

May 11, 2003 - Subject: Mortals and Immortals

DEAR FRIENDS: Mary Baker Eddy gave her students 26 subjects for weekly Bible Lessons, to be covered twice yearly. Flowing through the year in her order of the subjects, we hereby present fresh views of each one by outstanding Christian Scientists. In this way, we hope to partake with you of new unfoldments of her infinite revelation.

Our selection this week consists of the first part of a lecture by Dorothy Rieke titled, IMMORTALITY BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

IMMORTALITY BROUGHT TO LIGHT

By Dorothy Rieke

I shall never forget the illumination and joy, which flooded my consciousness *when* it was first revealed to me that I was an immortal child of God, and not a mortal creature. This took place during a C.S. lecture when I was a very new student. Allow me to share with you the story, which first brought immortality to light in my experience.

The story is told of a young prince who when a very small child, became separated from his nurse and wandered into the same woods where roamed a gypsy band. The gypsies carried him away with them and brought him up as one of their own. Living in the great outdoors with his captors before many years he became nearly as swarthy and brown as the gypsies. He wore gypsy clothes, spoke the gypsy tongue, and was given a gypsy name. To all intents and purposes, he was a gypsy. He certainly looked like one, and thought he was one. When he arrived at manhood's estate the gypsy band again roved the woods near the palace.

A dear friend of the king, who had never ceased seeking for the prince, saw him. He was struck by the youth's strange resemblance to the king. And, in spite of the gypsy appearance the old courtier was immediately convinced that there was the king's 'son. Knowing some of the gypsy tongue he said to the young man, "Do you know who you are? The -other regarded him with a puzzled look.' Do I know who I am?" he answered, "Of course I do." And he gave a gypsy name. "Ah," said the friend, "but that is not your real name. For the truth about You is that you are the son of the king." The young man shook his head. "You are mistaken," said he, "I am not the king's son, I am a gypsy."

"I knew that you seem to be," said the friend, "but the fact is you are not. You are really the son of the king." "If what you say is true, said the other, "there must be two of me, this gypsy here and the son of the king. I don't know where the son of the king is." "No," persisted the friend - "There is only one of you and I am telling you about that one. That one is the son of the king." "Then," said the young man, and he confidently expected that his question would settle the matter. "If I really am this son of the king, where did the gypsy come from?" The friend replied that there really was no gypsy, there only appeared to be. He further explained, that all the evidence that the young man was a gypsy was a lie about him and could never change the fact that he was truly the son of the king.

In fact the only place the gypsy seemed to exist was in his ignorance, his misconception as to his origin, for all the time he had been the son of the king.

At this point the lecturer rejoiced, "Isn't it wonderful that all the time this boy *never* really was a gypsy, but was always the son *of the king*?" He emphasized that regardless of all the lying, material sense evidence, the speech, clothes, mannerisms, swarthy complexion, and so on—the boy was not a gypsy but actually the King's son. And he pointed to the audience and said, "You, too, are the Sons and daughters of the king. You are the children of God. It makes no difference that lying material sense piles up the evidence that you are a mortal, material creature, a child of material parents, with aches and pains, lack and limitation — you are really the *immortal* children of God, and that is what-you have been all the time."

But it wasn't enough for the old courtier just to convince the boy that he was the king's son, the young man had to go with his friend to the king himself, identify himself, and claim his heritage. The prince did so. This time he did not say, "Look at me, I look like a gypsy." Rather, he said, "Look at my strong resemblance to the king. I am the image and likeness of my father. I am the king's son, and all that my father has is mine." Of *course* the prince was recognized as the true son and heir, and he came into his inheritance. The lecturer pointed out that we, too must come boldly to the throne of grace, identify ourselves as the children of God, His exact image and likeness, and claim our inheritance Claim health, success, happiness, employ-ment. As we steadfastly maintain our true identity, and claim our heritage, we, too, come into our inheritance of all that is wonderful and good.

I left that lecture rejoicing that there were not two of me, that I'd never really been a gypsy, never really a mortal, but always the daughter of the king, the immortal child of God. I determined to claim my true heritage consistently. I shall never cease to be grateful that immortality was brought to light so early in my study of Christian Science.



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