

80 Years of Christian Science Healing, or: *Happy Un-Birthday, Arden Wood!!*

Excerpts from a talk given at Arden Wood's 80th Annual Meeting, April 25, 2010
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"80 Years of Healing"—what does that have to do with us today? How does the past play into the present? Wasn't it John Greenleaf Whittier who said, "For all the good the past hath had remains to make our own time glad?"¹ How does that work? That's what we're going to explore this afternoon.

God Will Take Care of It

I was giving a talk in Los Angeles a few months ago and I asked the audience to think for a moment about a problem they would like to see healed—and I want you to do the same. If you have no problem, then change places with me up here, because I want to know how you do it. Okay, got your problem to heal? Here's what I then did with my L.A. audience: I said that many of us had a spiritual guide, a mentor, a Sunday school teacher, someone who had been our own personal Christian Science *guru* (a term which brought a few gasps), and then in order to elicit a few more gasps, I said I would like to introduce my "guru." At that point from behind the reader's platform, my husband released our then three-year-old grandson, Tafton, whom I put on a card table beside me at the reader's desk and said, "Tafton, these people each have a problem and they need help. What would you like to tell them?" He surveyed the audience, established eye contact with each, leaned into the microphone and said, "God will take care of it," and sped off to play in the nursery. Let's see how He's done that in the past and how that plays into the present.

All the Way

The other day our daughter, Heidi, got caught in a traffic jam; cars were at a standstill and her newborn baby, who was strapped into his carrier in the back



seat, began to cry. She couldn't hold the baby because it is against the law to take him out of his car seat. She couldn't pull off the road in those lanes of traffic, and she had at least an hour's stretch ahead of her to get home. She turned to one of her other children, Asher, who is three years old, and said, "Asher, I need some help. I don't know what to do." Asher quietly said, "Don't forget, Mother, God takes us all the way."

His Aunt Tanya had gone over Milton Simon's classic "All the Way"² with the children in her Sunday school class the week before, and he not only remembered it, but could apply it to the present situation. You know the story about the woman caught in an elevated railway strike, who needed to get to the courthouse and a chauffeur-driven limousine came along? The driver stopped to offer help, but said he wasn't going to the courthouse but could take her halfway. As she sat in the back seat, she thought of those words, "I can

take you halfway” and began to rejoice in the truth that God never takes us halfway, that He does not give us an opportunity and then withdraw the funds or support needed to conclude it; He does not give us dominion when we enter our earthly experience and then snatch it away as the years go by; He takes us all the way. The result, as I am sure you recall, was that the driver took her all the way...which was not the key point; the point was the lesson she learned in the incident.

Anyway, to get back to the story; the baby instantly stopped crying, the traffic jam loosened up, and Heidi and the children drove home with a great sense of peace and gratitude. God had taken them all the way. What does that have to do with eighty years of healing at Arden Wood? That little Christian Science story recorded an event in 1914, well over eighty years ago, but it resonated with a child in 2010. The traffic problem was a minor incident; so was the railway strike story. But they both illustrate ageless, eternal truths; truths unique to Christian Science, truths that heal.

I have a footnote to that story: A 1913 article in the *New York Times* mentioned that Milton Simon had been seriously injured in an accident, had refused medical aid on the basis that he was a Christian Scientist, and that he was not expected to live. He wrote the article “All the Way” in a 1949 issue of *The Christian Science Journal*. Surprise, surprise! Here we have a story over eighty years old impacting an incident in Los Angeles over eighty years later.

Past Healings Affect the Present

How the past plays into the present: Let's go back a little over eighty years ago to a dinner party in San Francisco. A man whose body had been racked with pain was healed in Christian Science. That's a pretty common story, but there is more to it than that. He and his wife went to a dinner party where other Christian Scientists were present, including a Christian Science practitioner. No big deal, right? Let's keep going. The man was a very powerful man in California, quite prominent in business and politics, the kind of man we like to see in politics. After the party, his wife and he began to wonder what could be done for that practitioner and the many others who had devoted their lives to

Christian Science down the line. Would their needs be met? How would they be cared for? They each went to sleep thinking about it and arrived at the same conclusion the next morning. A home should be established, a place of refuge...and an idea began to unfold. Long-story-short, fifteen acres of beautiful land were purchased and Arden Wood became a reality; a dream envisioned by Marvin Randolph Higgins and his wife, Mary Alice. And here we are, eighty years later, reaping the rewards of a healing that took place some eighty years ago. God took the Higgins' vision all the way.

