



Peace Haven is pleased to share this inspirational online talk given by Dr. Tom Fuller, at Peace Haven's Annual Meeting on Saturday, November 11, 2020

## Church: "designed to be built"

Peace Haven

by Dr. Tom Fuller

Thanks for joining us today to think about church. Online! Striking isn't it? The *necessity* of holding Peace Haven's annual meeting online reflects the urgent, worldwide *need* for Church—Church that *heals* and dissolves widespread fear, and it also demonstrates the God-given, *worldwide supply* of Church!

You may have wondered about the title: "designed to be built." So did I!

I was struck by Mrs. Eddy's description of her church:

THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, IN BOSTON, MASS., is designed to be built on the Rock, Christ; even the understanding and demonstration of divine Truth, Life, and Love, healing and saving the world from sin and death; thus to reflect in some degree the Church Universal and Triumphant (*Church Manual*, p. 19).

I understand putting church on the rock, Christ. No building is stronger than its foundation. Jesus taught us to build on rock, not sand. Laurance Doyle observed years ago that sand is just lots of tiny rocks (quartz). If we build on the assumption of many little minds, with shifting opinions, different expectations, natterings, and so forth, we build on sand—and get washed away in the storm. If we build on the oneness of Mind, the only-ness of Mind, we build on the rock, Christ.

Yes, I get that part of the description. But why "*designed to be built*" Isn't it already built? Aren't we done yet? Mrs. Eddy states in the chapter Genesis:

Creation is ever appearing, and must ever continue to appear from the nature of its inexhaustible source. Mortal sense inverts this appearing and calls ideas material (S&H 507).

So if God creates church (and of course He does), then Church too is an ever *unfolding* idea even while material sense sees it as a material construct, or a material organization, a done deal, a *thing*, so to speak.

Referring to the original edifice of The Mother Church, she wrote in *Miscellaneous Writings*:

The diviner claim and means for upbuilding the Church of Christ were prospered. . . . Built on the rock, our church will stand the storms of age: . . . The First Church of Christ, Scientist, our prayer in stone, will be the prophecy fulfilled, the monument upreared, of Christian Science (Mis 140:2).

*Upbuilding* is a verb. So is *uprear*. Perhaps these verbs point to the *continuing activity* of Church, the creation that is ever appearing. It's time for a closer look at nouns and verbs.

*The New York Times* Pulitzer Prize winner, William Safire, is widely recognized as a grammar expert. He wrote a book for writers, with the charming title of *Fumble Rules*. Each of the 50 fumble rules contradicts itself to make its point. Here are some examples:

Verbs **has** to agree with their subjects.

**Don't** use **no** double negatives.

Never use a long word when a **diminutive** one will do.

My personal favorite of the 50 Fumble Rules is: Don't **verb** nouns.

Peace Haven has been a beautiful building and soon will be one again, but, it of course is far more than a building; it's an idea. Consider: If I just present this single word to you, "building." what part of speech is it? Is it a noun or a verb? You can't tell without a sentence or context around it. "We are building a church (or our new nursing facility!)." The word "building" is a verb in that sentence. "We are in a church building." It's a noun. "We are in a church building, building church!" It's both! Sometimes physical exercise, lifting weights, etc. is called body building. A reporter on one of Mrs. Eddy's sermons observed that Mrs. Eddy was healed by understanding the Scriptures. The *uplifting* of spirit was the *upbuilding* of the body. (Mis 169).

Have you ever noticed how many times Mrs. Eddy talks about Mind's, God's, effect on the body: Mind governing the body, healing the body, steering the body into health. Each of those statements also applies to the church body and to the body politic. What a reservoir of inspiration and practical power for healing the nation and the nations.

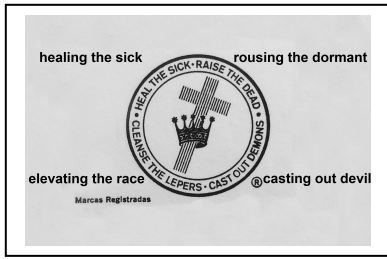
What *is* the work of building church? It is already a structure of course, in fact, *the* structure of Truth and Love. It both rests upon and proceeds from its infinite Principle. Continuing the definition, the church is "... that institution, [*note the comma*] which affords proof of its utility and is found elevating the race, rousing the dormant understanding from material beliefs to the apprehension of spiritual ideas and the demonstration of divine Science, thereby casting out devils, or error, and healing the sick" (S&H 583).

