Keith?”

“Of course I promise. But you’ll probably find out that she’s not a murderer. And you’ll get to meet her. God doesn’t hate you Elizabeth. Having Callie is proof of that.”

I had never used her first name before.

Why hadn’t she told me before? I’d have moved heaven and earth to find her daughter for her. Perhaps she was too ashamed; in her day such things carried more stigma than they did today. I was still holding her hand when she had another spasm and the nurse came in. We went out in the hall where I realized that Rev. Cooper was offended that she had asked me for help. It was his family.

“I’ll have to tell the police.” Rev. Cooper said in a tight voice

I was becoming as worried about Rev. Cooper as about Granny. They were both breaking apart little by little.

“It’s time to go.” Alec said gently. He had been waiting for us in the hall.

“This woman the police are interested in.” said Rev. Cooper distastefully. “Callie hasn’t seen the story on TV yet. I’d prefer to tell her in my own way and my own time.”

“Of course. I won’t say anything. Just tell Callie...” I paused. What did I want him to tell Callie? “Just tell Callie thank you for coming to see me in the hospital and that it will all work out.”

That sounded so lame. Alec slowly wheeled me to the elevator. Rev. Cooper neither moved nor said anything. He was staring at the wall when the elevator came.

The next evening I was, thankfully, at home again. April called me to tell me that the prayer vigil had been well attended. I thought ironically about how many of the people at church would have been praying for Granny sincerely and would have prayed only reluctantly, if at all, for me, but I was the one that would recover and it was clear that Granny would not.

In fact only about ten minutes after April hung up Renee called back to tell me she had heard from Rev.

Cooper that Granny had fallen into a coma.

Later that evening we finished the soup and most of Renee's bread in one sitting. Alec admitted that my ex-wife's soup was delicious even if it was vegetarian.

"She was always a great cook."

I tried to eat the last gulp while laying half on my stomach and half on my side. He brought a pillow and wedged it in so I wouldn't bump my back. Then he walked over to the door. He was constantly looking out the door and windows. The phone rang. It was Roy. We passed the phone back and forth for half an hour reminiscing about Viet Nam before Roy got to the point.

"That bone you found. It's from a woolly mammoth."

It took me a minute to orient myself. It seemed like ten years ago that I had sent him the bone that Callie and I had found in the woods the night of the murder.

"You mean those big elephant creatures like dinosaurs?"

"Yeah. And it's got tool marks on it. At least we think they're tool marks. I'm having them checked out by another expert. If they are it could be an important find. I mean it could mean that there were Native Americans in Wisconsin long before the date we now believe. After we find your murderer I want to come up and see if I can find your woolly. We had another inquiry here at the University from the town of Goosehoot you know. I want to find the woolly before he does so we'll have to find the guy that tried to kill you pronto."

I knew Roy was teasing, trying to make me feel better, but he had just said something really important.

"You mean someone else from Goosehoot sent you a woolly mammoth bone and asked you to identify it?"

"Uh huh, but that bone came a month before yours did and it wasn't addressed particularly to me so one of the grad students handled the ID. I just found out about it. It took them longer than it would have taken me. Wait; let me look up the guy's name."

I knew before he said it what the name would be.

“Mahlon Mompers. Do you know him?”

“Yes. I know him. Are the bones worth money?”

“If the tool marks check out, oh yeah. But it would take a lot of money to excavate the wooly if we found one. If it’s even there. Anyway forget about the wooly. I’m almost through with final exams. I’ll be there at noon tomorrow. Is that OK?”

“Sure come ahead. Bring a gun.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes” said Alec cutting in. “You need a gun. Keith isn’t carrying one though he’s lugging around some damn rock to cosh people with. He thinks he’s Fred Flintstone.”

“What do you mean a rock? A significant rock?”

Roy was a paleontologist and kept categories of rocks in his head.

“Never mind,” I said grabbing back the phone. “It will be like old times to have you here. Alec and I will stay here till next week and then we’ll probably go to his place in Chicago. Come with us if you want.”

Alec protested, reminding me that I was a direct target and that we should leave for Chicago immediately, but I overruled him. The truth was I didn’t want to leave Granny plus I wanted to find out what Mahlon was up to. The wooly interested me too. How long had Mahlon known about the wooly? Was this why he had wanted to buy Heartha's farm?

Had Mahlon found his mammoth bone at Heartha's or at Camp Prayer Tracker? The guy had a lot of nerve stealing bones from other people's property. I knew I would have to tell the police about the mammoth bones even if it meant making it part of the public record and risking a horde of curiosity hunters at Camp Prayer Tracker and at Heartha’s. I hated to do that to Roy because I knew he wanted private time to look around, but Heartha could easily be in danger if Mahlon wanted her farm all to himself. Right now she had a life estate that meant that even if Mahlon bought the farm she could stay there till she died. I didn’t want anyone to hurry up the question of when she died.

I decided to visit Heartha tomorrow if I felt well enough. I hadn’t seen her since she’d come home from the hospital though I had gone to see her in the hospital my first day “out in the world” the week before. Unknown to me Granny was being brought into the emergency

room just as I was leaving the hospital.

I wasn't sure what Heartha's state of mind was. I also wasn't sure the police would believe me if I started talking about wooly mammoths. Maybe I should have Roy talk to the police directly when he came down.

"I could never live out in the country." Alec said bringing me back to the present and brushing away some moths that had landed on the screen door.

He was still constantly checking the doors and windows.

"So now we have a lot of new information" he continued, thinking out loud."The person who killed George may or may not be the same person who wrote the bug bytes threatening you and Callie.

"And mentioning my daughter" I reminded him.

"Yeah, mentioning April, but not threatening her. In fact the note almost sounded protective of her. That could be important."

I hadn't thought of that.

"We pretty much know that it was a member of the Defenders that wrote those threats and shot you in the back But Mahlon is still a suspect in the murder and now it may have to do with some idiotic old bones that he wants."

Alec did not share Roy's love, or mine, of old bones.

"Why would the Defenders be writing me nasty notes and trying to kill me? I mean why now? I've been doing prayer research for years. Why attack now?"

"Probably because they think you killed George, and he was one of their own." said Alec.

Once again, I hadn't thought of that. My mind must have been more affected than I realized. I was missing obvious things about the case.

"And now we have a possible new suspect who might have killed George and who just might turn out to be the kid of the daughter that your friend Granny Brodell had after

she was raped

by Harry Apple.”

I winced at the word "rape" but I shouldn't have. That's what it was. I remembered a photo Granny had shown me once of herself as a young girl new to America with her apron and long braids and I wanted to throw up. I could picture Granny's house with its lavender plant in the window, the tin foil in the back hall that she put her boots on so they wouldn't get the floor dirty and the doilies on the back of all the chairs. How long she had held her secret! Damn it, why hadn't she told me? I would have found a way to help her. I didn't spend all my time out praying on a rock like people thought I did.

Alec was still talking. I'd missed half of what he said. A fly landed on the window screen – Alec was checking the windows and doors again.

“How can you stand to pray for bugs? Alec said. “Give me city life any day.”

“Do I need to remind you of how many bugs live in the city?”

Alec lives on the top floor of a forty-five story building that is so large it constitutes an entire Chicago precinct. At night the bugs flock to this brightly-lit building like moths to a high rise flame. Spiders also arrive on Alec's balcony to feast on the bugs. It's their version of dining at the top of the Ritz.

“I seem to remember that the only time I visited you there were 14 spiders on your balcony. You won't find 14 spiders on my screen door.”

“Well the spiders, those, sure. You can't avoid them,” Alec said as though they were tourists. “They invade Chicago every summer.”

The wind is strong on Alec's balcony. At times there are small waves in his bathtub due to the wind that causes the building to sway. He can't have a grandfather clock because the floor rocks imperceptibly. The spiders have webs that can withstand the wind.

“Did you know that the strands of web those spiders weave are stronger than the ballistic thread used in your bulletproof vest?” I said.

Alec is very protective of his vest. He knows that the morning sun shining in off Lake Michigan must not be allowed to rest for any length of time on the vest because ultraviolet rays cut its effectiveness. The spiders have no such concerns. They go to sleep in the morning curled into balls like pills of lint on the fabric of the skyscraper.

“And your point would be?” he asked.

“My point would be,” I answered, “that scientists are studying spider webs to learn how to make more effective bullet proof vests. Some day whether you live or die may depend on how well scientists understand spiders. So don't tell me that you can't learn a lot from bugs or that studying them is stupid because you don't know what you're talking about.”

“Oh man,” he said, “I didn't say studying bugs was stupid, it's the way you seem to actually like them that I can't figure.” He laughed suddenly. “How can you even stand them? Don't you remember the leeches in Viet Nam?”

I threw the pillow at him wrenching my back.

“Leeches aren't bugs.”

“And that centipede or whatever it was,” he continued, “you were more scared of that thing than you were of the enemy. Now that you're all converted to this bug love stuff you'd probably pray for centipedes.”

Oddly enough I had been repulsed by the centipede or was it a millipede? It was a horrible thing whatever you called it. Even in the middle of a war where there were much worse things to be repulsed by it had gotten to me. It had crawled next to me while I was sleeping and had taken me by surprise. It was so long that it was almost as big as my foot and when I stomped on it it curled up over my boot. Viet Nam had been full of bugs and ticks that we couldn't get rid of because we'd mixed most of our insect repellent with peanut butter to make fuel to heat our food.

“Have you forgotten the maggots?” Alec asked.

“Maggots don't cause wars.” I said. “They just come in and clean up the messes people make.”

Our bug argument was interrupted by the sound of a car driving up followed by a knock on the door. Immediately I tensed, feeling hunted in my own home. Alec came over and replaced the pillow I had thrown at him, adjusting it gently behind my back, then went to the door.

Standing against the night sky was a woman fully six feet tall with glossy black hair, turquoise jewelry, and golden eyes like a coyote. She wore a black shawl embroidered with red roses and she smelled like ginger and grapefruit even from a distance, along with something



more flowery mixed in that I didn't recognize She looked as out of place as a peacock in a chicken coop.

"Hi" she said. "I'm Samantha Apple. I've just found out that I'm a murder suspect so I'm putting together a little cocktail party for all the other murder suspects. I thought maybe we could find out which one of us did it. I heard you were on the list so I came by."

She smiled and for a moment her face was gorgeous. I had no idea what to say.

"Won't you come in?" said Alec, and she swept into the room like a sexy female version of Edgar Allen Poe's raven

If this was supposed to be the woman the sketch artist had drawn then Charlie Miller must need glasses.

"Got anything to eat?" she asked looking around disapprovingly at my sparse quarters.

"Tofu and broccoli casserole, rice pudding. Homemade bread. There might be Coke."

She visibly shuddered at the word "tofu".

"Beer?" she asked hopefully.

"Sure." I said, "and pretzels."

Why had Alec let her in? She looked capable of murder although she also looked capable of great art, brilliant inventions, or any other thing she put her mind to.

Alec brought a can of beer and pretzels.

"May I have a glass to put it in?" she purred.

He went and got it. I was on the sofa and I only have one chair so Alec had to sit on the ground when he came back. He crossed his legs and looked at her.

"Do you own a gun?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh darling" she said, "I own three. How boring of you to get right to the point. I didn't kill my second cousin George in fact I never even met him. But apparently we share the same Grandpa

and the same taxidermist.”

“What do you take to the taxidermist?” I asked, diverted.

“Mostly fish. The big ones. So hard to get the eyes right. I love to fish. But I like to hunt too. I gather, since you eat tofu, that you aren’t an avid hunter?”

“Ah, no.”

“Did you kill him?”

She looked at me directly.

“No.”

“Me either.”

For the next half an hour Alec picked her brain which she seemed to find amusing. She shot answers back at him like an enthusiastic player on a game show.

“Where do you live?”

“Texas.”

“How did you get the last name Apple?”

“My mom was adopted by her uncle, Harry Apple’s brother. She died when I was little.”

“Where was Harry Apple?”

“I don’t know, He died too I guess. I never met him but I heard stories.”

“Your mom was the illegitimate daughter of Granny Brodell and Harry Apple?”

“I don’t know this person you call Granny Brodell, but yes the name Brodell is on my birth certificate.”

“Where do you work?”

“At the Big Shot game reserve.”

where they do Internet hunting? The one George was hunting on when he got murdered?”

“Uh huh.”

No one had leaked that to the television stations yet.

“What do you do there?”

“I help out. I clean the guns.”

“But...”

Alec stopped in mid-sentence. This elegant creature did not look like someone who cleaned guns at a game reserve although I could believe that she knew one end of a gun from the other.

“Do you have an alibi?”

“Oh certainly. I was working the game reserve right at the time that poor George was shot and I can prove it. But the police think I might have hired someone to do the job.” she said. “You know, in order to get the inheritance. They think I hired someone to kill George since we are both grandchildren of Harry Apple and with George dead I might end up getting the whole inheritance all to myself. I hope I do. I could sure use the money.”

“Did you hire a hit man?”

“That’s a silly question sweetie. If I did of course I’d lie. But no. I’m too broke. Besides, if I wanted to kill someone I would do it myself.”

I believed her.

“Why did you come to Goosehoot a month ago if not to meet your cousin George? Were you coming to tell him you wanted part of the Apple inheritance?”

“I told you I didn’t know that I had a cousin George and I certainly knew nothing about any inheritance until I heard the story on TV. I doubt Harry’s brother, who lived in Texas, ever told Harry’s wife, who lived in Wisconsin, that he was raising her husband’s illegitimate daughter. Despite the blood relation between the two brothers there was no contact between the families, at least none that I know of. I wasn’t born yet you understand so your guess is as good as mine.”

“Then why did you come to Goosehoot if not to meet George? Why did you come to Goosehoot if you didn’t know about the inheritance?”

“What are you, a cop or something?”

“Ex-cop” I told her.

“Oh.” She nodded as though that explained everything. “I was driving back from Minnesota where I was promoting the Internet hunting site. I wanted to stop and see Rhinestone Rock where my Grandpa, Harry Apple, had gone hunting. I had heard family stories about him being a hunter and a lady's man and I was curious. ”

“Do you really approve of Internet hunting?” I asked her.

“Approve? Sweetie, the animals don’t know the difference. Being shot is being shot. It’s a hot new thing. I’m good at promotion and I needed the money. Now that I have an inheritance coming I think I may start to disapprove of Internet hunting. I can't be a vegetarian though. I love to hunt the real way. Besides I tried tofu once. It's mushy.”

“Do you know that you have a Grandmother who is in a coma in the hospital?”

She frowned.

“I didn’t know that she was in a coma. Do you think that I should cancel my suspect’s party?”

“Surely,” Alec said cutting in, "you didn’t really expect anyone to come?”

“Oh but that darling little flypaper man has agreed to come and I was thinking of inviting Reverend Cooper.”

“He’s not a suspect.”

‘No?’ she asked, letting the word hang in the air like the tone of a bell that dissipates slowly.

I was surprised that she had cottoned on to the possibility of Rev. Cooper. She had been in town only a short time.

“You’ve met Mahlon Mompers?”

and I was totally charmed. He was all involved talking to some old lady about a house he's buying from her so I didn't have time to get to know him as much as I'd like to."

She looked expensive and Mahlon was rich even if he was twice her age. I wondered if that was why she had found him charming. On the other hand with George dead she was now in line to receive a substantial inheritance and didn't need Mahlon's money. The pay for cleaning guns in Texas couldn't be sky high and money is always such an excellent motive for murder.

Despite the possibility of her being a murderer I couldn't help enjoying her company.

"Did you say that Mahlon was buying a house?" I asked.

"Yes, the house next door, from a perfectly awful old lady who was making homemade flypaper when we came in. Mahlon was interested of course. I thought it was perverse." She examined her manicure.

"Some of the elderly ladies around here make their own flypaper." I explained. "They say the commercial stuff doesn't hold up in the barn. They like to make longer thicker strips."

"Well these strips were as thick as bacon and they smelled disgusting."

"Yeah, the glue they cook up smells kind of like pig wormer and peppermint." I agreed.

"I don't know what the rest of the ladies in Goosehoot whip up in their kitchens but this woman is disturbed. Be careful," she said looking at me, "that you don't get caught on one of her strips of flypaper."

"Some of the ladies put arsenic in their flypaper." Alec chipped in looking at me pointedly.

I could tell that he thought that Samantha was just one tall strip of feminine flypaper flapping in a perfumed breeze and that I was in danger of getting stuck. Sometimes your best friend can know you but not know you. There was no danger in the direction he was thinking. I had been celibate far too long. In those directions I didn't feel even a flicker. But she did interest me.

My instincts told me that this woman was a small time con artist but involuntarily I liked her. Besides she was probably my friend's long lost granddaughter.

“Heartha’s not so bad.” I offered. “She’s a bit crude, that’s all, and definitely the product of another era.”

“I don’t care what she’s the product of. She’s a disturbed person.” insisted Samantha. “She wanted me to cut strips of twine to hang the flypaper with. Ugh.”

I wondered what had gotten her goat about Heartha. Had Mahlon been paying too much attention to the old lady instead of to her?

“Does Heartha know that Mahlon is buying her farm?” I asked her.

“Of course. Mahlon explained it all to her, you know, and that she could still stay there. He’s a very kind man. I don’t think Heartha’s social worker had explained it to her at all.”

Mahlon was amusing but he had never struck me as kind. He was probably plotting to murder Heartha to get the farm to himself even as he talked to her.

“Heartha is hard of hearing.” I explained to Samantha. “Maybe she just didn’t get it.”

“She seemed perfectly with it to me. She was watching the flies trying to pull away from the paper and I swear she enjoyed it.”

“Mahlon does that too.” I said.

“No, he times the flies to see how long it takes them to pull away. It’s a calculation made strictly for business. He doesn’t enjoy it.”

“Oh, really?”

She had learned a lot about Mahlon in only one meeting. How long had she been in town anyway? It couldn’t have been more than 24 hours. Fast worker

“Mahlon manufactures tons of flypaper. Heartha only makes a little. Why are you upset with one and not the other?”

She did not answer me directly.

“Maybe I’ll re-educate him. I’m sure he could succeed brilliantly in any kind of a business he liked. Anyway like I said its business.”

“Business? You mean the way you promote Internet hunting? For business?”

“Yes.”

“So you feel sorry for a fly caught on flypaper but not for an animal shot by a mouse click?”

She did not appear to be upset by my criticism. Con artist or not I had to admit that she was unusual.

“Look. If the animal isn’t killed on the first shot I kill it. That’s part of my job. I never let the animal suffer. But these flies were in pain. They practically pulled themselves inside out trying to get away. Or maybe they were waving good bye, or sending waves of air to warn the other flies away. Do you think that’s fanciful?”

“Only the part about waving good-bye. They do use waves of air to communicate and you’re quite right about the pain. Flies have a much keener sense of touch that we do. If I lifted my hand like this” (I lifted it as well as I could positioned as I was on my side,) “and if you were a fly, you could feel the displacement of air all the way over where you are sitting. That’s why it’s hard to swat them. They can feel the air when you lift your hand. They have an intense sense of touch so I imagine that flypaper is excruciating.”

"Oh for heaven sakes." said Alec looking pained himself. "They're flies."

“I remember now.” she said turning to look at me more closely. “You’re the psychic guy that talks to flies and porcupines. They were talking about that on television. They showed a photo of your porcupine. Or maybe it was a porcupine from the zoo. Anyway they said that you’re a nature nut who has psychic conversations with the animals. It was a pretty good program. The porcupine was cute. And you have Huns too. Are you going to let me hunt them?”

“I’m not a psychic.” I said wincing at the word as well as at the mention of publicity. “You keep your hands off my Huns. And I do not talk to animals. I pray for them.”

“That’s supposed to be better?”

“You do too talk to animals.” said Alec. “I heard you talking to your cats.”

“Do you really have one of those wire hats?” asked Samantha.

“What?”

“On TV. They said you had a hat with wires in it to communicate psychically with dolphins. Or was it porcupines? Can I see it?”

“I do not have a wire hat.” I said crossly.

“Don’t growl,” said Samantha. “I didn’t make it up. I heard about the hat on TV.”

“The only hat he’s got is a ridiculous looking hood that makes him look like the Red Baron.” chipped in Alec.

“That hood keep my ears warm. I need it when I do my chores in the winter. And it has nothing to do with my praying for animals. Why does everyone think it so weird to pray for animals? Who’s making up this list of what you can and can’t pray for?”

“I’d like to see your hat.” said Samantha. “Or even your hood. What do you pray for when you pray for the porcupine? Is she part of your experiments?”

“I don’t use porcupines in my experiments.” I explained. “The porcupine simply lives here. This is a woods you know.”

“But you pray for flies and bugs?”

“I pray for everything. I don’t make lists of what I’m allowed to love and what I’m not.”

“What do you ask for in prayer for a bug?”

“Nothing. Prayer doesn’t always have to be asking for something you know. Sometimes it can just be a gathering in of the essence of the animal, an appreciation of the rhythms of its life and its qualities,”

She was listening with her head tilted on one side so I continued, realizing as I did that I enjoyed talking to her.

“The Bible says that God is Love. Prayer is just love except that when you pray you become more aware of how you love and you learn to concentrate on it, sustain it, increase it, project it, embody it, deepen it, share it and also receive it. Prayer sharpens all those skills. Why does everyone think that being a loving person is so damn strange?”

“He prays for flies.” said Alec.



“I might possibly grant you that porcupines can be cute, “said Samantha who had begun taking me seriously, “but what do you find to love about flies? They're filthy. Don't you think it's gross when they eat manure and then sit on your soda can?”

“Yes. But I can't help but respect them. The way they fly, the way they can hover and fly backwards, the way they can keep a sense of direction, the way they dare to fly around creatures much larger than themselves and how often they manage to avoid being swatted by people who are a thousand times bigger and stronger. They're so beautiful in the sun with their green and red metallic tints. Plus as a scientist I'm blown away by their sensitivity to minute changes in the light.”

“You are poetic” she replied. “And quite talkative for a hermit.”

“I am not a total hermit.”

“And tidy” said Samantha ignoring my reply and looking around the room. “I do not think your sign is correct at all.”

“Huh?”

It took me a moment but then I smiled. The sign in front of the cottage had originally said “Sunswept Cottage” but Phoebe had chewed the corner off and it now said “Unswept cottage.

“Phoebe, the porcupine in question, likes munching on wildlife trail signs.” I told Samantha. “I had to replace the wooden restroom sign with metal. One summer she chewed away the entire bottom half of the oar on the old red rowboat. She had indigestion for three days. I'm afraid she's growing old now though and her oar eating days are behind her. We bring her little rawhide bones instead.”

.I had not checked on Phoebe the day before because I had been in the hospital and I felt uneasy about her. She lived in the hollow branch of a 600-year-old oak tree that Callie called Grandmother Tree because of a place where the branches intertwined like a lap for Phoebe to sit on. Last year she had had a kit we named Gaagoon, the Ojibwe word for “little porcupine” but this year she had not had a kit and it had been a long time since I had see Gaagoon. I thought maybe the young porky might have a nest over at Heartha's. Callie had told me she had a summer job helping at Heartha's and one reason she took it was that it would give her a chance to look for Gaagoon's den.

Phoebe didn't always stay in trees. Porkys are great rock lovers. Thousands of years ago the glaciers had come through the 60 acres now known as Camp Prayer Tracker leaving behind boulders as large as Volkswagens. Phoebe had always liked

Rhinestone

Rock, a huge black rock flecked with mica. It was large enough for half a dozen people to sit on comfortably and had a flat top indented in the middle. Local people claimed it was where the earliest Native Americans in Wisconsin had ground grain.

"There are pictures of your porcupine all over TV," continued Samantha. "You'd better be careful you don't get a lot of tourists here chasing her through the woods and wanting to see her."

I shuddered. These days Phoebe often fell asleep in the sun right out in the open on top of Rhinestone Rock. She was at a vulnerable age. My militant little porky had softened in shape and had aged into her own style of prickly mellowness. I knew that she would be gone by the first snowfall. Watching her was a lesson in graceful dying. I wanted to be sure that her passing remained on her own terms and that it wasn't interfered with by predators or by any publicity that resulted in strangers gawking. It burned me up that she had been mentioned on TV. How on earth had the reporters gotten hold of that story? Someone from Ippy's I supposed, who knew I bought rawhide bones for her.

"Why are they plowing the fields at this time of night? Samantha wanted to know. "I saw them in the field across the street when I drove in."

Opposite the Camp lay cabbage fields which were thought of by the locals as "sauerkraut on the hoof". There was also one wheat field owned by a contract farmer who ran his operations around the clock.

"They farm at all hours these days." I said still thinking about Phoebe. "And they aren't plowing they're applying pesticides prior to planting. Last week I watched the farm machinery all lit up and moving around the field like a space ship at 2 in the morning."

Alec cut in. He always got restless when I started with the farm talk and the little animal stories.

"Mahlon has moved very quickly to renew his offer to buy Heartha's farm." he remarked. "I wonder why."

Samantha looked at him with dislike. She seemed to have her sights set on Mahlon all right. Perhaps they were two of a kind.

"I have a second cousin don't I?" asked Samantha turning toward me with her back toward Alec, very obviously ignoring him "The preacher's little daughter? Do you know her?"

For a moment I felt worried that Samantha might scoop Callie up like a hawk catching a rabbit. I reminded myself that Samantha had been in Texas when the Bug Bytes were sent, at least assuming that her alibi held up. It wasn't Samantha but someone else that had written that threat to Callie.

"How old are you?" I asked.

She told me that she was 26, which was 12 years older than Callie. I wondered, looking at her, if she was happy.

"Married?"

"Divorced."

Kids?

"Nope."

"Callie is just a kid." I said.

"I like kids." she insisted aiming her smile at me until I broke down and believed her. "Tell me about her and about my grandma, the one that's in the hospital with a coma. I have no family. When did you first meet them?"

"I met them right after Granny's husband and daughter were both killed in a traffic accident. We all call your grandma Granny, everyone in town I mean." I said explaining.

"Did it take the little girl a long time to recover from the loss of her mom?"

"Of course and her dad too. I don't think he's ever healed. I remember the first day I got Callie to smile again after it happened."

I fell silent. Callie had been six years old when her mom died. Looking at the pain on her tiny face I had wondered, "Was that how my April felt when I left her?" Alec looked at his watch. I could tell that he wanted Samantha to leave.

"Tell me about it." she said seductively.

She was a good listener and I was in a mood to reminisce.

"It was the butterflies that got Callie to smile for the first time after her mom died." I said.

"Butterflies?"

"Yes, we raise them at the lab. I'll show you sometime."

Alec rolled his eyes.

"Your granny had brought Callie here to the camp after church on Sunday to see the ducks." I continued. "Callie was wearing a pink Sunday dress. I took them to see the butterfly habitat at the lab. Because of her pink dress and red hair the butterflies flocked around her. Granny had opened her purse and allowed Callie to dab a little bit of lavender cologne behind each ear to attract the butterflies. She loved that but she didn't smile."

"So when did she smile?" asked Samantha.

"Ah, well that's a long story. You said you liked kids. Do you also like stories?"

"I love stories."

"You do? Well let me see, the story of making Callie smile began when I asked her if she wanted to play butterfly."

"It's getting late." said Alec.

"Is that a game?" she asked.

"It's make believe. I told her butterflies start out as an egg. She looked for a good place to sit and be an egg. She decided that Granny's lap was the best place to sit and wait for something good inside of her to hatch. She closed her eyes and I waited until she said she was hatched."

"How did she know?"

"Kids know. Then we were caterpillars crawling around eating everything we saw."

"What did you eat?"

"Nothing really. Oh, except a coconut candy bar that I had in my pocket. Real caterpillars eat constantly but we were prayer caterpillars. Thinking is like crawling because your thoughts move over everything and instead of eating everything we saw we were

feeling love for

everything we saw. The butterflies followed Callie around like cloud of colored dots even when she crawled into the wastebasket."

"How do you feel love for a garbage can?" Samantha asked.

"If it weren't for wastebaskets there would be garbage all over the floor. We are glad to have garbage cans. We love them."

"We do?"

"Yes. We do."

Samantha was perfectly still and her eyes were wide. It was like telling a story to a child. Was it my imagination or was there a little of Granny behind her eyes and maybe even a little of Callie around the firm jaw? She reminded me of Phoebe, prickly and soft at the same time.

"And then?" she asked.

"Then I showed Callie a real caterpillar. It tickled her arm but she still did not smile."

Samantha rose suddenly, all six feet of her.

"You're in pain." she said. You can tell me the rest of the story later. I can wait for the smile. Yours and hers. You should get to bed."

"How did you know?" I asked.

