

Life that Maketh All Things New

Excerpts from a talk given by Bart R. van Eck, CSB, of Pasadena California given at Arden Wood, November 2, 1997

One of the most requested talks ever given at Arden Wood.

Arden Wood holds many memories for me. Several decades ago, when Arden Wood was known as the Christian Science Benevolent Association on Pacific Coast, I was here for three months, seeking healing of a medically diagnosed incurable disease. I attended many services and meetings in this auditorium, and knew every foot of every path through the grounds. Here in the dining room, I met my first wife to whom I was married for over forty years. I will tell you more about my healing of the incurable disease shortly. But first, let me ask you to wind the clock back a full century to 1897 — to a hundred years ago.

Early in 1897, William McKinley was inaugurated President of the United States. For the first time, the United States was looking beyond its own borders and becoming acknowledged as a world power. Several companies were experimenting in the manufacture of automobiles, but transportation of people and goods was totally carried on by railroads, ships, and horse-drawn vehicles. Manufacture and industry were growing apace.

In the midst of all this, an inconspicuous event that went unreported in the newspapers took place in San Francisco that year. An eight-year-old girl named Agnes Tillman, who had had severe digestive problems throughout her childhood and for whom the doctors were predicting death, had a painful stomach attack on a rainy evening. That afternoon, her father had heard about a woman named Sue Ella Bradshaw, who purported to heal people through some new-fangled religion called Christian Science. Desperate, he went to this lady's home at night in the rain in his horse and carriage, implored her to come to his home and do what she could for little Aggie.

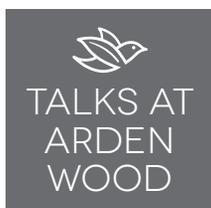
Miss Bradshaw, who pioneered Christian Science in San Francisco in the late 1880s, consented to come. With her eyes closed in prayer, she sat silently beside Agnes Tillman's bed. Soon Agnes became quiet, and fell asleep.

After a while, Miss Bradshaw asked Mr. Tillman — who had been watching with concerned curiosity from the hallway outside Agnes' bedroom — to take her home. As Miss Bradshaw left, Mrs. Tillman asked, "What shall I give Agnes to eat in the morning?" Miss Bradshaw said, "Give her whatever she wants." This horrified Mrs. Tillman. But, when Agnes awoke the next morning and asked for a big breakfast, Mrs. Tillman was obedient, and gave it to her. Her parents found Agnes totally and permanently healed.

Mr. Tillman did everything he could to keep Agnes from pursuing Christian Science, but this healing aroused in Agnes a love of Christian Science that stayed with her for the rest of her life. Agnes had five children, all of whom are today class-taught Christian Scientists, active in their branch churches. I am the youngest of these five children. If that spiritual healing had not taken place a hundred years ago, I might not be here today. My mother lived a vigorous and full life well into her mid-nineties, passing on here at Arden Wood after a short illness.

How far-reaching the touch of Truth can be as this healing illustrates. But we don't sit on our laurels. Divine Life is neither stagnant nor static, but unfolds eternally. In the words of our textbook, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, by Mary Baker Eddy, "God [Life] expresses in man the infinite idea forever developing itself, broadening and rising higher and higher from a boundless basis" (S&H 258:13-15). Life is perfect, complete, and immutable, but an immutable part of its completeness and perfection is that it is ever new — always fresh, eternally unfolding, perpetually fruitful.

I have always loved Christian Science, ever since they let me into Sunday school when I was two. My first healing through my own prayers occurred when I was twelve. I was on the baseball team of my grammar school, and while warming up for the first game of the season, I caught a long fly ball between the thumb and forefinger



of my right hand. It split my hand open. I dutifully went to a practitioner my mother designated, but it took eight weeks for the hand to heal, and even then, there was a distinct scar and a continuing ache.

