

December 6th, 2004 — Subject: God, the Preserver of Man

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 is from — Immortality Brought to Light by Dorothy Rieke. For a brief biography on our featured authors, click [here](#).

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 some 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 know 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, employment. 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...

Isn't it thrilling to be a wide awake immortal, knowing who you are, what you are, and what is going on? Accept it, acknowledge it, consistently claim it, and rejoice in it.

I shall always be inspired by the experience of a woman in one of the Nazi dominated countries during the last war. One day without any warning whatsoever the enemy soldiers took her from her home, along with several other women from her community, and placed them in a prison camp. Already this woman's husband was in a concentration camp. She had been forced to leave behind in her home two little boys who were really too young to take care of themselves. Immediately she took the attitude that she was not going to be mesmerized or hypnotized into believing that something terrible was happening. She saw clearly that God was her Mind, and she realized that divine Mind was certainly awake as to who she was, where she was, and what was going on. Never for an instant did she allow herself to be mesmerized into thinking she was a mortal in an enemy prison. She mentally insisted that she was the immortal child of God, boundless, free, dwelling in safety, in the secret place of the Most High; never for an instant did she allow herself to be hypnotized into believing that awful things were being done at the hands of wicked mortals. She saw the enemy soldiers scientifically, as the perfect man of God's creating, expressing only the loving,

considerate qualities of God. She even reached out beyond the prison walls and refused even to be tempted to think that there was a war-torn universe where little boys were alone needing care, and man was in a concentration camp. Rather, she rejoiced that she was wide awake to the truth that in the universe of Mind, the only universe, wonderful things were happening to all of God's children.

As a result, one morning an enemy soldier came, opened wide the prison doors, and told all the women to go home. There was no explanation for this act. No situation had changed in the war. The enemy camp was still located at that place. No other prisoners were released at that time from any other prison camp. This woman alone knew why freedom had come to her and her companions. She had been master of the occasion. Because knowing that God was the only Mind, she had refused to be mesmerized. You will be interested in knowing that shortly after she was taken prisoner, a neighbor took the little boys into her home and cared for them. Very shortly after her return, her husband won his freedom too.

We too can see freedom from mortality for ourselves and others if we will deny that we are mesmerized into believing we are mortals in a material universe, and rejoice that we are wide awake immortals in a spiritual universe, alert to the knowledge that we are children of God, hence perfect.

Remember the significant story I told you about the son of the King who never really was a gypsy? As much as I love that story, and as much as I have gained from it in understanding, yet it is not the story about you. May I have the privilege of relating your true history?

There was once a son of a King. Because he was obedient to his Father, he never wandered into the woods. He never was kidnapped by a band of gypsies. He never grew to look like a gypsy, nor did he take a gypsy name, nor speak the gypsy tongue. He never had to have it revealed to him that he was not a gypsy, but the son of the king. And he never had to be persuaded that he must identify himself in order to gain that which was rightfully his. Instead of wandering off into mortality, you have always stayed in immortality. Instead of growing old in mortality, you have remained ageless in immortality. Instead of having to be awakened to the truth about yourself, you have always known you were the child of God. Instead of learning anew of your Father, you have always known Him, loved Him,

worshiped and adored Him, and understood your relationship to Him. Rather than having to identify yourself anew as His child, you simply continue to be His beloved son in whom He is well pleased, sitting on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty. Instead of having to claim anew your inheritance, you have never ceased to be aware that all of God's blessings are naturally and necessarily yours. This description of Jesus is truly your description, "Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God."

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