



HOUSTON VISITING CHRISTIAN SCIENCE NURSE SERVICE, INC.

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'Give us *this* day our daily bread': A testimonial

These familiar words from the Lord's Prayer remind us of God's tenderly bestowed, always available, ever-at-hand supply of *all* our day-by-day needs. Recalling how the children of Israel received daily manna for forty years in the desert inspires us today when we find ourselves in a mental or physical desert of want.

I once felt I needed such divine inspiration at a time of desperation.

Years ago my former wife, our infant son, and I lived in a small, rented guest house in Van Nuys, California, behind the home of our landlord, who was also an acting coach and a personal friend. I was an on-camera actor who, like my peers in the profession, was continually seeking employment. I auditioned for every suitable acting job and spent my days wondering how, where, and when the next paycheck would materialize.

One afternoon I suddenly realized that our \$300 rent was due the next day. A quick review of our finances showed a checkbook balance of \$1.50 and savings of \$5.50. The rent might as well have been a million dollars!

I sat at my desk in silent panic. The problem I was facing seemed insurmountable—way beyond my control. In abject humility, I turned wholeheartedly to God and prayed: "Father, this is your career. You led me here, but I'm perfectly willing to leave acting at your direction. Nevertheless, I know you have infinite ways of blessing your children. Thank you." As I clung to the Truth and Love undergirding those comforting thoughts, I released all feelings of personal responsibility and self-blame. The panic diminished and soon departed, replaced by the reassuring promise of the Lord's Prayer: God's daily supply includes *this very day*. Soon, I felt at peace and rejoined my family in the other room.

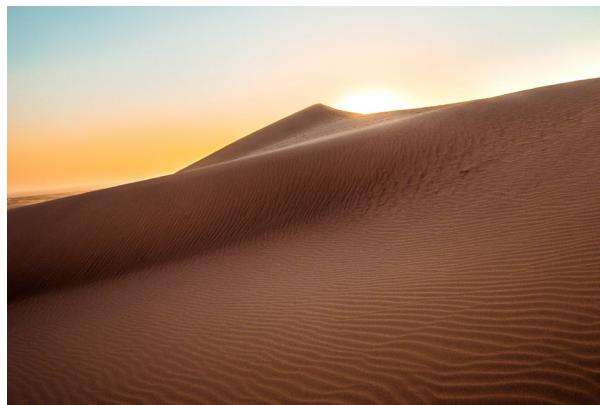


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Within an hour my agent called to tell me about a TV commercial audition appointment for the next morning. "You're perfect for it," she enthused. What wonderful news! I recognized it as immediate proof of the power of prayer and gave thanks.

The next morning was a different story. Bumping along in the conga line of cars traveling through Laurel Canyon, I let doubts and fears creep in and overshadow the previous day's peace. Rationalizations and projections abounded: *If I got this commercial, the session fee—paid on the day of the actual shoot—probably wouldn't be in my hands for two weeks. Maybe the landlord—my friend!—would understand the reason for the late payment?*

My muddled thoughts were as congested as the traffic. Finally, when I reached the Mulholland Drive red light, both my car wheels *and* my mental wheels stopped spinning. On the door of a plumber's van in the next lane was a magnetized sign that read, "Radio Dispatched." The driver looked so relaxed, sipping his coffee and hanging a meaty elbow out the open window.

I envied his nonchalance and woefully observed to myself, "Man, that guy's got it made. He's already at work, being paid every time he's sent—radio dispatched—from one job to another." No sooner had that thought come to me than an entirely expansive and *far* more meaningful idea dawned.

"Wait a minute! I'm *already* employed by divine Mind *right now!* So why am I going to this audition? Is my prayer just to beat out all the other actors and get the part? No, I'm going because God has radio-dispatched me, and I happily obey." This reasoning clarified the true purpose of my tryout: to *give* employment instead of trying to *get* employment.

The audition went well, I thought. But as I drove home, the little foxes of mortal mind's self-analysis chimed in, suggesting my performance had been subpar. Then divine Mind snapped me awake and impelled me to declare aloud: "No! I am already employed as God's perfect child and I [know](#) all is well."

Upon arriving home, I stopped by the mailbox and absently retrieved the mail. One envelope contained—you guessed it!—a residual check, seemingly out of the blue, for \$364.28 from a TV commercial I'd done at least two years earlier. This blessed manna fell just when I needed it most. I was filled with deep, deep gratitude to God and wonder at His awesome works. And the spiritual lesson I learned was permanent. My rent for the remaining years I spent as a professional actor was always on time and paid in full. Oh, the audition? Never heard another word.



Photo by Christin Hume on Unsplash

That single line of the Lord's Prayer is available to all of us! Give us health this day. Give us joy this day. Give us harmony this day. Give us to know that God loves and cares for each of us *this day and every day*.

Every time we prove God's complete care, we are acknowledging the abundance of Love's love. Our *Journal*-listed Christian Science nurse, Susie Petersen, models Love's abundant love by caring for each dear one sweetly, comprehensively, and expertly—*this day and every day*. She tenderly supports her clients as they learn the truth of Mary Baker Eddy's counsel: "Every trial of our faith in God makes us stronger. The more difficult seems the material condition to be overcome by Spirit, the stronger should be our faith and the purer our love" (*Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* 410:14–17).

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Christian Science Hymn 324