I had felt a surge of pain as I had been speaking but I didn't think that it showed.

"Displacement." she said. "Like the flies. That's how you do it, praying or whatever, isn't it? You lift your thought instead of your hand and I feel it over here?"

"Close enough." I said amazed at her insight.

"Goodnight Keith. Your name is Keith isn't it?"

"Yes." Goodnight Samantha."

Already I cared for her in her own right, not just because she was related to two people I loved. That didn't mean I trusted her. Alec had told me that she had a record. Nothing big. She  
and her friends

had taken a car and gone joy riding when she was eighteen. She had not done time. I wondered if she had ever done drugs. I liked her but I knew that I had to be objective if I was going to solve the case.

"Oh please. Call me Sam."

She slipped gracefully out the door but her presence lingered. It wasn't just her perfume; it was just that she was too arresting to fade easily.

"That woman is after Mahlon's money." Alec said. "You better watch out for her. She was pumping you for information. Why did you tell her so much?"

"I just felt like talking. Anyway if she gets the inheritance that was supposed to go to George she won't need Mahlon's money. Not that I would be surprised if she didn't kidnap him and carry him off with her just for the fun of it."

"That's what I forgot to tell you." said Alec looking up with his eyes alert. "Kidnapping, that's what I forgot. The Defenders of God, there is some suspicion that they've been involved in kidnapping. Some of my friends that I took some anti-terrorism training with found out for me. The kidnapping thing has never been proved."

"Who do they kidnap?"

"Kids. Like if a mom gets custody and they think she is too lenient they kidnap the kid for the father. Or sometimes kids have been kidnapped from liberal parents and then deprogrammed. No convictions and the role of the Defenders is murky, though there was one case involving a Defender that almost came to trial. The deprogrammer got off when he claimed he was an "exit counselor". It's an iffy area of the law. The Defenders always seem to be lurking in the background with stuff like that. They've been suspected in several areas, the abduction itself and the deprogramming. Not that it has any bearing on this case but I meant to tell you."

That night I had one of the dreams. Someone had hung a piece of flypaper as wide as an oak tree right in the middle of the lab. The glue on it looked like Vaseline and was spread as thick as a bedroom pillow. Some leafy plants that we had used in an experiment were giving off coded gas exhalations like Morse code. "Stay away," the plants screamed in their slow motion cellular language. "Danger."

Samantha stood by the door. She had large rainbow colored wings. She was beating them and displacing

waves of air that rippled the message, "Turn back. Unsafe. Be careful."

One baby fly flew in. She was too young to understand. She flew strait for the thick smelly flypaper that was oozing with gooey Vaseline. Only it didn't smell like Vaseline, it smelled like pig wormer and peppermint and the stench was making me gag. I knew that the little fly was Callie and I got up to save her but I couldn't move because my bare feet were glued to the floor.

"Wake up Keith." Alec was touching my arm. "Here". He handed me a towel. Sweat was running down my face. "You were screaming." he said. "I thought you were rid of those dreams."

During my divorce I had slept on Alec's couch until my numbness felt normal enough that I could work again. I remembered going to grad school each day and sleeping and screaming on Alec's couch each night.

"The dreams only come when things in my life are stirred up." I told him.

"Yeah, me too." I had a lot of nightmares when I had surgery after getting shot. So, you want to tell me about this dream?"

"It's Callie." I said. "The note I got showed that Callie is known to the Defenders. It threatened her as well as me. Her dad is a liberal minister and she is closely connected to my prayer research which the Defenders hate, - she is connected to the camp and the lab. The Defenders might be into kidnapping kids and deprogramming them."

Alec was now fully awake.

"You're right," he said slowly. "I didn't think at first that the kidnapping information had any bearing on the case but it damn well does."

"I can't go to Chicago at all till the case is solved." I said.

"No." Alec agreed, "I'll stay." "And Roy is coming. It will be like old times."

"Tomorrow," I said, "we need to go on the offensive."

A low "hmmm" was all I got from Alec in response but I knew him well enough to know that the "hmmm" meant that he was already planning strategy.

"I'm not going to have this thing hanging over everybody's head." I explained as we sat there in the

dark, the scent from the lilac bushes drifting in through the window.

"What have you got in mind?"

"I'm going to flush this murderer out. I'm going to use myself as bait."

"Hmmm. That'll be like old times all right. Sometimes Keith I think you have a hero complex."

"She's a kid Alec. Just a kid."

"Go to sleep. We'll talk tomorrow. When Roy gets here we'll have a conference."

Having made a decision I rolled over and slept soundly.

Roy was as good as his word and arrived at noon the next day. While he and Alec caught up on some of the chores I hadn't been able to do, like cleaning the chicken coop, I slowly drank some orange juice and looked through the mail.

The letter from the church should not have been unexpected but it was. I had grown up in my grandpa's church – the church of Merciful Mind Medicine or C and M&M&M, a church that emphasized the power of prayer, especially prayer for the sick, though they worked with medical doctors. I had even gone to seminary and become a pastor.

I didn't like the church politics and fund raising that was so much a part of pastoring though, and even back then my interest in prayer research was a thorn in the side of the church. It wasn't really that they were against it as far as I know. They just thought it made the church look bad because it was considered "fringe" science.

Three years ago, when I refused to give up my laboratory job, excommunication proceedings were begun. They were tabled when the scientific work I was doing had gained some prestige and been discussed positively on television.

Now, with the negative publicity I had been receiving, it should not have been surprising that the excommunication was finally going through. The murder had only been a few days ago and already the church's final notice had been Fed-Exed to me. I sighed. I would have felt better about it if my excommunication had been tied into theological stands instead of into image making. Of course the church claimed it was all theology but the speed with which that Fed-Ex arrived at my door told a different story.



The phone rang and as I stood up to answer it I saw that someone had slipped an envelope under my door. They must have done it in the last ten minutes or Roy and Alec would have seen it. I picked up the note and the telephone at the same time.

The Bishop's office was calling. A perky woman asked me for my membership number.

"We have your excommunication certificate ready," she said "but our computers are down and I wanted to double-check the number before making this a permanent part of the record."

"Certificate? There's a certificate?"

"Yes Sir. But we need to confirm your membership number."

What did they expect me to do? Frame the certificate and hang it on my wall?

I took the cordless phone into my bedroom, took out my Bible, and found my membership certificate tucked next to a picture of Moses that Callie had drawn for me years ago. She had given Moses red hair and glasses. I read my membership number to the lady on the telephone and told her that I had been a member for half a century for I had joined the church when I was 12 years old.

"Yes Sir. Thank you. Let me double-check that number with our paper file. If you could wait just a moment please." She put me on hold.

I sat down on the bed weary of both the church and the murder, wishing I could just go back to the lab and work. While I waited I opened the blank envelope that had been under the door. The handwriting was large and generous, written dark with a gel pen. I saw immediately that it was titled Bug Byte and signed "Sam ". There was a flourish underneath the signature. Was it possible that Samantha had sent me the bug bytes? My stomach felt like it was laid inside out on an ironing board being pressed with a hot iron. She couldn't have sent them from Texas. Had she been lying about her alibi? News of the Bug Bytes had been all over the media. Was she sending a copycat note? All the other notes had been typed. I forced myself to look down at the words while some offensively mediocre music played relentlessly over the telephone and I continued to stay on hold.

### **Bug Byte**

It's OK to catch a butterfly  
but look, then let her go

To



means primal fear dissolving.  
You'll see bugs differently  
and you will find your mind evolving.

Keith

"I was able to confirm your membership number Mr. Redland. You should receive the excommunication certificate in 4 to 5 business days."

"OK."

"Good-bye then."

"Good bye."

She hung up. Decades of service to my church ended with a click. My lifeline had been cut and I was floating free of the mother ship, alone in space, without any idea of how to survive outside of the only spiritual home I knew. I put Sam's poem in my Bible and petted Nora, one of my cats. I wondered what the certificate would look like and if it would be signed by more than one person or by anyone that I knew personally. Would it come alone or with a long letter spelling out once again all my offenses? I decided not to put myself through the pain of finding out. When it came I would put the envelope in the wood stove without opening it.

Surges of self pity and sentimentality passed over me like nausea with enough force to leave me feeling weak. Both were feelings I despised. I wondered if the excommunication would affect my employment at the lab or hurt business at Camp Prayer Tracker. With a feeling of revulsion I realized that it would be reported on the cable news networks.

Once again I thought of all the compromises with the church that I had considered and discarded over the last three years. Had I missed a way to compromise with integrity? Was prayer research harmful and materialistic as they claimed? The questions were rhetorical; I had been over them so many times that they no longer fully engaged my emotions.

In the blackness of my pain I saw the pulsing red lights of my anger. I was angry at my church and recognized the danger of self-justification. To break the spell I forced myself to think of something else for a few minutes.

Looking down at my verse I realized that I did not know where Samantha was staying so I could not mail it to her. I would give it to her next time I saw her. She was obviously

determined to

make a play for Mahlon so perhaps she was visiting him and had slipped the note under my door on her way to his cottage. For her sake I hoped that Mahlon was not a murderer. For my sake I hoped that she was not the murderer. Either way it was essential that this murderer be exposed quickly and I had an idea for how to bait the trap.

Samantha's poem reminded me of a time when I had been in the butterfly habitat over at the lab and had been surrounded by emerging butterflies drying their wings. I had looked at one and seen a spot of color that looked like blood but it was only a drop of pigment that is naturally released when the butterfly emerges from the cocoon. The church had been my cocoon and it had fallen away. I felt like I was emotionally bleeding but perhaps it wasn't what it felt like. Perhaps this was just part of a natural process.

The pulsing red lights in my mind were fading. At least I was not being burned at the stake or being forced to recant under threat of torture as I might have been in the past. My Christianity could not be affected by anyone's signature on an excommunication certificate and my love for my church was stronger than my anger. I had grown big enough over the years that with a little effort I could let this go without resentment.

Nora purred against my chest. Roy, Alec and I were going to visit Heartha this morning. After that they were going to go off and do some investigating. I would spend a few hours working on some equations related to my research that I had stopped working on when George was murdered. I would no longer let the murderer or the police or Church Councils format my life, define my faith, or attach their history to me. I would keep working.

A half hour later Alec Roy and I were walking over to see Hearth. As we walked I listened to the birds, noting the directional change of their song. Birds sing in concentric circles. The circle had just changed from left to right, indicating a disturbance. Alec and Roy were new to them; the crows had sounded an alarm warning of strangers in the woods before we were out the front door.

Both men were oblivious to the interest they were causing among the birds. Birds treat most humans with the same caution we would take if we saw a drunken driver ahead of us on the road. In both cases the caution is maintained because a human is unaware of the details of his surroundings.

"Nice to hear the birds, isn't it?" Alec commented.

It was a gorgeous day. Alec heard the sound of birds but did not notice that the chickadee was singing on a higher branch now instead of on a lower one, which in bird language gives her call a different meaning.

Though oblivious of the bird language that was second nature to me Alec was quite at home with his own language, asking me questions as we walked and organizing information with the rapidity natural to an ex-cop. Roy was quiet as usual, taking it all in.

"Who is this old dame exactly?" he asked about Heartha.

"She's a farm woman who has lived here all her life. She was born on the farm and never spent a night away from home until she was in the hospital. I went to visit her just before she came home. It was my first weekend out in the world again."

"Out in the world? Honestly Keith, that sounds like something from the Middle Ages. Couldn't you say 'back in action' or something like that?"

I laughed.

"At my age I'm not sure 'back in action' is accurate."

"Heartha left school at ten years old when her dad died during the Depression." I continued. "She's had a tough life with all the responsibility for handling the farm and caring for her invalid mother who didn't die until Heartha was retirement age."

"Didn't she ever get married?"

"No. No kids and no family left. She's been really isolated out here. No TV, no phone, no car and, until she was 70, no indoor plumbing. Then the county made her put a bathroom in to bring the house up to code. I remember she invited me into her new bathroom to show me the shower. It kind of touched me. She would point to the showerhead and say, 'See that little spigot there? Water comes out of that and you put it on your hair.'"

We all laughed.

"If she didn't have a phone or a car how did she communicate when she needed something? Are you her nearest neighbor?"

"Yes, but

she's more on the main road than Camp Prayer Tracker is. When she needed help with something around the house she would put a board up against the barn. If they saw the board the locals driving by would stop and give her a hand."

"Are you kidding? She's like a hermit? Oh, sorry." he said remembering that for most of the year I was a hermit too. "Or is it a Hermitess? What is it about this town that everyone holes up like chipmunks?"

"She's not a hermit. She just feels safe on her farm. She used to go to church every week though. Someone always picked her up on Sundays. She'd sit way in the back. The local grocery store delivers and so does the feed store. Heartha holds no truck with doctors because she claims that garlic will cure all and so she never needed a car and she has never had any desire or reason to leave her farm. While she was in the hospital she saw a TV program about Germany. It showed a castle with round turrets. 'Look at that.' Heartha said, 'They got the silo attached right to the house.' "

Alec shook his head as if it was hard to believe.

"So how'd she end up in the hospital? That must have been a shock for her."

"Oh yeah, it was a shock all right. The day I visited they were doing an EKG; you know that procedure where they put little patches on your chest? She thought they were burrs. 'Help me get these burrs off, will ya?' she asked. I got a kick out of it."

"Is she sick?"

"Naw. She was dehydrated and her blood pressure was sky-high. She was a little disoriented when Rev. Cooper checked on her. She wouldn't go to the hospital voluntarily so the Rescue Squad was called. They had a heck of a time with her at the hospital. She crawled over the bed rails trying to go home and got hurt so they sedated her. Which reminds me. She said something while she was groggy that I want to check out."

Alec glanced at me with sharp interest.

"About five minutes after getting her pills she looked at me and said, 'Does the housekeeper know about the body in the barn?' I figured it was her meds kicking in. I've been in that barn and there's nothing there but a few chickens. We should check it out though."

"This Emily is the housekeeper?"

"She is

now. They had a competency hearing for Heartha. There are many levels of legal competency you know."

Alec nodded. He'd had enough contact with the legal system to be aware of the issues.

"Heartha was found competent of person but not of estate. She'd been ripped off by a lot of people and was in debt."

"So she's allowed to handle her own legal decisions but not her money?"

"Right. A guardian was appointed to take care of her money and that's where it got sticky. The guardian is selling her land to pay off Heartha's debts and her hospital bill not to mention paying for the new medicine and the new caregiver. Heartha wasn't too happy about the sale of her farm even though she has a life estate, in other words she can stay there till she dies even after the farm is sold."

"Did she understand the life estate?"

"I don't know. I wasn't at the competency hearing but I saw the photo in the local paper and she looked confused. Callie told me that Heartha said her family had never had dealings with the police before. She seemed to think that she was at court to be arrested."

"Really? Maybe she killed George because he was buying her farm? It's a long shot but it's possible. An elderly lady attached to her land like that and with the land being all she's got - it could happen. Maybe that's why she was afraid that she was being arrested."

"She's in her eighties." I said.

"If she's limber enough to crawl over the hospital bedrail she's limber enough to walk next door to the Camp and shoot George."

"The court hearing was a week before George was killed."

"Oh. When did she get home from the hospital?"

The day George was killed I think. Yeah I'm sure of it. They had a little party for her. I was busy and didn't go."

"Well it's possible you know. We should find out what time the housekeeper left that day.

Could the

murderer have been the housekeeper? Is Heartha close to her housekeeper? Is there any chance she was leaving the farm to her in her will?"

"You're really scraping the bottom of the barrel." I said. "I doubt Heartha even knows what a will is and anyway she didn't have a housekeeper till the day George was murdered which was also the day she came home from the hospital. The judge felt she should have a caregiver to see that she got her medicine and meals - she's pretty healthy but not too good about taking her medicine or getting washed up unless reminded."

I smiled.

"It was while she was at the hospital that Rev. Cooper brought up the subject of having a caregiver coming in once a day. He didn't use the word caregiver; he diplomatically asked Heartha, "How would you feel about having a housekeeper help you out every day?" Heartha asked, "Can she drive a tractor?"

"I gotta meet this lady." said Alec grinning. "She sounds like a character."

He was about to get his wish. We had reached the barn. It was out of sight of the front door of the house. Alec suggested that we take a quick surreptitious look around but it turned out that Heartha and Emily, the housekeeper, were in the barn. They were hanging homemade flypaper as festively as though it were Christmas ribbons. The flypaper smelled nauseating and was curling in at the edges, like bacon. Roy snuck away presumably to look for bodies in the barn. He didn't find any.

"Are you looking for Callie?" asked Emily "She's up at the house fetching a scissors. I don't want the chickens to get caught in this stuff and it's much too long."

I thought uneasily about Gaagoon, Phoebe's female cub from last year. Callie had told me that she had seen Gaagoon going in and out of the barn. I hoped Gaagoon wouldn't get her quills entangled in the flypaper. It would frighten her.

The chicken manure had not been cleaned in some time and there were plenty of flies sticking to the paper. Samantha had claimed that Heartha liked to watch the flies trying to get away. I had to admit that she seemed to be fascinated by seeing them land on the strips. Granted her life was lonely and boring but surely it couldn't be normal for her to watch them with such interest.

The flies were beginning to die as they tried to pull away, some pulling their insides out in the process. I turned away, knowing that I was overreacting.

I looked

at Alec to see



if he was reacting to Heartha's behavior of staring at the struggling flies but he was all cop, looking around the barn for anything out of the ordinary. Callie came in just then and ran up to me to give me a hug.

"We need some eggs for tomorrow." she said.

Heartha plodded over to the nearest nest and poked a hen roughly.

"Don't poke her." objected Callie. "Just take the egg. You don't have to poke her."

"Do have to." said Heartha in her plain flat voice. "She'll peck me otherwise. She's a broody hen. Wants to keep the egg. Wants to hatch it."

"I'll get it." I said

. I took the egg and the hen pecked me hard enough to draw blood.

"Told you." said Heartha. "A broody hen is a moody hen."

Callie walked over, took the egg, and stroked the hen who cooed affectionately back at her.

"Wanna come watch?" asked Heartha.

"Watch what?" asked Callie.

"The flies." Heartha said simply staring once more at the flypaper.

"You ought to get a TV or something." Callie said, turning to Emily and adding, "Here's the scissors. I was thinking' too that maybe you can put some bales in front of where the chickens are to keep them away from the flypaper. Geez, you sure put a lot of it up. What'd you do, make a double recipe?"

Emily didn't answer as she was busy tying twine onto the end of the flypaper to hang it. Callie filled her egg basket then went back to the house but not before she had whispered in my ear,

"I found Gaagoon's den. It's right in the barn here, above the old horse stall."

I nodded in relief. The empty horse stall was one of the few places where they hadn't hung the obnoxious strips

."Why

did you hang so much flypaper in the barn?" I asked Emily as we all went back to the house. "Surely the flies aren't that bad."

"No, but I'm always looking for things for Heartha to do," explained Emily, "and it's such a nice activity for her."

I couldn't think of any reply so I remained quiet, mentally debating as we entered the huge farmhouse if it was a sin to poke a hen.

"Mahlon was supposed to drop by this morning to help us hang the flypaper." Emily announced once we were seated in the living room with coffee mugs. "He came by yesterday with that girl that they say is Harry Apple's granddaughter. And they say too that the murder victim was Harry's grandson, but not by the same parents. Do you think Harry Apple could be in some way a clue to the murder? It all seems so suspicious sounding, nobody having thought about him in 70 years and then suddenly two of his grandkids showing up in the same town."

I glanced at Callie who showed no interest in the gossip. Perhaps her dad had not told her yet that Samantha was her aunt. I did not know how much news had been on the television but Emily did not appear to realize that Callie's granny was also Samantha's granny. How would Callie handle the news that her Granny had been raped by Harry Apple when she was just a young girl newly arrived in America? It was such a cruel thing. To Granny's credit she had not let the incident ruin her life, despite the tragedy of having her daughter, Samantha's mom, taken away from her.

"Yes, Mahlon was supposed to come over this morning but never showed up" Emily continued as I glanced over at Heartha.

Part of my purpose in coming was to discover whether she remembered Harry Apple. I knew she had only been ten when he disappeared. I also knew from what Granny had said in the hospital that Heartha's mom had bought items from Harry.

I was surprised to see that Heartha looked scared. Was she scared because of the mention of Mahlon? Did she think Mahlon killed George to get her farm and now might kill her too? Now that I knew that Mahlon had a reason for wanting the farm - if you can call a wooly mammoth a real reason - he was an even more likely suspect.

"Did you ever meet a peddler that used to come around here during the Depression whose name was Harry Apple?" I prodded.

"No. " she said in her customary expressionless voice.

Her voice

was flat but

her eyes were fearful, as if all the expression from her voice had been sucked up into her eyes. Her mouth tightened and a small drop of drool formed at the left side. The woman was terrified. Of what? Of Mahlon? Of something she knew about Harry Apple?

"Is Mahlon coming here?" she asked.

"I don't know dear, He said he would come by this morning so maybe he is just late" answered Emily rising to refill our cups.

I didn't know what Harry Apple had looked like and wasn't sure how to stimulate Heartha's memory. Our visit was not turning up any useful information.

As I tried to think of something to say I looked around the room and wrinkled my nose. Having Emily come in daily to clean had helped (at least my shoes had not stuck to anything sticky when I had walked in through the kitchen as they usually did) but there was still a mustiness about Heartha's house that apparently could not be scrubbed out. Callie had told me that Emily, "sprays disinfectant around the house like this was a leper colony" but the faint unpleasant odor remained.

Heartha had stashed lottery tickets under the lamp with their edges sticking out and the junk mail she refused to get rid of was piled high up on top of the bookshelf. The room was cluttered and claustrophobic. She was sitting on an old tabloid that she had not bothered to remove from the seat of the chair. Everything in the room exuded a mild air of decay like crackers gone soft.

"Are you going to be in the Fourth of July parade?" Emily asked Callie.

Callie played the drums in school and loved being in the marching band.

"I don't think so. My dad's going to take me to Yellowstone once my granny is better. We've never been there."

Again I glanced at Callie. Granny was not going to get better.

Trying to draw Heartha out I asked her how she had celebrated the Fourth of July when she was young.

"Well we didn't do much," she said, "except my mom and I would go out in the woods and shoot our guns off. It sounded like firecrackers don't you know. That was all people did back then unless they had money to go to a dance."

I caught Alec's quick glance at her. If he was thinking that because she knew how to shoot a  
gun she had

killed a man he was off his rocker. Everyone in Goosehoot, young or old, knew how to shoot a gun. Roy seemed oblivious. He obviously had his mind elsewhere and anyway he was on to his third cup of coffee and second cinnamon roll.

"Did you have anything special to eat on Independence Day?" I asked Heartha.

"Sometimes at holidays my mother would bake a pie crust and put some sugar on it and then break it up in pieces for me to eat." Heartha said adding, "I have to pee."

She shuffled into the bathroom while Emily explained,

"She's on water pills. She has to go pretty frequently."

Callie rolled her eyes behind Emily's back. I winked at Callie, agreeing that a better topic of conversation should be found. By the time Heartha was back and had settled in her chair - wiping her nose on the sleeve of her blouse I noticed with distaste, Mr. and Mrs. Ippy had stopped by to see how Heartha was doing. Alec and I politely made our good-byes and began walking back to Camp Prayer Tracker.

"She's kind of a crude old lady." said Alec.

I thought of Granny who kept a spotless house. When she did the laundry she always cleaned the lint filter and she always wiped out the inside of the washing machine when she was done. She ironed and then hung things the old fashioned way, with the top two buttons buttoned. After she swept the laundry room she would vacuum the broom so that it didn't have lint on it. The two elderly ladies couldn't have been more different.

"Heartha's always been on the crude side," I agreed, "but honestly, I don't think she was ever taught any different."

We didn't have time to discuss the visit further because as we neared Mahlon's cottage we heard a woman screaming. Roy had no difficulty outrunning us and took off like a sprinter. He would reach the cottage before we could. Despite Alec's old wound, from where he was shot when he was a Police Officer, and despite my painful back, the screams were just too much for us.

As they got louder both Alec and I limped into a run.

To be continued...

## **Section Two: Of Special Interest to Children**

### **IFT Instar**

Every time a caterpillar sheds its skin and grows this is called an instar. The IFT Instar section of this publication was created to help families teach their children and grandchildren the basics of good prayer tracking, in other words:

- care

- prayer
  - empathy for sentient beings
  - respect for organic and inorganic systems
- the joyful, hands-on, inquiry-based approach to living embodied in the scientific method.

**This Month's Children's Activities:**  
**Manna Banana Lunches and Beatitude Fences**

When I was growing up my dad used to help us make Beatitude fences. One was a big enough fence to sit inside. It was in our miniscule yard next to the lilac bush. My sister or I would sit in there with our dolls and pray when we needed a special place to be alone with God.

Most of the Beatitude fences we made were smaller and easy to make. You simply take tongue depressors or Popsicle sticks (available at any craft store) and write a God-quality from each Beatitude on each one.

There might be more than one quality to a Beatitude for example "Blessed are the merciful" might have one Popsicle stick or fence picket that says "mercy" and another that says "kindness". Once you have written, in your own words, all the qualities from the Beatitudes on the Popsicle sticks then you stick these "fence pickets" in Styrofoam in the shape of a square to make your fence.

You can put a little green paper for fake grass in the middle and some construction paper flowers if you want to. Then you can put anything you want to pray for or protect inside the Beatitude fence. Small figurines of animals, flowers, ladybugs, or dolls work well.

Explain to the children that when you pray for someone you can mentally build a safe fence around them. You want to mentally put them inside the Beatitude fence so they are surrounded with all these qualities and they have a place to rest because the fence keeps out all the bad thoughts. You can practice praying out loud and surrounding someone (maybe them!) with all the loving qualities from your fence.

Once when my hamster was constipated we literally put him inside a very special Beatitude fence that we had built for him. We built the fence outside and stuck the Popsicle sticks right in the ground. As we built the fence we surrounded him with prayer and with the Beatitude qualities telling him “Blessed are ye” and giving him mercy (we loved him very much) Truth hunger (we knew that Truth fed him and so nothing that he ate could hurt him) comfort (we petted him and spoke gently and told him a prayer so that he would feel comforted) and so on.

We went around the fence stopping at each picket and acting out the quality that we had written on it. We acted these qualities out by petting him, talking to him, praying for him, and giving him fresh water. It was quite a nice fence too by the time we had finished all the Beatitudes and the Lord’s Prayer, (which we had to include to make the fence big enough as he was a large hamster.)

We also gave him fresh tasty timothy hay plus he ate part of the fence when we weren’t looking. He was perfectly fine by the end of the day. Whether it was the roughage from the hay, our love, the half-eaten Popsicle sticks, or divine intervention I really couldn’t say.

Manna banana lunches come from the story of the manna in the Bible though of course there were no bananas that I know of mentioned in the Bible. We stuck the bananas in because they rhyme and they are fun to eat.

There are many weighty theological interpretations to the story of manna in the desert, none of which I dispute. However it is also true that because the manna appeared the women of Israel saved around six hours a day which normally would have gone to grinding grain and bread making. This was a great gift for they already had extra chores with all the packing and moving and tent set-ups that they had to do during the Exodus.

Maybe the little girls (who helped with the bread making from a young age) had more play time and got to run among the caravans and visit their friends a little more often because their heavenly Daddy, or Abba, made bread for them every day. In honor of this, and to remind ourselves how much our heavenly daddy loves his girls, we make brown bag lunches

as a gift for busy women who deserve a break (and for men too!) We might make one for our Sunday School teacher, our neighbor next door, our mom, or maybe our baby sitter.

We like to make them for people who are going on a trip, just like the women of Israel who took a long trip back in the days when they didn't even have McDonalds or any place in the desert to stop and buy hamburgers.

We make sandwiches with bread (manna) put a honey stick in (the manna in the Bible tasted sweet "like honey and coriander") add a cookie, and of course we add a big yellow banana. Then we say thank-you to our dear Abba for helping people when they have too much work to do. And we help too because "Love is reflected in love".

### ***Happy Manna Banana!***

PS Abba is the Hebrew word for daddy and it is a word that Jesus used for God. If you visit Israel you will see little children tugging on their dad's arms and saying "Abba. Abba" or maybe asking "pick me up Abba."

I have a friend with two young daughters. Every day when he gets home from work the two little girls run into his arms and he hugs them close saying, "Daddy loves his girls."

While God loves all his children dearly the role of women in the Bible is sometimes neglected so it's good to remind your daughters and granddaughters from an early age that our heavenly Daddy loves His girls!