I got back for the last game of the season, however, and the coach put me back into the line-up. But, while warming up before the game, along came a fast grounder, and bingo, it split the hand open again at the same spot. This time I was determined not to go through an eight-week cure period. No one saw what happened, and by holding my thumb against the forefinger, I could conceal the wound. I went into the locker room to clean out the dirt and blood, and then returned to assume my position on the team. My prayer was that no ball would come to me, and none did. But when I got up to bat, and struck out without taking one swing at the ball because of the injury, the coach angrily pulled me out of the game.

Sitting by myself in the back seat of a station wagon on the way home from the game, I earnestly prayed to God for healing. All of a sudden, as though it were a voice, a distinct message enveloped me: "There is no matter." When next I looked at my hand, lo, it was completely healed; and this time there was neither scar nor continuing ache. I had experienced an instantaneous healing — one that I have never forgotten although I am still learning the meaning of that fundamental truth, "There is no matter." One side anecdote: A fellow member of my baseball team was named George Bush — yes, the same George Bush who later became Vice President and President of this country.

I went through Primary Class Instruction in New York City at age nineteen during World War II. Two weeks later, I was in the Navy in an officer's training program. Fifteen months later, I was here in San Francisco, awaiting transportation to a duty assignment in the Pacific. But something had happened. I had been experiencing severe pains in my back, and a strange swelling developed in my thigh. I sought help from my teacher, and then, because he was busy lecturing, from a dedicated teacher here in San Francisco. But healing did not come, and when I could no longer go on, I finally turned myself in to the Navy medical authorities. I was examined and diagnosed by Navy medical doctors, who told me that I had spinal tuberculosis and that certain of my vertebrae were in the process of decomposing. I was then flown in a stretcher to a naval tubercular hospital in Corona, California. There the doctors puzzled over what to do with me, and finally concluded that an operation would kill me for sure.

They advised me that the condition was incurable and fatal, and that, even if I lived, I would never be able to

walk again. My father had retained a well-known physician in San Francisco to go over all the details of my case. This doctor confirmed the diagnosis, and told my father the condition was fatal: death was inevitable.

I wasn't afraid of death or dying. What I did want was to understand how Christian Science healed — how the fact that I was a perfect spiritual idea of God could heal this physical condition and restore my disabled body. I knew Science healed. In addition to the healing of my split hand, I had had several clearcut, wonderful healings; but I desperately wanted to understand the "how." That was my overriding desire.

My parents were planning to retire in Santa Barbara, and in anticipation of this, they bought a home there where I could be taken care of by my oldest sister, whose husband was overseas, and by a nurse — my first contact with Christian Science nursing.

I remember well the trip in an ambulance from Corona Naval Hospital to Santa Barbara. Although I was in a body cast, I could see out the window. It was the end of January — a bright and clear day. What a joy and inspiration it was to see the sun reflected on the ocean as the ambulance emerged from Ventura along the coast highway. The doctors had respected my wish not to take medication, saying it wouldn't do any good anyhow.

In February, shortly after arriving in Santa Barbara, I slipped into a fever which gradually worsened. The body cast was cut away, but my condition deteriorated. A purulent discharge through an incision in my thigh became more and more profuse. After four weeks, I was unable to retain food, and a couple of days later, I could no longer retain liquids. When I started to retch violently, having had no food or water, it was clear the end was at hand.

My parents were in London, England, where my father was then employed. But a dear Christian Science practitioner in Santa Barbara — Minnie Cobb Blake — was at my bedside, pacing the floor, and vigorously voicing the truth, undaunted by the physical evidence. Suddenly, after a severe retch that seemed like the end, an anguished cry of guilt poured out of my mouth, "Why can't I love my mother?" My mother was a remarkable, outstanding woman, but I had repressed a deep-seated resentment of her over-powering domination in my upbringing.

