

STA REPORT 3/5/15

FROM TINA: At outreach last week we observed a security guard's interaction with bus station users. His smile was genuine and contagious and many people approached him just to chat. He came over to us to chat, too, and we complimented him on his "style" - since stern, wary guards do little to bring uplift to a place that surely deserves one. We plan to write a note to his supervisor expressing our appreciation for him. His name is Ed.

Marty is confined to a wheelchair. His body seems absent of a functioning skeletal frame. He asks probing questions about our Pastor, our local churches, what heaven/hell means to us. We talked for about half an hour and part of our conversation revolved around the question of what happens to our spirit when we die. During all this interaction a woman came up and addressed him by name and gave him two dollars as payment for helping her. How wonderful it was to have my socks knocked off by witnessing this. I received the lesson I needed: don't judge a person's capabilities by appearances. Marty accepted our book and asked directions to First Church. I offered an explanation of the order of service and the subject of Sunday's BL: Man. Since he lives near the church he may just show up. Bless him.

Another fellow stopped by with his wife and daughter. He knew about Mrs. Eddy and was happy to accept a copy of her book. He mentioned he was on a heart transplant list and had had nine heart attacks already. He said the heart doctor acted like a "god" and even announced that he was one. Our visitor added that he had respect for the doctor. We felt confident that he would find that there was only one God and that the book's message of healing would touch his heart. He posed an interesting question before leaving: why does the Christian Science website end with .com instead of .org?

Do any of our readers have an answer?

The woman who has been off meth for a month or so asked us if we belonged to a church (she had been drawn to our outreach table by the poster, *Out of Addiction ~ Into the Light*.) She assumed if we belonged to a church we would be willing to pray for her if she asked, or maybe she assumed only people who went to church prayed. We assured her we would love to pray for her, and for her two daughters who have been removed from a horrific home situation. What will our individual prayer be? Will it cover the whole ground? Will we outline? Will you join us once more?

Thank you.

STA REPORT FOR 3/12/15:

FROM BOB: We were pleased to have a terrific conversation with a young man of obvious intelligence, a self-professed atheist who grew up in an evangelical

church and had heard negatively of CS. Theodora asked what those negatives were. It turned out as is so often the case that he was misinformed about the particulars, about doctors, etc. He barely stayed around to talk, at first, and wanted nothing to do with anything that smacked of Ye Olde Theology. So we couched the discussion in terms of modern science, noted how so much of the Bible is a Jewish set of documents, culturally misunderstood from a Gentile or Western perspective, sometimes mistranslated, and/or not intended to be taken literally, and how newest scientific discoveries keep pointing toward a metaphysical junction point. Theodora showed him the definitions of "devil", "heaven", "hell" and others in S&H, which allayed some of his fears that we were just another form of Bible-thumpers. He still was not ready to take a book after almost 20 minutes of discussion and mentioned he's skeptical that we can explain away matter and all its foibles. He again started to walk away at that point. Theodora leaped into the breach by saying, "Skepticism is good!" He turned back, took a book, said he'd read it just based on her response.

Many interesting things occur in sharing with the public. Sometimes one wonders about the facts presented by some people but we always try to love first and take them all as truthful children of the Almighty. A man came to me while I was alone at the table and asked if I was Christian. I said I was. He then asked if he could "lock shields with me"...which I quickly assumed meant being in solidarity with him as in the times of the Roman legions when they held their shields close together in battle. I said yes, I'd support him. He reached out, took my hand in a strong grip and began to pray. Of course I assumed the prayer position and listened to his long, passionate prayer about his girlfriend/fiancee who had killed one of their children and this morning had attempted suicide. He prayed for her recovery and rejuvenation, for the lost child, and that God would leave no scars on the other children. Wow. I said to him, "That was absolutely beautiful. Would you like more prayer for your family?" He said yes, then hurried away before anything else came to mind for me to say. Maybe nothing was needed. So once more, we ask that our readers pray: in this case for Brian's family and all families here and abroad who are struggling with painful, confused, debilitating circumstances. May we, and they, see the light.

FROM THEODORA:

It was a little quieter than usual because the up escalator was being worked on. We are located at the top of the escalator and usually there is a lot of traffic from people coming up. We still had quite a few customers, most of whom just said yes, they would like a book, thanked us and left.

There was one young man, however, that upon my encouragement read the back of the book and then gave me a big smile and took the book with thanks. He was wearing a tall black top hat with a white hat band that had a long tail down his back. I complimented him on it just as he complimented me on something I was wearing and we both laughed at that as he dashed off.

One man was very knowledgeable of the Bible and wanted to know if we are Christians. I said yes. After a little more conversation he told me he was very sad because a very dear friend of his had been killed last week. She was a homeless woman and had been run over by a county truck. The driver hadn't seen her sleeping between cardboard on the side of the road. The man said her memorial service had been yesterday and he hadn't known about it and had just found out that morning. I told him she is in God's loving care and he agreed, but looked so sad. So I said, "You look like you could use a hug." He said, "Oh, a hug would be very welcome." So we hugged for a few moments and then he left with much gratitude. He did not take a book at this time, but I did give him a card invitation to our upcoming lecture by Elise Moore and he thought he'd be able to make it.

I was able to give several lecture invitations out and one woman said the West Central Community Center, where it is being held, is in her neighborhood and she would certainly go.

It is such a joy to reach out to people and every once in a while someone is deeply touched and we know what we are doing is so very worthwhile.