### **The Stray That Came to Stay**

*A true story of care and prayer*

Elijah slept beneath my porch.  
He was an alley cat,  
until one day he came upstairs



and on the porch he sat.

He looked at me. I looked at him.  
He twitched his tail and cried.  
I picked him up and brought him in  
and now he lives inside.

His ear was torn and he had fleas.  
He was an awful sight.  
I cared for him and prayed for him  
until he felt all right.

Elijah was a bit confused.  
He'd never lived indoors.  
He liked to hide beneath my bed  
and sleep in dresser drawers.

When he first heard the telephone  
he didn't like the ring.  
He knocked the phone upon the floor,  
attacking everything.

He tried to bite the ceiling fan  
by jumping in the air.  
The noise made by the swirling blades  
had given him a scare.

When I would try to make my bed  
he'd grab the bottom sheet.  
He thought my feather pillow  
was a big delicious treat.

When I would take a bubble bath  
he tried to eat the bubbles.  
He spilled the soap upon the floor.  
He caused a lot of troubles.

He liked

He tried to climb inside.  
He found the shelf behind the milk  
a lovely place to hide.

One day I made a mince meat pie.  
I put it on the counter.  
Elijah jumped up four feet high  
and landed in the center.

His whiskers stuck out with surprise.  
His fur was full of mince.  
He messed up my clean carpet  
with his sticky mince paw prints.

But then one day he settled down  
And though he loves to play  
He mostly sleeps upon the couch.  
He knows he's home to stay.

He's learned he mustn't swing from doors  
or get beneath my feet.  
He's happy in the nice warm house  
instead of on the street.

If you adopt an alley cat

who used to live and roam  
in alleys and in garbage cans,  
who never had a home,

Remember that where he once lived  
he had to hunt and fight.  
It may take time to teach him  
that he has to be polite.

But soon he'll sleep beneath your chin  
and purr when you eat dinner.  
He'll love you and you'll love him.  
You both will be a winner.

**Some very special drawings....**

Our care and prayer story in the last issue of *The Standard* was also about cats, especially about one little kitten who liked to curl up inside of grandpa's beard. Bryan Bestor illustrated the verse and made a book out of it. His illustrations are so clever that we thought you'd like to see some of them. Here is Bryan's rendition of "*The Man With a Cat in his Beard.*"

And here is a photo taken by Bryan's mom, Linda Bestor, of one of the little "Friskers" that was described in our last issue.



And here is one more photo by Linda of the mother cat with her little friskers, all of who were given “care and prayer”. Thank you Linda, Bryan, Lois, and everyone who helped the kitties!

### Pixel

**January 30th, 2009 by Lynne McTaggart (posted on her website and emailed to me by a friend.)**

**Dear Friends,**

Recently,

I read about a  
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Newcastle University study showing that cows given names produce far more milk than unnamed animals. The researchers, who studied 516 cows, found that those cows given personal identities - a name like Daisy, say - produced up to 454 more pints of milk a year than cows that remained anonymous.

This especially interested me, mostly because it seemed to be a revelation to the researchers that cows would be happier and more relaxed when given a little bit more one-to-one attention. It was almost shocking to them that cows would have an interior life.

## **Section Three: Of Special Interest to our Christian Readers**

### **How to Give a Prayer Treatment for Laboratory Organisms or for Healing of the Sick**

#### **Part One: Watch Prayers**

"What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." (Christ Jesus)  
Mark 13:37

Many people have never prayed for anything except another person or more generally for world peace and world problems. Even if they are open to the idea of praying for a research organism they have no idea how to begin.

There are many ways to pray. There are prayers of adoration, prayers of petition, prayers of meditation and silence and so forth. All are valid, wonderful, and to be encouraged. I would never want to tell someone how to pray.

However, so many of you have asked me how to go about praying for research organisms when trying the Spindrift tests that I have decided to tell you how I usually do it. That doesn't mean this is the way you should do it but I hope it's helpful.

The Christian Science treatment is one specific form of prayer. It is a specific prayer of affirmation and denial that Mrs. Eddy developed which is especially suited to bringing you into the state of mind needed for healing the sick or for getting measurable effect. It does not heal the sick or cause measurable effect in the lab directly but it does help to put you into a state of mind where these things occur naturally.

It is the way I usually pray in the laboratory, although it is not always the way I pray. I would say it is the bread and butter prayer of the lab though, a prayer that is good to turn to when you are starting out with a cold engine spiritually speaking, and you do not know how to proceed. It has specific steps and that is always helpful when you aren't sure where to start.

And of course it can be used outside of the lab too, for healing yourself and others.

Many people are not used to praying in the “yea yea, nay nay” (Matthew 5:37) style of affirmation and denial. An easy way to get the feel of such prayer is to pray the prayer of petition (asking God for something) but at each step turning the petition into an affirmation and denial also.

For example a petition might be, “God please help me.” You can follow that with the mental affirmation, “God is helping me, here now, at this very moment.” You can also add the denial, “There is nothing – no disease, no mental image, and no fear - that can separate me from the knowledge that God is right here with me helping me. There is nothing that can darken, deaden, or delay my knowledge of God’s immediate presence with me.”

The Christian Science treatment contains four simple steps. These steps do not always follow the same order and can be shortened or lengthened according to the need. They are usually done silently, with long silences in between saying the words mentally. The silences are for “listening” in quiet expectation that the ideas that will help you will come to mind. The treatment can also be prayed out loud.

The four steps of treatment, which will be discussed in future articles, are to affirm the presence of God, to affirm the spiritual identity of whatever you are praying for, to deny evil, and to affirm the oneness of God and all creation, but especially of God and whatever it is that you are praying for.

Treatment is also sometimes called a prayer by argument and is compared to a lawyer, advocate, or (in collective prayer) a legislator, providing a powerful and detailed defense when someone has been sentenced to suffer with disease, or perhaps even sentenced to death by disease.

“Meet the incipient stages of disease with as powerful mental opposition as a legislator would employ to defeat the passage of an inhuman law.” (Science and Health p. 390)

Eddy described the prayers of Jesus “...whose humble prayers were deep and conscientious protests of Truth...” (S&H p. 12) and this is what our treatment should be.

Sometimes you can be in such an inspired (mystical) state that you don’t need the treatment. You can heal instantly without any argument or need to argue or treat. That’s the gold standard. Few live there on a daily basis although it’s a good goal to strive for. In the meantime treatment is a wonderful prayer that does help you to heal and that also changes you over time, giving you more spirituality and more freedom every day.

If you are serious about becoming a healer you should give yourself a good treatment every single day and not wait for the need to pray in a Spindrift test, or for someone sick to come to you for healing.

The treatment is different than other prayers because it is armed for battle.

A prayer of adoration can be compared to a walk in God's gardens with a heightened appreciation of everything you see.

The four steps of treatment though are like four battalions of soldiers taking and maintaining territory in order to get to those gardens. When sin disease and death are pushing at you – or in a laboratory when fear, stress, and confusion are pushing at you, you sometimes need to do battle before you can reach the state of mind that heals the sick.

To these four steps are often added something called watch prayers, especially at the beginning or end of the treatment. If the four steps of treatment are like four battalions of soldiers, then the watch prayers are the Special Forces.

Today I am going to talk about the type of watch prayer that is often prayed before you begin treatment.

The practice of putting such a prayer before a treatment (although many people today leave them out) evolved from watch prayers generally. Watch prayers generally are specific short little prayers that deal head on with malicious mental activity, such as attempts at mental assassination.

Most people praying today today do not have anyone trying to mentally assassinate them while they pray so the watch prayers have kind of fallen out of favor. Mrs. Eddy's strong teaching of them is not stressed very much by the church any more. A lot of church members figure her teaching of watch prayers was some kind of embarrassing phase Eddy went through and grew out of it. They feel the whole watch prayer/animal magnetism thing is a little too hocus pocus to be socially acceptable and they don't do much with watch prayers any more.

Except for the old timers. The ones I've talked to, mostly patients, still use them.

Of course at Spindrift we have had death threats, at least in the past, and we've had hate mail, and whole churches praying against us, and also people actually acting out anger such as the man that killed my dog and the people that used to burn crosses on my dad's lawn. As a result we always paid special attention to our watch prayers when doing Spindrift work.

Today the resistance is just as strong but much less personal. I don't get much hate mail anymore.

Much of the resistance you will feel when praying for a laboratory organism comes from within yourself. There is a hard dark atheistic core of biased unbelief inside of everyone and it comes to the surface when praying. Never acknowledge that darkness as yours – and don't let anyone tempt you into playing the guilt game or doing the "I'm not good enough to heal people" routine. That darkness gets inside of us but is not ours; it is no true part of us. We can reject it if we know this. It's just another worn out attempt to keep us from praying.

If you feel that darkness during prayer be glad because it's coming from your unconscious mind to your conscious mind. That means it's coming into range and can be destroyed.

Always love yourself when praying. You know perfectly well that you are a good person or you wouldn't be trying to pray and to heal. Reject those feelings of unworthiness as just plain silly – a trick of "the devil" that you are much too smart to fall for.

### **Other types of resistance to prayer and healing**

There are still people and groups who pray specifically that a Spindrift test won't work – we once had someone praying that our lab would blow up – but since we work on a need to know basis and few people know about an experiment until it's over, this is not a big problem today.

What we are doing is new in human history and that always brings resistance into action.

The hard core of resistance that you will need to overcome when doing a Spindrift test, however, comes from collective human belief in the impossibility of what we are doing – not so much the impossibility of the test but of the theory.

There is a massive, heavy and occasionally hidden emotional, financial, intellectual, physical, ideological, psychological, cultural, and political investment in the scientific and medical status quo. Every time a Spindrift test is done you threaten that collective investment.

In praying for a simple seed or enzyme you may not have as much personal fear to overcome as you would if you were praying because you had cancer. The fear is really much greater though, because you are dealing with the often self-deceived fears of millions of people banded together into organizations that are threatened by the theory

underlying the Spindrift tests.

The hidden nature of this resistance also makes it more difficult to handle. It's harder to deal with this fear because the fear is not immediately obvious; it's half hidden or camouflaged. Personal fear you can feel throbbing; it keeps you up at night. In the same way a man pointing a gun at you would cause fear because he represents danger.

The dangers you have to deal with when praying in the lab are more like pollution – it's a much bigger threat and can kill many more people in the long run but it doesn't resonate the same way as a man with a gun and so you don't take action as quickly as you should.

Watch prayers are a way to take action. I always use them in the lab, no exceptions. They don't have to be long or elaborate but you need to do them.

Mrs. Eddy has pointed out that there is a difference between watching and watching out. (Miscellany, p.232) You don't want to "watch out" because that is a paranoid kind of watching, a watch that has fear in it.

To watch properly means to scan and monitor the mental environment around you, to always be ready, and to react intelligently and professionally to evil rather than responding emotionally and personally.

Watch prayers are usually put at the beginning and end of a treatment but you can insert them anywhere if you feel a sudden need. They can also be used on and off during the day or night when needed, without the treatment.

It's easy for the novice to mix up the denial part of the treatment and the watch prayers, running them together. That's OK, but it's more effective if you learn to keep them as separate units. This is something you will learn as you go. I wouldn't worry about it now if you're new at this.

Watch prayers are short and specific and generally deal only with underlying malice, revenge, or hate - other stuff can be handled in the regular part of the treatment.

That hate does not have to be coming from a person. It can be a garden variety of the hatred of anything new.

When a plane builds up resistance because it is traveling quickly that is not personal. Hate builds up whenever you use love in healing, it's just a reaction, and you need to deal with it that way. If you think of it this way instead of thinking about getting in a big

personal battle, it will help.

What *The Spindrift Papers* call defense mechanisms are mechanisms that thrive on conflict. Conflict generates the energy they need to sustain themselves. Don't get down on the ground with them and wrestle. Stay above it as much as you can. Don't be duped. It is surprising how often, just as you are getting ready to do some Spindrift experiments, some source of personal conflict will come into your life. You may think it is totally unrelated but it's not.

Emotions cloud spiritual perception and feed the defense mechanisms – even so-called good emotions. A treatment is not the place to indulge them. Watch your thinking and learn to be disciplined. Surges of emotion just before beginning a Spindrift test are not uncommon. Remind yourself that those emotions you feel are not really your thought.

Don't be afraid of strong emotions and don't be impressed by them. Like a fireman responding to a fire you should not be surprised by the flames. There is no life in fire. Many diseases are rooted in emotions and as you approach the cause of disease don't be distressed if you feel those emotions just as long as you don't identify with them. Turn to God with all your heart asking for clear thoughts un-muddied and un-manipulated by emotion. It takes some practice. It gets easier.

Don't fall into the trap of thinking that love is an emotion. It's much bigger than that.

## **Four Steps**

The watch prayer that we pray before we start giving a treatment can be compared to the security people that go in and clear an area before some important event. It's a short prayer to heighten your mental alertness and to mentally clear the way for the treatment.

The watch prayer we put before a treatment has four purposes.

1. To identify itself.
2. To identify where its authority comes from.
3. To heighten your mental awareness.
4. To clear the way for the prayer and remove any obstacles.

If you were a security person doing advance work for a special event, or before someone important like the president etc. came though, you would take these same four steps. You would have to identify yourself. You couldn't close off streets for security etc. without identifying yourself and showing some sign of your authority.

You want to “close off streets” before praying. Turn off the TV. Go where there are no distractions if possible. Mentally shut out thoughts like what you are going to have for dinner, how much it is going to cost to get the car fixed, or worries about whether your daughter will pass her math test. Cordon off your mind and shut everything out but the prayer, at least as much as you can. Again, it gets easier with practice.

If you were a security person you would only let authorized people come through. In a watch prayer you are going to be sure that only authorized thoughts – good thoughts – can come through. Prayer is a big event and a visit from the Holy Spirit is more important than a visit from the President. The Bible says, “Prepare ye the way of the Lord.”(Mark 1:13)

You are going to identify where the snipers might be and secure those mental places in advance.

How? By always asking yourself honestly before you pray what you are afraid of. Failure? The inability to get an effect? Pain? Whatever it is it’s a sniper. Secure the area. Pray not to be afraid. If you can’t get rid of the fear at once then say out loud in prayer, “This fear is not mine, it’s not anybody’s, and even if it hangs around it can do no damage at all. I will not be afraid of fear. I am not impressed by it.” Hold that fear in custody – control it – while you pray. You may find it goes away all by itself. When you secure a prayer in advance with a watch prayer then it’s not likely you will have any snipers.

The watch prayer helps you tighten up security; it helps you tighten your thoughts as you prepare to pray.

A secret service person is more mentally aware than a person simply walking down the street. A watch prayer needs to be aware like that. A security person would be looking around and putting protective structures in place, or removing obstacles. This is exactly what you are going to be doing in the watch prayer that starts a treatment.

Let’s look at these four steps one by one.

### **Step #1: identifying your prayer clearly.**

How you do this is up to you. If you were a Buddhist then I assume you would identify the prayer with the qualities and power of the Buddha. Christians generally pray in the name of Jesus Christ or in the name of the Father the Son and the Holy Spirit. This is more than just routine. If you use those words don’t glibly run through the words without thinking.



They are good words. You want to stop and think about the fact that treatment is cumulative - and by the way the Spindrift tests show this in a linear way, - so place your prayer or treatment in its context, as part of a long line of prayers that stand through the ages and continue to do their work. Like radioactive material prayers have a long shelf life and they bond together to do more good than one prayer could alone.

I like that wall in Israel where everyone leaves prayers, and also War Memorials where people leave things, because they're a good solid symbol of what happens when you pray. You are adding your bit to the pile, and it's the whole, not just the bit you add, that conveys power.

Praying in the name of something means to pray having, or accessing, the power of something. In ancient days it was believed that the name of someone contained power, that a person's name contained an actual part of them. That is why you used their name in a curse, you could work on it just like you could a lock of their hair; it was a part of them.

That is why Jews could not say the name of God, because no person could have that power over God. This is also why people would sometimes take a new name after a holy experience because they were not the same person, so they could not have the same name. Jacob was renamed Israel (Prince of God) and Saul took the new name of Paul, Simon was renamed Peter (petros or rock) by Jesus and so on. Names had much more power and meaning in the Bible than they do now.

To pray "in the name of" means to pray in the power of. If you pray in the name of Jesus the Christ you are asking, as St. Paul said, "for that mind to be in us which was also in Christ Jesus." You are saying that this treatment has the same power that Jesus had to heal the sick. That's a big thing to say.

Because of who I am and what is meaningful to me I always state that my prayer is part of the successive stage of Christian Science. If you are building a skyscraper and you have to dig the foundation with a kitchen spoon you've got a hard task ahead. If you have one of those giant bulldozers it's much easier. The Spindrift methodology has at least given the world the blueprint of the bulldozer. Today's problems are worse than they were a century ago but the technology, the ability of spiritual healing to break through collective as well as individual resistance, (the bulldozer instead of the kitchen spoon) is now in the world. Acknowledging this in a prayer has power.

Just saying it has power. I always identify myself with the bulldozer, not the kitchen spoon. A lot of bad things have happened but the Spindrift work has not been stopped. It's in the world. It's developing. It came right on time. Nothing can hide this fact. Against all human odds the work is still progressing and you are still sitting there reading

about it. Just

to say out loud the truth of that carries a certain power.

I am mentioning this because in my circumstances, and possibly yours, the hate that I need to blow away in a watch prayer has, at its base, the hatred of the Spindrift work. For you that part might or might not be different. I don't know. Think about it and try to figure out if there is any hate from any source or on any subject blocking your prayer and if so deal with it in the watch prayer, right up front.

Sometimes when I am praying over a case where justice is a major issue I will pray in the name of the Hebrew prophets, because they had such a handle on justice.

I'm a biblical person so I am drawing on what I know, but you can identify your prayer in any way calling on what you know.

## **Step #2; Identify the authority behind the prayer**

This step relates to the first one. Be clear by what authority you are going to heal the sick or get a measurable effect in the lab. Be sure that authority is wholly good. Don't attempt to do it on your own authority because you'll get hurt. You need a really big engine here, not a little battery pack.

You might not be able to get your ego or human will totally out of the way, but you don't have to claim it as the authority. Jesus said, "Not my will but thine be done" and Eddy interpreted this as saying, "Let not the flesh but the Spirit be represented in me." (S&H p.33) That is a good line to use in a watch prayer.

Know and say that this prayer is operating under universal divine good and that you are aligning yourself with the forces of good, the forces of Love, the forces of Truth, of Spirit and so on. Remember also that you are preparing, in the treatment itself, to question the authority of evil. In whose name is disease spread? By what justice is a child born disabled? What false authority would claim to control an enzyme or a seed outside of infinite intelligent benevolent Cause?

You want to be on the right side of power at the very first because in your treatment you are going to have to question and arrest false power, false authority, things you know, by every holy instinct God ever gave you, simply have no right to be.

St. Paul points out that no man fights a war at his own expense, he is given everything he needs and all he supplies is the willingness to train and fight. Be aware that you will be well equipped by the Lord of Hosts, which literally means the Commander of Battalions, or as the Message Bible puts it, the God of the Angel Armies. You will be equipped with the ideas you need, the focus, the stamina, even the words you need in your

treatment. Thank your heavenly Father Mother God for this. Saying “thank you” is always a good way to pray if you mean it.

Moses was afraid to speak to Pharaoh because he said he was "slow of speech." God said to Moses, "Who made your mouth?" and basically told him that the Holy Spirit not only made his mouth but would fill it.

This is true in prayer too. Who gave you the ability to pray? The Holy Spirit will fill your mouth, your mind, with the words you need to say in prayer. The Holy Spirit will equip you with healing power, but you have to honor the chain of command.

You want to understand that you can't move an inch without the Holy Spirit moving with you, you can't say one word in prayer without this radiant energy being with you. If you don't feel it, and don't understand this, start by saying it. Saying it is the first step. It puts your mind in the direction it needs to go in. The understanding will come.

Remember God was in the burning bush. The Holy Spirit is a fire that burns but is not consumed. This is a new form of energy, continually renewed, never an ash or a cinder but just constant energy and no waste, completely benevolent. That is the energy of an IFT treatment. You don't have to conserve it. It never runs out, it is never consumed. Spend a minute thinking about that.

If you are dealing with a scary disease don't try to be a hero and rush in and save the patient all by yourself. You have the angel armies behind you and in front of you. You have all the prayers for good that have ever been said in your battalion. You are a part of the forces of good; you aren't the only guy running up the hill.

In the laboratory it is very comforting to say clearly in the watch prayer that the power is not yours personally but from a higher source. It takes away the nervousness that you will fail, or be embarrassed, or that anything bad can happen to you by doing these tests. “I can of mine own self do nothing.” (Christ Jesus, John 5:30)

Remember the story of the chariots of fire? (II Kings, chapter 6) The king was ticked off at Elisha and sent an army to kill him. They surrounded the town he lived in during the night. The servant of Elisha goes outside to take out the garbage or something and sees the moon glinting off the shields of all these troops in the hills surrounding town. He isn't stupid. He knows why they are there. He goes in and tells Elisha they are done for.

The prophet doesn't pray for his life to be preserved, or for some way to get away from the opposing force, he doesn't pray to win the battle or to receive reinforcements. He doesn't pray for “measurable effect”. He prays that the eyes of his servant be opened. When the servant goes

out again he sees in the hills, along with the invading army, chariots of fire. He now sees that, "There are more that be with us than be with them."

Don't pray to heal the patient or to change the research organism. Pray that your eyes be opened.

Before you ever start praying, and on and off during the day, you should be thinking about the Holy, asking that it reveal itself to you, and thinking about different God language till you find some that resonates.

What you honestly think the Holy is, consciously or unconsciously, will be the engine that runs your prayer, especially if you call on God as the authority for your prayer.

If your concept of God is that God is wholly good, your prayer will be wholly good and will only bless. If you think that God is mostly good but allows a little evil, your prayer will do a little harm but mostly good. If you think of God as small and personal then the healing effect will be small and you will feel a sense of personal responsibility. If your thought of God is large and infinite then your prayer will have a universal effect and not just an individual one.

Your thoughts of God are mostly unconscious – they are not what you consciously think you think about God, so spend as much time as you can developing your sense of the holy. Ask yourself, what do I worship? Many people think more about work, or food, TV, sex, or entertainment, than they do about God. What do you give power to? What do you think about most?

Pray every day, the first thing when you wake up, that your eyes be opened and that the Holy reveal itself to you. It will.

### **Step #3 Heighten Your Mental Awareness**

When Joshua was about to fight his first major battle without Moses he saw what the Bible calls an angel. who looked like a soldier and had a sword drawn. (Joshua 5:13) Joshua asked if he was for him or for his adversaries. The angel answered that he was Captain of the hosts (armies) of the Lord.

What really happened there I haven't a clue but the symbolism is strong. As we prepare to do battle we have at our side the Captain of the hosts or troops of the Lord - the ordering force that has control over all the untied forces for good that exist throughout the world. We are not going into this battle all alone.

Like any good soldier though we must learn obedience and good timing. We

must listen for

the thoughts that come to us because those thoughts are the troops, our fellow soldiers. The angel army is an army of thoughts.

Ask for mental alertness. Pray for it with real desire - Mrs. Eddy says "Desire is prayer" (S&H p.1) - yearn for it, claim it as your right, know that you can be a good soldier of the cross and that as part of the army of spiritual healers, part of the "angel armies" or mental forces of good, you certainly can conquer disease, injustice, pain, and grief. These are the enemies and they have no right to lord it over anyone.

And yes, you have the right to demonstrate Truth in the laboratory, the right to feel kinship with the research organism, and the right to pray for anything you want, anywhere you want, as much as you want.

One of the most common defense mechanisms manifests itself as an overwhelming desire to sleep every time you start to pray or else an inability to focus or having your mind wander.

The disciples of Jesus fell asleep in the garden of Gethsemane when he asked them to "watch" with him.

Know that you can be awake, aware, and accurate in your treatment. Say this out loud several times if you need to clear your thoughts. Energy is what you are – your entire being is made of energy.

These sleep and low energy issues are very common effects. Even after all these years I feel them. I will sit down to pray and suddenly my mind will wander, I'll get sleepy, or I won't be able to sleep when I need to, or I will feel a sudden overwhelming urge to read the newspaper or cut the dog's toenails - to do anything but pray or study.

I can read the newspaper and be perfectly alert but when I start praying my eyes cross and I can't focus. Or else my eyes suddenly get very dry and it's hard to keep them open. Or else I start to read or write something sacred and feel a sharp pain which comes and goes. Or ugly mental images start pouring into my mind.

Don't be discouraged. Stuff like this happens to everyone at first. You will eventually get to where you can brush it away like brushing away a fly, but at first it's difficult.

Identify these as foreign influences. Claim strongly your right to think your own thoughts.

The treatment proper I usually do silently but watch prayers I often do out loud because it helps me focus.

Sometimes I have to get up, wash my face with cold water, and pace up and down as I say these prayers out loud. Mental alertness is what you are striving for; the defense mechanisms identified in *The Spindrift Papers* will try to confuse, darken, deaden delay and depress your mental energy and most of all they will try to make you unaware. Remember; it's not an attack against you. It's an attack against the Christ. It's attack against science, and against progress. Understanding this helps you to rouse yourself and resist it.

It's good to remember that whether you are aware or not the eye of God sees all and is aware. When a mental suggestion becomes really aggressive - like if you wake up at night in pain or fear, - don't go back to bed till you do a watch prayer. What the defense mechanisms try to slip past you as a physical sensation is actually a mental perception . They try to hide that fact from you. Don't be duped.

Pray out loud in your own words that there is no power than can make you feel disinterested in what can heal and help yourself or others .Nothing that you reject can be inserted into your thought. You are not disinterested in love. The Holy Spirit rests in action and so do you. You are aware of the mental dimension of the universe including that of the research organism (or patient.)

The laws of the Holy Spirit give you energy and the capacity to work and think. Pray to yourself something like this (except in your own words),

“I am not fooled by the belief that energy can be evil. I am free to study whatever I want to and to read anything I want to without interference. My mind is not a blank; my mind is a holy thing and always teeming with life. I reject the suggestion that I cannot focus. I know that I am free to learn anything I want to and no foreign influence can use my thoughts without my consent.

I am so grateful for this fact, that I am free to think and read and pray and do what I choose to and no other person, influence, circumstance, compulsion, bodily condition, conscious or unconscious thought, can be foisted unto me. No harmful thought put in action by any person or force can find me, hurt me, or enter my being. There is nothing about me that attracts, corresponds with or responds to, any form of evil no matter how cleverly disguised. I am resting and floating in the currents of divine Love and am completely separate from the currents of human will and of primal emotion, mine or anybody else's. I do know this.

I do feel joy when I pray. Thank you Holy Spirit for sending this prayer out to the world and for including me in the knowledge of infinite Love.”

This is an

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example of

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how to pray to heighten your mental awareness except of course you should put it in your own words. And don't forget to stop and be aware several times a day— look around you, think about the qualities that the things and living beings around you express. Develop the habit daily of being aware of the qualities of God that are all around you. Notice that the bus driver is expressing patience and the check-out lady is expressing accuracy. Good qualities are at the heart of healing and you want to become habitually aware of them.

#### **Step #4; clear the way for the prayer and remove any obstacles.**

Before an army lands – in our analogy before you give a treatment – Special Forces go in and build roads, set up an airport, put in infrastructure and gather intelligence. This is what the watch prayer does too.

Before you give the treatment gather intelligence – think about what kind of resistance you might meet and how you are going to handle it. Surprises here are not good. If you see in advance what terrain you have to cover you won't be afraid; you'll just prepare for it. Remove obstacles and put mental structure in place to move the treatment you are about to give forward, like building a road.

For example if you have relatives who disapproves of doing prayer research be sure to remove this obstacle by not telling them what you are doing until it's done and by praying to know that no personal sense can affect the prayer; it is between you God and the spiritual identity of the research organism.

And if you are praying for a sick child and there are fearful relatives give reassurance. Don't discuss symptoms or do anything to raise their fear to pitch fever. In prayer know that your child or patient cannot have anything transferred into his thought that is not good for him.

The defense mechanisms work by reversing whatever you do the minute you do it. They whisper in your thought a half conscious but powerful "no" to every sentence you utter in prayer and to every thought you think. To counter this say right at the beginning that the treatment cannot be reversed, that it is protected, that it can do no harm, that it expresses accuracy, fairness, goodness, force, and love beyond what this world knows.

Jesus did this by the way. He guarded his prayers against reversal. When he healed a boy of seizures (see Mark 9) he not only prayed that the disease leave the boy but also commanded that it not come into him in the future.