Mrs. Blake was fully aware of my mother's strong sense of responsibility for her children. Her response to my outburst was firm and immediate. She said, "You don't have to love a person. All you have to do is express Love." It was as though a tremendous weight fell from my shoulders. I knew I could express Love. A personal sense of love, with

all its resentment, possessiveness, and personal control vanished. Instantly — and I mean instantly — the retching stopped. And not only that, but the fever, which a moment before was intense, was gone — completely gone. And something else happened. I got out of bed and walked, even though the medical prediction was that my back would collapse if I did this. In an instant, the shadow of death had been totally dispelled. I took food and water naturally and easily. What had happened?

Well, for one thing, something had happened that was totally impossible and unexplainable from a medical standpoint. From a metaphysical standpoint, a specific false belief — a personal sense of a basic human relationship — had been brought to the surface and nullified by a glimpse of divine Love. The touch of divine Love had in an instant totally destroyed personal guilt and resentment and saved my life. Divine Love had overcome death — the fatal medical pronouncements were reversed instantly and permanently. But there was one thing humanly that had not happened. The basic pain and weakness in my back remained unchanged, and the discharge continued unabated. I was able to stand and walk for short periods, but the underlying difficulty was unresolved.

Before I tell you how the second part of this healing took place, let me ask a question. In the account I have just given you, I was within moments of death when the breakthrough came. If I had gone on, would my life have ended? Would it have been all over for me?

Secular belief would so say. But secular belief is grounded in a materialistic view of existence that cannot see the eternity of being. Life never dies and can never be lost. The only thing that dies is false belief — the false belief that life is in matter, the opposite of God. Man's individual being is indestructible — it unfolds forever. It is an expression of God's being. In *Science and Health*, Mrs. Eddy writes: "Man's individual being can no more die nor disappear in unconsciousness than can Soul, for both are immortal" (S&H 427:5-7). Stating it another way, she says: "Death will occur on the next plane of existence as on this, until the spiritual understanding of Life is reached" (S&H 77:9-11).

And here is another unqualified statement from our textbook: "Mortal man can never rise from the temporal debris of error, belief in sin, sickness, and death, until he learns that God is the only Life" (S&H 289:2-4). Just as we need to discern that we have no other mind but divine Mind, so we must see that we have no other life but divine Life. We have to learn that God is the only Life. As we do this, we not only "rise from the ...debris of...belief in

sin, sickness, and death," but we find newness of Life, the ever-unfolding glory and fullness of Life eternal.

Who can tell me another word our Leader uses to describe the nature of death? Transition. She speaks several times of "the transition called death" (*No and Yes*, 28:2-6, et al). The dictionary defines "transition" as passage from one stage or condition to another. Man never dies. The human experience called death is but passage to another state of consciousness. *Science and Health* points out that: "In the illusion of death, mortals wake to the knowledge of two facts: (1) that they are not dead; (2) that they have but passed the portals of a new belief" (S&H 251:8-11).

After the transition called death, will you have an identity? Yes. Our textbook declares: "Mortals waken from the dream of death with bodies unseen by those who think that they bury the body" (S&H 492:17-18). You will always be you. Your indestructible true identity is untouched by the fetters of materiality.

A few months after the death of her husband, Asa Gilbert Eddy, Mrs. Eddy prepared a sermon entitled, "Life," which was reprinted in the February 2, 1918 *Christian Science Sentinel*. In this sermon, Mrs. Eddy said: "No change has been wrought when we say, 'My friend has just died;' that friend is saying in the full consciousness of existence and with its same surroundings, — 'I never died. It was but a dream I had; for life is going on with me the same as before. ...the only change to me is, I cannot communicate with my friends,...they say I died, but I did not...' Yes, we shall know each other there; we shall love and be loved; we shall never lose our identity, but find it more and more in its order, beauty, and goodness" (CSS, vol 20, p. 445). In *Miscellaneous Writings*, our Leader puts it this way: "When we shall have passed the ordeal called death, or destroyed this last enemy, and shall have come upon the same plane of conscious existence with those gone before, then we shall be able to communicate with and to recognize them" (Misc 42:12-16).