The past plays into the present. It is why we still take inspiration from the Bible stories, why we still read a book which evolved over 2,000 years ago, and another written over a century ago. In the eighty years since Arden Wood was founded, more healings have taken place within these walls than could ever be imagined.

I've read about a few: of carbon monoxide poisoning, a brain hemorrhage, a disfiguring growth, a shattered knee cap, a broken hip, spinal tuberculosis, chronic insomnia (this can seem like no big deal unless you've dealt with insomnia—not fun!), fainting spells, a broken neck, arthritis...I could go on and on.

Let me just detail out one healing, that of a stroke, which left an artist incapacitated, unable to use a hand, to walk or speak clearly. You could say, “no big deal,” but those are big deals. I would like to read you an excerpt she wrote after her Arden Wood experience:

I don't run around frantically as I used to. This is the main thing I learned: I had let my activities take over without putting in time for my study. I kept thinking I'd get to more study sometime the next day. Well God finally got my attention and I had time at Arden Wood to really deeply study *Science and Health* and the Bible Lesson. And now that I'm able again to do all of the things I love, the most important thing is taking time to do my study. This was an experience I needed to have... to learn this. The nurses at Arden Wood were unbelievably wonderful. I told one when I first arrived that “You know, I'm going to walk out of here.” And she said, “I know you will.” They were always so positive and encouraging. The nurses felt like family, and I felt very loved. I am

still reaping the benefits from this healing in many ways. I've been a Christian Scientist since I was 11 years old. But this was a real testing time for me. I learned to put the important things first.

Note that she is putting first things first with her studies. That seemed to be the turning point for her healing and something to think about—not putting off your spiritual ascension until tomorrow—but it has to be balanced. I heard a cute story about that a couple of days ago. A man who had been Mrs. Eddy's gardener attended a church that one of my clients attended when he was a child and the man told this story. He said that he introduced Christian Science to the owner of a plantation who in turn introduced it to one of the day laborers, a man who could heal on a dime. He had demonstration after demonstration. One day the plantation owner asked the man how it was that he could do this. He said that he himself spent most of his day in the books and this guy didn't, so what was the deal? (My words, not his.) The man answered, "You're just readin' and studyin', readin' and studyin'; I'm just doin'." We need to do each, don't we?

Importance of Christian Science Nurses

The artist referred to the nurses at Arden Wood. A Christian Science nurse is sort of like car insurance; you don't think much about them until your bumper gets bumped and all of a sudden they are mighty important. The nurses are the ones in the trenches. We practitioners can pretty well sit back in our offices and do our work, but the nurses are the ones on the front line and I can't tell you how much I admire them. It takes a mighty special person to be a Christian Science nurse.

I would like to share with you what one of them said, which probably epitomizes pretty well their frame of reference: "What I love most about being a Christian Science nurse is that I have the privilege and opportunity to assist Christian Scientists who have been practicing Christian Science, working in the reading rooms, conducting church services and all the other outreach activities that made it possible for me to find Christian Science when I needed it." What a selfless, humble thing to say...she wants to help those who have made it possible for her to find Christian Science when she needed it. And when we need her, she is there for us. I'll bet we have some Christian Science

nurses in this audience today, although some are on duty. Could the nurses please stand and be recognized? On behalf of all of us, we thank you.

Christian Science Healing Ongoing

We are going to talk about healings this afternoon. You are sitting in a pleasant auditorium provided for you some eighty years ago; you are obviously not in an elevated railway strike; you are not trying to get downtown to the court house; you are not caught in a car with a crying baby; you are not an incapacitated artist—but every truth we talk about deals directly with what you are confronting at this moment. Now, think of a challenge you are confronting that needs to be healed. It may be physical, financial, emotional, or immaterial. The Truth that God will take care of it—that God takes you all the way—could resolve it. How? Well, let's pretend you came up with a physical problem. You have learned in Christian Science that God created you and that He created you perfect. That's Genesis 1, isn't it? Well, at what point did He dump you and leave you on your own? At no point. He takes you all the way, all the way through your preparatory school here on earth. You have got a lifetime warranty; it is even better than the one Maytag gives you, because it is an eternal lifetime warranty.