And build your road - say that this prayer is cumulative and joins in power with other prayers,

know that the

Holy Spirit creates the channels needed for good to flow into the world and into your life and into the laboratory, know that Spirit moves in the world incarnate - that Spirit does comfort, heal, help, develop, bring order to, imposes patterns on, and change for the better what we perceive of as the physical world including our physical bodies and our research organisms.

Health is not in the physical body, any more than the pattern of the sweater is in the yarn. Don't forget that. Health is not fragile; research organisms are not fragile, because the Holy Spirit is not fragile. Know that the Love pouring through you removes all obstacles.

Those are the steps of the watch prayer that I give before starting to pray for the research organism or the patient.

### **An example**

Here is an example of a watch prayer given before a treatment, but mine will be different from yours of course.

At this point you are praying more for yourself than for the research organism or for the patient, because you are getting yourself ready to treat them.

Remember too that there are times of silence and listening in this watch prayer that don't show up when writing it out, there should be silence (no words mental or audible) every sentence or so.

### **Watch Prayer Before a Treatment (example only)**

This prayer is being prayed in the name of Jesus the Christ, with the same Mind, the same power, the same Love. My treatment has the full power of God behind it and results in the complete manifestation of God's will. Because this prayer is operating under the successive stage of Christian Science its power is massive and this treatment can and does break through both individual and collective defense mechanisms. Thank you heavenly Father/Mother God, eternal Truth that you are here with me. I do know and feel that I swim in divine Love like a fish swims in the sea.

Lies cannot approach me ever. Resistance cannot come to me as a person place or thing. It cannot come through a relationship, through an association, a circumstance or condition. It can't come to me as a thought, feeling, desire, depression, longing, regret, appetite, memory, impulse, force, emotion, fear or a dream. It



cannot come at night. It cannot embody itself as pain. Hatred has no body and no power to form itself into anything anyone or any circumstance.

Hatred of Spindrift and of IFT cannot come to me as, or disguise itself as, sleep, apathy, forgetfulness or motive. It cannot slip into my thought unnoticed. Love does have all power. These tests are all love and have only a loving effect and people do love them. I understand my own goodness. I understand what I am. Through Love, God, I can raise the dead. I can raise this research from the dead because it has always been alive in Truth.

Hatred of Christian Science cannot approach me as brain chemistry or physical sensation. There is no evil mind to judge me, see me, find me, embarrass me, or make me feel guilty. Animal magnetism cannot format me, define me, or attach to me any traits. God dispels these notions instantly.

My mission including everything I do today and the treatment I am going to give in the next few minutes comes from the Almighty directly and has an instant effect. There is no effort in prayer without effect and that effect cannot be delayed. The only face I see is Soul's face, the only voice I hear is Truth's voice, the only thoughts I think are Mind's (God's) thoughts, the only will I have is God's Will, the only thing I know or am or want is Love. Every moment of my life has purpose and here, in this lab, that purpose will be manifested. This is a holy hour.

No defense mechanism can diminish, darken or confuse my perception of this treatment or of creation's happy response to it. Animal magnetism cannot use my voice, my body, my pen, my bank account, my prayer, my emails, my mind, my little laboratory, or my relationships to betray the Christ.

There is no frustration ever, which is to say there are no banked fires of love, no pent up unreleased energy of Truth. This treatment is God's gift to me enabling me to effectively express infinite Love to my heart's content. This treatment is part of Truth's infinite explanation of itself. It rests me and does me good.

Aggressive evil mental suggestions cannot approach me without my knowledge. I am not in a trance and have no desire to answer their silly call.

I am not afraid of failing and I cannot be made afraid because the source of the power is not in me but in Mind.

There is nothing in me that can resist giving this treatment, nothing that feels like putting it off till later, nothing that seems more important than doing it, nothing that can make me gloss over the ideas that flow through this treatment, nothing in  
me that can

reject, miss, be indifferent to, or misunderstand the new meanings of prayer that Soul is revealing to me this hour. There is nothing so painful that it can keep me from praying.

Divine Love is feeding me and sustaining me. This treatment is my Medicine, and I love to take my Medicine.

David said, "By thy power I can run through a troop, by thy power I can leap over a wall." God of the Angel Armies, by Your power I can run through a troop of negative thoughts and jump over the walls that the defense mechanisms erect. I can feel my thoughts jumping and leaping for joy.

This treatment can do only good in the world. It cannot be reversed. It is a holy thing and I am privileged to be part of it. The good that comes from it will be complete and not partial. Everything that I need to learn from this treatment will be obvious.

Divine Love is in complete control and there is no other power. I do "see God's hand in all things, and all things in Truth's hands."

This watch prayer is a little longer than what I often use. Also, as a writer I would go back and rearrange the ideas and group them together more but you don't want to do that in prayer. Prayer is more stream-of-consciousness and it should be. The words don't have to be fancy. The focus is not on the words but on getting your mind to start moving in the right direction.

(The quote from David is from II Samuel Chapter 22, and is also quoted in Psalms 18.)

## **Final comments**

There are many kinds of watch prayers, not just the kind that go in front of a treatment. Learning to know when a watch prayer is needed - learning to feel those prickles on the back of your neck when evil thought is being projected onto you or trying to inject itself into your mind -, oddly enough has to do with learning never to be goaded, never feeling resentment.

That won't seem to have any connection at first but when the defense mechanisms want to cloak what they are doing the easiest way is to embroil you in some conflict where you feel that you have been wronged and where you have a sense of self righteousness or resentment. Right there, right at the spot where you feel you have been

wronged, is

where you have to pour love in. It's hard to do.

I used to keep a small notebook in my purse and keep track of when I felt wronged - it's amazing how often the defense mechanism use this technique as a distraction right before they strike. Often it's something quite petty. Practice never feeling resentment – if you do feel it look around and see the bigger picture, what is this feeling trying to distract you from? Keep your eye on the ball.

If you find yourself arguing with someone in your mind, thinking of what you would say to them, wanting to be right, beware. The defense mechanisms are using you.

Also, usually when you are thinking of a person in this way it's because they are also thinking of you and pouring emotion back at you. Not always, but if you find you can't stop thinking about the person that you think was wrong, even when you sincerely try, then they are probably holding you in the conflict, without meaning to, by the emotion they feel as they think of you.

Cut those wires. Turn away from it quickly and say "I don't have to think this trash.". Then look around and try to figure out what the dm's (defense mechanisms) are up to. The other person in the conflict might have no notion of dms, so it's your job to protect them too and forget about what they think of you.

The desire to be right is pernicious. God is always right. The rest doesn't matter. That sensation of wanting so much to be right - heavens I have felt it! - is a form of being drunk but its mental. Resentment is no better than a bottle of booze and if you want to be a healer don't touch it. Get back on the wagon.

Don't worry if your watch prayer feels undeveloped and perfunctory at first. You are putting a process in motion; you are building spiritual muscle. It will become more natural and it will feel more forceful with practice.

Sometimes the watch prayer before a treatment will feel perfunctory because there may not be much hate pushing back at you with every treatment. Sometimes there is, sometimes there isn't. The watch prayer will feel different if there is or isn't. You will get to where you will feel the little prickles along the back of your neck as you pray the watch prayer and that means there is a specific source of hate pushing back at you. If that happens make your watch prayer longer.

Mrs. Eddy counsels that whenever anything bad happens, if you fall and break your leg, if you have chest pains, immediately say, very first thing, "This is blessing me and I know it." Because it's true, it's driving you deeper and deeper into learning to heal through prayer. It will knock the wind out of an evil mental suggestion (which is all disease is) if you stick

to your guns that it's a blessing. Say it over and over if you have to - shout back at that aggressive fear that is telling you that it's going to hurt you and say, "No you aren't. You are going to bless me whether you want to or not. This experience is a huge blessing and I know it."

Whenever you start to pray for a research organism remind yourself what a blessing and privilege it is to do this work, how much fun it is, and what power it has to bless you and the whole world.

Prayer is always an adventure. When you give a treatment regularly and make time for it daily you will be amazed at how much good comes out of it and how much you will come to enjoy it.

Watching – the happy confident scanning of God's activity and the automatic rejection of evil and injustice – will become second nature.

## **Moses**

**A novel by John Klingbeil, continued**

### **Part Two**

"[You are] God's beloved; God's permanent residence, Encircled by God all day long, within whom God is at home."

Moses

Deuteronomy 33

### **Chapter Three: Return to Egypt**

Voices drifted across the field; Joshua shaded his eyes and squinted against the sun. Gradually the breeze-mingled syllables disentangled themselves into the sounds of the servants and the melody of Thea's voice.

He knew as well as anyone did the enigmatic Ethiopian woman they called Thea; she had been steward

of Memfta's household for as long as he could remember. A captive and the daughter of a queen the tales about her said. Whatever her history was, she ran Memefta's household more smoothly and profitably than any he knew of.

She was coming closer now, and had apparently dismissed the servants. Perhaps this was a thing of circumstance or perhaps she had some special assignment for him. Often he had been called on to do things no Egyptian could do in Memeta's household. There were many messages to be passed that an Egyptian could not trust to another Egyptian; there were people of high or low class to be followed, others to be watched.

As an "Egyptian" he had been sent as a servant to wait on people for a few days or a few weeks. As a Hebrew he had been sent to work in other places and report back – but never asked to report on Hebrews. That was something Thea had never asked and he was grateful. There were times when he was sure she knew he also carried messages for the Hebrew underground which cherished the hope of eventual freedom.

Slowly he had come to trust her. Today he would put that trust to yet another test. Although his mind was made up he felt the grip of apprehension. The people he worked with had called him; he must be gone for a few days. Somehow she would help him; he began to walk toward her.

## Thea of Ethiopia

As she came across the field she saw Joshua smile and wave and she waved in return. In a few moments she had reached him. "Have the two new chariot horses been delivered?"

He nodded. "They're a beautiful pair of animals."

Her smile was radiant. "Good. Memefta's driver was not happy with the others; perhaps he'll be with these."

"They'll be ready whenever he needs them." he answered, then looked into the kindness of her eyes. "Thea?"

She felt more than heard the pleading in his voice and knew that once again he would be with those who walked with danger. Yet, there was little she could say. She knew the feelings well enough; she also knew their futility. It was better to prostitute the mind and heart in accommodation than to destroy both mind and body in resistance. She looked at him soberly and waited for his words.

"I must be gone for several days."

Almost automatically her mind considered the possibilities of what she could say to Memefta and the others and wondered what reason Joshua could give. "What should I say?" she asked.

"That my mother is ill."

She looked at him in open amusement; he simply shrugged and said, "It's the best I can think of, maybe you can help me."

Her

smile

deepened. Memeftha's charity did not extend to loss of time for those who served her. "Something else must be said. I will let you know what I have done when you return." She paused a moment, then added, "Joshua, be careful."

"I will, Thea, as much as I can be."

For a moment she was caught in indecision, then suddenly spoke her mind. "I have heard that the High Priest of the Sun God, two of Pharaoh's officers, and the two of the chief magicians met in private. It is said there are disturbing omens; the Hebrews are indicated but nothing has been found. The times are especially dangerous; again I say, be careful."

Gratitude rose within him like a wave from the sea; never before had she offered information or shown such concern. "I will be, as much as it is possible for me."

"And I will visit the herds every few days until I see you again."

## **The Hebrew leader**

Ten days passed before Joshua returned. Two more long days passed before Thea visited the herds; mid-day had come and gone before he was in her presence.

Never before had he felt unsure in his dealings with anyone, but now his mind was reeling. The peace of her presence was reassuring. The events of the past days had left him surging with excitement. The parchment hidden in his tunic was almost a physical pain in the responsibility it placed on him. He was grateful when she simply motioned for him to sit.

Several moments passed before he realized she was waiting for him to speak. He looked at the soft ebony of her face and wondered how much he could rely on anyone who was not a Hebrew. Briefly he prayed, reaching out to the God of his fathers for the peace that always came when he sought the Presence that ruled all things.

"Is there news?" he asked, trying to make ground for what he had to say.

"The informers say the Hebrews have found a leader, but it is not believed. What sayest thou?"

He nodded. "It is true."

For a moment she wavered on the brink of uncomfortable emotion, then caught herself. "Subject people offer resistance from time to time. Until it passes life is difficult for all whom the resistance touches. Use as much discretion as you can."

Instinctively he recognized her struggle and for a moment hesitated to bring her into the river of events that had begun to flow. Yet, it was only knowledge of the river he was offering. Participation was something she could accept or reject. "I have a message," he said.

She stared in astonishment. "A message?"

“For your mistress, Memefta.” He reached inside his tunic for the parchment and handed it to her.

Her astonishment deepened. Carefully, she laid the parchment at her side.

“By whom was the message written?”

“By a man named Moses.”

She started imperceptibly. “There are many men named Moses.”

He shook his head in agreement. “This man is the new leader of the Hebrews.”

She phrased her next question as discretely as she could. “Why would such a man write a message to my mistress?”

Joshua struggled for words. “It seems an incredible story.” he finally said lamely.

“Is this the Moses who was once of Egypt?”

He nodded. “Yes, he was Memefta’s husband.”

She shook her head as if to clear her mind. “Tell me about this Moses.” she said finally.

## **A shock**

Memefta acknowledged the entrance of the servant with a nod. The man bowed low, and placed the sealed roll before her. “This came by messenger” he said. Casually she nodded his dismissal and idly broke the seal.

“*My dear Memefta,*” the message began. The writing looked strangely familiar and her hand began to shake. “*Many years ago you ensured safe passage from Egypt for one who sought, found, and now returns. The God I serve has told me that all who seek my life are dead. I come to bring freedom to my people and sorrow to Pharaoh and to Egypt. Lest thou be thought to have any connection with my return I suggest that you move quickly to place yourself above suspicion.*”

She read the signature with mounting disbelief, then cursed silently. She should have betrayed the man years ago. What did he think she could do now?

She let herself sink more deeply into the cushion on which she reclined. Moses! There was a man; she had never known another like him. Certainly not that simpering relative of Pharaoh she had married after Moses left. He had done much to consolidate her position but she had not grieved when he had died.

What kind of man had Moses become? If only he had been born Egyptian! Well, she would report his presence in Egypt in the morning; the only question was the cover story. She would not go through channels, but simply mention to Gamal, Assistant to the High Priest, that the news had come to her ears.

For a few moments she tried to marshal hatred, realized how impossible it was, and burst into tears.

## **Two cities**

The Vizier stared out his window, moving his head from side to side as he gazed upon the city. Through three millennia it had endured and it would continue to endure so long as men walked on the earth and the gods permitted.

Satisfaction rose in his mind like mist from a river. The city was his home and his playground. It was his workplace. And more than that it was the home of the dead who had gone before him; it held his own tomb, he necessary point of beginning for the life that was to come.

From the river he could see beyond the river to that vast necropolis that lay beyond the City of the Living. The artisans and embalmers lived there, those who served in the temples and the tombs. And of course, the High Priest in the temple of Amun-Re, the only man in the kingdom serving Pharaoh whose power approached his own. Today he would cross the river. He must consult with the ruler of the City of the Dead.

### **Senmut, the High Priest**

The High Priest watched as the Vizier approached the temple, then came to meet him as he entered. It was not often that Kenamun came to the temple rather than meeting him at Court. Once seated in his private quarters he called for wine and turned to his guest.

“You are always welcome in the City of the Dead.”

“I would do honor to the gods as well as to thee.”

The High Priest watched him impassively and waited for him to continue. The Vizier paused deliberately and let the conversation hang an uncomfortable length of time. The High Priest had great power but it was power of a different sort than his. Such men as Senmut often reached for power of a temporal kind, power that should not belong to those who derived their strength from the gods they represented. His power, and that of the High Priest, were of a different order; each had its place. He waited until it was clear he was in command of the conversation, then began again.

“My subordinates,” said the Vizier, “do not take it well when the City of the Dead suggests policies to the City of the Living, yet when both High Priest and Chief Magician say ‘beware of the Hebrews’ my respect for both callings bids me pay my respects to the gods from whom these warnings come and seek such further insights as thou may have.”

The High Priest nodded slightly.

The Vizier came directly to the point. “As you well know the Hebrews have been quiet. But I have just had reports that the elders of each tribe disappeared and then reappeared at the same time.”

The High Priest allowed the merest flicker of interest to cross his face. He was well aware of the strong distinction the Vizier made between temporal and spiritual power, a distinction that meant little to him. Power was one, the direction in which it was exercised was simply a matter of choice.



Still, the Vizier was the only man in the kingdom, other than the man-god Pharaoh, with power rivaling his own. In dealing with Kenamun had had always been careful to allow the illusions of boundaries of power to remain intact. "I will help in those ways I am able," he replied.

"Good," said Kenamun, smiling with satisfaction. "Our reports are that the Elders of the tribes went into the wilderness and convened. From that day on the murmurings and the miraculous stories have seemed to grow geometrically. Yet," he added, leaning back in his chair, "we have no direct information."

"And why," said the High Priest, leaning forward slightly, "are the activities of weak and defenseless slaves so suddenly a problem for the City of the Dead? We have indicated the possibility of insurrection; it is not difficult to put a few troublemakers to death."

"Agreed. Nevertheless, we would understand the situation better. It is said that the new leader of the Hebrews is an Egyptian prince. It is also said that he possesses miraculous powers. I felt it best that you should know."

The High Priest looked intently at his colleague. "The omens have indicated that the threat is on many levels. With which are you concerned?"

"With loss of construction time on the building projects. With the nuisance value of putting down some ideas of freedom that may infect slaves and workers in many homes. With having any ripple of disturbance in the city that is often the beneficiary of the presence of Pharaoh. And," he added, "because the gods in their wisdom have indicated their discontent."

The High Priest nodded his assent. "Normally this would be a matter of simple punitive action, yet the circumstances are unusual. An Egyptian prince you say?"

The Vizier laughed dryly. "Yes, impossible of course. All court officials are accounted for. All we have now are rumors and tales; we'll have solid information shortly." He rose to leave.

As they walked out into the temple together the Priest of Amun-re considered the matter. "Give me time" he said "and get your information. Then let the Council meet on this matter in not more than a fortnight."

## **Senmut's opportunity**

The day in the court offices had been boring. The High Priest stifled a yawn as Gamal presented his long recital of reports and information. Suddenly he snapped to attention. "Say that again," he demanded.

"Memefta, a widow of the nephew of Pharaoh, has reported that a man named Moses, a prince of Egypt who fled the country many years ago has returned."

"Did she have any other information?" His voice crackled with intensity.

"No, it was only a rumor that had come to her."

Memefta, the lying fool, she had been married to the man. Did she think he was not old enough to

know? It was his business to know the business of all who lived within the shadow of Pharaoh.

He rose, strode to the window and looked out upon the city. A rumor that had come to her indeed! Why her above all others? Coincidence was too unlikely an explanation; she must have had some contact with the man and was trying to put distance between herself and the trouble to come. The fool of a woman should have played her hand more skillfully.

Still, it was a plus for him. If she had some means of reaching Moses the circumstances could be useful. He turned from the window and looked at Gamal.

“Summon the woman. I would see her before the sun sets.”

Gamal rose to send a messenger.

## The interview

Trembling slightly Memefta entered the room, knelt, then sat where the High Priest indicated with a movement of his hand.

“I have come at your command.”

The look she received in answer chilled her to the bone.

“How did you hear the news of Moses coming?”

She opened her mouth to recite the story of conversation idly heard and thought better of it.” A messenger brought a note.”

“Did you see the messenger?”

“No, my Lord, a servant brought the roll.”

“May I have it?”

She blanched with fear. There was no recourse but to lie. “I was angry, my Lord, and I destroyed it.”

“Some might consider the act treasonous,” the High Priest responded, letting the words drop with an icy precision.

Her mounting fear now bordered on stark terror. “I meant no harm,” she stammered, “I never thought...”

“Where has Moses been these many years?”

“I don’t know.” she said with utter truthfulness. “I assumed he was dead. I never heard from him.”

The High Priest never let his eyes leave her face. The mind before him was a simple one, and was easy to manipulate. “The man returns and you destroy the only link we have to him. You must know your position is precarious. On the other hand...” he let the words dangle.

The terror that Memefta had held in check with an act of will swept over her. She had seen on more than one occasion an individual stripped of rank and forced to work as a slave in the fields. The image was mind-searing; inwardly she cursed Moses by all the gods she knew. “I swear to you,” she added, “I have not heard from him for forty years.”

Senmut looked at her without comment waiting for the fear to peak. She leaned forward, almost on the point of hysteria, "If there is anything I can do..."

"Perhaps there is," he said kindly. "Perhaps you could be of some little service to the State. If so, an unfortunate lapse could be forgotten." He placed a sealed roll before her. "I want this in the hands of Moses as quickly as possible. I want to be sure that this has taken place. I want an answer from him as soon as possible."

"But how..." The words trailed off. The man was asking the impossible. Didn't he believe her? No matter. If she accomplished this thing all would be well. She looked at him for reassurance.

"Only the birds fly without paths," he said pointedly.

"My Lord, I swear..."

He raised a hand and motioned his dismissal. "I'm sure you realize," he said as she rose to leave, "the consequences of success or failure."

## **Reaction**

Memeftha's raw emotions hit Thea with an almost physical force as she entered the room. Never had she seen her mistress so disturbed.

"You sent for me?" she offered as gently as she could.

"Yes." The voice was taut and guttural with a control that belied the quivering lips.

She sat beside her mistress and waited. Memeftha rose and began to pace the floor. "Forty years ago my husband left Egypt, a murderer and a rebel. Now he returns to plague me. By all the gods in Egypt I wish he had died in the wilderness."

She whirled and looked at Thea. "Now he returns the leader of the Hebrew slaves. The High Priest wishes to communicate with him."

"The High Priest?" murmured Thea, almost involuntarily.

"Yes." Memeftha hissed, "and if he cannot be reached all that I have worked for and built up these many years is forfeit." Her face registered such pain that Thea looked away.

Memeftha seated herself again and Thea spoke softly. "What will you do?"

"What will you do?" Memeftha shot back in a tone so cold that Thea shuddered and looked up questioningly.

"This is no petty Court intrigue." Memeftha continued. "How can I find the rebel leader of a race of slaves?" she leaned forward menacingly. "You must do it for me. And remember, if you fail I will face dishonor but you will die."

"But why?" Thea protested.

The pain on Memeftha's face was horrible to behold. "If I am reduced to slavery I will leave nothing behind of what I have built up. You and all the household will die; all that I have will be scattered to the winds. And I," she grimaced, "will also walk the road to the land of the gods."

## **Events are put in motion**

Joshua looked up with wonder as he saw Thea coming toward him across the open field. Never had she come so late in the day. It was almost the time of the evening meal. Silently he waited, the turmoil in his mind rising like a mist and paralyzing action. Then, as she came nearer, he ran to meet her.

“Is there trouble?” he asked, his concern pouring through his words.

“Perhaps,” she said, then turned and walked a little farther. He walked beside her until they came to a place where they were less likely to be observed. Then she sat on the ground and waited for him to do likewise.

“Do you know where Moses is?”

“I know where he was, not where he is.”

“Could you find him?”

“Yes.” he said, excitement at the thought of being with the new Leader of the Hebrews so soon again mingling with his concern for the possible trouble that lay ahead.

She looked at him earnestly. “Perhaps Moses felt that the wind that carried tidings to Memefta could bring them back again.”

“I can reach him.” said Joshua. “If you need him, I can reach him.”

“If you fail my life is forfeit.”

He looked up in shock and horror. “You cannot die.” he said fervently. His eyes searched her face as he waited for her next words.

Surprisingly, she looked at him tranquilly, as if the threat of death was of little concern. “The bird born in freedom does not live well in captivity,” she answered softly, then added, “and freedom is more than existence without a master.” In her mind memories of a life of freedom and of purpose had never faded; her words trailed off.

For Joshua the words spoken so matter-of-factly sank deep; he knew what he would do. “What does Memefta seek of Moses?” he asked.

“The High Priest himself sends a message. In return there must be a reply.”

He nodded. “It can be done.”

“It is good,” she said, then voiced an inner question. “Joshua, can Moses really do these miracles you told me of?”

His nod of affirmation created a tangled thicket of thoughts in her. Such power flowed from somewhere; was it a sign of closeness to the God of the Hebrews, or was it something he had learned in years past at the court of Pharaoh? She realized her thoughts were drifting and pulled them back to the matter at hand.

“The magicians at the Court of Pharaoh do these things. This cannot be why the High Priest seeks him out.”

“Most likely a trap.” he answered quickly.

The faintest of smiles crossed her lips. “I would suppose so, but not the kind you have in mind. If they wished to slay him they would simply send armed men. The second or third most powerful man in Egypt does not send messages through channels such as these without a more subtle purpose.”

Again she wondered what the past of Moses and his present purposes must be to engage the

attention of such a man of power in Egypt.

He looked upward at the sun. "How soon must a reply be in your hands?"

She shrugged. "A few days at most."

He rose to his feet. "Then I must go at once. In three days I will return."

## **A door closes**

The heat of the night was oppressive, but little noticed as Moses and his family talked together. Finally he turned to Aaron. "Your sons must work tomorrow. They will get no sleep until we finish. My mind is made up. There is little more to say."

Miriam scowled. "Do you think the High Priest invites you to court so that he can compliment you on your success at insurrection? You will be killed on the spot." She looked around her as if challenging someone to defy her words.

Aaron laid a hand on Moses' shoulder. "You cannot lead a revolt from Court. Who will oversee the preparations? Who will gather the tribes? Why give them the chance to kill you and end the purpose God gave you to accomplish?"

Moses sighed wearily and looked into the kindly face of his brother. "Pharaoh is the most heavily guarded man in Egypt. How do reach such a man to talk to him? Do I pass him a message somehow telling him I'm starting a rebellion? If a way is opening up to reach such a man, don't you think I should take it?"

Miriam looked at him closely. By what miracle of inner power did he possess the confidence to really think he could do this thing? A mixture of awe and jealousy boiled in her mind, almost spilling over into angry words. She contented herself by saying simply, "Among the Israelites you are safer than among the Egyptians."

"I am safe nowhere unless I manage to do what God has asked of me." He answered. "Who can I go to and ask for an invitation into Pharaoh's presence? If the High Priest himself guarantees my safety and gives me admittance as the representative of my God, what more can I ask at this point?"

Aaron lifted his hands and dropped them as if to indicate the logic was unassailable, if unpleasant. Zipporah stirred uneasily, then turned to Moses and linked her arm in his. "Don't go. Aaron and Miriam are right, it is a place of danger. Would you leave the children without a father? Would you leave me without a husband?"

"God is with me," he answered tenderly. "You need have no fear."

She placed her hand over his and squeezed it. "Don't go." she whispered. "It is hard enough for me to see an Egyptian beside me as a husband. Don't leave me here alone."

Miriam glanced at her and raised an eloquent eyebrow. Aaron simply shrugged. "Life is life," he murmured philosophically. His wife Elisheba looked at him reproachfully. "It is always harder for the women." she added patiently.

Zipporah sat as if no one had spoken. "You won't go, will you Moses?"

With an aching heart he looked at her. She was faithful to the limits of her

understanding,

but her understanding could not nearly encompass what was asked of him. How could she know how much he cried out for her comfort and approval? The times of struggle that lay before him would be almost greater than he could bear. If ever he needed her, he needed her now; yet each step he took would seem to her to be betrayal.

“Zipporah,” he whispered to her, “Shelter me with your love while I’m gone and keep the children safe.”

She looked at him with a look of total incomprehension. Whenever she saw the Egyptian who called himself her husband a supreme emotional effort was required to displace the image and remind herself that here was the man she loved, the Midianite who, like her father, was a loved and respected figure.

Moses, returning her gaze, saw the uncertainty in her eyes. “If you cannot trust me, trust the God who asks this thing of me,” he said tenderly, almost pleadingly.

“I cannot.” she answered. “Never have you left me in an hour of need, never have you ignored my fears, always you have led me by love, never have you commanded me. Your mind is as changed as your body is. The man I knew is gone. How do I know if he will ever return?”

Inwardly he cringed and pain that had been dead for many, many years sprang into life and memories of the Memefta that had been flooded his mind. There were places on every path that were so narrow that one must lead and the other follow; the one who heard God’s voice most clearly must go ahead and the other walk in trust behind. Yet seldom were actions seen in such a light. Any decision made that chilled a spouses’ heart was seen by them as rejection.

He looked at her eyes brimming with emotion and cooled with tears and knew how deeply his decision would be resented. Yet, what else could he do? How else could he reach Pharaoh? It was no small thing to have the High Priest of Egypt pledged to his safety while in court. Of all routes to Pharaoh this was the safest and the most direct, yet there was no way Zipporah would ever understand. Somehow he was caught between the God he loved and the woman he loved, and there was no way out.

