

## STA OUTREACH REPORT FOR 10-27-16

FROM BOB:

10-27-16: There was not much going on today, but here are some snippets that suggest how we spend our time.

A tiny elderly woman with a rain hat that was like a transparent monk's cowl---lending her a very strange visage, indeed---asked if this display was about religion. I said the basics eventually became a religion called Christian Science. She loudly said she belongs to the only true religion, founded by Jesus himself, based on the Trinity, and what right did anyone else have to call something a religion...and caused such a fuss as she walked away muttering, that others nearby and I just smiled at each other, shaking our heads.

A young woman ran up and said she'd had her *The Ultimate Freedom* book stolen and asked if we had another. She said it was a really interesting book and she wanted a copy to continue reading. She got it.

A mid-range lady, who was the only heart-to-heart conversant with me today, mentioned how her life badly needed a spiritual uplift. We talked a little about the basics of metaphysics for just a few moments until she had to catch a bus, but she was smiling and nodding and happy to get S&H. She said she could only hold onto brief thoughts and hoped the book would help unwind her tense mental state that kept her head in an uproar. I shared, "All

is well". She really liked that and left.

A sullen young man in a hoodie passed by four or five times. He eventually slowed, glanced over, and I took that opportunity to ask how it was going. He gave a thumbs down. Next time by he glanced over again, and I took that as a slight opening, and asked him what was happening in his life. If he'd like to share. He stopped and said his whole life was \_\_\_\_\_. I asked why. He said he was from Philadelphia, been here a few weeks, was still living on the streets, didn't know where he'd sleep each night, didn't know where he'd find food, and he was just sick of being who he is. His demeanor was such that I didn't offer theory or statements about God or anything similar, and instead gave him a coupon for a slice of pizza upstairs. He took it and mumbled a little thank you. In another 10 minutes he came back by with a half-eaten slice in hand and a genuine smile on his face and said thank you loud and clear, but didn't stop for any further conversation.

Right at the end of my shift a youngish man challenged how the term science could even relate to spirituality. He was well versed in scientific terminology/theory and was stuck on the idea that everything in our universal experience can be traced back to chemistry, including love, life itself, spirit, mind, etc. He wouldn't budge in considering anything else. That dogmatic "material scientism" is thankfully rare but does come up.

Total for today was four books of all kinds...plus the next-to-the-last pizza coupon!

FROM TINA:

10-27-16: Well, mutterers and disputers and deny-ers can't make a dent in our aplomb, can they!?

A fellow looked over our display of books and magazines and asked if it was Christian. When I answered in the affirmative he gave me such a look of disgust never before seen during outreach. I leaned on that law found on page 442, line 30 of S&H.

And on to the young man who wears a hat that says "Memory Programs" - he has had satisfying conversations with Bob and was hoping to encounter him again for a good "talk" - he was concerned about memory loss and in particular Alzheimers. How glad I was to tell him about Joan Geier's account/testimony of the reversal of her medical diagnosis. I told him I would email the testimony to him if he wanted to share his email with me. He did. I did. I am so glad I subscribe to JSH-Online.

JSH-Online is such a gift...I remember approaching director Mary Metzger Trammell about ten years ago when the CS Board of Directors led one of their many day-long listening forums - this time it being held in Seattle, Washington. During the break the directors milled around among the attendees and I was able to suggest to Mrs. Trammell the idea of making the periodicals available

electronically. She just sparkled at the idea - ha ha - and told me it was already "in the works" - and I was thrilled, as I still am each time I use it.

The voters' "Official ballot dropbox" is situated inside the entrance to the plaza and many, many people dropped off their envelopes. If they noticed me I gave them a thumbs up...

A man walking his bicycle past our display made sure the little stuffed Tweetie Bird mounted on the handlebars was visible and sending out its message: I Wuv You. I asked if I could take a photograph of the both of them and he was pretty pleased.

A couple of copies of the textbook were taken today. Who can account for the great rush of acceptances and then the quiet lulls? What I remember feeling so intensely today was a feeling of deep seated-peace and a certainty we were all in our right place - loved, cared for, watched over by you-know-Who!.