Have you ever heard someone say, I'm "spiritual" or I'm a "spiritual" person, but I'm not interested in *institutional* religion. Have you ever heard a Christian Scientist say that? Ever felt that yourself? Some folks feel cramped by rules, seeing structure as stricture. What gives a tree structure: roots, trunk, branches. What would a tree be *without* structure: a leaf pile. What's a bird without structure: a feather blob!

But such statements about *institutionalized* religion taint the word "institution" with unfair graffiti: stodgy, boring, rigid, etc.

Have you ever noticed how the words *institute* and *substitute* look alike? I looked them up. In law, the first heir to whom an estate is given is the *institute*. If the first heir (the *institute*) is no longer alive, the estate passes to secondary heirs (*substitutes*). Thus, church *is* the intended heir of Truth and Love, the original—the institute—and not a substitute. We might say it's the *instituting* (institution) or constituting of Principle—a constant unfolding of Truth and Love in human experience. It's a verb just as much as it's a noun. Maybe more so.

Here's another example word: *love*. Is *love* a noun or verb? Again we need context: "Are you in love? Did you fall in love? Or perhaps, are you in love (lower case) and in (upper case) Love?" Each of these examples uses *love* as a noun. A student once asked Mrs. Eddy if she loved her. Mrs. Eddy pointed to the stove in the room. She said, "Do you see the stove? It warms; I love." Wow, that's definitely a verb!



And look again at all the verbs in the definition of church: *affording* proof, *elevating*, *rousing*, *casting* out evils, *healing*.

Moreover, notice how these verbs align with the seal of Christian Science.

Isn't this verb-centered flavor of church hinted in the *Church Manual*?

THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, IN BOSTON, MASS., is *designed to be built* on the Rock, Christ; even the understanding and demonstration of divine Truth, Life, and Love, healing and saving the world from sin and death; thus to reflect in some degree the Church Universal and Triumphant (Man 19:1-6).

Our church is designed to *be* built--constant building as verb, as doing, not a done deal noun!

One morning while I was praying by a window, a small bird mistook reflection for sky and crashed hard against the glass. Going outside, I found a motionless, crumpled feather blob. Ironically, I just had been praying with two synonyms for God: Life and Principle. The only Life is God, Principle; therefore life cannot be fragmented or deformed. For Life to deform or die would be unprincipled. Since Principle is Life, no Principle-sustained idea accidentally fails or dies -- it lives! This Principle is not some cold concept like the principle of compound interest, it's Life itself. It's expressed! It lives, moves, has being! It sustains, supports, *builds*.

Therefore, the lie of accident, destruction, de-structuring must be rejected—impossible. As I felt the truth of this, the situation naturally corresponded; the bird stirred, and minutes later flew off. You might say the bird became less of a noun and more of a verb! But this wasn't the end of the story. I was left with a wonderful sense of impending good—the feeling that this healing pointed forward and that I would revisit its promise later that day. [Stay tuned – this story continues later!]

As long as we're talking about building, what shapes appear in God's architecture--in the superstructure that we build on Principle's solid foundation?

Christian Science translates Mind, God, to mortals. It is the infinite calculus defining the line, plane, space, and fourth dimension of Spirit (Mis. 22).

I suggest that one primary shape in God's architecture is the *sphere*.

It's time for the geometry lesson. You knew about that, yes? I mean, when you hire a math teacher to give a talk, what else did you expect? Mrs. Eddy writes:

Mind is perpetual motion. Its symbol is the sphere. The rotations and revolutions of the universe of Mind go on eternally (S&H 240).