But, you argue, what if the problem is financial? What if it involves the economy, layoffs, the stock market, the recession, unemployment, and so on? Do you really think that, once again, your Shepherd would dump you in a brown pasture to fend for yourself? No, remember, He not only leads you to green pastures, but He MAKES you go there, MAKES you lie down there. Did you know that sheep do not lie down until they are free from fear? Don't you see that your Father will never forsake you, never leave you comfortless, never leave you in the wilderness without your manna?

And what if your problem is emotional, depression or loneliness or worry or fear or what not? Again, don't you know that the God who created you perfect maintains you perfect? He doesn't bring you into this experience a bouncing baby and then drop you into an abyss when He gets busy with others. He is with you all the way. When you know that, really know that, how can you be frightened or depressed or feel alone??

The point is this: the healings we have seen in Christian Science are ongoing. The truths of centuries ago, the healings in the Old Testament, the miracles performed by Christ Jesus, are repeatable today. The Truth is eternal. The lies are temporary. So, if you found yourself in those examples somewhere, take heart. If you did not, if your specific problem was not referenced, take heart anyway, because these proofs are not limited to the specific healing referenced. Like the opening of my talk suggests, the truths used in one demonstration (back to the railway strike) can provide the inspiration for a totally different demonstration, whether it is finding your way home through L.A. traffic or simply finding your way home, period.

Sometimes even we seasoned Christian Scientists have a need to find our way home again too, don't we? We may have been caught in things more complicated than traffic jams.

Healing of Broken Neck

Back to those healings which have taken place at Arden Wood: One was of a broken neck, which reminded me of a story I would like to share. I got a call after church one Sunday from a hospital, saying that one of our church members, a lady I did not know, had just been taken there by an ambulance and she had asked that I be called. I went to the hospital, where I was told that she had been seriously injured in an auto accident en route to church. Although we do not speak in terms of years, I will say that she was much older than Arden Wood, and her neck was broken. They explained that if the neck moved one-sixteenth of an inch she would be paralyzed for life, and if it moved one-eighth of an inch, she would not live. She was obviously being held quite still. That was about all they could do. They have their limitations; the Truth does not.

Mrs. Eddy says in *Science and Health*, "We should master fear instead of cultivating it."³ Let's think about that for a minute. None of us want to cultivate fear, so how does it happen that we do it? I think it often begins with two words: *what if?* In this case, what if this neck moves? What if I'm paralyzed for life? How do I live? We all have our "what if" questions. So, how do we master fear? Two more words: *what IS*. We focus on what IS—on the Truth.

I shared the truth with her. What truth? What is Truth? Pilate asked that of the Master, didn't he?

And one of the Master's statements that Christian Scientists cherish is "Ye shall know the Truth and the truth shall make you free."⁴ What truth? The truth that you are free already.

We talked about the impossibility of her being split apart, broken, separated from good, citing Mrs. Eddy's quotation regarding adhesion, cohesion, and attraction being properties of Mind.⁵ We just knew that the Mind, the God, who brought the entire universe together, and held it together, was bringing what needed to be brought together for her and holding it intact (and you might even apply that to any suggestion you might be entertaining of separation from good—that would be impossible, now wouldn't it, because you cannot be separated from God). We even have a Christian Science hymn that assures us of the same:

I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me:⁶

The other word which proved helpful was *mending*. Just knowing that what needed to mend would mend; that man, as idea, cannot be torn apart.

After three or four days I got a call from the hospital saying that my new friend, Virginia, wanted to talk to me, that she had incredible news to share. A story then unfolded. As I said, I didn't know this lady, so I knew nothing of her background. She said that she had been widowed when her daughter was three years old and that she had devoted her entire life to the little girl. She had worked many jobs, cleaned houses at night, done everything she could to be sure that the little girl got the best of everything, and that she loved doing it. She adored the child. The girl had a fine education as the result of her mother's hard work, and when she reached adulthood, she fell in love and got married.

Virginia said that as the bride and groom walked down the aisle after the ceremony, the groom leaned over and whispered to her, "You will never see your daughter again." There had been no harsh words, no problems, it was like a very bad joke or dream...but he meant it. He took the daughter away and she truly never saw her again. She did not have an address for her, there was no phone contact—he had simply disappeared with her, and it had been the bane of

her existence. This woman had no means to hire private investigators and it was pre-Google...we're talking decades ago. She had felt helpless and hopeless.