“Beloved, I must go.” he said as gently as he could.

She nodded in silent acceptance; in the chambers of his mind he heard the door behind him close. She was more than angry; she had cut the cord that bound them.

## Hope and fear

Never before had three days passed so slowly for Thea. In the coolness of the shadows of the stables she waited. Suddenly, there was Joshua, leaping the low wall with practiced ease and running toward her. His quick smile answered the question in her eyes.

“The thing is not as simple as I thought,” he said, sitting beside her. “Moses has asked me to deliver his message personally and bring a message in return.”

Her momentary relief turned to concern as she pondered the matter. “We are caught between mighty powers. May your God protect us.”

He

shrugged.

“The High Priest wants an answer. Memefta wants him to have an answer. They will arrange the thing.”

She remembered Memefta’s face and shuddered. “The High Priest is a man of immense power. Memefta is a woman in the grip of great fear. Who knows what such people will do?”

“Thea?” His voice was suddenly almost pleading; she looked at him in surprise.

“Moses himself has offered you passage with us out of Egypt.”

Almost imperceptibly she trembled, just why she was not sure. Her heart reached out to Joshua for what he had done, yet freedom for any of Egypt’s conquered people was such an idle dream. After a long while she spoke. “None have challenged Egypt successfully, especially those who live within her borders. And safe passage out of Egypt is passage out of civilization to nowhere. My family is gone, slain by Pharaoh’s troops many years ago.”

“My people are yours.” Joshua said earnestly. “Will you come?”

For the flicker of a moment she was on the verge of tears, fighting for control. “I hope,” she said carefully, “that your dream of freedom comes to pass. Even more I hope that freedom is good to you.”

“Then you will not come?”

The disappointment in his eyes was more than she could bear. “I will think.” she said truthfully.

## **An encounter**

Joshua waited in the courtyard of Memefta’s home until the messenger arrived. Silently he followed him through the crowded streets until they came to that vast pile of buildings in the middle of the city, the courts used by Pharaoh and all who moved in the shadow of his presence. His guide opened a side door in the area where the merchants made deliveries and nodded to a guard.

The messenger walked surely through a labyrinth of courtyards and openings, gradually coming into grander and more secure sections of the massive and sprawling buildings. Where they were now the guards stood strictly at attention and gave no sign that they observed the messenger or Joshua. Finally they stopped before a room and waited. In moments a door opened and they rose to be admitted.

For a few moments they sat across from each other, Joshua eyeing the High Priest in frank appraisal, the High Priest reaching out more subtly to feel the tenor of the boy’s mind. Joshua reached into his robe and laid a roll before the man. In silence the man broke the seal and read it, then turned his attention to Joshua.

“He wants to come?”

“Yes, he wants to come.”

Senmut cast an appraising look at the young man, then his thought returned to Moses. He had expected his message to the Hebrew leader to lead to maneuver and negotiation not frank acceptance of his offer.

“Even though he comes under my aegis it is still a precarious position for the leader of the Jews. And it has yet to be arranged.”

Joshua stirred only slightly, feeling the pressure of the man’s thought reaching into his mind, seeking to feel the purposes that lay beyond the mind-link of the boy to the man Moses.

Within himself it was curiosity more than fear that tugged at the edges of his mind; the man must not use him to read the mind of Moses if, indeed, this could be done. Of the ways of the magicians and the priests he had no knowledge, but the power of the Spirit was something head learned at his mother’s knees. Instinctively, powerfully, he began to pray losing himself in an awareness of the holiness of the Lord, his God.

The attention of the High Priest shifted. The mind of the boy had slipped from his grasp. “Why does Moses want this?” he asked.

Joshua answered carefully, ‘He did not tell me why he wishes to be here. He did tell me why you wished to have him here.’”

The High Priest stiffened at the boldness of the man and the messenger. Tension heightened again as Senmut belatedly realized he had read in the mind of the lad only the reflected purpose of his own probing thought. The thing was a mystery. Was Moses springing a trap on himself?

He studied Joshua more closely. Even the short contact the lad had had with Moses had altered him; there were tones in the boy’s mind that were explainable in no other way. Silently and carefully he felt the texture of the mind before him and found elements in it he did not understand. Either the boy was an anomaly or the man Moses had powers that were different than any he had ever known.

“What gods does Moses serve?” he asked.

“The Lord God Jehovah, the God who is powerful above all gods.”

There was more than belief shaping the mind of the boy; there was power of an unusual kind. The omens were right; the battle would be more spiritual than material. He signaled to a scribe in the corner of the room and spoke in a language Joshua did not understand. The scribe prepared a roll and sealed it, then bowed and left.

“When Moses receives this roll it will tell him, among other things, to wait until he hears again. Many things must be arranged, as I’m sure he understands. When all things are in order you will take another message to him.” He handed the roll to Joshua and motioned his dismissal.

## **The council meets**

Kenamun, Vizier to Pharaoh and Guardian of the Realm, was on his way to an informal meeting of the Council. The informal meetings were his special love; the easy give and take as a playground for political and administrative skills. Formal sessions were necessary to turn decisions into policy, consensus into the unity of decision that was needed to reasonably ensure the approval of Pharaoh, but the working sessions



were the real joy of office.

He presided at all sessions, of course, as he did at the meetings of his own administrative staff. But there was a difference. In his own staff meetings he could control the flow of events, set the tone of discussion, and approve or veto the outcome. In the Council he was both leader and participant. The forging of outlooks and decisions in such an atmosphere was exhilarating; the mingled threat of danger and the thrill of accomplishment were always there.

His assistant, Rekhmire, walked behind him. A good man, Rekhmire. Even without his tablets he knew the time schedules and costs of every building project in the kingdom, and the rates and production quotas of each of the provinces for the last dozen years. A good man to have at hand.

Imhotep would be there, too. Head of the military and the best soldier in the country. Dependable, solid. He knew his business and he knew it well. Quite a contrast to Muammar, the Chief Magician. You never knew where that man stood. A master of the mind they said. Perhaps so, he was certainly respected by Pharaoh. Well, for himself, he was unimpressed.

The only formidable power on the Council was Senmut, the High Priest. Fortunately Senmut was predictable for the most part and he always had the best interests of the Empire at heart. Yet, he could not always be trusted in matters of power and influence. He suspected that the High Priest often dabbled where he shouldn't, but he had little proof of it. Senmut's assistant, Gamal, seemed to be of the same cut of cloth.

He strode into the council room, took his seat, and began to review the background of the Moses matter in his mind.

The High Priest was already in his place when Kenamun arrived. Like Kenamun he had been reviewing the matter and was not quite at ease. If the Vizier handled the meeting in his conventional manner and the background briefings contained no surprises, all should go well.

As usual he knew what he wanted and, as usual, he chose to achieve his purposes by indirection. In this matter only Gamal was in his confidence; his oft-time ally, the Chief Magician, had not been consulted. However, he was well aware of Muammar's feelings; there had been no need to run the unnecessary risk of compromise that always lay in achieving some preparatory unity of purpose.

He looked up as Kenamun came in. The man radiated self-confidence; only Imhotep, the general, exceeded him in this. He could detect no sign of anything out of ordinary and he relaxed a little.

Kenamun signaled for silence; Senmut recited the traditional appeal to the gods for guidance and the meeting began. The Vizier was the first to speak.

"This session of the Council is devoted to considering the possibility of a Hebrew uprising." He glanced at Senmut. "Since the City of the Dead has taken a particular interest in the matters of the City of the Living on this issue, full background briefings have been prepared. We shall hear first from the Chief Spy.

Khaemwese spoke with his usual matter-of-fact eloquence. Senmut, with half-attention, noted only the rubrics of the melodious flow of words. A Hebrew leader had arisen. The Elders of the Hebrews had convened in the wilderness area that led toward Sinai; there were a few small caches of arms; there were no overt signs of unrest, workflow was proceeding smoothly.

Kenamun nodded as the Chief Spy took his seat again and turned to Rekhmire. Rekhmire went into great detail, going over the figures of tax cost for each work day missed, extent of slippage of construction schedules, and costs incident to putting down a rebellion in various degrees of possible escalation. Senmut felt his attention slipping. He knew well that the strength of Egypt lay in her ability to cultivate her land and control her laborers. The costs of doing this were known in detail. Rekhmire was a master of the figures. Yet, for his purposes, the recital was superfluous. His attention picked up when Imhotep began to speak.

The General ticked off the salient points with clear precision: At most the Hebrews could possess arms in a ratio of no more than one for every ten men; they had no training in the use of them; sustained insurrection was impossible for reasons related to provisioning; leadership could be easily isolated and killed; work slowdowns could be dealt with.

Kenamun smiled with satisfaction. "It would seem," he said pleasantly, "that the Libyans and Nubians are currently a much greater threat. Nevertheless, if anything has been missed, now is the time to speak." He looked directly at Senmut.

Senmut acknowledged the implied challenge graciously with a nod and did nothing. He could see Muammar beginning to be uneasy; the man had a short fuse. He turned to Muammar with a gesture that clearly implied deference to a colleague.

"The background is complete only to a point," the Chief Magician began. "It has not been mentioned that this man Moses fled the country forty years ago after fomenting insurrection; it has not been mentioned that he escaped cleanly in spite of our best efforts; it has not been mentioned that his training is extensive."

The Vizier looked up in genuine surprise. "What kind of training?" he asked.

Senmut looked at him almost sardonically. "By my father and," – he looked at Muammar – "by yours."

Muammar squirmed uncomfortably. "I have checked the records," he added, looking back at Senmut, and then over to Kenamun. "He was with Pharaoh at the Battle of the Third Ford, and in many campaigns thereafter."

Without warning Imhotep's voice could be heard. "The Third Ford! None today remember it. There were some questions about strategy..."

"Perhaps some day old soldiers can reminisce," said Kenamun pleasantly. "But at the moment we are talking about a rebel leader."

Muammar waved his hand impatiently. "Your Chief Spy has said nothing about the god this Moses represents. What is his name? Is this the god they have worshipped in the past or have they found a new and more powerful god? Has the Chief Spy been able to confirm with credible witnesses the miracles that are said to have  
been done?"

Kenamun began to be uncomfortable; he turned to Senmut.

“You have yet to speak. Have you aught to say?”

Senmut paused a moment to let the attention heighten. “I have made a few discreet inquiries and have come to feel that this man Moses has made a tactical blunder.”

Kenamun sensed the tide of decision slipping from his hands. “How so?” he asked.

“He has returned to Egypt,” said Senmut, “as an Egyptian prince. This command, perhaps, quick respect, for the Hebrews are used to be ruled by Egyptians. Yet he is only accentuating his difference from them. As time goes on this will work against him.”

Kenamun considered the matter. “An observation, not a suggestion,” he observed.

Senmut smiled graciously. “This circumstance can be played upon.”

“In what way?”

“As a representative of his people he is nothing. As a representative of his god we can receive him and meet with him. We can observe him and quantify his power.”

“Do you suggest that we meet him in the wilderness?” Kenamun asked incredulously.

“Of course not. We can offer him accommodations here where he can be watched. Equally importantly, he will be separated from his people. He will become to them only an Egyptian among Egyptians. Time will work for us. As we come to understand his power, or expose his lack of it, then we can take action.”

Kenamun snorted contemptuously. “If we do not kill him the assassins will. Moses is no fool. He will not come.”

“He will come.”

Kenamun looked incredulously at Senmut. “Are you sure?”

Senmut smiled, feeling within his robe the rolled message he had just received. “I am sure.”

For a while the Vizier was silent. Then he looked directly at Senmut. “Since he would come here as the representative of a god, rather than of a people, the heart of the issue becomes spiritual rather than temporal. Thus the matter falls in your area of expertise. Are you willing to take responsibility for the outcome?”

Senmut replied with an easy grace. “Only the gods are responsible for things spiritual. In such matters I am responsible to them and to them alone. I will lend what expertise I can to the matter.”

Imhotep watched the exchange with pleasure. As General he knew his role and loved it. It was clear and well defined and so long as he stayed within it he stayed out of trouble. The play of power in the Council was none of his concern so long as he performed well. It pleased him that this was so. His power was limited, but it was defined and he watched the maneuverings of others with a kind of abstract pleasure. The Vizier now had to make a decision that would balance the realities of power and influence involved and

do it without loss of face. He waited patiently for Kenamun's words.

Kenamun glanced around the Council, as if testing the position of every man. Muammar and Gamal would be with Senmut. Imhotep and Rekhmire would follow his lead. Senmut's approach was unusual but it had one real merit. If trouble came Moses would be a prisoner in their hands – if indeed he was fool enough to come. If Senmut was wrong about this that was Senmut's problem. If Senmut was right so much the better. He signaled the attention of the council to announce his decision.

"It would not do to have trouble in the city beneath the very eyes of Pharaoh. If Senmut believes that Moses will come let him convey the invitation of the Council. If any have objections, let them speak."

The room was quiet. Kenamun made a few closing announcements and dismissed the meeting. As the chambers cleared Gamal turned to Senmut. "You're sure this can be done?"

Senmut nodded. "For some reason he wants to be in the lion's den."

## **Purpose**

At the appointed hour the chariot of the High Priest, preceded by runners, arrived at the outer grounds of Memefta's home. Joshua's excitement was almost uncontainable. Stepping up beside the charioteer he struggled to keep his balance as the chariot lurched forward. The hoofbeats of the galloping horse thundered in his ears, the wheels whirled madly beneath him.

The chariot, he observed with pleasure, was not a war chariot nor one of the sleek rakish fashion the young nobles drove, but richer, more elegant, even opulent, with gold overlay and rich embossing. And streamers fluttered from the harness of the most beautiful horse he had ever seen.

Thea had watched the play of emotions on Joshua's face as he waited and as the chariot arrived. Her preoccupation with Joshua's excitement gave way to calm scrutiny as the chariot pulled away, for the equipage bespoke a judgement on the part of the one who sent it. As Thea knew, it represented an assessment of Moses on the part of Senmut, the High Priest.

As the chariot disappeared in the distance sadness welled up within her. Joshua belonged to Memefta only in body. In mind and heart he belonged to Moses. In her heart she belonged wholly to Memefta. In Joshua's life there was purpose and meaning. He was willing to take the risks this involved; she was not.

As he stepped into the chariot he openly identified himself with Moses. The almost certain death he thus invited was swallowed up in the meaning and purpose of his action. Her life was somewhat more secure, certainly more comfortable, but devoid of meaning.

Day by day Joshua had changed as she had watched. The rebellious slave had increasingly become the servant of a Purpose beyond himself, a Purpose that gave peace and the ability to walk the road that lay ahead unmindful of the cost. In her heart she

longed for

such a peace. And how she longed to meet the man who could impart such a consciousness of total submission to a divine ideal! What kind of God? What kind of man? She turned and walked to the house, her heart a mixture of tumult and of peace.

## **Impressions**

The chariot pulled to a stop beside the rock where the little group stood waiting. The driver dismounted and lounged against the gilded side. Joshua ran toward Moses. Gershom and Eliezer stood wide-eyed by their father while Zipporah stared with a total lack of comprehension; the man she had loved in the tents of Midian seemed to have incomprehensibly disappeared.

Suddenly she felt the old familiar tears rise again within her; these people of the city thought of her as nothing more than a simple farm girl. She, the daughter of the Priest of Midian! And her husband – riding away in a chariot worth a king's ransom! In her heart she did not recognize the Egyptian stranger who so little resembled the man she lovingly remembered. She trembled in a mixture of disgust and resignation as Elisheba put her arm around her.

Moses and Aaron walked to the chariot, Joshua beside them. As they prepared to mount, Moses turned to Joshua. "Hold my staff and guard it well." He barked a command to the startled driver, taking the reins in his hand as he did so. The driver, dumbfounded, moved aside, Aaron and Joshua stepped up and the return to the courts of Egypt began.

Long forgotten memories poured over him as he guided the reins and urged the horses on. The feel of the leather beneath his hands was good; he gloried in the drive.

They pulled into the city, runners fanning out before them. The buildings of the Court drew closer; with a start Joshua recognized a familiar face. Thea was standing by the roadside waiting for the chariot to pass. For a fleeting moment he caught her eye; she watched the chariot and its driver until they were lost in the distance.

Senmut and Imhotep watched from a window as the chariot pulled to the side door that led to the quarters set aside for Moses. "By Amun," the general burst out, "the man is driving." Then, nodding with approval, "He drives like a charioteer." He leaned forward intently, caught sight of the sword and muttered beneath his breath, "and armed like one too."

Senmut merely nodded and watched intently as the chariot stopped and Moses dismounted. With all the force of native ability and years of training he let his thought reach out and probe the mind he sought to fathom. Suddenly he had the impression of loss of control and of falling into light. With great effort he regained control of his senses, only in time to see Moses bow toward the window before entering the building.

## **Chapter Four: Times of Testing**

“Love God, your God, with your whole heart; love him with all that’s in you, love him with all you’ve got.”

Moses  
Deuteronomy 6

Slowly the Vizier’s gaze swept the Council chambers; the animated buzz of conversation died away and he signaled for the meeting to begin. The High Priest made the invocation to the gods and the suspended attention of the members returned to Kenamun.

“We shall begin with the matter of the Hebrews. As all of you are aware, Moses is here at Court and will meet with Pharaoh after the heat of the day. We meet this morning to review the circumstances and to make our recommendations which I will present to Pharaoh. If there are no questions the Chief Spy will begin his report.”

All eyes turned to Khaemwese. “Our attention has turned to the possible demands that may be made by the man, Moses. Our informers report three categories of rumor among the Hebrews. Some say they seek simply to make sacrifice to their God. Others say they wish to journey into the wilderness and sacrifice for three days. Others say they intend to leave.”

“Leave?” asked Imhotep incredulously as laughter spread around the room.

Kenamun drummed his fingers impatiently and motioned for Khaemwese to continue. “The man Moses is thought to represent the God Jehovah; the man Aaron seems to be the prophet of Moses. In deference to those who represent the City of the Dead I have made special inquiry as to the powers of the new leader. It is said he can turn a staff into a serpent, that he can produce leprosy, and that he can cure it.”

Senmut and Muammar leaned forward with interest. “Are there credible witnesses?” Muammar asked?

“In abundance.”

The Vizier turned to Rekhmire. “Should Pharaoh ask the consequences of the demands that might be made what answer should I give?”

Imhotep grunted in disgust; Rekhmire spoke briefly of the consequences of interruptions of the working schedules. It was a crucial time in the fields, inventory of the inside brick for which the Hebrews were responsible was almost non-existent, the problems would escalate in proportion to time lost.

Kenamun smiled as he saw the contempt on the general’s face; he knew what he was thinking. Ramses’s solution would almost automatically have been the military one; the new Pharaoh was in a time of testing. How would he respond to the political solution Senmut was proposing and to which he had acquiesced? He cleared his throat, mostly as a signal for attention.

“Acquiescence to any demands Moses might make is, of course, out of the question. The problem is not essentially one of economics but of the psychology of a people. To honor any demand to any degree is to give the impression that slaves can negotiate  
with Pharaoh

and with Egypt. All indications are that the problem can be contained without military action.” He looked at Imhotep. “Is there any objection?”

“None, provided the matter is handled quickly. With Ramses gone, Egypt is being tested. There are rumors of an alliance between the Libyans and the Peoples of the Sea. In addition, the Caanites are restive. Undoubtedly we will have campaigns on our hands very shortly. If there is action to be taken within Egypt it would be well to get it behind us.”

Senmut’s thoughts were on Moses; the mental interaction he had experienced had made him wary and his glimpses of the man since his arrival had not been reassuring. No man he knew, other than Pharaoh himself, walked with such assurance, and the assurance was more of mind than of body. He began to speak and Kenamun signaled attention.

“As Imhotep says we must act quickly. Historically the Jews have cooperated with the Hyskos, information can be passed along the caravan routes. They are a presence among us that could easily be helpful to any enemy. In case of attack grain could be burned by the Hebrews, dams could be broken, and ships scuttled. Ramses recognized this early in his reign together with the threat of rapid multiplication of the slave population. Strong measures were taken over a period of many years. May I ask of the Chief Spy, what is the temper of the Hebrew people? What do they think of Moses?”

Khaemwese turned to the High Priest. “We have consistent information on this point. Many of the Hebrews are behind Moses; some of them believe that Pharaoh will accede to his demands.”

“The Vizier smiled with satisfaction. “The entire situation seems to pose no real threat. The first step is to utterly refuse their demands. The second step is to increase their workload; the third is to squarely lay Moses’ failure at Moses’ feet.” He turned to Rekhmire.

“At present,” Rekhmire said, “the Hebrews are supplied with the straw that binds the bricks. It is simple to require that they gather the straw themselves, yet require the same production. The overseers responsible for production quotas are themselves Hebrews. We can hold them responsible if demands are not met. Thus they will push the people. This will turn Hebrew against Hebrew, and turn all against the man who is both Hebrew and Egyptian.”

Kenamun nodded with satisfaction and listened attentively as the Chief Spy spoke. “The rumors of incompetence and bungling can be spread far and wide. In particular, the incompetence can be discussed as the overseers are flogged. The connection will be remembered; as the overseers in their turn push the people they will excuse themselves and blame Moses.”

Kenamun listened almost absent-mindedly. It was interesting that a potentially serious problem could be dealt with so simply. He marveled that Moses could be so easily duped; the glimpses he had had of him since he had arrived had shown a man capable of both thoughtfulness and of command. It was a case of too many years in the hot sun he

supposed. He looked around. "“Is there anything further to discuss before we turn to the next matter?”

There was a moment's pause before the Head Magician spoke. "At some point we must test the power of his god."

The Vizier nodded his assent and called for the General's report. As the rumors of the Sea People and Libyan alliance were discussed Senmut's thoughts kept returning to Moses. Kenamun could brush Muammar aside for the moment, but the test he asked for was forthcoming. Moses was in a hard spot; unless the hand of his god was strong upon him he was finished.

Was Moses simply testing Pharaoh as the vassal nations always did when a new Pharaoh took the throne? If so he acted foolishly and his life would be forfeit. On the other hand, had he found a god of more power than the god to whom the Hebrews had always prayed? Senmut's thoughts darkened; he himself had put in motion the action the Council had taken; his certainty of success should exceed theirs, yet it did not.

Somehow the trap they had laid for Moses was too perfect and the thing rankled in his mind. Moses would now be forced to call upon the power of his god. And, if there was a god unknown to them whose power was great, the entire matter would immediately escalate from the temporal to the spiritual level. Then it was Muammar and himself who would be on the spot.

With an ease born of experience he checked the direction in which his thoughts were traveling. Even a foreshadowing of fear dulled the mind and influenced decision. Logically their actions were sound. The only troubling matter was Moses' access to Pharaoh. Perhaps this was the thing that mattered to the man. In the interaction of two powers, one untested, the other unknown, who could be sure of what would happen? Like Muammar, he had consulted the omens and they were not favorable.

### **“Forcible collisions of thought”**

Senmut turned to Kenamun as they approached the private entrance that adjoined the Hall of Pharaoh. "Is he prepared?"

"Yes, and he's in a foul mood."

"Well, so much the better for us and so much the worse for Moses."

Automatically the guards stepped aside and they passed through.

In the receiving room before the Hall Moses and Aaron waited. Finally the moment came and the guards drew back; in a few more minutes they were before the throne.

Pharaoh's glance fell on Aaron as if he were but dust upon the floor; for a brief moment his eyes met those of Moses.

"What would thou ask of Pharaoh?"

In the fraction of a second the impression of decades flashed through Moses' mind. Truly the heart and soul of Ramses was gone from Egypt! The man before him was arrogant and proud, but the driving will, the immense physical courage, the  
compelling



stamina of mind and body, the essence of Ramses, was not in him.

He looked directly into Pharaoh's eyes and spoke. "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness."

"Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go."

Again, remembrance of Ramses flooded Moses' mind. The strength of arrogance and the pride of power was in the man before him yet they flowed from the office that he held; in Ramses the power of office was rooted in the essence of the man himself. He heard the voice of Aaron float past him.

"The God of the Hebrews hath met with us: let us go, we pray thee, three days journey into the dessert, and sacrifice unto the Lord our God lest he fall upon us with pestilence, or with the sword."

Pharaoh spoke in tones both of judgement and dismissal. "Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, let the people from their works? Get you unto your burdens. Behold the people of the land now are many, and ye make them rest from their burdens."

The Vizier looked at the High Priest and nodded. The thing was done.

## **Moses defines his role**

Joshua watched with horror as the whips bit into the naked flesh of the men. The officers of Pharaoh worked at the whipping posts for hours; the lines of men waiting to be flogged slowly diminished. The night before women and children had gathered straw by moonlight. It was clear that no amount of effort could meet the demands of Pharaoh.

Hew knew that the overseers had talked with Moses three days ago, had accused him of putting a sword in the had of Pharaoh whereby they would be slain. The thing was galling.

Quietly he slipped away and ran toward the center of the city; he must see Moses. The people had turned against their new-found leader after the first beating of the overseers. What would they do now?

Thoughts of the High Priest ran though his mind. Like Moses, there was power in his allegiance to his god. Unlike Moses, this power of the mind was hard and cold, a thrust of will rather than a pool of peace. One power was that of meekness, the other that of despotism and intrigue. These forces had just begun to meet; all that had occurred thus far was simply preparation. Didn't the people know that freedom was bought with a great price?

The guards made no movement when he passed them. He hurried to Moses' quarters. Moses was sitting quietly. Aaron was arguing with him but Moses made no answer.

"Surely you ca see that something is not right. If a thing be of God then the power of God is behind it. God does not choose to bring pain and suffering upon His people. If thou hast erred in judgement, if thou hast mistaken His voice, then the right way must be  
sought. God

Himself has chosen to bless His people and thou hast led them into suffering. Surely you must find another road.”

Moses sat impassive, nodded to Joshua, then returned to his thoughts.

Aaron returned to his arguments. Joshua, out of respect for the older man, remained silent. Finally Aaron too fell silent. Moses, apparently unperturbed, turned to Joshua. “You know what a hard place we are in. Do you too condemn me?”

“The people,” Joshua replied, “have sat too long by the fleshpots and know not the cost of war. Jehovah has promised them His strength; they should question their own worthiness rather than question the Lord.”

Aaron stirred restlessly. “God has promised to bless His people, not to lead them into suffering.”

Joshua spit with contempt. “Blessings must be earned. A people who flee at the first sounds of battle are not on the field long enough to reap the promised victory.”

“Your words have no value,” said Aaron pointedly. “No leader can lead except the people follow.”

Joshua, at a loss for a reply, turned to Moses. The mildness of the answer surprised him.

“I am not a leader, nor even one who aspires to be. As God has molded me to His will, so shall he mold the Egyptians, and so shall He mold Israel. As Pharaoh speaks and Egypt moves so God speaks and I must do His will. First Egypt must be humbled, then Israel.”

Aaron sniffed. “Who then is our leader if thou art not?”

“In Egypt the captains who speak the will of Pharaoh to the people are no leaders. Though unseen by most Pharaoh is the guiding will. I am a man and I will die but the Will who guides Israel shall go on forever.”

### **“The loss of human affections”**

Fear caught in her throat like a hot dry wind and she tightened her grip on Gershom and Eliezer. Gratefully she noted that Aaron had matched his stride to hers. Beside her the children chattered excitedly.

Her fear increased as they approached the center of the city. She would never understand people who lived in houses and were rooted to one spot for all of their lives. They had no freedom to come and go; no civilized people would live anywhere but in tents or in a life where they were as free as the wind itself. And here in the city they lived like ants in an anthill, bumping into each other if one was not careful. She pulled the children closer.

Her fear increased as they reached the courts in the center of the city. It took all her courage to enter the buildings, she felt she would scream aloud if the guards so much as looked at her. It was only when they reached Moses; quarters that she relaxed her grip on her two sons.

Moses came toward her with arms outstretched, instinctively she shrank back, then murmured, "I'm sorry," and began to cry. Patiently he sat beside her, comforting her as best he could.

The talk was of little things, yet he sensed the hidden purpose of her coming and began to draw her out.

"Has Elisheba been good to thee?"

"Like a mother, Moses, like a mother."

"Are Gershom and Eliezer content?"

"More than content, but they grow daily in ways I do not understand. Trees transplanted should not do so well."

"They are in their family's home."

She bristled. "No!" and began to cry again. "Hebrews and Midianites have Abraham as their father, but they live apart."

"Soon we shall be a desert people too."

"Moses, Moses, I cannot."

