

STA Report November 3, 2016

“Today I will be present. Today, anyone I speak to, I will look them in the eye and listen deeply...Today there will be an ease about me. My face will be relaxed, its resting place a smile. “ ~ Maria Semple,

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For me, the quieting of the jackhammer came none too soon, and there were several good interactions with the bus community:

A tattooed young father asked me, “What do you have?” I invited him to read the back cover of S&H after my own brief introduction. He read and said, “Oh! My gosh! I’ve been praying for this. My wife and I are having ups and downs in our marriage and we have three little ones. Oh! My gosh!! Thank you! God bless you!” He had tears in his eyes. He hugged me.

This week we had a few copies of the Sentinel and Monitor left to share. A fellow pointed to the Monitor and said he reads the magazine in the library. (We sure could use some more back issues of the Sentinel - and will gladly cover the cost of postage if the readers of this weekly report have some

copies to share - the CS Sentinel is such a lovely introduction - it is the “key to the key” to the inspired ideas found in Science and Health.

A Potawatomi/Cherokee woman told of her desire to be reunited with her children (she had fled an abusive domestic situation in Florida). She sat on the bench beside our display and unwrapped her new copy of the textbook and began reading it. A short while later a young man who was wheeling his bike through the plaza stopped to inquire about the book and the seated woman piped up: “You should get a copy. I’ve been reading the first few pages and so far it is pretty good!” He accepted my offer and her recommendation.

A woman who could have stepped out of the pages of the Bible, particularly the Gospel of Luke, - the woman “which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years and was bowed together, and could in no wise lift up herself” - somehow our visitor was able to see our display and the signage from her wheelchair and she asked for the textbook and a Sentinel. She was insistent and her caretaker helped tuck this literature into the bag hanging from the handles. I thought of the woman being loosed on the Sabbath day and that her own Sabbath day will be experienced in the pages of her new book: this “sovereign antidote...this life-giving power of truth.”

A grade school-aged girl came by with her grandma. They did not stop. But I had time to read what was written on her tee-shirt: “I was born to sparkle.” So are we all.

With love and gratitude,