The real Life, or Mind, and its opposite, the so-called material life and mind, are figured by two geometrical symbols, a circle or sphere and a straight line. The circle represents the infinite without beginning or end; the straight line represents the finite, which has both beginning and end. The sphere represents good, the self-existent and eternal individuality or Mind; the straight line represents evil, a belief in a self-made and temporary material existence (S&H 282).

Geometry teachers call this a line *segment*. It has beginning and end. Is this a good model for the building we do? For our lives or our churches? A line segment begins somewhere or sometime, *before* which it *isn't*!

Then once it's created/constructed from various materials (chalk, ink, etc.), it is something for a while. Then it ends, *beyond* which it *isn't* again!

This is the mortal model, isn't it? The model of birth, growth, maturity, decrepitude, decay, death. Whether we apply this to a person, a body, a building, or a church, it's still the mortal model.

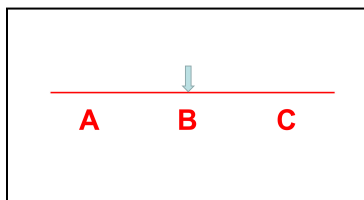
Mrs. Eddy writes in Recapitulation (S&H 472):

*Question.*--What is error?

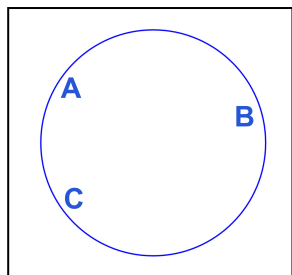
*Answer.*--. . . that which seemeth to be and is not. . . .

Have you ever heard the expression, "You're handing me a line?" What does it mean? It means that you are being handed a LIE, a LInE, an error. And what holds the lie? What contains the lie? It's contained in beLIEf, that which begins and ends. The lie lies to itself and *believes* the lie. Included in Mrs. Eddy's above answer is "Error is a belief without understanding."

The circle or sphere is entirely different. Where is the start of a circle? Where does it end? It symbolizes continuous being, unfoldment of already-existing, always existing, ever-existing being.



Furthermore, it's possible to *order* things along a line. We can for example say that B comes *after* A and *before* C. On a vertical line, we can say that A is *above* B which is *above* C.



Now try this this with a circle. Can we say that B is between A and C? There's no sense of linear order, rank, judgmental comparison, in a circle.

If we spin a circle, we make a sphere. As Mrs. Eddy notes, a sphere—like a circle—has no beginning and no end. The radius of Mind as sphere is infinite. So wherever we are, Mind extends infinitely far in every direction around us; in that sense, we are always at the center of Mind.

God is at once the centre and circumference of being (S&H 203).

This architecture of good finds poetic expression by Peter Henniker-Heaton, a poem that is now Hymn 591:

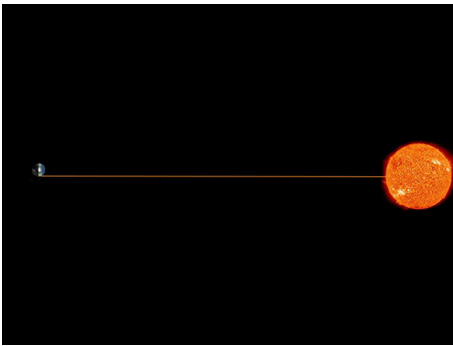
We cannot turn away from God  
Because, whichever way we face,  
Spirit is there. In every place,  
Every direction, everywhere  
Spirit is there.

Whether we turn to left or right  
To north or south or east or west  
We meet with Love--and we are blessed.  
Upward or down, below, above,  
We meet with Love.

Some college friends tried to convince me of all that I was missing by not doing drugs. One said to me, "Have you ever seen the universe, from the outside!" I responded "No, and neither have you!" There *is no outside!* Likewise, there is no outside to Life, Mind, Love. There is no *outsider*. No one can be outside the infinite radius of this Mind, this Truth, this good.

This concludes the geometry lesson. It's time to move on to the astronomy lesson. (If you hire the Associate Director of the Principia Astronomical Observatory, what did you expect?)