But, let me tell you something that does die. All the beliefs of deterioration, degeneration, and death have to die and disappear, for they are not part of Life — "...Life that maketh all things new..." (*Christian Science Hymnal*, 218). Progress, renewal, regeneration are all manifestations of what *Science and Health* refers to as "the resuscitating law of Life" (S&H 180:5-9). Newness and freshness accompany every stage of the eternal unfolding of Life. What does our Leader say "men and women of riper years...ought to ripen into"? Health and immortality. "Men and women of riper years and larger lessons ought to ripen into health and immortality, instead of lapsing into darkness or gloom" (S&H 248:5-8).

Our cross-and-crown emblem of Christian Science commands us to “raise the dead.” What does it mean to “raise the dead”? Death is mortality. “Raising the dead” means awakening from mortality. It means protesting the belief of death in any form in which it would touch human experience. All healing involves “raising the dead” — a raising from some false belief trying to hypnotize us and hold us down. Mortal mind tries to bury us in false beliefs, but as our textbook bluntly says, “. . .the recognition of life harmonious — as Life eternally is — can destroy any painful sense of, or belief in, that which Life is not” (S&H 495:16-20).

I would like to comment on a healing included in the first article of last April’s *Christian Science Journal* entitled, “Death: a mythological misconception” (CSJ, vol 115, no 4, p 4-6). The writer, Ruth Elizabeth Jenks, is a friend of several of us here. We know her as Betty Jenks. As most of you know, Betty Jenks is a long-time practitioner and teacher in the Chicago area, has served on the Board of Lectureship for many years, and also served as a member of the Board of Directors in Boston. After serving several years on that Board, she became ill, and resigned because of the illness. While she expected a quick healing, it did not come. She was immobilized for an extended period and was expected to pass on. While so disabled, I was deeply touched by a phone call from her when it became known that I had gone through Normal Class and become a teacher. Then, after quite some time — it was a slow healing — and to the surprise and delight of many, she was totally healed and restored. She went back on the lecture Board, and when my wife and I saw her earlier this year, she was hale, hearty, and full of life. Let me review important points she makes in her article.

Although she remained steadfast in her adherence to Truth, the constant pain, coupled with a total inability to care for herself, was fertile ground for the suggestions: “Why hang on?” “You’ve had a long and satisfying life,” the error argued. “Why not make way for oncoming generations?” “Death could be a relief.” “You’re just an ‘old lady.’” She began to realize that accepting such suggestions would be a form of suicide — that such false reasoning was totally inconsistent with the fact that she had, over many years, proved over and over again the illusive nature of discordant claims.

She thought of the occasions when Jesus restored others, then himself, to life and health, and saw that Jesus’ understanding of his oneness with God was not a miraculous phenomenon, but demonstrable Truth — the law of being.

As she began to consciously entertain God’s angel messages, she saw that her need was to hang on to Truth and

trust it to operate. She became so busy, so occupied with expressing Life (God) more fully, that the problem, which had been a wearisome ordeal, gradually vanished in the joy of spiritual discovery. Then she found herself experiencing greater mental, spiritual, and physical activity than ever before, all of it with real purpose. Isn’t this a wonderful demonstration of “Life that maketh all things new?”

Let me now tell you about stage two of my healing of spinal tuberculosis. As I mentioned, after the rather dramatic healing of the death aspect of this claim, I still found myself with pain and weakness in my back, and a persistent unhealthy discharge. I continued to pray to understand how being spiritual and perfect could heal a physical, material condition. I studied earnestly. I sought help from several seasoned practitioners; but the difficulty persisted essentially unchanged for over a year and a half. Towards the end of this period, I came to Arden Wood for three months — September through November — where I received help from two wonderful San Francisco practitioners. At that time, Arden Wood was vibrant with activity. The rest and study rooms were full. I met many wonderful people at the gracious meals served in the dining room. After dinner, there was music and social activity in the fifth floor living room.

