

OUTREACH REPORTS FOR JANUARY 14 AND 21, 2016

January 14, 2016

From Bob: As quiet as last week was, this one was busy busy. A man came along who immediately assumed I was a "holy man" and asked me to pray for Carol, his cousin, who is seriously ill in Wyoming. I suggested that before we got to Carol, we should start with him, first recognizing HIM as the expressing of Divine Love, and then jointly we could see cousin Carol in the same light. He agreed and loved that somewhat unusual approach. He left, then came back and mentioned that he had to repent for his sins every morning in order to even have a chance at praying. I asked him to reverse that concept: he and I and his cousin and everyone else are truly spiritual, whole, loving, and perfect, and we should start with that basis instead of coming from a presumed sinful mortal perspective, then our clearer interior view and gratitude will carry forward into effective communication with the Divine. This was an inspired conversation.

A couple came along. The tall tough-looking man mouthed some New Age comments in a derogatory fashion, "Yeah sure, you visualize and it'll come true, right?" I laughed and said it has much more to do with grasping a sense of our actual spiritual nature and that of all our surroundings, then we can move ahead to clarify our thought process which can adjust our apparent circumstances. He was taken aback and after a few more sentences he and his woman friend both took an S&H. He kind of shrugged and said, "I'll read this."

A young man waited patiently during a conversation with a man who wanted to talk about well-drilling in Africa. When the well-driller left, the observer had a burning question: "Are you OK with a religion that promotes the greater good, overall, but isn't your own religion?" I told him that my personal allegiance to the Supreme Being focused on, in a nutshell, the harmony of Love, the presence of Mind, and the idea of full-blown Life permeating our entire spiritual existence. Thus any

approach that values those traits above all is fine by me. He almost jumped up and down with happiness. "Me too!", he said. He mentioned he had S&H and had wondered how the book fit with other religions. I also told him about *The Ultimate Freedom*, which tickled his fancy, and he left with a copy.

Speaking of the latter book, Cisco ("like the Cisco Kid" he said) from Guatemala via Belize said he wanted his girlfriend to learn Spanish and thought the Spanish translation of TUF would be a good way to get started. But then he asked for an English version so they could read it together. OK, that works!

Several others just came up and wanted to look through what we had and took books or periodicals. A good day for all.

From Tina: Some days I just want to be on the other side of the table and walk up to the "holy man" and ask him questions and listen to his profound and comforting answers!

"What more can be said (in my report which follows Bob's) than has already been said?" sings in my mind.

Well, maybe a little more...

"Are you the woman on that poster?" a man asked me as he pointed to a photo of MBE we have on display.

"I wish!" I replied.

A lady asked if we were now sharing a new book she could have. And since S&H sports a new cover I could appreciate her question. She said she read the one we had given her and someone had taken it (cool thing to steal) so I gave her the new edition and added she might also enjoy another book we share, written by someone who relied on the textbook's inspiring messages as he rose above dire circumstances.

Roberto introduced himself as a "piano player for God. " He was carrying his guitar and added he also played music "on the streets" - a busker. He was very pleased to receive S&H and said, "I seen you over by the escalator [broken] and thought I'd come over to see what you got." As he left, with his book on spirituality and healing, he commented, "I need some spiritual fixing up."

Two happy men stopped by. One wanted a copy of The Ultimate Freedom after listening to a little explanation of its subject. The other fellow said he couldn't read. I mentioned that the reader might consider reading aloud to him from the book. I added, "I read aloud to my husband and I used to read to my sons." The literate one got a little huffy and said, "He ain't my husband and he ain't my son and how would it look?"

"Well then, read to your friend. He's worth it."

Maybe that wasn't a comforting and profound answer, but it made sense at the time! I hope he shares.

January 21, 2016:

From Bob: This was quite an interesting day at the Plaza. It started off with four or five people bing-bing-bing, and each seemed to be especially needy in all respects. In the middle of those various attempts to reassure each person that he was a complete expressing of God-like qualities, another young man who was carrying numerous plastic bags of clothing decamped beside the table; he was lucid with me, took an S&H and Sentinels for himself and a Spanish S&H for his mother, but twice turned around and roared something unintelligible to the rest of the world. In the midst came Harold, a Native American from Montana, who became teary-eyed as he asked me to pray for him and his wife who were not doing well in terms of a relationship and, he said, it got especially bad for him this morning. He was so genuine. I shared with

him how we each have Love and Life as our spiritual, true parents and companions, and they are carried within each of us whether we think so or not and wherever we happen to be. I forcefully said that's who we are! We're spiritual beings living in a harmonious universe! That cheered him up, he took a book and left. Naturally during all this time with those half-dozen people my silent mantra, over and over, was "Perfect God, Perfect Man, and Perfect Being!"