Sometimes, he realized, rage rose in him like a cornered bull. Such emotions warped and twisted the mind. They were things to be discarded. If only Eliezer were older! Gershom and his mother were inseparable but Eliezer had the freedom of the wind. But, the boy was young and tender. The world was full of things that could not be.

"Zipporah?"

"Yes?"

"You would speak to me?"

Suddenly she burst into uncontrollable sobbing, ceasing only when, in the comfort of his arms, she could cry no more. "Please, please," she begged, "send me home."

"Will you take the boys?"

"I cannot leave them. I would die."

His heart seemed to be slowly breaking in him. He knew what was best for Zipporah. For his sons the balances were more evenly adjusted. Life for them in Midian would be good. The future was as assured as any future could be. Life with the Israelites would be a reforging in the crucible of God's purpose, a reforging that would mold him and all those close to him in agony and struggle. He looked across the room at his sons and struggled to hold back the tears.

"Zipporah?"

"Yes Moses."

"David brings a caravan to Goshen soon. You may return with him. I will send word."

## Two friends converse

Joshua had just finished watering the animals when a servant brought him word that Thea wished to see

him. Quickly he hurried to her home and found her waiting at the door.

“Is all well?”

“Yes, all is well. But Memefta has been asking of thee.”

“What have you said?”

“That you serve Moses.”

Quietly she went inside, he followed and sat down. “She accepts this as a temporary necessity,” Thea continued, “for she does not wish to stir up trouble for herself in any way. Nevertheless, I must warn you to be careful.”

The playful smile she knew so well spread across his face. “Risk-taking and carefulness make good companions.” He answered. “I will be careful.”

“Where do you go tonight?”

“To Moses and Aaron. They must know the temper of the Egyptians, the extent of the arms smuggled into Goshen, the readiness of the Israelites. A people do not move without preparation; there are a multitude of details.”

“Has Moses no counselors? Do you report only to his brother and to him?”

“Only to him,” said Joshua flatly. “He takes advice of no one save Jehovah, although he often seeks knowledge from those who have it.”

“Such burdens are great,” she answered, half to herself.

“Indeed, and they have been harder to bear, I think, since Zipporah and his sons returned to Midian.”

She looked up startled. “His own do not stand beside him in the preparation for battle?”

“No, and it grieves him much. But the children are tender yet, and Zipporah has no taste for either the Egyptians or the Hebrews.

“First Memefta, then Zipporah.” she replied with a trace of contempt clinging to her words.

“Don’t judge harshly; both Zipporah and Memefta have lived long with a man who is both more than and less than the man that they could see and understand. I sit at his feet and learn both the arts of war and the path to heaven. He is a master of each. The one the world can understand, the other is a discipline that is almost more than I can bear.”

“And Aaron?”

“Aaron walks between Moses and the people. With one ear he listens to God, with the other ear he listens to man. He has no taste for displeasing either.”

She looked at Joshua with wonder in her eyes. “And Moses does not fear to speak freely to God?”

For a moment Joshua mulled the question in his mind then answered, “Moses says that God knows our hearts anyway, and it is His will that we should know them too.”

He smiled, half to himself, as he considered the possible rules of dialogue with God, then continued. “Perhaps Jehovah prefers that Moses should speak all that is in him. Perhaps He prefers to speak to a man who knows what is in himself and is true to this,  
rather than

“speak to a man who knows not himself and is always seeking to please.”

“The Egyptians,” she answered thoughtfully, “seek always to please their gods. They would not argue or discuss a matter with a god even if they could. But a God who knows the heart and seeks honesty in man, this is a God that one could serve with joy and freedom. How does one speak with such a God?”

“Moses says that God must be sought and that great preparation of the heart and mind must be made, for God is holy. He says that many wish for God to come to them, but that few seek to go to Him.”

Beneath the eagerness of his words she sensed weariness. “Will you eat or rest?” she asked. He looked at the fading light. “When the first Watch Star rises I depart on a mission for Moses.”

## **The Elders**

Joshua’s eyes adjusted slowly to the gloom of the tent. Outside, in the brilliant sun, a man stood watch.

The Elders were waiting for him; in no hurry he took his seat. In the past fortnight he had spoken and listened to Elders and tribesmen in other areas until he was weary of the talk; he was grateful these were the last. The trip had been both tiring and depressing.

He felt a sudden warmth as he recognized his father in the group. It was good he had been included. The others, too, he recognized: Nathan, Hur, Eli, - Elders all of them.

As his eyes scanned the faces of the men his spirits lifted a little. Of all the Elders these were the most respected. Perhaps he would have some good thing to report after all; perhaps these men would be different. All the rest had gone from zealous support of Moses at the beginning to hatred and rebellion as soon as word of Pharaoh’s decree had begun to spread and the whippings of the Hebrew people had begun.

Nathan looked at him, not unkindly. “Your father tells us you have traveled far the past few days.”

Both Joshua and Nun nodded agreement and the Elder continued. “And what do you have to tell us?”

“Tell you?” Joshua asked in slight confusion. “Do you ask how the other Elders and the people are responding?”

Nathan and Eli exchanged glances. “We inquire not of the people but of Moses. Do you carry no message from him?”

“No, I do not.”

“Then why do you travel to the Elders?”

“To inquire what preparations have been made since the Elders were first called together; to enquire the readiness and the temper of the people that I may report to Moses.”

“And what is the temper of the people?”

“They have all turned against him.”

Hur nodded, Eli grinned, Nathan was impassive, and Nun stirred uncomfortably at the boldness of his son’s words. He turned to Joshua and spoke with mild rebuke. “My son, the Elders carry the burden of concern for the welfare of the people. The agony of the people lies on their hearts, the cries of the people reach their ears. The responsibility is not one a young man can easily understand. If thou were wiser the tenor of thy words would not grate so harshly on the ears.”

Nathan called for food and the tension subsided. As the serving proceeded he watched Joshua closely. The circumstances were unusual; he had expected Aaron to come. Aaron could council and console, discuss strategy and report on the nuances of shifting loyalties.

At the very least he had expected some message from Moses. If Moses trusted the young man, why no message? And if he did not trust him, why send him at all? As they ate he slowly made up his mind; Joshua would stay as they discussed the situation. It would signal support for Moses at no cost to him and it would give him opportunity to draw the young man out.

Joshua was grateful for the respite afforded by the meal. It gave him time to pray, to gain some peace before the discussion continued. These men were proceeding more carefully and thoughtfully than the others. Whatever came he would do his best.

Suddenly the voice of Nathan broke in upon him. “I have thought much on Moses’ approach to Pharaoh. When he came to us – as meek a man as ever I have met – and showed great wonders, we were rightfully impressed. Then he went to Pharaoh and showed no miracles but simply asked that we be allowed to go into the wilderness and sacrifice when it can easily be perceived that we would never return. Frankly, what did he expect?”

Joshua realized the question was rhetorical and waited for Nathan to continue.

“The hand of Egypt has been heavy on us for many generations. No Pharaoh would do what Moses asked. Why then did Moses approach the Ruler of Egypt in this fashion?”

“It is the way God told him to.” was Joshua’s quick reply.

“And you require no other explanation?”

“None.”

Nathan gave him a piercing glance. “Would you if you were responsible for a tribe?”

“You remember,” said Joshua mildly, “that Moses, so I am told, said plainly on his first meeting with you all that Pharaoh would not let us go, that his heart would be hardened and that many plagues must be brought upon Egypt before the people left. We stand not at the end of the tome of reckoning for Egypt and for ourselves, but at the beginning.”

“You are eloquent, young man,” said Nathan with an appreciative smile, “but you do not take my point. The Elders are responsible for the people. On what ground do

we judge the man Moses?”

“Judge?” replied Joshua, then answered with a disarming simplicity. “On the grounds of pure self-interest. Decide what you will do on the grounds of whatever is best for you and for your tribes.”

Nathan held up a hand to forestall a further speech my Nun and continued. “You speak with candor of the perceptions of the people. Yet, on what other grounds than their perceptions and our own should we judge?”

It was Hur who answered. “None could do the miracles Moses did if God were not with him. We must follow him.”

“Perhaps. But what if miracles are not persuasive to Pharaoh? What if Pharaoh’s magicians duplicate them? If we judge by miracles must we then require miracles before every under-taking? He shrugged eloquently. “Frankly, if I were God, I’d get a little tired of it..” He paused for a moment of telling silence. “Finally, I do not see why I should put my people in the care of one who merely proves himself to be the finest magician in Egypt.”

Hur looked at Nathan. “I feel for you, my friend, for I know the pain of struggling for decision when there is no inner light. For myself, I believe we should judge events in the light of faith.”

Nathan permitted himself a wry smile. “From anyone else I would ignore such a statement as mere words. From you I know it is from the heart.” He turned to Joshua. “It is partly out of respect for Hur’s judgement that I council my people to bide patiently. But many times over in the past there have been those who say, ‘God told me to kill an Egyptian every night until we are free,’ or ‘Let us rise up with arms and prevail.’ or some such nonsense. Always they say it is the word of God to them.”

He leaned toward Joshua and spoke softly. “Hur and I always decided such wild actions were not in the best interests of the people. Now then, if Moses does not get us out, more harm will come to us than from all the past mistakes the people could have made all put together. Hur says have trust and have faith. God has my trust and my faith. That , however, is a matter of the life of the heart and of the spirit. How do you judge a man other than yourself if not by his actions and his effect on others?”

Joshua stared at the man. The hour for action had come; would the people lose it in endless consideration of the matter? “Why did you take him at his word in the beginning and do not do so now? He told you plainly Pharaoh would not let us go until many miracles had been done.”

Nathan grunted. “We Hebrews have never had a king. Egypt is ruled by one man; historically it is not so with us. The Egyptians say this has made them great. I say it has made them hard of heart. We cannot follow any man blindly; there are too many magicians, too many who are cunning of speech.”

Eli glanced at Joshua, then at Nathan. “Thus far I have spoken not at all. But look at the young man’s eyes. He is tired and food and drink do not revive him. Yet in his heart I think he hears your unspoken arguments and judges your characters aright. Judge in your own best interests is the essence of what he tells us. What is our own best interests? Is

not to follow God in our best interests?" He turned again to Joshua.

"I tell you, the Elders you have spoken to before us judge in their own self-interest – their self-interest ten minutes from now. Thus they are foolish, blowing where the wind blows. Hur judges his best interest in the long-term, in the light of the judgement of God. He is willing to stake his life in this present moment on the belief that God will help him eventually."

He leaned back slightly and his eyes began to twinkle. "Now then, Nathan and I," he glanced slyly at his friend, "we play for a medium range self-interest, the self-interest of our sons and grandsons. We yield not to the emotions of the moment or to the untested inner urging. In this sense we are a compromisers and must figure things out."

Nathan rubbed his beard uneasily. Eli's humor always cut too close to home. "What think you of Moses?" he shot back.

"Eli grinned. "With a beard he would look much better."

Nathan responded with a rising anger. The fate of Israel was in the hands of the Elders; if there was to be any support for Moses at all it would have to come from them. He was sure Eli had made up his mind but the man never committed himself directly. It was not for nothing he was the best donkey trader in the land.

Hur watched the two and smiled with a keen appreciation of the clash of personalities, the salt of differentness that spiced the relationship of two old friends. "Tell me," he said to Eli, "what you would do if you believed in this man Moses?"

"Buy donkeys," said Eli curtly. "Show me the man who will tell his mother-in-law she will have to walk."

Hur smiled, he knew where Eli stood, for Eli had been buying donkeys. For himself there was a burning inner certainty, yet there were questions. He spoke directly to Joshua. "Young man, tell me your opinion, for you have met the man and sat beside him. Why would God choose one who is part Egyptian and part Midianite to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

Fire blazed in Joshua's eyes. "Is there any one of us who chooses to enter the lion's den? Is there any one of us who feels no fear when Pharaoh's name is spoken? Is there any one of us who has the wisdom to lead our people into battle or take them across the desert? God has molded the man whom He has chosen."

"I believe," said Hur slowly. He leaned closer to Joshua. "Tell me," he asked, "when God spoke to this man, did He speak Hebrew?"

Joshua repressed a smile and nodded solemnly. Hur seemed reassured.

Thoughts whirled in Nathan's mind like the spinning winds that carry sand in dusty funnels across the desert. Hur had signaled support out of a depth of inner conviction that had its roots beyond logic. Eli's appraisal had been a guarded judgement which rested on an assessment of the logic of events, an assessment which could and would change as events themselves changed. For himself, he had no deep assurance and he had no taste for judging the storm that was to come by its present strength or the direction of the various winds that blew. He wanted to know more yet he

recognized



there was no present way to gain this knowledge. Moses, perhaps more skillfully than he knew, had made this impossible. Abruptly he turned to Joshua.

“It is good that you have come. Report what you will to Moses. Tell him also that we would have some word from him. The people of Israel are not armies that can be commanded, they are a flock that must be led. I am sure he appreciates our position.”

## **According to plan**

Muammar turned abruptly to Senmut as the Council members left. “The Vizier has said that all is going well in the matter of Moses and the Hebrews; but the power of their god has not been tried. When will Moses be put to the test?

I have spoken to the Vizier, and he has spoken to Pharaoh. Tomorrow at about this time, Moses meets with Meneptah.”

## **Viper of the Desert**

Senmut and Kenamun stood to the right of Pharaoh, Muammar and his magicians to his left. Meneptah leaned forward on his throne. “Now then Moses, show us a miracle.”

Moses answered Aaron’s glance with the flicker of a smile. “Take thy rod and cast it before Pharaoh, and it shall become a serpent.”

As the rod struck the ground it became a viper of the desert. A few drew back but Pharaoh gazed impassively and motioned to Muammar. The Chief Magician and his fellows formed a circle, the room fell silent save for the murmurings of the ring of men. Then the ring opened, every man threw down his rod and where every rod had been a cobra of Egypt slithered forth.

The Vizier heaved a sigh of relief, Senmut stared with fascination as the viper of the desert one by one swallowed up the serpents of Egypt. When all were gone Aaron put forth his hand and the viper became his own familiar rod. Pharaoh stared impassively and motioned the dismissal of the men.

## **Questions of power**

After Moses had left Pharaoh turned to Muammar. “What is the interpretation of the thing? Why did the rod of Moses swallow up your rod and the rods of the magicians?”

“It was a denigration of the cobra of Egypt and thus of Egypt herself. It was an act of insult to my power and to the power of my magicians.”

Pharaoh sat in silence, then turned to Senmut. “Do you agree?”

“Yes my lord.”

Pharaoh stared at Senmut. “The leader of a race of slaves cannot be allowed to spit on Egypt. What must be done?”

Senmut looked

at Muammar, and Muammar replied for them both. “The power of the God of Moses has not yet been fully tested, nor have the limits of the power of the man been fully tested. It was for the purpose of such a test that Senmut agreed to secure Moses’ presence with us. Senmut and I will confer, and we will ask him to show us another miracle. In due course we will learn the limits of his power. Then we can arrange for his humiliation and destruction”

Pharaoh nodded. “It is good.”

## **A God of love**

From the roof of the court building Moses and Joshua looked at the city which flowed out from them in every direction. With his hand Moses indicated a group of temple buildings bordering the Nile. “I worked on the design of those building and later helped to oversee their construction. Many of our people died from the work and under the lash of the foremen. It was there that I first began to feel the oppression of our people and to gain a distaste for the ways of Pharaoh.”

Joshua’s eyes lingered on the temple buildings, then returned to Moses. “What gives the magicians of Egypt their power, and how is it different from the power of our God?”

A look of remembering passed over Moses’ face. “From Muammar’s father I learned something of the power of the magicians. They draw their strength from the power of the will that lies within themselves, and from the power of their own belief. This stands in utter contrast with the power that comes from God. Such power is gained by the surrender to the will of God and by a knowledge of Him. It is the power of understanding and not belief.”

Joshua looked again at the temples in the distance. “Are the gods of the Egyptians real?”

“No, they exist only in the minds of those who serve them.”

“Those that serve them believe that they are real?”

“Yes, and from that belief and from their own minds they draw the power to change the world around them.”

“How can such things be?” Joshua asked with wonder.

“The world of the mind and the world of the senses is one,” Moses answered. “Change the one and you change the other. Yet, it takes much power of the mind to change even a little of the world of the senses, and he who would do it must believe that it can be done.”

Joshua looked out once more upon the city as they turned to go. “And Moses, what of the power of our God? How is this gained?”

He felt with pleasure the eagerness of the young man and answered with the passion of a committed heart. “It takes absolute devotion; it requires all the strength of the heart and mind and soul and spirit. It takes a seeking and a searching that never dies within one. It requires a faith that ripens into understanding and a sincerity that is wholly  
pure. It

requires an utter singleness of purpose, an unending love of the One who is.”

They walked far before Joshua replied. Then he asked only. “Am I able to walk the road?”

“The roots are there and the plant is growing. The important thing is not to be turned aside from your purpose.”

I will pray night and day,” said Joshua, “that I have the strength to stand.”

Moses’ thoughts drifted to Aaron, who sought to please God by every outward means rather than to change himself, and to the Israelites who sought to bargain with Jehovah over what would be required and what would be obtained in return. The future of Israel did not lie in the many, but in the few. It rested on those like Joshua and those who would come after him in the years ahead. So long as the flame did not die completely it could rise into a consuming fire when the people were ready to receive it. As they walked into Moses’ quarters Joshua asked, “What now will come to change the heart of Pharaoh?”

“Plague and pestilence, ever increasing affliction, until there is no choice but to obey.”

“And what of Israel?”

“God has chosen Israel in the hope that she will follow out of love rather than be compelled out of fear and affliction. Even Egypt he would not destroy but asks only her obedience.”

Our God is a God of love and mercy then?”

“He is.”

### **III at ease**

It was early when Pharaoh woke. In his mind were the scenes of the day before and the serpents on the marble of the palace floor. He knew that Senmut and Muammar were worried. Could it really be that a God more powerful than the gods of the Egyptians had been found? If so, Egypt must find a way to placate such a god, and obtain his favor for herself. Surely the obedience of a nation such as Egypt would be more welcome to any god than the servitude of a race of slaves.

A tremor of apprehension went through him. If the people of Moses had some special favor, how far could the power of such a god go? Egypt had been humiliated the day before. What might the end be?

The easy solution would be to kill Moses outright, yet such a thing might offend even more the god that the man served. He made a mental note to have Senmut order special sacrifices to the gods of Egypt. And he, Pharaoh, would call upon the gods for wisdom, for was not he, like Moses, the embodiment of the gods of his nation?

Yet, somehow the thing troubled him. He would have Muammar and his men test the mental defenses of the man. Many men had died beneath the mental sword of the magicians. And if the god of the Hebrews protected Moses, no harm was done; if not, the matter was ended.

## Strategy

It was shortly after the time of the evening meal when Joshua came to the quarters of Moses. Aaron was the first to speak.

“How is it with the people?”

“Some have died beneath the whip. Even the fodder for the animals is being used to ease the burden of the work.”

Aaron glanced at his brother. “Let us be reasonable. God has said that Pharaoh would let the people go and he has not. While we do miracles at Court the people die. Furthermore the people follow us no longer. Surely we walk a mistaken road.”

“We walk not a mistaken road for God has yet to humble Pharaoh. The Lord has said that tomorrow Pharaoh goes to the river’s bank to offer sacrifice. There we must meet him rod in hand and smite the river that it becomes blood.”

Aaron’s eyes flamed with excitement. “Then shall surely Pharaoh know the power of Jehovah and let our people go.”

“Thou sayest. Joshua, what do you believe?”

“Pharaoh is not an old woman like the Israelites who shrink from every threat and every pain. He will not change.”

“No,” said Moses quietly, “he will not. Forty years I was in the wilderness seeking with all my heart. Pharaoh seeks not at all, yet he too must bow to the power of Jehovah. His ancestors turned us from free men into slaves by gradually increasing our misery. So, gradually but quickly, the misery of Egypt will increase from plague to plague until we are free again.”

He turned to Joshua. “I have spent the day in prayer and have learned somewhat of the will of God. You have seen the Elders and have learned somewhat of the will of the people. Let us discuss our strategies.”

### River of blood

Moses stood beside Menepthah as Aaron stretched out his rod upon the river. “See,” said Moses, “the river shall stink and none shall be able to drink of it.”

Menepthah walked to the Nile’s edge, cupped his hands, dipped them and looked closely at the water that was blood, then stared impassively at Moses. Silently he turned, motioned for his retainers, and walked away.

To be continued...

## **Section Four: Of Special Interest to our Christian Science Readers**

### **Hymn Adaptation**

From Hymn # 117 in the *Christian Science Hymnal*

Holy, Holy, Holy.  
Principle of all things  
though the theologians  
won't admit that side of Thee.  
When ideas seem fragmented  
You breathe upon the data  
bringing forth pattern  
and continuity.

Holy, Holy, Holy  
Principle of all things,  
All the patterns Thou hath formed  
are held intact by Thee.  
Show us deeper meanings  
hidden in the data.  
Teach us Thy sacred song  
of identity.

### **Science and Heath Quiz**

Just for fun here is a quiz you can give yourself to deepen your reading of *Science and Heath with key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy. So many of us (including myself) sometimes slip into reading it without applying original thinking each time. So I've decided to start adding *Science and Health* quizzes, and sometimes a Bible quiz, to *The CS Standard*, to jumpstart our study.

We'll start with this quiz on capitalization. Mrs. Eddy tells us:

“Christian Science is not understood by the writer or the reader who does not comprehend where capital letters should be used in writing about Christian Science.” (MY: 225)

In the following selections from *S&H* I have always typed the word “life” in lower case even when it should be capitalized. Circle the word “life” in any place where it should be capitalized. The correct answers can be found in *Science and Health* on the page and line given above each selection.

Don't feel badly if you miss some. The point here is only to help you think about each passage instead of giving in to the temptation of reading it by rote.

Have fun!

### It's a Capital Life Quiz

S&H p. 113:31

...there is no matter in life and no life in matter..."

S&H p. 253:6

I [God] give life, without beginning and without end, for I am life."

S&H p. 325:1

"...he who perceives the true idea of life loses his belief in death...Such a one abideth in life, - life obtained not of the body incapable of supporting life, but of Truth, unfolding its own immortal idea."

S&H p.368:20

That life is not contingent on bodily conditions is proved, when we learn that life and man survive this body."

S&H p.203:31

"God, divine good, does not kill man in order to give him eternal life because God alone is man's life."

S&H. p.376:10

"The pallid invalid, whom you declare to be wasting away with consumption of the blood, should be told that blood never gave life and can never take it away, that life is Spirit, and that there is more life and immortality in one good motive and act, than in all the blood which ever flowed through mortal veins and simulated a corporeal sense of life."

S&H. p.410:4

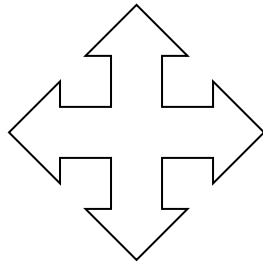
" 'This is

life eternal,'

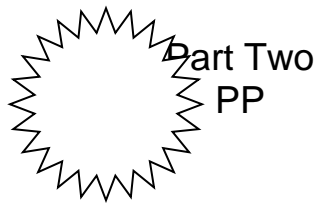
says Jesus, - *is*, not *shall be*; and then he defines life as a present knowledge of his Father and of himself, -the knowledge of Love, Truth, and life... Truth is the actual life of man; but mankind objects to making this teaching practical.”

S&H p. 495:16

“Let neither fear nor doubt overshadow your clear sense and calm trust, that the recognition of life harmonious, - as life eternally is –can destroy any painful sense of, or belief in, that which life is not.”



**One Stupendous Whole**



**Part Two**

Christian Science cannot be understood as one stupendous whole if you leave out the Science part. There is a marked tendency to do so.

To pick on one example among many I recently read the book *Rolling Away the Stone* by Stephen Gottschalk, a wonderful book about the stand Mary Baker Eddy took against materialism.

### **Book recommended**

I would recommend the book to anyone. There were many things I disagreed with but overall I loved the book



and appreciated the new source material regarding Mrs. Eddy.

There were a lot of small things that meant a lot to me - his mention of how often the word "glory" was used in the chapter *Atonement and Eucharist* - because I so often think of that chapter as being mostly about the way of the cross - his mention of the way in which Eddy used the phrase "the ages" which led me to an interesting concordance study, his clear understanding of the "atheism of matter", his admission that proving Christian Science healing is complex" as opposed to the simplistic view most Christian Scientists have that if we just do enough healing work that proves it (see p. 333,

"The question then as now is how these and other forms of nonmedical healing are to be evaluated, and this question remains extremely complex."

Amen.

I liked his reminder that

"For Eddy materialism had deepened and become more intransigent - not because it was on the ascendancy but because it was fighting for its life."

and his pointing to Eddy's statement about the advancing spiritual age and the world's struggle against it.

I liked his reminder that

"Eddy addressed the issues of failures in the practice of Christian Science with frankness".

I wish her followers would do so today.

I appreciated Gottschalk's explanation of typology and how it affected Mrs. Eddy and related to the Glossary in *Science and Health*. I was also grateful for his explanation of the influence Jonathon Edwards had on Mrs. Eddy and his delving a little more into what Edwards was about; the only thing I had known about him prior to reading this book was his famous fire and brimstone sermon and I pretty much assumed he was all hellfire. Gottschalk pointed out some good things about his teachings that I found very interesting.

There was new nursing information in the book. I was glad to see that it is finally being recognized that the term Mother (as when the students called our Leader Mother Eddy) had a nursing connotation. I wrote about this in an article in the 1980's and got corrected by a CS

teacher who said that wasn't true at all. Now that Gottschalk has said it I guess people will believe it. Mother was the term that people used for nurses in those days just as in England the word "Sister" was used to refer to a nurse. Mrs. Eddy's role as a nurse as well as a practitioner has seldom been referred to by Christian Science writers. (see page 179)

I smiled in recognition when I read,

"To the male mentality that conceived of the progress of Christian Science as a series of bold well-planned initiatives, Eddy's womanly and intuitive pattern of leadership was often difficult to understand, much less to submit to."

This has been so true of Spindrift nursing. Even I keep expecting it to progress in a series of well planned initiatives instead of in a way all its own and completely guided by our heavenly Mother Father God. I ought to know better.

I loved the new information (new to me anyway) about Mark Twain and also the descriptions, beautifully written, of the painful experiences that led Mrs. Eddy to Christian Science. As a nurse and practitioner human pain in my patients has been encountered on a daily basis and how grateful I am to have been raised in Christian Science and to have learned from Mrs. Eddy the way to handle pain, physical and emotional for both me and my patients.

When Twain lost members of his family he wrote that "his pain and loss was so great that it would bankrupt the vocabularies of all the languages to put it into words." When another daughter was buried in a plot within sight of his house he wrote,

"She lies there and I sit here - writing, busying myself to keep my heart from breaking. How dazzlingly the sunshine is flooding the hills around! It is like a mockery."

I appreciated Gottschalk's insight of how Twain did not so much fear a hell in the future as much as he had descended into a hell here on earth - how many of my patients, with less eloquence but just as much feeling, have experienced that when their life turned tippy turvey due to disease and death.

Twain's awful cry following the death of his daughter Suzy is filled with honesty and pain. It really struck home to me because I have held so many patients' in my arms as they struggled with the same tide of horror sweeping over them. Twain cries out,. (p.83)

"There you lie, poor abused slave, set free from the unspeakable insult of life,  
and by the same

Hand that flung it in your face in the beginning...He [God] never does a kindness. He gives you a wife and children whom you adore, only that through the spectacle of the wanton shames and miseries which He will inflict upon them He may tear the palpitating heart out of your breast and slap you in the face with it."

Obviously I do not agree with the view of God Twain presents but I respect the fact that he does not sanitize his pain. So many people do. It made me realize in dealing my own suffering, the loss of my family and my church for example, how grateful I am for having been brought up in CS and for having a better view of suffering, not one that sanitizes or denies but one that transforms the experience. And how grateful I have been to have had this transcending view to bring to patients - that, more than the comforting hug or reassuring word - is what real Christian Science or Spindrift nursing is about.

Gottschalk describes Eddy's own painful incidents in such perceptive language. He makes it so clear that Mrs. Eddy saw suffering as preparation for something better and that looking back years later (see p.77) she saw her discovery of CS as having been preceded by a collapse of what Eddy calls "the illusion that this so-called life could be a real and abiding rest." (Ret. 23:2)

I could so easily relate to this passage, as I imagine that we all can. Gottschalk is speaking here of her time in North Groton,

"Her life by that time was so permeated by weakness and pain, both physical and emotional, that she seemed to live in some middle kingdom between life and death. During the winter months she was surrounded by snow and silence. Her existence had contracted so drastically that her world became almost wholly an inner one, and there was precious little to fill it."(p.65)

I can't help but think here of how many patients I have known that live in this middle kingdom between life and death, perhaps an active man unable to leave the house anymore because of an illness, or a bed patient whose life inside of the hospital bed rails has been her whole world for years - existence contracted indeed.