Obviously the daughter knew nothing of the accident. However, the neighbor who had been left to watch Virginia's house, collected her newspapers, her mail, and her phone messages. You can probably imagine who felt prompted to call, after over thirty years of silence—her daughter. They not only made immediate contact, but the daughter flew to California to see her mother. This was the rift, the break, the separation, which needed to be healed, and her physical healing quickly and completely followed.

This is one of the reasons I so love Christian Science. Unlike medical science, it doesn't just strive to repair the surface damage, it heals; it leaves us better than it found us. She was housed in a hospital but healed in Christian Science. How so? Would you tell me what, Who, provoked that call from her daughter when the need for mending was made apparent? No drug, no doctor, no brace...just God. Him again. He didn't just fix her up, He healed what needed healing. He took her all the way. He didn't dump her back into society with a broken heart and a pin in her neck.

It reminds me of Mrs. Eddy's statement about Christ Jesus, "He plunged beneath the material surface of things, and found the spiritual cause."⁷ The broken neck was on the surface, the broken heart was underneath. The spiritual cause was the fact that man simply cannot be separated from good because he cannot be separated from God. No doctor could have detected the underlying problem; no medicine could have reached it.

I would assume very few of you out there have broken necks to deal with, but we may have a few broken hearts that can stand some mending. Her healing is your healing, because we are all working with the same age-old truths, just as we said in the beginning of the talk. One person's demonstration of being taken all the way is a child's proof eighty years or so later, and one woman's healing of a separation can impact you today as well. The real healing which took place here was the healing within the family, the mending, the coming together. Now, I ask that you consider this: what prompted that young lady to call

her mother after decades of silence? Some folks call it coincidence, I call it God. God, once again, took the situation all the way. And what was my role as a practitioner in this case? I just held her hand; God did all the heavy lifting.

No Separation from Good

As we said earlier, you don't have a broken neck and hopefully you don't have a broken heart either, but it seems to me that we can all profit from this healing as well, because it reminds us of the connection between what we are thinking and accepting and what we are experiencing. If we believe that we are victims of separation, then we leave ourselves vulnerable on that front, don't we? We could then believe that we could be separated from good: good vision, good hearing, good health, good—period. The suggestion comes in so many different ways: separated from my job, my supply, my career opportunities, my right home, my right mate, my right neighborhood, my right community, my right mind.

Isn't all of this the lying suggestion that you can be separated from God? What a silly thought! Mrs. Eddy referred to "the supposed separation of man from God,"⁸ in describing Adam. You cannot be separated from good because you cannot be separated from God. That is the point. That is the point of the healings I shared and that is why we share healings—whether they are eighty years old or 800 years old. Each one has a lesson for us.

Truth Prevents Attack

One more proof of this, if I may: This week a client told me of her experience with her teenage daughter who ran away from home and was gone for two years. During that time there was no contact, and the mother prayed for that child every day. She said that one night around 2:00 a.m., she was awakened with an urgent need to pray for the girl and she did. She prayed for a couple of hours and then felt a total sense of peace, knew the work was done, and went to sleep. Shortly afterward, the daughter came home and they shared notes. The daughter said that on that night and in that time period when her mother was praying, she had been hitchhiking and a man picked her up, took her out to the woods, threw her down on the ground, and leaned over her with a knife, bringing it down toward her throat to kill her—but the knife stopped in midair. He tried

it a dozen or so more times and each time he could not bring it beyond that point, which was about fifteen inches above her head. So he gave up and left her there.

How does that happen? Better yet, when prayer is protecting us, how can it not happen? What does Psalm 91 tell us?

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.⁹

That girl, by the way, remained home and is a fine young woman today, a student of Christian Science, and all a mother would wish her daughter to be. The daughter, who thought she had left Christian Science far behind, said that when she was attacked, the truth she had learned in Sunday School flooded into her consciousness. Now, you are not going to be attacked by a knife, but you need to know that you have a protective shield as well, against whatever would attack you, be it a germ, a virus, a disease... a whatever...whatever is offensive. You are "Clad in the panoply of Love,"¹⁰ remember?