Right on Harold's heels came a tender, remarkable scene. A young woman who had the appearance and demeanor of a "lady of the night" had taken an S&H and then started to walk away. She noticed the young man with the bags of clothing---still standing beside the table with his bags laid out on the floor for rearranging---and said something to him. I didn't catch that interchange but then did hear her ask if he was hungry. He said he was a little. She was carrying a small sub sandwich, unwrapped it, divided it, and gave him half. What a wonderful gesture from a person who clearly did not have much but was willing to reach out to a stranger and share! I was awestruck.

At that point I got a little break in the action and used my cellphone to call on spousal prayerful reinforcement...for the first time ever...to add her prayerful thoughts to mine recognizing Harold and all of the "customers" for who they are in spiritual reality.

Others came along, mostly in need of assurance...one older woman who already had S&H but said she hadn't read it, took an *Ultimate Freedom* (because it looked to be an easier read, she said!) and tucked it into her pull-basket saying, "I won't let this get wet outside!" She was one I remembered chatting with months ago who was possibly homeless but had an air of serious intelligence about her.

Unfortunately, the young man with the bags repeated his bellowing a couple more times and Security escorted him out. I was pleased to see that they treated him kindly and simply walked along side him downstairs with no further reaction on his or their parts.

I had a nice conversation about spiritual matters with another young man to close out my shift. He read through the definition of God and Heaven (the latter unbidden, at the bottom of the same page) and said if people were to use those two definitions the world's problems would be solved. Yes, another good day!

From Tina: The staff from security and maintenance sometimes supplies us with useful information: Friday afternoon, January 29th, our state's governor will be led on a guided tour of the bus station. One can only wonder if this is part of a movement led by local leaders to relocate the central bus station to a site further away from downtown - a move which would be a great inconvenience and inequity to "the least of these." I think, "...a motive made pure" must embrace all involved in the governor's upcoming visit.

Like a bird that preens its feathers by moving, with its beak, oil generated from a gland near its tail to the rest of the places it can reach, I, too, do a little preening to let the water (insults, ignorance, etc.) run off my so-called feathers. Concentrated preening (spiritual study and listening) takes place in my early mornings and today it buoys me up at STA since my first few encounters were pretty negative:

A young man asked about 'the book' and I began by telling him it was written by a woman named Mary Baker Eddy." A woman?!!! - I am NOT interested." Then he pulled a book out of his bag and said, "I'm already reading a book." "What is it?" I asked. (*Crippled America* by Donald Trump.) He walked off saying it was a great book and, "He's going to make a great president."

I refresh the oil on my feathers with Mrs. Eddy's statement: *"Experience shows that humility is the first step in Christian Science, wherein all is controlled, not by man or laws material, but by wisdom, Truth, and Love."* Mis. 354

And the oil keeps fulfilling its purpose when the next person shows up and is invited to take a look at *Science and Health*. "Want to take a look at our book?" "Naaaaah - I'm fine and I don't want your HEATHERY."

Then a little Oil goes a long way for me as I gently listen to a houseless man describe his situation. His refuge is the House of Charity. He finds the Psalms to be his prayers. He particularly leans on one that begins, O, my God..."

A woman stopped by, pulling a small suitcase. She said she had just left a man who made her his sex slave. Thank goodness she didn't go into details. She said she was "no spring chicken" and couldn't take his demands anymore.

I told her I wouldn't attempt to influence or counsel her but I could assure her that as she leaned on God for direction she would be guided in a way that would provide her with peace and protection. She told me it was wonderful just to have someone listen to her.

So far, no one who visited the outreach table on my shift accepted our book.

Meanwhile I noticed three house sparrows flitting around among the *faux* shrubbery located inside the building and eventually landing together on the same perch - they had a lot to say to each other. Was this little trinity offering me insight into what was really happening inside and outside the bus plaza? Perhaps one sparrow might represent Father/Mother God; and the Son could be every living thing, including man; and the Holy Spirit might be represented as the clear message to all that nothing can separate the Creator and His creation. Nothing.