Consider one of my personal favorite spheres—a very helpful sphere--the sun. Imagine that you are a ray of light coming from the sun, a ray that could shine on earth. But the earth is a moving target, zipping around the sun at about 67,000 mph. Suppose further that you, the sunbeam, are now shining on the earth. How much does that matter to a sunbeam? What is the identity of a sunbeam? The beam sparkles, scintillates, among millions of colors every second. That identity remains the same, always unfolding from the sun--no matter where the sunbeam shines.



Of course the earth is still moving in its orbit at 67,000 mph, so the beam appears to race across the earth. How long will this sunbeam rest on the earth, as the earth races through it? It depends on the beam's path. If the sunbeam hits the earth at the equator, it will take about seven minutes for the earth to move through the beam. If the beam traverses the earth through St. Louis, it runs off the other side sooner (about five and a half minutes), because the earth isn't as wide there.

If the beam lands close to the North Pole, it may only shine on the earth for a few seconds. But again the beam is not concerned about where it lands. It just shines radiantly, and always, out from the sun—illuminating, glowing.

It's reminiscent of Hymn 14

Arise, arise and shine,  
On thee hath dawned the day;  
God is thy sun, and Christ thy light,  
Be thou a steadfast ray.

As we are Christlike, we are a "gentle beam of living Love" (Hymn 23).

I had a beautiful and talented high school friend, who was full of promise. Even in high school, she sang in professional opera companies, and reviewers called her the best young opera voice in Virginia; she was also second runner-up for Miss Virginia. She loved children and delighted them with her Donald Duck voice.



While driving in western Virginia one morning, listening to the radio, I heard that she had passed on. As I drove through the forest, I felt an overwhelming sense of tragic loss and emptiness. She was so young, barely in college, and she had so much to offer. As tears made driving difficult, I stopped by the roadside, in the silent forest, and prayed for understanding and comfort.

Love quietly sent me a message, an astronomy angel. I noticed the streams of sunlight penetrating the misty forest. This precious angel persisted, touched me, with a question: What is the source of these luminous rays? I answered: It's the sun, of course. These graceful beams are shining out from the sun.

The angel asked again: Where were these rays a few minutes ago? It was just after dawn, so I knew the earth must just be turning into them. These rays were shining out into deep space minutes ago (before the earth moved into their path), and after the earth has moved past the rays, they will be shining far out into space again. As we saw earlier, they fall on the earth for only a few minutes. If a ray brushes the North Pole, it may shine on earth for only seconds.

The message grew clearer. All the beauty and grace and music, and even the Donald Duck voice that dissolved kids into giggles, were qualities shining out from Soul. These qualities, and the specific representation of them that I knew as the opera singer, had *always* been shining out from Father-Mother Love, and *always* would. Not only are those qualities forever expressed, but they are always seen, appreciated, and loved; they eternally delight others because man is both the *manifestation* and the *object* of God's love. And my friend's spiritual identity, the substance of her being, would always be safe, whole, perfect, loved—by and in God.

Again from Science and Health:

Continuing our definition of man, let us remember that harmonious and immortal man has existed forever, and is always beyond and above the mortal illusion of any life, substance, and intelligence as existent in matter (S&H 302).

Even if the ray barely touched the earth (near the North pole) for just seconds, it would have existed forever and would remain its radiant self forever, and every other beam would delight in it.

Only the lie of time, a time line, would suggest that we start one moment and end in another. That was never God's view, any more than seven minutes of earthfall is the sun's view of one of its rays. In a paragraph with the marginal heading, "The divine loveliness," Mrs. Eddy writes:

Being possesses its qualities before they are perceived humanly. Beauty is a thing of life, which dwells forever in the eternal Mind and reflects the charms of His goodness in expression, form, outline, and color (S&H 247).

I felt the nearness and dearness of God's specific love for me and for my friend. I felt lifted and warmed and satisfied, basking in the unquenchable light of Life. What a generous and glorious answer God sent to my questing prayer. And how thoughtful was Father-Mother Love to send me an *astronomy* angel!

