



HOUSTON VISITING CHRISTIAN SCIENCE NURSE SERVICE, INC.

Our mission is to heal through practical, operative Christian Science.

June 2023

Honoring Fatherhood:

The poet Robert Browning wrote: "There's a blessing on the hearth, A special providence for fatherhood!" (*Familiar Quotations*, John Bartlett, 11th Edition, 1942; p. 491).

These heartwarming words bring to mind fond memories of my father, Harry Daniels.

Fatherhood is forever, so it doesn't really matter where our father resides—whether he's sitting in the next room or is no longer physically present.

Fatherhood exudes love because it emanates from Love, which, with a capital "L," is a name for God. Our divine Father and our human father never leave us loveless. They envelop us beyond 24/7, to eternity. They love us as dearly and hold us as tightly as we do them.

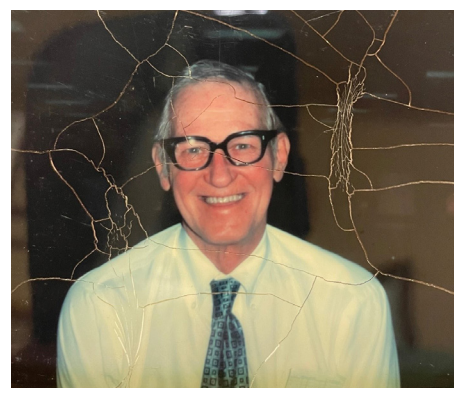


Photo Courtesy of Dave Daniels

Harry Daniels

As I contemplate the purpose of commemorating Father's Day, I'm filled with happy recollections of my dad and of the loving qualities he lived. (Lives!)

I remember the time he introduced me to the Indian Guides* program while we were driving home one evening. He described how fathers and sons spend time together, including outdoor activities. "We'd be in the Chickasaw tribe," he said, his voice filled with excitement. "And we'd have Indian names. Hey, Davo, how 'bout Big Silver Horse and Little Silver Horse?" "Yeah," I yelled with equal excitement, "those are great names for us, Dad!"

When we got home, he collected some treasures—a book about Indian lore, bits and pieces of horsehair, black felt, and feathers, long strips of rabbit skins, and genuine-looking Indian beadwork—and announced we were going to make ceremonial headdresses.

Continued ▼

My bed was our workbench. I say “our,” but, truth be told, Dad did practically all the work. I helped hold in place whatever he glued or stitched together. When he sewed the black felt into a beanie for me, I saw its slight resemblance to the pictures in the how-to book and was convinced these random bits of fabric would turn into something magical! The second photo is the remains of my *Last of the Mohicans* headdress.

From then on, each Monday night Dad would give me a quarter—enough wampum to put on the tom-tom during our Indian Guides meeting. All the other six-to-seven-year-old kids did the same. We sat proudly next to our fathers, raised our palms, solemnly spoke the magic word “How!” and tried not to squirm in our seats. The dads smiled down at their serious would-be-warrior sons.

An annual Indian Guides fundraiser that paid for our big weekend campout was a pancake dinner held at the Raritan Valley YMCA. I was awed when my dad volunteered to organize the event.

Together, we shopped for a galvanized trash can, a canoe paddle, and cases of pancake mix and Log Cabin syrup. I also went door-to-door with my fellow eager-beaver Guides, holding up pancake supper tickets and hoping our neighbors would buy them. They did, thank goodness.

My friend Marky’s father did a magic show to keep the crowd entertained while my father stirred the trash can full of batter and manned the griddles with a couple other dads. The line went out the door! Everyone stuffed themselves—and many declared Dad’s flapjacks the best they’d ever eaten.

I still have the plaque that the Y executive director presented to Dad in recognition of his being the powerhouse behind the most successful pancake fundraiser ever! The pride I felt in him lingers—so much so that to this day I honor our combined Indian Guides name as my backpacking trail name. (See Silver Horse photo.)

The top photo is a crinkled Polaroid of my father taken at my bachelor’s party. He told me how happy he was to see me getting married and “being all set” with a bright future. I was 23. He passed away five months later.



Photo Courtesy of Dave Daniels



Photo Courtesy of Dave Daniels

Dad's natural joke-telling talents rubbed off on me. I find myself thinking "Dad would love this one!" whenever I tell a passing stranger the latest joke I've learned—which, incidentally, does *not* thrill my wife.

The legacy my father *and* my mother (whom I celebrated in last month's [Good News](#) article) left in my life can be summed up in two words: unconditional love. I don't have to describe it to you, for you undoubtedly feel the same ever-present parental affection from your folks, be they at your side or advanced to the next plane.

We identify their love's common source as God, the real Parent of us all. Mrs. Eddy put it best:

Father-Mother is the name for Deity, which indicates His tender relationship to His spiritual creation (SH 332:4-5).

We can stake all our wampum on our Father-Mother Love. Honest!

* Dear readers, "Indian Guides" was a YMCA program for young boys that harks back to the 1920s. It and related programs are described on this [Vintage Kids Clubs Online Museum](#) website. We realize that the language used for many decades to describe the original denizens and owners of the continent of North America is today rightly considered inaccurate and often regarded as offensive and unacceptable. Were we not trying to be true to what Dave and his dad thought, said, and did as a father-son team in the 1960s, we would of course be writing the dignified words "Native American."

Financial Assistance Available

Any Christian Scientist relying upon the services of a Christian Science practitioner and/or a *Journal*-listed Christian Science nurse may obtain financial support by applying to the [National Fund for Christian Science Nursing](#) (NFCSN). You may contact The Principle Foundation, which manages this fund, by emailing info@nfcsn.org or by calling (800) 873-2843.

Meet the HVCSNS Board

Dave Daniels, President – Ninth Church

Sue Merrill, Vice President — First Church, Bellaire

Salomon Ngalamulume, Treasurer — Seventh Church, Houston

Pauline Nesbitt, Corresponding Secretary — Seventh Church, Houston

Susan Clay, Recording Secretary — Seventh Church, Houston

Lynne Clark, Director — First Church, The Woodlands

Grace Duffy, Director — First Church, Durango, Colorado

Sherry Garrett, Director — Seventh Church, Houston

Members of Houston-area branch churches not currently represented on our board are *welcome* to join us.

Make a Donation

Our office is your home – providing care in the comfort of your residence.

Thank you for your support.

Houston Visiting Christian Science Nurse Service, Inc. is recognized by the Internal Revenue Service as a 501(c)(3) organization. All donations are tax-deductible.

Our service is grateful for the financial support from area Christian Science churches and individuals. Their contributions help us pay for our contracted staff and operating expenses.

BANKING CONTRIBUTIONS: To set up recurring donations to be deducted electronically from your checking account, please call our service at (713) 304-8384 and leave your name and contact number. Our treasurer will return your call and will be happy to assist you or answer questions.

CONTRIBUTIONS BY MAIL: We welcome checks mailed to us at:

Houston Visiting Christian Science Nurse Service, Inc.

815 Valley Ranch Drive, Katy, TX 77450

Make a
Donation

“Take my life, and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee”

Christian Science Hymn 324