

STA REPORT FOR April 9, 15:

From Theodora: Hallelujah! The up escalator was fixed, so we had a lot more traffic than we have for the last few weeks while it was down.

Many books were given out and accepted with gratitude. One young woman named Heather was so grateful and about a half hour later came back with a young man, Issa, from Sudan who also wanted a book. Then she asked about the bookmarks and I gave them each one. They were very grateful.

A beautiful young man from the Congo and named Keno (not sure of the spelling) who has been here 2 years said he does read English and also accepted a book with heartfelt thanks.

A young man who seemed very much under the influence of something-he was unstable on his feet and blinking his eyes rapidly-came up to the table because of my invitation. He was so wobbly I asked if he was alright. He kind of shook his head with closed eyes, then opened his eyes and said "I'm alright." I said I know you're alright. You are the image and likeness of God. I told him of the important message in S&H; that he is perfect and loved. His eyes seemed to get more clear and focused and he accepted a book with thanks.

A woman came up and listened about the book and then said she didn't have any money. I told her it is FREE and showed her the sign that says so. She wanted to know why we would do such a thing. I told her how important the message in this book is. That Christian Science is the universal law of God, which Christ Jesus taught and demonstrated and told us to go and do likewise. That we want everyone to have this information so they can heal themselves and others. She gratefully accepted the book and then asked if we had anything comforting. She was on her way to the hospital to visit a friend who had had a massive heart attack and she didn't know what his and his family's religious beliefs were and she didn't want to offend, etc. I explained that her prayers are the BEST thing that she can do and no words are needed. I also told her that S&H is a comforter and she will understand that as she reads it. She was so grateful and gave me a big hug and "God Bless" as she left.

There was a man who already had the metallic blue book. He said he used to be at the Mission (for the homeless) and he was reading the book there

and the head of the Mission told him not to read that book. He protested such an inappropriate order, of course.

Just before we were to wrap things up a woman and child came up to the table and the husband was standing off to the side. The woman was interested, as well as the child wanted a book too, and then the man started saying vehemently that she should not get into that. I can't quote him, but he gave me the impression he was confusing us with scientology. So I said, "This is not scientology. This book is totally Bible based." I went on to explain some of the core teaching in S&H and then he smiled and accepted a book for himself.

As I look out my office window I see very dark clouds forming and I have quite a walk to get to my car, so I am going to say God Bless all of you and get on my way.

From Tina:

Such a welcome sight: the escalator that drops people off right in front of our outreach table is functioning again after three/four weeks in the shut down mode. It really makes a difference on the number of people we have the opportunity to interact with.

Ed, one of the security guards, stood by our table for about 20 minutes. Most of the 'regulars' at the plaza know him, greet him with a fist bump, ask advice, ask directions, listen to his gentle admonitions...and on and on. Ed is a welcome asset in a place that is mostly used by "the least of these." Oh how Jesus would have worked his healings in the midst of them. Ed told us he doesn't judge anyone, and believe me, one could get pretty judgmental in this place. And then, you know what? When the least of these came to greet him with fist bumps as he stood by us, he told them they needed this book we were sharing. And they would accept it. He quietly sang part of a hymn while he stood there - imagine! Not that race matters, but his African American heritage includes that soul-singing and hand-clapping that so typifies his culture. A while later a woman came up to tell him that there was some "naughtiness going on" on the second floor where we have our outreach. She was pretty raunchy in her description and he told her to "watch her language" because, as he gestured toward our table, "this is the Lord's house and you can't be talking like that."

A large poster for a local CS lecture is on display at the table - the subject

of the talk: Preventing Violence (being safe, helping others be safe, handling PTSD) caught the eye of our security guard , who said it was an important topic, as well as the attention of a young mother who was grateful to get the invitation information and a copy of *Science and Health*.

On another note, a fellow already had a copy of *Science and Health* but he said he hadn't read much of it. He said reading was hard for him; he added that while he was staying at a nearby homeless shelter (for over a year) he was reading his copy in the shelter and the shelter's director noticed the book in his hands and told him he "shouldn't be reading that book." Our visitor said "nobody tells me what I can or can't read."

Last week's outreach was much quieter, although Barb and I did share several copies of the textbook and had nice visiting moments with each other during the lulls. I didn't get around to writing a report because Easter activities filled the weekend - but I had planned to share an off-duty experience that touched me because it reminded me of the resurrecting gift of the Christ:

My husband and I had been on a traditional root dig the day before last week's outreach. We were out in the shrub steppe area of the Columbia plateau - about an hour's drive from Spokane. This is the time of year that the areas' indigenous people collected bulbs named "white camas"(although it is really part of the lomatium or wild carrot family). Digging the bulb was/is such an important part of their hunter/gatherer lifestyle. On this day, we were gathered on just a few acres of non-agricultural land, with about 300 Native American school children and their leaders digging bulb. Year after year of harvesting bulbs in the same spot makes one wonder how there would be some left for the next year's root dig. The secret of the annual abundance of these walnut-sized bulbs was unraveled when the little plants with their last year's flower seeds attached were dug up and the bulb extracted, followed by the seed heads being pressed back into the soil where the bulb was removed. This is where I saw Jesus' parable in a new light: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit" (John 12:24). And that is just what happens - I witnessed it! Always, renewing is going on. Back in downtown Spokane many Native Americans utilize the bus plaza...many are separated from their ancestral practices, yet in a way, and I don't think its a stretch by any means, the copies of *Science and Health*

which are freely shared, are just like that "corn of wheat" [which is pressed] into the soil (of the receptive thought) and *must* bring forth much fruit.