While here, a dear individual who sat for awhile at my dining room table, urged me to try an unsung practitioner in Los Angeles, someone I had never heard of. In December, after leaving Arden Wood, I called on this individual. I poured out my story. When I got through, the practitioner asked me, “What do you think you are better at, discerning or reasoning?” I thought, that’s a strange response to my story, but I answered, “Oh, I’m much better at reasoning, because I’m good at math.” She said bluntly, “Well, you’re wrong. You are good at discerning, but poor at reasoning.” She pointed out that Science, with its scientific reasoning, was my real “backbone.” She talked about how the divine operates in human experience, about spiritual ideas being real and tangible. She stressed that the spiritually actual can determine the humanly apparent, focusing on the statement in *Science and Health* that “. . .God demands us . . .to work out the spiritual which determines the outward and actual” (S&H 254:20). She also directed my attention to several striking statements in *Science and Health* about body.

I left that meeting jolted, but inspired. I thought I knew *Science and Health* forward and backward, but as I pored over it the next three weeks, it was like reading a new book. Passages I had glossed over came alive. Points I had read mechanically became illumined. Over and over,

I found answers that explained “demonstration” — how spiritual truth operates in human experience.

I was born anew. Before, I had been convinced that everything I touched and saw was material and needed to be got rid of, and so I had felt hypocritical affirming I was spiritual. But now I saw that man is spiritual here and now, and that matter is nothing more than a misconception and obscuration of true being and true substance. I could say honestly and unreservedly, “I am spiritual.” Previously, I had thought I could only be spiritual by going into some other world where I didn’t have a body. I had thought it was more spiritual to be bald because then you had less matter. So when I denied the existence of matter in this frame of mind, I was actually denying the existence of man. I had been so convinced that man was matter that, in getting rid of matter, I wiped out man. This was pure theosophy. Now I saw that there were not two men, a material man here and a spiritual man in the next world or somewhere else, but just one man, the human concept of which must inevitably conform to spiritual actuality.

Over the next few weeks, I was regenerated spiritually and physically. I regained complete strength, flexibility, and freedom in my back; the drainage and discharge stopped and the wound healed. I regained normal weight. Within weeks, I was back in college at the beginning of a new quarter. I could run freely and fast — faster than the great majority of my college classmates. In this second part of my healing, I was renewed and reborn. I found my real “backbone.” Divine Life had made all things new.

The healing I have just shared with you was a watershed experience in my life; but much water has gone over the dam since then. There have been many challenges, important lessons learned, progress with probation, regenerative healings. All these have awakened in me a much clearer sense of God as the only Life.

Let me briefly point out an important by-product about life that we need to recognize. There is no life in that which does not come from God — in evil; in sin, disease, and death; in matter or falsity of any kind.

My business career took me to Chicago, where I served as First Reader in Seventeenth Church — the principal downtown church. While reading, a small blemish above one of my eyes began to enlarge and grow, and became visually obnoxious. I may have had an exaggerated sense about it because, in addition to facing a congregation of fellow Christian Scientists, everyone in the company at which I worked knew I was a Christian Scientist, and I had high visibility roles in several community activities. In working about this disfigurement, I had meaningful

inspiration from studying the words “appear” and “disappear;” but something else came to me clearly, which I find helpful in my work as a practitioner today. It is this: there is no life in any false belief, regardless of what form it takes. Specifically, in this instance, I saw that there was no life in the protuberance above my eye to make it grow.

A day or two after getting this clear conviction, I was eating my breakfast, when plunk, something dropped into the cereal bowl. It was the growth, which had fallen off the area above my eye, leaving it clear and free of blemish. I flushed it down the garbage disposal, and thanked my Father for this evidence of His grace.

If you are struggling with a visible physical claim which seems to grow or take over, remember that it has no life, and hence no basis for growth or continuity. Only what expresses God, divine Life, can externalize itself in our body or experience.