But there's more! We don't *relate* to each other by our own efforts or by heredity or by the line of time. As they say, we're joined at the hip. Or more accurately, we are joined at the Sun. At our very Soul. I am joined to that opera singer and to every one of God's children at my very Soul, at my Mind. And so are you! And so is all of church. There cannot be a discordant relationship in church, in our nation, in our world, anywhere. Joined at the Soul, in Mind, assures perfect harmony, even with limitless originality and individuality.

(And of course another name for Sun is Sol!)

The sinless joy,--the perfect harmony and immortality of Life, possessing unlimited divine beauty and goodness without a single bodily pleasure or pain,--constitutes the only veritable, indestructible man, whose being is spiritual (S&H 76).

This is also true of church, the veritable, indestructible, church, whose *building* is spiritual.

Another friend joined at the Soul, is Gil Ives, my faithful birding buddy. Decades ago, he gave a poignant testimony in the Elsay church. He passed off the earth some years ago as has his son, but I was able to reach his granddaughter last year. She had never heard her Granddad's story, was very grateful to hear it, and was glad to have it shared with you.

Gil fought in World War 2. He was captured by the Nazis and thrown into a wretched prison camp. Over a hundred men were jammed into a small cell. The sanitation was awful and the stench worse. Disease was rampant. A viciously contagious virus found its way into the cell. Men caught it and died in a couple days. The prison guards dragged the bodies out each morning. Gil was a devout Christian Scientist at the time and prayed for himself and his fellow prisoners constantly. Nonetheless he caught the disease.

He was soon very sick, close to death, passing in and out of consciousness. In a lucid moment, he thought: "If only I could call a Christian Science Practitioner, I could be healed." An angel message came: "There are very many Christian Science Practitioners praying for 'man' all around the world, in the US, in Germany, in Japan."

A second message came: "*You* are that man. Those prayers are effective, and *you* can see the results."

Gil says: "I was healed in two hours. I *never* lost consciousness again since that time. That was more than 60 years ago. I came home not long thereafter [when the prison camp was liberated by the Allies], and completed the recovery, but I never lost consciousness again, and I declare for myself constantly: Prayer is effective and I can see the results."

So how does this testimony relate to *nurse*—another word both noun and verb? Just as surely as there were and are Christian Science Practitioners praying, watching, healing at *every hour*, there are Christian Science nurses doing so as well.

A Peace Haven friend, not a Christian Scientist, had occasions to see our nurses at work. He was amazed at their coordination, quickness, mental and physical athleticism. He commented on their ability to come into a room where there was a need—alert, mentally awake, ready to make a plan, execute the required steps, and then move on to the next situation. He said, "Wow, this is "Navy SEAL Team Six" of the Christian science movement!" I think the Navy SEALs would be proud. So would Gil.

Christian Science nurses are at the ready 24/7/365: trained, prepared, alert, and ready to meet the need. In homes, facilities, schools, camps, our movement's SEAL teams are at their post, and we are grateful! And

we prove ourselves most grateful when we go and do likewise! “The systematized centres of Christian Science are life-giving fountains of truth” (Mis 113).

The wall around Jerusalem has been built and re-built a few times, but the base stones date back two and a half thousand years. Nehemiah might have touched, handled, hefted, chiseled the very stones one sees there today. Nehemiah faced hostile time robbers (Sanballat the Horonite, and Tobiah the servant, the Ammonite, and Geshem the Arabian), as he undertook the rebuilding of Jerusalem’s wall. To their distracting and destructive accusations, he responded: “the God of heaven, he will prosper us; therefore we his servants will arise and build: but ye have no portion, nor right, nor memorial, in Jerusalem”

To have a *portion* implies *current* ownership. *Right* implies a claim on the property—a *future* presence. *Memorial* implies a *past* occupancy. In denying evil a present, future, or past, he shattered its claim to power or presence, and opened the way for completing the wall. Similarly the introduction that opens the Bible Lesson every Sunday specifically affirms its “application to all ages: past, present, and future.”

Another element of church building urges us to “daily watch and pray to be delivered from all evil, from prophesying, judging, condemning, counseling, influencing or being influenced erroneously” (Man 40). Think about those first three verbs: What does erroneous *prophecy* point to: a misunderstanding or misperception of the *future*. Erroneous *judging*: a misunderstanding or misperception of the *present*; erroneous *condemning*: a misunderstanding or misperception of the *past*.