Before I close I'd like to share one more story with you, a personal one, because it concerns a problem being repeated today in society, the suggestion that one can be separated from their right activity; or even more pointedly, the problem of unemployment.

Healings of Unemployment

My background, my training, had been in the theater. I had been with the Pasadena Playhouse in California and we moved to Colorado, which for me at the time, was like being stuck in the middle of no-man's land. I explored any and all possibilities in television or live theater and got stopped at every turn. They said nothing was happening live in Denver; that shows were canned and sent from L.A. or New York. So, I focused my attention to the two loves of my life, my family and Christian Science. Occasionally someone would call for some guidance in working through a problem, and I would help them out (I was not listed in *The Christian Science Journal* at the time). One of the ladies I helped gave a testimony about that help in one of the Denver churches, and a stranger to Christian Science heard it

and asked who had helped her. He called me the next day and told me his story. It was not a happy one.

He said that he had been an insurance underwriter, which was all he was trained and educated to do, and there were only three in Colorado. He had been fired, which did not look great on a resume. He was middle-aged, had two young children, and a wife in a wheelchair. He said he had gone through his savings account, was now down to the checking account, and totally, completely desperate. He had attended that Wednesday evening meeting, he knew not why, but had no background at all in Christian Science. He asked if it could help him. I asked him to rephrase the question. I said your real question is "Can God help me?" and of course He can. Christian Science, I said, is a hotline, if not a straight line, to God. I had learned in geometry that a straight line was the shortest distance between two points, and I suggested he try it. I told him I would help him along with his understanding, and a very interesting thing happened.

A few days later, while reading an article in the *Christian Science Sentinel*, I found a sentence that intrigued me, "Man's resources are not limited by social, civic, political, economic or religious codes."¹¹ I saw in a moment that all the things my friend thought were limiting him had no impact whatsoever; his age, the fact that he'd been fired, the fact that his experience was limited, that there were only three underwriter positions in the state of Colorado and they were filled, that his wife couldn't work, that he had young children to support, that he had searched to no avail for employment—all those were simply part of the social codes, the economic codes, the political codes, which we all think are the laws by which we live. They are not. I saw so clearly that they could not impact him any more than they could impact you...and we'll add medical codes to that as well.

Anyway, a Denver phone book was on my desk and when I turned to move it, it flipped open to "Theatrical Agencies." How strange, I thought, that they would have theatrical agencies in a city that says it has no theater. Maybe they've got agents for cowboy bands or square dance callers? Now wait a minute, am I limiting an entire state because of what the "experts" have told me? I thought, if this is an angel message, I will follow, but which one do I call, God?

There are probably fifty listed here. I closed my eyes, put my finger on a number, and dialed it, not knowing who I was calling, and the lady who answered the phone politely informed me that she had a Rolodex of around 500 women looking for work in TV, radio, and theater and that she got possibly two calls a year for someone.

At that point her other phone rang in the background and she asked for my phone number, so she could call me back. I gave it to her and then thought, why? She had already told me that there was no hope. Back I went to my angel message: "Man's resources are not limited by social, civic, political, economic or religious codes." I thought that message wasn't just for that testifier, wasn't just for my friend, it was for me as well! She called back and said that the other call had been one of her "twice in a year" calls and that it was from Mountain States Telephone Company, who was requesting a woman's voice for their radio commercials. She said, "I think it's on my other line." She then asked if I could be in Denver in thirty minutes for an audition, and of course I said I could, which in itself was insanity as we lived in Evergreen, in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. But by the grace of God, I got there. (He takes us all the way, remember??)

I auditioned, I got the job...and when I returned home the phone was ringing. It was the insurance underwriter. He thanked me for calling Nebraska in his behalf. I said I had not called anyone. He then said, "Well, who called then?" He explained that a large insurance company had called him to invite him to consider their vice presidency, as they had received a call about him. He was to meet with their board of directors at the Denver airport the following Friday. He did, and he got the job.

And guess what happened to me? The agency that had the Mountain States Telephone account also had the Safeway account and they said they'd thought of using a woman on television for Safeway for years, but that Safeway was reluctant to use a woman. They asked if I would do a sample commercial, which they would simply show unannounced to the Safeway officials at their next meeting to see what the reaction would be. For the next many years, until we left Colorado, I was Mrs. Safeway on radio and television. (May I be redundant and remind you that God takes us all the way?)