Whether in Christian Science nursing or the practice of Christian Science — both of which are at the heart of Arden Wood — we must not lose sight of the fundamental nature of Christian Science healing. Christian Science healing involves mental and spiritual awakening, not just physical care-giving. Such healing results from discernment of “...the spiritual fact of whatever the material senses behold...” (*S&H* 585:11). Mortal mind would try to narrow healing into a straight-jacket of physicality and physical comfort. Today, physiological and psychological systems are trying to impose an umbrella over all alternative forms of medicine. Healing through prayer or spiritual means is defined as the “placebo effect” or the result of one’s belief. To the contrary, health-care based on matter or mind in matter is a “placebo” belief system of healing, which tends to create new incurable diseases faster than every disease it claims it can cure.

The irrepressible leaven of Christian Science is at work in medicine and theology; but mortal mind is seeking to counter this leaven by medicalizing Christian Science healing, thereby robbing it of its healing vitality. Christian Science nursing and Christian Science practice rest on the power of Truth and the power of Spirit. As our textbook states, “To prevent disease or to cure it, the power of Truth, of divine Spirit, must break the dream of the material senses” (*S&H* 412:16-18). Only in this manner does Christian Science heal, break the bonds of matter and mortality, and bring to light the “Life that maketh all things new.”

Let me close my remarks, by sharing one more instance where divine Life has made all things new in my life.

It starts with a dedicated Christian Science practitioner and church worker in upper New York state whose first name

is Eleanor. I quote from a *Journal* article: "Some years ago, [Eleanor] began to experience great difficulty moving about. The situation grew steadily worse until she was in constant pain and almost helpless — unable to dress or take care of herself. In desperation and concern for the burden she was placing on her husband, who was nearing retirement, she consented to medical diagnosis and treatment. In so doing, she withdrew from her branch Church of Christ, Scientist, and the public practice.

"[Eleanor] felt as if everything she held dear, every truth she loved, her very purpose in living, were threatened. The medical diagnosis was degenerative osteoarthritis with no hope of a cure. There was the threat of radical surgery, but even that would leave her crippled and helpless for the rest of her life. The pain-killing medications left her dazed and unable to think clearly — until one day she utterly rebelled at the whole sorry state of things and returned to Christian Science, determined to demonstrate it.

"[Eleanor] asked for help from a practitioner, and together they began re-establishing a clear understanding of the facts of being. Many fears and hurts were uncovered and dealt with, including longstanding disagreement with a member of her branch church and some painful discord among family members.

"[Eleanor] began to reason from the standpoint that God's ideas are united by divine law and they can only work together harmoniously. God's children don't rub each other the wrong way — there isn't friction between them, nor can one inhibit the freedom or interfere with the right activity of another. In the deepest spiritual sense, she saw Church and her [own] identity as God-constituted and governed, functioning perfectly, free from rigidity, malformation, or deterioration.

"Improvement was steady. This statement of Mrs. Eddy's was a constant guide: 'A little more grace, a motive made pure, a few truths tenderly told, a heart softened, a character subdued, a life consecrated, would restore the right action of the mental mechanism, and make manifest the movement of body and soul in accord with God' (*Misc 354:15-19*).

"Within less than a year the healing was complete. [Eleanor] and her husband were able even to take a long-desired trip and do white-water rafting."

Eleanor and her husband moved to a southern state, following his retirement, and Eleanor is again a listed practitioner and active in a branch church.

So what has all this got to do with me? Well, today Eleanor is a good friend, but the events that flowed from this healing go much farther than that. Eleanor's healing is

recorded in an article in the April 1987 *Christian Science Journal* entitled, "My grace is sufficient for thee" (*CSJ*, vol 105, no 4, p 5-7). This article was written by the practitioner on the case, who now, as it happens, is my wife. I was deeply touched and inspired by this healing when I first read this article.

I resigned from my business position in Chicago, effective December 31, 1987. On January 1, 1988, I opened an office in Southern California as a Christian Science practitioner and joined First Church, Pasadena.