One of the healings in the final chapter of Science and Health, Fruitage, includes this wonderful line:

I will never forget this morning, . . . the forever coming of Christ to consciousness (S&H 680).

The morning or dawn metaphor appears so often in the Bible and in a number of articles over the years. I love to watch the dawn (and photograph it). As an astronomer, I know how fast dawn approaches: almost 800 miles per hour in St. Louis, faster than the speed of sound!

if all 7.7 billion of earth's citizens yelled, as loudly as they could, "There is no light," by how much would that delay dawn? Not one second. Nothing can delay our individual advance into the light (“the current running heavenward”). Speaking of dawn. Time is another example of being handed a line, a lie. It definitely has limits, *befores*, and *afters*. Eternity, on the other hand, is not linear; it’s like a sphere. As we keep thought in tune with the infinite, we build for eternity. “My noble students, who are loyal to Christ, Truth, and human obligations, will not be disheartened .... They build for time and eternity” (Mis 264).

Flash! We interrupt this article for an interview with one of our city’s most distinguished citizens. Mr. 2+2. The interview begins:

Tom: Good day, 2+2.

Mr. 2+2: Hi Tom.

Tom: How’s life treating you these days?



Mr. 2+2: Well, frankly not so well, Tom. As you know, I used to be 4. Now on my good days, I'm barely 3.7. Last week the best I managed was 3.1.

Tom: Sorry to hear that, 2+2. Say, I see a photo on the mantle. Tell me about that.

Mr. 2+2: There I am in my youth when I rowed on the college crew. rowing in position 4 naturally. Those were wonderful days. I was 4 every day, all day, right as rain. But it's been a long time, since I was 4.

Tom: Well, age catches up with all of us.

Mr. 2+2: I know; If this keeps up, in a few years I'll be down to 2.8, and all too soon, down to 0.

So ends of the interview with Mr. 2+2.

But something is not right here. What is so impossible about this scenario for 2+2? Does 2+2 diminish over time? Does 2+2 age into something less than 4? *No!* Why not. Because *it's an idea!* An idea doesn't age. So are *you* ideas! So are *we all!* So is church. We don't exist in the confine of line, the entwining vine of time. As ideas, we can *only exist* in Mind, in eternity! Our church, our building (verb) only exists in eternity. It has no counterpart, counterfeit, in finiteness. 2+2 is as timeless as Truth.

An almost final story: A friend was interested in philosophy and later in Christian Science. I shared *Science and Health* with him and we discussed it occasionally. He was fascinated by the concept of eternity, but had a hard time grasping it – as do we all sometimes. After many attempts to explain it, an new approach came to my thought from Recapitulation (S&H 468). I told him that the popular notion of eternity is a long time line – a sort of stretched out sequence of seconds, hours, days, years, centuries. But eternity is *entirely different* from seconds, or any measure of time. If time is blue, eternity is not a “really, really, lot” of blue, eternity is yellow. This latched on to something inside him. He got it. He was deeply grateful. Years later when he would send a letter (in the ancient epoch before email!), he would end the letter with the line: “Eternity is yellow!” Eternity is not a really, really long timeline; it is a sphere.

Mrs. Eddy certainly regarded our Pastor as built for time and eternity. She wrote in *Retrospection and Introspection*, “Centuries will intervene before the statement of the inexhaustible topics of Science and Health is sufficiently understood to be fully demonstrated” (Ret 92).

In the 1950's, Albert Einstein occasionally attended testimony meetings at Fifth Church, New York City. After a testimony meeting in 1954, referring to his worn copy of *Science and Health*, he said to George Nay, “Do you people realize what a wonderful thing you have? [This book] is *centuries in advance* of human thinking.”

Referring to the 1900 years since Jesus statement "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," Mrs. Eddy said, “the hiatus be *longer still* before that saying is demonstrated in Life that knows no death” (No 13). In *Miscellany* her vision extends even further, “the contents of *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* would remain immortal” (My 178).