I have lived through that kind of contracted existence where you feel so hemmed in that you can't move mentally or physically. The point is that God fills that inner space if we learn how to yield and then it becomes the means to help others. This is the lesson that Mrs. Eddy taught us both through her experience and through all her words that flowed from that experience. It is also what nurses can help their patients with.

I loved the perceptiveness of this passage where Gottschalk speaks of Eddy's loss of her first husband. (p.63)

"Nothing in her life had quite prepared her for the cold horror and isolation of this naked confrontation with mortality. She now saw how sickness and death could utterly blast human life and hope, destroying in a moment every cherished plan for happiness and fulfillment. But she also came to realize the sheer terror of mortality was not just her problem, her experience. She gained a compassion for the human condition which she had not fully felt before. Looking back she could see the ordeal in this expanded perspective as breaking open the shell of her own self concern, developing a new sympathy for human suffering."

Although the main motive for a Christian Science life comes from the love of God this expanded perspective and fuller compassion for the human condition and the suffering it involves is surely a strong motive too for healing and nursing. It is watching patients break open this shell that is one of the most exciting and hopeful things in our human lives.

My dad once said that it would be hard to find a religious leader today who took suffering as a means of grace as seriously as Eddy did, and it is this view of what Mrs. Eddy called, "affliction rightly understood" (Mis.9:2) that has made my own life so joyful and has carried me through so much. This aspect of our theology is often ignored by the rank and file. I thought Gottschalk did a good job of articulating it.

The growing schism between the biological or life sciences and physics which Gottschalk notes on p 418 was interesting to me. What I mean is that it was interesting that a Christian Scientist like Stephen had noticed it. This schism began in the 1970's right at the time that the Spindrift tests were being developed. My dad was quite aware of it and wrote about it and what he thought might occur. Since 1993 the schism has become more dangerous. Although Gottschalk offers only a mention of it it is a mention worth having.

The ending of the book was superb. I was struck so much by this passage which sums up things we all feel but cant' always connect to each other or put into words.

"When massive brutality resulting from the political manipulation of primitive ethnic rivalries has become a recurring pathology of contemporary international life; when business ethics sinks to the point that we expect maximum selfishness in any area of economic and corporate life that remains unregulated; when gross violence has become so frequent a presence in the media and entertainment that one scarcely even notices it; when religious belief concedes point after crucial point to a rigid scientism that views the Resurrection as a patent absurdity; when God is viewed as so lacking in power that he can only suffer with us in pain he cannot prevent; when reductionist views of biblical texts render the Gospels virtually insignificant except in the narrowest ethical terms - then it can only be said that a

form of materialism as pervasive as it is subtle has permeated the mental atmosphere of our times.

In the face of these developments which appear to be accelerating rather than diminishing, does religion have a role; or has it compromised itself to the point that it no longer has depth of meaning and value in human experience?"

His further statement that conventional religion appears to have "compromised itself out of all meaningful existence by becoming a kind of poetic embroidery on the edges of human life" rings true and is surely a call to action.

Where I disagree with Gottschalk is that he seems to be applying this only to conventional religions and not to the Christian Science church. I must also apply it to the present day CS church, which has castrated the power of CS by denying that it is a science and which has made pretty poetry of its enormous relevance to the problems of human existence, problems that are being worked out today as much in the science room or lab as in the sick room.

## **Science and religion**

Oddly enough Gottschalk's next words are right although the context of his book would indicate to me that he doesn't mean what I would mean if I wrote this. He says:

"Thus Eddy's challenge to materialism continues to confront the emerging picture of the human spirit as largely reducible to biological, chemical and electrical components. To her, there was an ultimate battle to be waged between Christianity understood as science - as a demonstrable understanding of spiritual power at work in human affairs - and a rigid scientism claiming that we must accept finitude as the basic condition of our existence, eking out what meaning we can from a fragile, temporary, and ultimately hopeless existence."

I agree with the words but not the context of the book. The book does not seem to realize that in the battle to have Christianity demonstrated as science we must use the scientific method.

You cannot get away from scientific proof systems and call yourself a science anymore than you can reject the life of Jesus and call yourself a Christian. By rejecting modern proof systems as too materialistic we are claiming that society must take CS on faith.

The only demonstrations of spiritual power that we are willing to show the world come from unlicensed unregulated untested practitioners of healing who accept no accountability to society other than saying that they have a right to do whatever they want to because they are a religion.

These practitioners are using a 19th century healing system that has never met the 21st century standards of proof. Their position to society is that their healing system should be understood as scientific because of anecdotal evidence. To me is not meeting the high standard of our Leader who told us it is possible to understand CS more accurately than the astronomer can know the stars.

This is also a gross misunderstanding of what science is. Either CS is a real science - which means that it is willing to publicly and collectively verify its theory in repeatable ways according to set laws - or it is a pseudo science which has some scientific approaches but no predictable hypothesis that can be tested with data. You can't have it both ways.

One area where I do agree with Gottschalk is that "The battle will be costly." He also says of that battle, quoting Eddy that her students must:

"engage in the struggle to make it happen by giving the world practical proof of her discovery."

The difference between Spindrift and the view of most Christian Scientists, as echoed by Gottschalk, is in the manner of the practical proof to be given. Christian Scientists seem to feel that simply healing sick people as we have always done is enough to demonstrate the Principle of healing, enough to show that drug therapy and modern medicine are flawed, enough to demonstrate the difference between the placebo effect and spiritual healing, enough to prove the hypotheses that Eddy laid down including the many hypotheses she gave us concerning the "universe including man" in other words relating to non human universal subjects relevant to science.

I don't think the present method of proof - healing sick people - is enough or even practical as wonderful as it is. In nursing I have come to see how testimonies of healing on their own - with no explanations, -can hurt people. Imagine if your child was disabled and you had prayed for him every day since he was a baby and then you read a testimony about how another disabled child was healed. You either wouldn't believe it or you would feel like God didn't think you were worthy to answer your prayers.

Simply healing without any demonstration of how you heal and without proving that the laws underlying that healing do exist and are universal, and without proving that what you are doing is different from other forms of mental healing, well, this does not explain the universality of spiritual healing.

Not all children are healed in material medicine but people don't take that personally; they understand that the method is scientific and not personal. How can you prove that CS healing is scientific and not personal if you only present the demonstration of

physical healing to the world and do not prove or demonstrate the underlying method used? How can the average person tell, when they see a physical healing, if it's a faith healing or a spiritual healing? How can they even frame the question if we don't bring that issue into the marketplace of ideas and fight for it? Eddy fought a costly battle to establish CS as Christian and she expected us, as "the ages" advanced, to fight to establish it as science.

Healing people is not enough. It is important but we also need to heal sin. Sin includes false knowledge that hurts people.

Spindrift feels we must reach a much higher standard and prove CS healing according to the higher standards of proof that exist today, and after that we need to actually improve those standards of proof for all of science by showing how to take into account the often invisible effect of consciousness on an experiment.

Around the time that the Spindrift methodology was being developed in the 1970's a distinguished scientist named Fritjof Capra wrote:

The basic structures of the material world are determined, ultimately, by the way we look at this world; the observed patterns of matter are reflections of patterns of mind." (Capra, Fritjof, *The Web of Life*, 1996, NY, Anchor Books/Bantam)

I would apply this to the current CS church. Why aren't Christian Scientists out there in numbers fighting the battle that Gottschalk warned would be costly? To paraphrase Capra,

"The basic structures of Christian Science are determined, ultimately, by the way we look at *Science and Health*; the observed patterns of what we read are [in part] reflections of the patterns of mind we bring to it."

## **Christian Science Fundamentalism**

Christian Scientists have developed a very fundamentalist belief about *Science and Health* and the *Manual*. They feel that looking at *Science and Health* too closely in any academic literary or historical way would be wrong just like Biblical fundamentalists don't believe you should do that with the Bible.

I remember when I wrote a series about CS nursing in the 1980's and I brought in information about the Civil War, and about Spiritualism, as mentioned in *Science and Health*, that I got letters from Christian Scientists including fellow nurses stating that it was wrong to believe that such human things affected the writing of S&H because God wrote the book and so it had nothing to do with human history.

These same Christian Scientists had no problem going to Principia and taking courses on the covenants - courses that covered what the covenants had meant historically to the Hebrew people and how we can apply that today. They believed that the Bible was revelation also, but somehow it was OK to study the Bible in literary scientific and historic ways but not to study *Science and Health* or the *Manual* that way.

It was Stephen Gottschalk himself that taught me how to use the computerized concordance to study S&H in ways I never would have been able to do with the hard copy concordance. You would be amazed at how much you can learn about God simply by studying the way Eddy used commas in S&H. Yet this kind of thing, grammatical analysis of S&H for example, is often considered too intellectual, too material. I had to sigh the other day when someone emailed me how sad they were that with Peel and Gottschalk having passed away now both the intellectuals in the church were gone. Both? Is that all we have?

Why is deep thinking so suspect in the Christian Science church?

And why are our so-called "intellectuals" always from the humanities instead of from the sciences?

What people don't understand when they stick to the literal fundamentalist way of interpreting any sacred writing is that they aren't following the one holy and pure interpretation; they are self righteously imposing their implied interpretation as the only one and trying to impose it on others.

This has always been true of Biblical fundamentalists and it is true of CS fundamentalists too. For example, when Mrs. Eddy was writing S&H there was a huge dispute between Darwin and Louis Agassiz. Historically Agassiz lost. Eddy talks about both scientists in S&H. Few Christian Scientists could tell you what the dispute was about, which if either of the two Eddy supported and why, what the points were, and what detonations of her own Eddy brought via her own hypothesis to this explosive scientific dispute. (I feel a future article for *The Standard* coming on!)

Why not? Why do Christian Scientists read those passages about Darwin and Agassiz over and over sometimes for fifty years and never look up what was going on? They don't think it's relevant. They are locked into a specific interpretation of CS which happens to be a very narrow and limited one.

I was so grateful that Gottschalk emphasized that *Science and Health* did come from revelation but this revelation came through Mrs. Eddy humanly. The book did not arrive as a complete manuscript on a silver platter delivered by the angel Gabriel. On pages 114 and 115 particularly Gottschalk makes this point, that she wrote *Science and Health* first from



revelation, without knowing what it meant, and that through every revision she then began writing from experience. She had to learn what it meant and as she did so she put that experience into the book. That is what true publishing means.

She also did not see her discovery of CS as a single revelatory moment - on p.32 Gottschalk quotes her as saying, "My discovery of Science was the result of experience and growth." This hints that we should expect the *development* of Christian Science in our age too.

Gottschalk calls S&H

"...the primary and more permanent means through which she sought to impart what had grown out of her own religious experience." (p.115)

On the next page he speaks of a major revision of S&H that Eddy was engaged in and writes,

"If, as she later put it, she spoke from experience in writing of her understanding of God it was only natural that the book would reflect the deepening of this experience..."

and later on the same page it says,

"It was, therefore, natural for her to want to pour what she had learned from meeting the demands of this intense and crucial period into a revision of her major work."

Eddy herself says in S&H that regardless of what others may say or think she speaks from experience. (S&H 1:5)

This is so important a point because it means that the human experiences Eddy had, and the historic events surrounding those experiences, are not off limits or irrelevant to the study of S&H.

It also underlies what I have been saying about publish. We publish by making the Word flesh, by living out the experiences that lie behind the words we write.

This in no way contradicts the idea that Eddy wrote the book "as a scribe under orders" (Mis. 311:26) or that the book did not originate in God. God does not speak to us from a void. God speaks to us through our experiences.

When Christian Scientists have an unspoken gentleman's agreement that only one interpretation of S&H is allowed and that looking at it in any other way is heresy you really limit how far and fast CS can develop on the human scene.

I am not playing the blame game here. Nobody does this on purpose. No Christian Scientist wakes up in the morning and says, "How can I limit the demonstration of CS today?" It is the result of animal magnetism that makes us do this, along with a lack of self knowledge that harms us. My brother John spoke of Christian Scientists as leading lives of devoted unawareness. With so much at stake at this time of history we cannot afford to do that anymore. I've been there; I've done that, so I am certainly not blaming any person.

St. Paul did not continually malpractice himself with remorse after his conversion because he had done so much harm to Christians prior to his conversion. He saw his mistake, corrected it, and went on. We need to do that in the church, and quickly.

An article in *The Washington Post* called "The Cupboard of Ideas is Bare" gave as one of its themes the idea that when an idea is too difficult people lose interest in it. Mrs. Eddy encouraged us to "grapple" with ideas and started her revolutionary book by saying that the time for thinkers had come. That time seems to me to be a bit overdue in the church.

### **The time for thinkers**

Eddy had a great respect for scientists, even those involved in medical research although medical research was not very advanced in her day. Remember where she said that France's Pasteur was a greater man than its Napoleon? (Course in Divinity)

Pasteur once said, "Science advances through tentative answers to a series of more and more subtle questions which reach deeper and deeper into the essence of natural phenomena."

Many of the questions in *Science and Health* are very subtle. It will take deep thinking to understand them. We should all be working at understanding CS as a whole, and as clearly as Einstein understood physics, which by the way took a lot of thinking on his part. His understanding didn't come all at once.

Christian Science is a science and science is hard. Physical scientists willingly give years of dedication to discovering some small crumb of truth about how the world works. Shouldn't our devotion be at least equal if not more? How many hours a day do any of us give to praying to learn the meaning of CS, not just praying for healing?

The fact

that church

members out of hand followed the board in rejecting the Spindrift tests without ever reading them, finding out how they work, or asking a single question about them, shows the fundamentalist nature of the church today.

Mary Baker Eddy at the end of her life described her understanding of the immense subject of Christian Science as feeble. (S&H 577:28) Do we really believe that we have a more advanced understanding of it than she does, and that we are advanced enough to know if these tests are in keeping with Science simply because they don't sound like Science to us? Shouldn't there be some investigation before tabling it by sticking it in a "do not open" mental compartment?

### **Is Christian Science a religion first and a science second?**

Let's get right down to the main point where I disagree with Gottschalk and with most Christian Scientists, in this point of CS being predominantly a church and only secondarily a sort of science. I am using the Gottschalk book simply because it's a handy illustration to shoot points from. Without the understanding of Christian Science as science – as a web of laws through which God, Principle works, we will only see strands of CS here and there, we will never see it as “one stupendous whole.”

Gottschalk sees my point to an extent. At the end of his book (p.418) he looks at materialism in our society and asks, "To what extent is this bleak world view the result of modern science?" His answer is "Partly" and he admits that some branches of physical science undercut this bleak world view. I think that is a very accurate answer.

And on the last page of his book (p.420) he rails against scientism instead of science, which again shows his perception.

A dictionary of scientific terms defines science as "any systematic field of study that aims through experiment, observation, and deduction to present reliable explanations of reality."

Scientism on the other hand is defined in part as, "an exaggerated trust in the efficacy of the methods of science."

Throughout the rest of the book however the heavy and predominate emphasis is on CS as religion only. This may have not been a conscious thing on Gottschalk's part; it is the prevailing view in the church and has been for a long time.

For example he speaks on p 121 of teaching and healing in only religious terms but the fact is that the only college of Christian Science healing ever started is the one Mrs. Eddy started and she did not start it as a seminary or religious school but as a medical college.

On p. 194 he speaks of Eddy's desire to see the vision in S&H take shape as a "visible religious movement and church." OK. But is that all? Was that the only way she saw the vision in *Science and Health* unfolding? She did say it would take centuries to understand the book. Are we so sure that all she saw was a visible religious movement and church? Is that really a valid assumption?

On that same page he talks about CS as a church and as Eddy being the founder of the church. This is the common thought of Eddy as founder. Her followers and the press were always calling her the founder of a church or the founder of a "great denomination" - simply look in *Pulpit and Press* for examples.

I have never seen her categorize herself as the founder of a church or of a religious denomination in her private writings or published writings; though there may be places I have not read where she called herself the founder of the church or of a religious denomination.

Instead she calls herself the founder of Christian Science, the founder of a mental system of healing, and once, in reply to Mark Twain, who accused her of trying to be a second Virgin Mother, she said that she stood in relation "to this century" as a Christian founder.

It's interesting that she said "this century" i.e. the 19th century. Did she have any inkling that she would be seen in science terms as well as Christian terms in future centuries?

She calls herself Discoverer, Founder and Leader. What did she discover? Not a church. Not science, science already existed. Not Christianity, it already existed. She discovered the unity of Christianity and Science, a unity I take seriously. To say that science is subordinate to or less important than the Christian side is to undercut the very nature of her discovery. Unity implies balance and equality.

Her discovery was as much scientific and medical as it was religious. She gives an entire chapter of her autobiography to what she calls "Medical Experiments". The role of homeopathy in leading her to her discovery is one she always acknowledged.

What did she found? If the church goes under does that mean Mary Baker Eddy was a failure as a founder? Of course not.

It should be noted also that her definition of church calls for an institution that provides proof of its utility, not a religious institution that provides proof of its utility. A laboratory can meet her definition of church. There is nothing in that definition that confines it to a place of worship.

Most Christian Scientists look at the article *Principle and Practice* and say that she predicts the possible loss of CS. She does not say that. Here is what she says.

"Christian Science is not a faith cure and unless human faith be distinguished from scientific healing Christian Science will again be lost from the practice of religion as it was soon after the period of our great Master's scientific teaching and practice."

This would be a great tragedy, and it is nearly upon us, but notice that she leaves the door open. She does say Christian Science will be lost from the world; she says it will be lost from the "practice of religion." At the very least that tells us that it is more than a religion.

When we say Eddy is a leader we almost always mean she is our leader. If her theory was proven she would be a world leader and a leader in the scientific and medical fields. She doesn't belong only to us and never really has, but we think of Christian Science in such small personal terms that we assume she is only our Leader. We would do better to think more largely. Is Einstein thought of as the leader of a small group of academics at Princeton University or is his work considered to be leading the way to a new vision in physics for the entire world?

Church Scientists keep telling me that "it was easier to heal "in Mrs. Eddy's day" and this shows a small personal view of our Leader. Eddy's day is yet to come. Who was Einstein before his theory was proven? Just a talented young scientist. Eddy's day will not come before her theory is proven.

It is not the person but the work that makes Einstein a leader in science and the same thing applies to Mrs. Eddy. We must wean ourselves from the personal view.

Mary Baker Eddy, in speaking of Christian Science, refers to the "thousand fold expansion that will engirdle the world." (Course in Divinity)

I love where Eddy talks of "the hitherto unexplored fields of Science." (Mis.xi:13) It is that exploration that the Spindrift tests remind us of and call us to.

On p. 5 at the bottom of the page Gottschalk characterizes the fight against materialism in individual terms. Nothing wrong with that - I am not saying that what he says is wrong, it's just a little out of balance because this fight also needs to be fought in collective terms and that is the heart of science. That thought should not be left out.

### **Self-perpetuation or the way of the cross?**

On p. 138 he defines her discovery of CS as a spiritual breakthrough without also noting that it was a scientific and medical breakthrough. In the introduction to his book he says that the "dominant theme "of Eddy's life was "to protect and perpetuate a religious teaching." Not a scientific teaching, just a religious one? In that same section he talks about Eddy's teaching as someday engulfing traditional Christianity. What about traditional medicine? What about traditional science?

I need to comment here on this shocking statement that protecting and perpetuating her religious teaching was the dominant theme of her life. It seems so out of place especially since Eddy made it clear, in her own words that we err if we think the object of Christianity is bequeathing itself to the coming centuries. ('01:30:4) She never wrote or spoke of perpetuating the church as being a good focus. In fact she predicted that one day the church would not be necessary. Did she mean by this that someday Christian Science would no longer be necessary? Of course not. *Christian Science and the church are not the same thing.* She tended to speak of universal good, not just the good of her church or of her teachings.

For example she says

"The motive of my earliest labors has never changed. It was to relieve the sufferings of humanity by a sanitary system that should include all moral and religious reform."(Ret. 30:7)

In her day the word sanitary didn't mean "clean" it meant "health". She is talking about a health system.

Throughout the ages, all the way back to the Old Testament and the College at Alexandria, through the Middle Ages and also today, theologians have identified two functions in religious teachings which they feel must always be in balance to be healthy. These two functions are called the priestly role and the role of the prophet.

The priestly role is described just as what Gottschalk refers to - the role of protecting and perpetuating religious teachings. It is important. Through the very motherly protective stance Eddy took toward her church and her teachings we see her fulfilling this role.

The role of the prophet is the role of the reformer. Eddy once told us that the human heart, like a featherbed, needs to be stirred up once in a while (Mis. 127:32) and it is no different with a church or even with religious teachings. The priestly role is sometimes threatened by the role of the prophet because they see the prophet as changing the teaching they are trying to protect. A good prophet doesn't change the teaching; he/she expands the application. Paul didn't change what Jesus taught, he

expanded the

application of it. A prophet also cleans up injustice corruption and dishonesty in the church or temple and keeps everyone on their toes.

Eddy describes herself in her writing as a reformer and tells us to take care of the reformers in our midst. She had such a high regard for reformers.

Churches or temples of course, all the way back to Jesus and before, generally kill their prophets.

While Eddy managed to keep the priestly and prophetic roles in balance in her life (I am not of course speaking of a person as a priest here but simply of a function) the CS church has not been kind to reformers in its midst. This has thrown the church way off balance.

I think this tendency goes back to the scars we carry from the pioneering days of CS. When the teaching was new, when the church was an infant, it needed a lot of protecting. When you think of how the early workers were persecuted and thrown in jail and how they physically protected the church - for example members of the Board of Directors sleeping on the cement floor of the Mother Church to protect it while it was being built - you can see how easily they might mistake the lamp for the light.

We need to heal our scars and stop trying to protect CS.

When a child is four years old it needs a lot of protection. You take the child by the hand and walk him across the street. When the child is forty, hopefully you aren't still doing this.

When I speak of the church I mean us, I don't mean something "out there". We need to mature; we need to stop circling the wagons and defending the church and start going out and doing the work of God in the world as a church.

I don't know about you but if I am going to die I'd rather die with my boots on than just rust away. It's true of the church too. If people would stop worrying over the welfare of the church so much and go out and take a few risks on the behalf of humanity the church would not be dying because the church always prospers "in proportion" to its blessing we "God' little ones" to use Eddy's words. (Mis. 127:1)

She tells us in S&H that she would not keep the suckling a lifelong babe (p.371:21) and I think we need to take the baby blanket off the church and definitely let the teachings out of the high chair. We need to stop thinking of CS as something vulnerable. We need to stop thinking of ourselves as vulnerable.

Eddy told

us to handle

the idea of impossibility every day, to do away with it. (Course in Divinity) Gottschalk reminds us that one of the things that made Eddy a great Leader is that she was confident that things other people thought were impossible could be done. We also have to be careful to do away with the idea that it's impossible to heal or reform the church, that everything has to play out its course and the church needs to "learn its lesson". In the chapter on Christian Science Practice Eddy reminds us that a disease - a boil or a fever - does not have to get worse before it gets better. (376) The church does not have to get worse before we get better. It's God and not mortal mind that is responsible for the lessons of the church - we should not be outlining them in our minds or taking an emotional satisfaction from the idea (referring to the Board) that "they'll get theirs!" Don't laugh. I hear that kind of talk sometimes from frustrated Christian Scientists. Remember that in Science "revenge is inadmissible." (S&H p. 22)

Eddy gave Gilbert Carpenter a watch prayer where she instructed him to avoid the aggressive mental suggestion that CS was going to the dogs. (Course in Divinity) She tells us in S&H that distrust of our abilities to do good hampers our ability at the outside, (p.260). Distrust of the ability of the Spindrift work to prosper does hold its back, because it is a basic unbelief in the future of Christian Science.

I appreciate deeply the motherliness which Eddy bestowed upon her infant church, which Gottschalk emphasizes, but that doesn't define her nor is it the dominant theme of her life from my perspective. There are women serving in Iraq today who are mothers. There are women serving in the House and Senate who are moms too. Does this mean that feeding and loving their babies defines their whole life more than the other work they do? It's very important, but it's in balance. Babies don't realize the full character of their parents, and Christian Scientists don't realize the fullness of their leader's work either, but that fullness is there whether the parent is an artist, a lawyer, or whatever.

Part of why moms serve in the military or the government is to build a better world for all children, not just their own. That is part of motherliness also.

Eddy had many children outside of her church. There was a time when she told the church it needed to make its own decisions because she had work to do that they weren't aware of. She mentioned people in Africa calling out to her for aid and said she was responding. (My p. 147) There were no CS churches in Africa at the time and there is nothing in what she said to indicate that she was helping them in order to establish her religious teaching in Africa or trying to convert people. She was helping them because they needed help.

Again I would say that as a "Mother in Israel" Eddy had other children than her church. Science and medicine happen to be two of them.



To say that protecting and perpetuating her teaching is the dominant theme of her life seems to me to fly in the face of everything she wrote concerning her mission and purpose in life.

### **Salvation not tied to church**

Another point where I disagree with Gottschalk is on page 195. Stephen tells how Mrs. Eddy told Julia Bartlett that animal magnetism was keeping her from aligning wholly with the church. This may be true, but in other places she told students at her household not to go to church on Sundays and to beware the church scientists that were making a god of the organization. I think it depended on the need of the student at the time. The quotes need to be all put together and looked at in their entirety.

That is a very minor point though. The dangerous statement to me is where Gottschalk says that Eddy rejected the belief of some Christian Scientists that they could operate independently

"separate from any church community whatever. To Mrs. Eddy this was little less than inconceivable."

I beg your pardon. To Stephen Gottschalk it was inconceivable but not to Mrs. Eddy. I am not advocating it - I have always supported organized religion and prayed for the reform and health of my own church - but what about those who are kicked out or excommunicated through no fault of their own or those who leave for moral reasons, not wanting to support the present immorality of the church? Does this mean that they cannot be good active Christian Scientists?

And what if, at some period in history, the church is corrupt and being part of the church community means being asked to do things that you consider dishonest and immoral? Does leaving mean that you can no longer operate as a Christian Scientist, that you give up the right to be live and act and be a Christian Scientist?

Did Paul, because he did not believe that newcomers to Christ had to be circumcised or sacrifice animals give up being a Christian when the church at Jerusalem abandoned him and even Barnabus and Peter left him isolated? Did his isolation from the church community mean that he was no longer a good follower of Christ? Is it inconceivable that he could follow Christ effectively when he was for a time cut off from the church at Jerusalem?

Of course he started his own church communities so maybe this is not the best example, but my point is that isolation from your chosen church does not make you unable to operate or base your life on the principles of Christianity or Christian Science.

Mary Baker Eddy makes it very clear that church community is ideal but that it is not a spiritual necessity. In the following passage she is referring to the Christian Church as a whole, not to her church, but the passage still makes clear the possibility of individual salvation even when you are what Gottschalk calls "separate from any church community whatever."

She writes:

"I have loved the church and followed it, thinking that it was following Christ; but, if the pulpit allows the people to go no further in the direction of Christ likeness, and rejects apostolic Christianity, seeking to stereotype infinite Truth, it is a thing to be thankful for that one can walk alone the straight and narrow way; that, in the words of Wendell Phillips, 'One with God is a majority.'"(Mis. p. 245)

She made this doctrine very clear to other students when the *Manual* was being written and the subject of excommunication came up. She told her students that CS was not like the Catholic Church, where excommunication barred a person from heaven. She said in CS you could attain salvation without the church if it was necessary.

In Christian Science nothing, not the church, not the board, not the church community, not membership or lack thereof, not anything, can ever stand between man and God, and this is an important teaching of Mary Baker Eddy.

That is because it's a science. It is because church Christian Scientists don't think of it as a science that they don't get this. Can a Board of Directors issue a statement saying you are no longer subject to gravity? Can you be separated from the physical forces around you because you are not a member of an association of physicists? It's absurd.

This doesn't mean that the church is not vital.

In terms of Spindrift the church is or should be vital and this worries me. Having the Spindrift tests develop outside the church is very dangerous because if you look at science people think much more about the technology - the application of science - than about the philosophy underlying it. They want their microwaves and their cell phones more than they want to understand modern science.

This foreshadows a situation where they will care more about getting the benefit from spiritual healing than they will care about the meaning of the tests which will bring such healing into the wider community.