I might add that I had wanted to be a Christian Science practitioner ever since I was a child. Less than three years after graduating from law school, I resigned from my position as assistant to a senior partner of the largest law firm here in San Francisco to go into the practice. I felt I had sufficient funds to carry me for a while, and opened an office at 210 Post Street. I invested these funds with a very promising friend, a contractor. Three months later, this contractor went bankrupt. When I asked my heavenly Father, "What now?" the answer was, "Get your feet on the ground, and join a productive business enterprise." So I joined Food Machinery Corporation, now known as FMC, then headquartered in San Jose. Every time I got a five-year award, I said to myself, "I won't be here for the next one," but it was only after being with FMC thirty-three years and after it had moved its headquarters to Chicago that I finally got the okay signal to resign and go into the practice.

My practice grew steadily. I was led to apply for Normal Class instruction, although I thought I was over the hill age-wise. But God had a surprise for me. I was accepted and went through the December 1991 Normal Class.

A year later, I found myself with two patients with arthritic hips who were not being healed. I remembered Eleanor's healing, and on December 22, 1992, I decided to call the author of "My grace is sufficient for thee" to discuss with her the healing of arthritic claims. So I did, and posed my questions. The answers I got were quick, to the point, and meaningful. I couldn't get over it. I was greatly impressed. I had been in search of a practitioner I could turn to for help — I hadn't had a regular practitioner for over twenty years — and resolved to have a serious professional talk with this practitioner when the opportunity presented itself. Happily, I was called to testify back East in connection with a lawsuit involving my former employer two months later, and I took that occasion to make an appointment to see this practitioner in Boston. She was there completing a masters degree in theology — the same program at Boston University which Christian Science chaplains used to take.

Our relationship was strictly professional until I discovered that a year earlier she had resolved to end a marriage she had struggled for years to preserve, but which was clearly no longer right for herself or her former spouse. To make a long story short, the hand of God in unbelievable ways brought our lives together in marriage. To me, it is the miracle of my life. The rightness of this gift-from-God demonstration of “Life that maketh all things new” is unmistakable. I will never cease to marvel at its wonder and blessing. It remains fresh and new every day.

The fact is that God does guide us, does order our steps, does unfold His purpose in each of us. The appearing of that purpose is the unfolding of good — of health, harmony, peace, joy, completeness here and now, “...in earth as in heaven” (Matthew 6:10).

We come home to our true selfhood in the measure that we dwell in the conscious sanctity and safety of divine Love. Life, thus understood, can never become stagnant, meaningless, precarious, but is a journey Godward, a spiritual adventure. We live as we put off the old or false and put on the new or true. Our human experience thus becomes our prayer wherein Life eternal is God’s promise realized.

Robert Peel’s biography of Mrs. Eddy, *Mary Baker Eddy — The Years of Authority*, quotes Mrs. Eddy as saying in the first decade of this century: “The first thing I do in the morning when I awake is to declare I shall have no other mind before divine Mind and become fully conscious of this and then adhere to it throughout the entire day” (Peel, p. 242). *Science and Health* says: “And we solemnly promise to watch, and pray for that Mind to be in us which was also in Christ Jesus...” (*S&H* 497:24-27). I urge you to pray not only “...for that Mind to be in [you] which was also in Christ Jesus;...” but to pray “for that [Life] to be in [you] which was also in Christ Jesus.” If you are struggling with some deception of mortal life — be it physical, mental, financial, or relational — try making your appeal to the one and only Life there is — try having no other life but the Life that is God. As you honestly and humbly do this, you will be touched in some degree by the infinite wonder that comes from turning away from mortal self to the infinite “Life that maketh all things new.” God doesn’t make all things old; God makes all things new! 

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Franklin Harris, Director

fharris@ardenwood.org

(415) 379-2106

General Information

Amelia West, Development Manager

info@ardenwood.org

(415) 379-2108



ARDEN WOOD

445 Wawona Street, San Francisco, CA 94116-3058

(415) 681-5500

www.ardenwood.org