But it falls to *us* to *demonstrate* this! Lest we fall asleep, she warns: “Posterity will have the right to demand that Christian Science be stated and demonstrated in its godliness and grandeur, — that however little be taught or learned, that little shall be right. Let there be milk for babes, but let not the milk be adulterated. Unless this method be pursued, the Science of Christian healing will again be lost, and human suffering will increase” (Ret 61:26). It’s up to us to continue to *build* church.

In New Hampshire, we lived next door to a sheep farm. One day a lamb was bleating its heart out because it thought it was lost. Actually it was just facing the wrong way; it didn’t see the barn. Jim, the farmer, muttering something about “stupid sheep,” picked it up, turned it around, set it down. It was instantly happy again. We get ourselves into trouble when we imagine we are the assistant shepherd and then get ourselves lost. We’re *not* assistant shepherds; we’re sheep! We need to repent (*re-point*); let our Father pick us up, turn us around to see His barn again. Then we’re moving in the right direction, and we’re satisfied, happy, safe. “Turn us, O God of our salvation...” (Ps 85:4). Our safety and our joy comes from remaining at the barn, the consciousness of Love, the house of the Lord, church.

And a final story: Recall the healing (at the beginning of this article) of the bird who crashed into the window. And the *promise* that this insight, this healing, would be revisited later that day.

That afternoon, I heard a loud crash and a scream from our toddler. In the same second that I heard the crash and scream, the thought came: “This is the *promise!*” I was filled with the conviction that I’d felt that morning -- filled so quickly that there was no opportunity to fear or doubt. I took her in my arms. She had fallen face first and was bleeding freely from cuts both inside and outside her mouth. I denied – cast out – the ugly picture as completely impossible. I rejoiced in the unity of Life and Principle – in God’s unwavering allness, wholeness, only-ness, and tender immediacy. I sang a hymn (“Feed my sheep”) quietly through the screaming.

After some seconds, the screams quieted to crying, and in perhaps a minute, she whimperingly joined me in singing. Soon she was singing full-voiced. In another minute, she hopped off my lap to get back to play. As I cleaned her, I saw that each gash had been replaced by a fully-sealed, thin red line; the bleeding had stopped. When I next noticed – a few hours later – the red lines themselves had vanished. The truth of the situation was so immediately evident that the injury never established itself in my thought or in hers. Thus it vanished as quickly, as timelessly.

Let’s face every challenge with that same *timeless* confidence. “This is the *promise!*”

Why was this healing so quick, so *timeless*? Perhaps because the lie of accident hadn’t gotten very far into thought; thus it didn’t have far to go out. It never could establish itself as a fact or event or truth. “This is the *promise,*” not line, not time, but the sphere of allness, the completeness, the completing of God’s promise, His building (*verb*).

How big is our church, the church we’re building, the church we occupy, the sphere of its reach and its domain? As they say: “The church *within* is the church you’re *in.*” Mrs. Eddy refers to the temple erected first in the hearts of its members. This year’s Annual Meeting in Boston reminded us of our duty to our Leader, honoring her gift to us, the Christ healing—demonstrating it with authority, and thus fulfilling our duty to mankind. She wrote to Second Church, Chicago: “Ye build not to an unknown God. Ye worship Him whom ye serve...Heal the sick, make spotless the blemished, raise the living dead, cast out fashionable lunacy” (My 192).

A good question for us all: What does each member, each sunbeam, do for church? Or bring to church?

“The sunlight glints from the church-dome, glances into the prison-cell, glides into the sick-chamber, brightens the flower, beautifies the landscape, blesses the earth. Man, made in His likeness, possesses and reflects God's dominion over all the earth. Man and woman as coexistent and eternal with God forever reflect, in glorified quality, the infinite Father-Mother God” (S&H 516).

Hitherto, I have observed that in proportion as this church has smiled on His "little ones," He has blessed her. Throughout my entire connection with The Mother Church, I have seen, that in the ratio of her love for others, hath His love been bestowed upon her; watering her waste places, and enlarging her borders” (Mis 127).

And Isaiah gets the last word!

“Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands” (Isa 55).