The church (and I speak ecumenically here of all churches) needs to have a role here, putting the tests in the context of their deep meaning, and they need to do this in the early stages so that they can shape to an extent the context in which these tests enter the world.

Of course the church would be hampered in doing this even if they were willing to because they are just as bad as the sciences in stressing technology instead of the underlying theory, meaning and process that brings us technology. Christian Scientists, for example, talk and think a lot more about the healings they have had than they think and talk about the way of the cross that produces those healings. As an ex-minister's wife I found that many people went to church for comfort and fellowship, not for holiness or sacrifice.

Nevertheless there are still scientists out there who think about meaning, and there are still religious people out there who care deeply about justice. This is hopeful. We need these people. If the Spindrift tests develop in the world without a constituency that understands their deep spiritual meaning this will not be not a good thing.

I leave that to God to work out. I have no choice. I really don't know any more how it can work out - but then I think of the story of Isaac with his dad ready to sacrifice him - ready to cut off the last human avenue by which the promise could be fulfilled, and I think, OK. God will provide the lamb, which is to say he will provide the channel for these tests just as he has supplied the methodology.

### **The main point: Is religion the most important factor in human life?**

The last point I am going to pick on in Stephen's book is on p.61 where he is speaking of Eddy's relationship to her dad. He says:

"However conflicted their relationship, she also owed to him more than to any other her rock solid conviction that religion is the single most important factor in human life."

I don't doubt that her dad gave her that conviction or that she grew up with it. I do dispute that by the end of her life she thought of religion as the single most important factor in human life. I don't think that assumption is at all rock solid. It goes against the essence of her discovery and it's a dangerous assumption.

On the other hand when the Church began excommunication proceedings against Bruce Klingbeil for his Spindrift research they wrote in their letter that the tests Spindrift was doing "are

against the very essence of Christian Science.” They did not explain how, not in the letter and not when asked to quote chapter and verse.

In a very real sense the fight over Spindrift boils down to the question of what Christian Science is. There is no neutral stand.

To be fair there is much to support Stephen's assumption. We all know Eddy lived and breathed prayer and the Bible, and we are grateful for it. The *outward* evidence is tilted in support of Stephen's assumption.

But there is this inner life of Mrs. Eddy that we have yet to understand. She once said that her present idea of heaven was to have somebody that understood her one bit. If her students did not wholly understand her then, perhaps they do not understand her now. How can they when only one part of her discovery has been made visibly manifest? Until CS is manifested as a whole we will not understand her whole life.

Eddy says that the only place we can find her is in her writings and that if we look for her elsewhere we will lose her. (My 120) She also says that it will be centuries before S&H is understood. If S&H is where we find her I think it's logical to say it will be centuries before the life of Eddy is understood. After all, she says of us of *Science and Health* (see p. 11 in the Gottschalk book) that S&H is "the outgrowth of my whole life."

She says in another place, and Gottschalk mentions this in his book, that she so often wished she had someone to talk to. There was no one that knew more about CS than she did. I am always so touched when I read where she says, referring to herself, that no mother, even if a graduate of Wellesley College, will talk to her babe about the problems of Euclid. (Unity of Good p. 6) Eddy was grappling with advanced CS, including the science of it, but she couldn't discuss that with her students because her students were babes then and are babes yet.

## Standards

Certainly Eddy lived in an age when religion was the most important factor in human life and to her students, if not to the spiritually maturing Mrs. Eddy, any other situation would have been inconceivable. It is hard for us today to realize how different the pre-scientific age she lived in was. They had no clear view in the 19th century of cause and effect.

I read an obstetrical book from 1908 where it was stated that a woman's uterus floated freely through her body. It's hard to phantom that knowledge was so primitive such a short century ago.

If you

had a

developmentally disabled child back then it was quite commonly believed this was because you were a sinner. This obstetrics book suggested confession of sin by the parents as a cure.

There were so few standards back then; no wonder Mrs. Eddy, with her standard of perfection, yearned for something higher. You didn't have building codes or the understanding of how to build to protect yourself from hurricanes and earthquakes. There were no food safety standards, no safety standards to protect people in factories, no understanding of what would later become fire codes, no standards for drugs which back then did not have to be approved (this was an age of patent medicines and snake oil) no registered nurses who had to be trained and "pass their boards." Anyone could and did take the title of Rev. or doctor as they chose - Dr. Eddy, who was a sewing machine salesman with no medical training, took the title Dr. and Mrs. Eddy who had never been to a seminary took the title Rev. It was that kind of a society.

Later, in the *Manual*, she would stop that practice of taking titles without official training or certification as she reached again for higher standards than were the norm in her society.

Her church members were so totally immersed in religion that, according to Johnson's history of the early days at the Mother church, it was popular to elect readers who looked like the paintings of Jesus popular in that day. Everybody had these portraits of Jesus on the wall. This is so funny of course because no one knows what Jesus looked like, but it gives us a glimpse into the culture Eddy lived in.

Into such an environment, and despite all the social conditioning she had received as a Victorian woman and all the obstacles put in her mind in the "formative years" of a pre Civil War child, not to mention her own disposition which was very religiously oriented, Eddy was open enough to God that she was able to have a vision of what Science really meant. My own theory is that her vision knocked out some of the obstacles in the mental environment and allowed the sciences to begin to develop. Is no coincidence that she lived on the cusp of the modern laboratory sciences.

Christian Scientists complain about how "material" the sciences and modern medicine are. They should remember that they had a chance to leaven these fields in their infancy and they did not. There isn't much point complaining that a couple of loaves of bread are hard as a rock when you are the one that didn't add the yeast.

Between 1900 and 1910 the CS periodicals carried more articles and mentions of science than they ever had before or they ever have since. And that, by the way, is a statistic I got from Gottschalk himself when I was talking to him once. We had a chance to influence the

forming and development of these fields and we didn't.

I think that by the time Mary Baker Eddy wrote that Science and Christianity were "the two largest words in the vocabulary of thought" she meant it. (No and Yes, p. 10) She saw them as equal in power and beauty. She gave them equal footing. She had to, because otherwise she could not have seen their unity.

Nothing in the wonderful passage where she talks about these two great concepts, Science and Christianity, gives one precedence over the other. She doesn't say that Christianity is the greatest word in the English language but Science is a pretty good word too. She doesn't say that she has a bedrock conviction that religion is the most important factor in human life but science also has its place.

Remember the joke she once made about the man that said, "My wife and I are one and I am that one."? I think that Christian Scientists have always been like that. They say, "Christianity and Science are one, and Christianity is that one."

Remember how offended Wiggins was when Eddy said that even if Jesus had not lived she would believe what she believed because she could prove it? That is the science in her speaking.

By the time she saw the unity of science and Christianity I don't see how she could still have believed that religion was the most important factor in human life, because if so there would not be unity. She must have seen them both as equally important even if at that stage she could not speak clearly to her students about the science part. How could she? The scientific concepts she glimpsed did not yet exist in any physical manifestation on the earth. She put it all in S&H though, especially in the later revisions.

To say that religion is the most important factor in human life implies that science is subordinate to it. And to say that is to deny, through ignorance, the essence of her discovery and therefore of her leadership. We should not allow animal magnetism to trick us into believing that CS is not a real science, that it's not rigorously provable, or that science in its own right is not as beautiful useful, effective, and loved by God as religion. If they are one, how can they be two, or how can one be above the other? If you are trying to separate them you are trying to undo her discovery.

Our small parochial and comfortable denominational sense of CS comes at a very high price. It deprives us and the world of the enormous moral and spiritual development that Eddy understood could come from the unity of spirituality and Science, and of Christianity and Science, on earth as in heaven.

Think

about science

and how it shapes our world. What if the truth in S&H - life in and of Spirit - was as commonly accepted as the law of gravity? What if the statements in S&H were really proven public knowledge that everyone accepted and no one questioned?

It would not necessarily make everyone more holy. Lots of people know about gravity and accept it but they don't all understand it. Even the physical scientists don't understand it completely but they know enough about it to build swing sets and high rises, calculate distances in space based on gravitational pull and to send men to the moon. What if the hypotheses in *Science and Health* were understood in just that way? You would see a respect for holy people and healers that does not exist today, you would see a place for them in society, and you would see healing develop very rapidly.

I think this is part of the vision that Mrs. Eddy with her "weary hope" (S&H: p. 55) saw and that it is something she expected us to work toward. This vision goes beyond CS as merely a church - although church is very important. It goes to the vision of CS as a mighty universal system or field through which an incorporeal benevolent thinking Cause called God governs the universe.

One reason religion has never been tested is that people believe in religion as supernatural, they believe in miracles, God acting in ways outside of law. Mrs. Eddy put the whole universe back into one order, not a natural order and a supernatural one, and this was the first step she took that enabled the Spindrift tests to eventually be done. The rejection of the supernatural as any realistic explanation of cause and her looking instead to laws was also the science in her reaching out for understanding in much more than a theological way.

## **Accessibility**

I so often hear church scientists say that "the world will come to us when it's ready." I am so tired of hearing that worn out statement. I've been hearing it since the fifties. Where's the love in it? The world is so much more than ready. We need to go to the world and that means we need to go into the fields of science and medicine and leaven them, no strings attached.

Can a child in a refugee camp in some remote area come to a Christian Science Reading Room? Is she deemed not ready enough simply because we have not done the work that would give her access? Is a mental patient locked in a ward and drugged and sedated not ready for Science? Can he walk freely into a practitioner's office? Is he to be damned and left out of the healing system of CS because he can't come to us? We are not the only ones worthy of healing. Those lost in the world have a right to it too. Unless we heal the collective systems in our society and not just our own personal problems not all the lectures in the world will give them access.

## Lagging behind – 19<sup>th</sup> century Christian Science in a 21<sup>st</sup> century world

Have you seen what medicine can do these days, especially in the area of surgery? Have you see how brilliantly and accurately they can apply their flawed theory compared to how poorly and inaccurately we apply our brilliant theory? Mrs. Eddy expected us to stay ahead of them, not behind. Why is it that Christian Scientists are content with praying to find their lost car keys while medical doctors can do laser surgery that hardly leaves an incision?

It is animal magnetism putting us to sleep that keeps us from developing our healing work into a more scientific practice. There were prophecies just after Eddy's death, put in place by opposing groups, some out of Chicago, that CS would be allowed to live one hundred years after Eddy's death and then it would die.

I am not advocating competition here but I do believe in a world with options. If we don't work a little harder the options in spiritual healing simply won't be on the table.

Spiritual healing is a technology because it is the application of a spiritual body of knowledge. Listen to how Mrs. Eddy puts it. In this passage from S&H she first speaks of physical technology, which in her day would have been things like the telegraph and the gramophone. She says,

"In the material world thought has brought to light with great rapidity many useful wonders."

She then goes on to say:

"With like activity have thought's swift pinions been rising toward the realm of the real, to the spiritual cause of those lower things that give impulse to inquiry."  
(S&H p. 268)

Think about the phrase "with like activity." She expected mental activity to keep pace with material technology and its useful wonders. Have we kept pace? Have we developed our technology of spiritual healing as rapidly and "with like activity", that is to say with activity like that which we see in the physical sciences? Why have the physical sciences developed so rapidly while Christian Science healing is still in the 19<sup>th</sup> century? In a letter Mrs. Eddy once said the day would come when practitioners would no longer sit in offices and wait for patients to come to them. What did she mean? Has that day come yet and if not why not?

Have we thought deeply about the mental underpinnings of what is happening in the sciences and how it affects our demonstration, our world, and the place of CS in the world?

Have thought



about it at all?

What lower things is she talking about? How do they give impulse to inquiry and inquiry by who - us? the world? the scientists? Does she mean scientific inquiry? Why do we read these passages over and over and not think about them?

She then goes on to say, (the words in the brackets are mine)

"Belief in a material basis, from which may be deduced all rationality,[the physical sciences] is slowly yielding to the idea of a metaphysical basis, looking away from matter to Mind as the cause of every effect."

This is true. In the physical sciences today, more than in the CS church, you will find people gradually turning away from matter as ultimate reality. You will find people thinking about these issues, struggling with them, and trying to adjust to a world view where matter and everything they have ever believed was solid and real is only an illusion. Today many scientists believe that matter is "just a lot of nothing, moving very fast."

Have they glimpsed the truth of CS? No. But then we haven't helped them very much have we. We haven't talked their language, listened to their concerns or lifted one finger to crack some of the experimental dilemmas they have worked so hard on even though we know the answers. We aren't going to communicate with them unless they come to us on our terms, attend church, speak our sometimes old-fashioned religious language, and conform to the stereotype of a Christian Scientist.

We continue to figure they will come to us when they are ready. We certainly aren't ready to risk rejection and ridicule or fight the costly battle to bring S&H into the fields of science and medicine. And frankly we aren't ready to work anywhere near as hard as medical people do, or as those in the physical sciences do.

In concluding the paragraph I have been quoting Mrs. Eddy does not speak of personal piety but of the battle with a false hypothesis. She writes,

"Materialistic hypotheses challenge metaphysics to meet in final combat. In this revolutionary period, like the shepherd boy with his sling, woman goes forth to battle with Goliath."

Are we doing battle with the medical and scientific Goliaths of our day? Redecorating the Reading Room window is great but it's not enough on its own to win a revolutionary battle in which the very basis of the world's concept of reality is at stake.

Fighting this battle is what we are supposed to be doing. We are not supposed to be resting

on Mrs. Eddy's

laurels. What she suffered in establishing CS as being Christian we must also suffer in establishing CS as being science.

## **Community and unity**

Gottschalk rightly points out that community was more important to Eddy than organization and that unity is a basic concept of CS.

I see unity as coming in much more on the science side than on the religious side. If you want to see unity don't go to a branch church, go to NASA. At church we share our individual experiences but in science you have collective experiences. You work together and put a man on the moon.

Sure, like any human institution NASA has its politics and its squabbles and yes the space race started with some ugly competition. I am so grateful to see so many nations today working together in space.

But do you know how much faith it takes to launch a rocket whose data will not come back to earth for years? Do you know how much unity it takes to design a rocket that will encounter surfaces when we don't even know what they are made of? One person can't accomplish a space mission. There must be unity. Every single nut and bolt must be perfect. Communication has to be perfect.

How I wish we would demand of ourselves the same commitment to perfection, the same high standard, the same patience in waiting for results, the same faith in the laws that govern us, (in our case laws higher than what the physical scientist have glimpsed). Are we as familiar with the specific laws of God as the NASA scientist is familiar with the physical laws he or she applies every day?

Occasionally on TV you see pictures of scientists at NASA watching their computer monitors for some data they have waited for years to receive, to be transmitted from outer space. I've always been moved by those pictures, by seeing their intensity. Their excitement, their love of what they are doing, is more of a miracle than the space transmission itself. I have seen that same expression on my dad's face when he was working on the Spindrift tests. I don't see that expression too much on the faces of members at a Wednesday night service.

How I wish Christian Scientists would approach the demonstration of their own science with the same unity, the same enthusiasm, the same dedication to years of detailed work, the same spirit, the same patience when things don't work right, the same willingness to start over, the same expectation as do many physical scientists.

Unity is

not just unity

of people, its unity of theory. There are over 150 prophecies in *Science and Health*; we could also call them predictive theories or hypotheses because every hypothesis carries a prediction. An experiment is a way of monitoring processes ( mental and spiritual as well as physical) and this state of awareness, or Monitor activity, shows us clearly how that prophesy is spiritually supported and how it is connected to other ideas.

How many Christian Scientists can quote half a dozen of these prophecies?

A hypothesis is based on observation. Eddy drew her hypotheses from her observation of the spiritual dimension. What are we observing daily in our life in and of Spirit and what conclusions are we drawing from our observation of Spirit? Are we exploring the spiritual dimension or do we just leave it all to Mrs. Eddy?

How much attention do we really give every day to the spiritual dimension of the world? In speaking of the new heaven and new earth spoken of in Scripture Eddy asks us:

“Have you ever pictured this heaven and earth, inhabited by beings under the control of supreme wisdom?” (S&H p. 91)

Well, have you? Do you spend time thinking about and picturing these things?

Every hypothesis in S&H includes a testable prediction. How many Church scientists have ever thought about how to prove them?

We need to begin thinking of *Science and Health* as a whole theory and not only pick out bits we like here and there. CS is a unified theory; each hypothesis builds on the next. S&H contains a complete theory and it should be manifested as a complete science, a complete church, and a complete healing system. I do mean complete even humanly, like with laboratories, and nursing facilities, and research, and nurses, the whole nine yards.

We need to begin looking at our cases in nursing and the practice, and our own experiences in CS as a whole, not just as a nice healing here and there. What does the experience teach us that can relate to other things we have learned? How does it relate to CS as a whole?

***We mostly go through S&H and the Manual and see the passages. We need to also look for the patterns.***

When Mrs. Eddy for example organized the lesson sermons into topics and put them in a specific order she was organizing information in a way to get the most usefulness from it.

That is the

scientific method in action. Each one builds on the next and we begin to get an overview of the whole.

Is religion the most important factor in human life? Did Eddy ultimately believe that and should we believe it too? No.

Is science the most important factor in human life? No.

The unity of the two is the most important factor in human life, and from this unity, this perfect balance, comes the healing, the moral and spiritual development, that the world needs so much.

### **Mrs. Eddy and math**

I have talked about math in this issue and it's good for a moment to look at how much more than other theologians Mary Baker Eddy spoke of math in terms of her theology.

I think she had inkling that parts of her theory would someday be able to be mathematically expressed. She had such an admiration of math and even tried in a way to put her words into mathematical structures (There is no truth in matter and no matter in Truth) She would say that these statements were like mathematical propositions and were true even in reverse. She makes this point in at least two places. Throughout her writings and in her letters she used words like negative and positive, plus and minus, plane, unit, integer, calculus, geometry and numerical.

Because my dad invented a new development in calculus I was interested in what Eddy had to say about calculus. She speaks in more than one place of the infinite calculus. She speaks of "the infinite calculus of the infinite God" ('01:22) and says that "individuality is endless in the calculus of forms and numbers." (Mis 104:10) She says that false knowledge "...will ultimately vanish, swallowed up in the infinite calculus of Spirit." (S&H p. 209) She also looked forward to a day when "...thought accepts the divine infinite calculus." (S&H p. 520)

In speaking of Christian Science she says "It is the infinite calculus defining the line, plane, space, and fourth dimension of Spirit." (Mis. P. 22)

The critics of Spindrift, and even some of its supporters, assume that the Spindrift methodology looks only at incarnation – at how Spirit brings order even to the physical world. This is a misunderstanding. The Spindrift methodology translates into mathematical terms the spiritual dimension, showing literally the "line, plane space and fourth dimension of Spirit." (Mis. P. 22) This isn't simply poetic talk. We are literally talking about real calculus.

She says (S&H p.108) that her conclusions in CS were reached by “allowing the evidence of this revelation to increase with mathematical certainty...” and speaks of man as being mathematically and numerically a unit. “ On p. 111 she compares CS to the “science of numbers.” On p. 13 she compares “The divine metaphysics “of CS to “the method in mathematics” and quotes DeQuincy who said, “Mathematics has not a foot to stand upon which is not wholly metaphysical”. She tells us on p. 459 that the CS healer “treats disease with more certain results than any other healer on the globe.”

On p. 453 she compares herself to a mathematician. In Prose Works (My. P. 237) she again compares herself to a mathematician and explains that, “The best mathematician has not attained the full understanding of the principle thereof in his earliest studies or discoveries. “ She says in this same paragraph, “What I wrote on CS some twenty-five years ago I do not consider a precedent for a present student of this Science.” And she counsels us to “accept only my teachings that I know to be correct and adapted to the present demand.”

This is such an interesting paragraph because it shows that she thought of CS as a continually developing thing. That the textual explanation of theory was presented in a nutshell in S&H was clear, but she expected it to expand, or in her own words to adapt to “the present demand” not only in her age but in the future.

As I mentioned before she also describes herself indirectly as a mother working on the problems of Euclid but whose children are too young to understand what she is doing. I doubt she expected her students, or children, to remain babes forever.

When speaking of CS she speaks of its having “mathematical order” (Mis. p. 57) and in another place “mathematical precision” (Mis. p. 458) and in two other places “mathematical certainty”. (S&H p. 108 and Mis. p. 210) She sees the story of creation in the Bible as having “mathematical order.” (Mis. p. 57)

She asks, “Is not man metaphysically and mathematically number one, a unit, a whole number...?” (Pul. p. 4)

In *Unity of Good* she says that you cannot start out with the minus sign if you are learning positive mathematics and you can't start with error in learning CS.

She urges Christian Scientists to apply themselves to their science with as much hard work as the mathematician applies himself to math. She writes:

“If we work to become Christians as honestly and as directly as we do to the rule of mathematics, we shall be Christian Scientists, and do more than we are now doing, and progress faster than we are now progressing.” (Hea. p. 8)

She talks about how no one would stand before a blackboard and pray to the principle of mathematics – they would work out the problem. This is her description of prayer, the application of a Principle.

She expresses mental processes in mathematical terms for example when she writes:

“Believing a lie veils the truth from our vision; even as in mathematics, in summing up positive and negative quantities, the negative quantity offsets an equal positive quantity, making the aggregate positive, or true quantity, by that much, less available.” (Mis. p. 62)

She says about CS that “...its logic is as harmonious as the reasoning of an accurately stated syllogism or a properly computed sum in arithmetic.”(S&H p. 129) She uses the word syllogism five times in her published writings and more times in her letters. In one place she speaks of “...the perfect syllogism of Jesus” referring to the perfectly balanced nature of some of his sayings. (Mis. p. 195)

In her *Message for 1901*, in the first two paragraphs, she refers to the numeration table of CS three times.

All this math talk is odd for a theologian – I don’t know of any other religious leader who speaks of math all the time like this.

She speaks in *Pulpit and Press*, page 2, about how in 75 years (or as she puts it “three quarters of a century hence”)

“It will be instructive to turn backward the telescope of that advanced age, with its lenses of more spiritual mentality, indicating the gain of intellectual momentum, on the early footsteps of Christian Science...”

Obviously she expected spirituality to result in intellectual momentum. She wrote that in 1896 and she put a specific time frame on it of 75 years into the future, in other words by 1971 we would have this “telescope” of an advanced understanding. 1971 was the year that Spindrift Inc. was incorporated and identity field theory (IFT), including its math, was first developed, though of course later the new math Bruce Klingbeil invented was developed more fully.

In another place she tells us that CS is “as demonstrable as mathematics” and in the next sentence she give us some encouragement about this successive stage of CS that we have entered by saying that, “Each successive period of progress is a step more humane and

spiritual.” (Mis. p. 26)

Notice that she is not only saying that there will be successive stages of Christian Science but she is giving a treatment here, to block the cruelty that sometimes comes with the upheaval of chemicalization and abrupt change. She doesn't say each period will be more humane and spiritual, she prays, or affirms, that each period already is a step more humane and spiritual. Her prophecy and her prayer are one.

She speaks in one place of “this period of Christian Science.” implying that there will be other periods. She speaks of states and stage of Christian Science, in one place she even speaks of the importance of the third stage of Christian Science. So are we in the first stage? The third stage? Where did the second stage go? What does she mean? What do these stages look like? These are questions Christian Scientists should be asking. These are questions they should be thinking through and praying over. This is part of what it means to follow our Leader and not just believe her.

She speaks of a third stage as corresponding to the resurrection. What would a resurrected Christian Science look like?

She reminds us of Shakespeare's words that “earth's actors change earth's scenes”. When I typed this my spellchecker changed that to earth's actors change earth's sciences and that is true too.

Are Christian Scientists today waiting for something to happen to “restore the kingdom” of primitive Christian Science, or have you gone out today and actively moved spiritual healing into the future? Are you looking down into the tomb or actively looking around or some sign of a resurrected healing system?

Eddy also said that the prophets of old knew that CS was coming but could not tell the exact form it would take in the future. She considered herself a prophet and she may have been in that boat too. I don't know how much of the form of Spindrift she saw coming but that she saw an advance on the horizon about fifty years out after she personally left us is very obvious from her writings.

She planted seeds in S&H which she expected to bloom at the right time, just like a physical seed stays dormant until the warmth and moisture level is right for it to be able to survive when it blooms.

In the last paragraph of the chapter *Some Objections Answered* she makes reference to her revisions of S&H and then talks about seeds, and about how some ideas will be rejected until “God prepares the soil for the seed.” In that paragraph also, a paragraph entirely about S&H, she writes, “Spiritual ideas unfold as we advance” which leads me to believe

that the

spiritual ideas in S&H will unfold as we advance.

This takes nothing away from the completeness of S&H. A seed is complete. You don't have to go out and buy leaves to stick on it, or add a few flower petals to it so that it can bloom. It has all that within itself, but it needs to unfold. Church scientists today would keep the ideas forever in seed form because they see the sprouting as changing S&H, of changing CS. CS is supposed to change and develop. It isn't supposed to stay a seed. Nothing is really completely published until that transformation takes place.

## **Publishing**

Gottschalk, like so many Christian Scientists, feels that publishing is "secondary" to the church (see pages 207-209 in his book.). Many members see the publishing society as the spokesman for the church. I strongly disagree on both counts. After reading Mary Baker Eddy's deed of trust that is the authorization for publishing, and after studying the transcript of the tragic 1918 litigation where the Board and the Publishers fought each other I have come to believe that the Publishing Society was meant to be partly a safety valve, a place where new developments in CS could always make it through to the light of day. Eddy did not know how CS as science and medicine would develop but she knew that it would. She did not found laboratories or medical institutions – even her attempt at founding a nursing institution was rejected by her followers, - but she did leave a publishing society that could publish developing material.

You will be hearing much more commentary on that 1918 litigation in these pages.

Before I finish this article I would like to comment on the transformation of *The Christian Science Monitor* from a daily published hard copy to an Internet newspaper.

I have no problem with publishing on the Internet except for the fact that it is not accessible to so many people – and also in times of crisis such as a natural disaster or war computers often shut down temporarily just when the *Monitor* is needed most.

My problem is with the closing of the bureaus, the move from hard news to so many feature stories, the dishonesty in the way the editorial and business sides of the paper currently function, the unethical pillaging of the pension fund, and most of all the hypocrisy in saying that this switch to the Internet came about in order to advance the *Monitor*, rather than admitting financial problems.

I don't care how bad the economy is or how many newspapers have gone under. If the Church had acted ethically the Monitor would be leading the way for other newspapers to survive and thrive.

The real

problem here



is that Christian Scientists no longer appear to be monitoring the world around them. They certainly do not appear to be abreast of the worlds of science and medicine which make up the dominant cultural and economic paradigm of our society.

This refusal to engage, to leaven, and to be aware, doesn't just come from animal magnetism. *It is animal magnetism* sitting like a slimy overgrown parasite sucking the lifeblood of the church. This lock hold on the church is unnatural and must be handled through prayer by anyone who sees the need.

*The Christian Science Monitor* is called "monitor" for a reason. We need to be aware of the world around us and to be engaged with it. We cannot heal or bless the world if we are unaware. We cannot learn if we do not listen to others, even if that listening takes place by reading a newspaper. We need to be monitoring world events and that includes events in science and medicine. We need to listen long and hard to those in the sciences and in medicine.

Publishing involves awareness and the ability to deal in ballparks other than our own. It means listening to others and not having pre-conceived notions.

The Spindrift tests address the need to talk the language of medicine and of science and to address much larger needs than the church has taken on.

If Christian Science is one stupendous whole then it does not belong to us; it belongs to every aching atom in the world.

It's time to listen to the voices of the big and the small. Sometimes that can only be done with scientific instruments that transcend the five physical senses.

We must listen to every cell and every galaxy before we can publish.

Let's start together.

## Pixel

"Each

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one should  
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claim his birthright of divine joy. Joy is a wonderful clarifier of thought and a dissolver of seeming difficulties. Knowing the joy that rightly belongs to man has helped me learn more mathematics; and long ago, as a direct result of a practitioner's reminding me that man must be happy, an experimental difficulty was uncovered and remedied; the research began to go very well

and continued to be successful for two or three decades...

...A few natural scientists have glimpsed the mental nature of matter and have perceived that physical science is an abstraction, a form of symbols, only imperfectly describing an unknown reality. Very few of them have yet realized the dominion and practical benefits which follow from some knowledge of the spiritual creation and from replacing the materially mental images by spiritual reality. It is possible that some Christian Scientists, having mastered the current theories of matter, may be able to point the way to a more general realization of its mental nature."

From the article *A Christian Scientist's Approach to the Study of the Natural Sciences*, in *The Christian Science Journal*, May 1962, reprinted in the 1969 pamphlet *Christian Science and the Natural Sciences* (CS Publishing Society) author not given.