One Code, One Law

You may not be interested in being an insurance underwriter, or Mrs. Safeway, for that matter, but I have a hunch that you could profit from remembering that your resources are not limited in any way by social codes, by civic codes, by economic codes, political or religious codes or medical codes or codes about age or any other codes—that you are not limited, period.

Here is how Mary Baker Eddy dispels these myths when she asks and answers a question relating to economic codes. Her question: "What, then, can a man do with truth and without a cent to sustain it?" Her answer: "Either his life must be a miracle that frightens people, or his truth not worth a cent."¹²

You live under one code, one law, the law of God, which I like to break into three parts: God is all, God is good, which means all is good. It's like an algebraic equation, isn't it? If God is All, #1; and God is good, #2; then, #3 is true—all is good.

That may be a good thought on which to close this afternoon, but I do have to bring in one more grandchild story. Most of you have cute grandchildren stories to share, but you can't share them here, because I have the microphone. I opened the talk with reference to Asher, my then three-year-old grandson, which is what he was when I started writing this. Believe it or not, in the interim he reached adulthood—he became four. We took him to Disneyland to celebrate his fourth birthday a couple of weeks ago, and as we entered the park I said, "Asher, we're celebrating something mighty important today, what is it?" And he answered with one word, *eternity*. Eternity?? Where had he even heard that word? His parents didn't know. He wasn't celebrating his birthday; he was celebrating eternity.

What are we doing here? Celebrating Arden Wood's eightieth birthday? Or the eternity of what it represents? Was it merely an idea two people had eighty years ago to care for their fellow Christian Scientists, an idea that will fade into oblivion when the bricks crumble? Or does it represent something more eternal than that, is it a reminder that Christian Scientists are out there, that they are focused on healing and that they stand for a Truth, a truth that makes men free, a truth that men are free already?

In one of my other lives I was a disc jockey and I loved to play a record Nat King Cole made famous, (for those of you too young to know what a record is, it was a round black thing with a hole in the middle). The song went: “In time the Rockies may crumble, Gibraltar may tumble. They’re only made of clay. But our love is here to stay.”¹³ I always thought of God when I heard that. All kinds of things in our human experience will change as time goes by, but that which is spiritual, that which is of God, the Truth, is here to stay. It goes all the way when everything else stops. It’s eternal.

And maybe all of that is a reminder as well, of the point we opened with—remember little Asher telling his mother that God would take them all the way? “All the way” is not limited to 80 years for Arden Wood or any of us—and believe it or not, I will close now, with a little poem I wrote about this for the *Sentinel* years ago:

HAPPY UN-BIRTHDAY

I’m to record my birth date on line 3.
Sure.
But I’ll tell you where I’m not recording it—
In my consciousness.
I refuse to be trapped into the
 Birth,
 Maturity,
 Decay syndrome,
The adolescent/senile cycle
With a brief space in the middle
To hurry up and be prosperous.
No way.
I am who I am,
Created by God
In His own likeness;
Not approaching nor retiring
But *there*,
 Now,
 Always.¹⁴

Happy Un-Birthday Arden Wood! And to all of you,
a Happy Eternity!!

- ¹ John Greenleaf Whittier, *Christian Science Hymnal*, Hymn No. 238
- ² Milton Simon, “All the Way,” *The Christian Science Journal*, 1949, Vol. 67, p. 432
- ³ Mary Baker Eddy, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, p. 197:16
- ⁴ The Bible, John 8:32
- ⁵ *Science and Health*, p. 124:20
- ⁶ Carl J. P. Spitta and Richard Massie, Tr., *Christian Science Hymnal*, Hymn No. 135
- ⁷ *Science and Health*, p. 313:24
- ⁸ *Ibid*, p. 338:22
- ⁹ The Bible, Psalm 91:3-4
- ¹⁰ *Science and Health*, p. 571:18
- ¹¹ The issue of the *Sentinel* is not known, but the quote is derived from *Science and Health*, p. 340: 27
- ¹² Mary Baker Eddy, *Miscellany*, p. 216:10
- ¹³ George Gershwin, music; Ira Gershwin, lyrics, “Our Love Is Here to Stay,” written for the movie *The Goldwyn Follies*, circa 1938
- ¹⁴ Lona Ingwerson, *Christian Science Sentinel*, July 25, 1977



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