

FOR CHILDREN:

I got into a stranger's car

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For several summers my brother and I spent our Christmas holidays camping with our parents and other relatives at a great Australian beach called Barwon Heads. It had a tidal river on one side and an ocean beach on the other. Over the river was a long wooden bridge that went right into the town.



Barwon River bridge

One day, my brother and I were racing each other across the bridge trying to be the first one back to our campsite. My mum and grandmother were walking a long way behind us. I was ahead, and I *really* wanted to win.

A car pulled up alongside me. The man driving smiled and said, "You look like you're in a hurry! Would you like a ride?" I looked back and saw that my brother was gaining on me. I wanted to beat him more than anything else. So I got in.



Beverly at Barwon Heads

We'd only been driving for a few minutes when I suddenly started to feel scared. For the first time I really looked at the man. He seemed nervous, and he was acting kind of strange. I looked out the window. There were lots of trees and no houses. I didn't know where we were. The man started asking me questions. Was I alone? Did my family know where I was?

Although I was scared, I didn't panic. I started thinking about what I'd been taught in Sunday School. God is Love. I knew He loved me. I knew He was taking care of me. I knew I could pray and that He would help me.

I said, "Please, God, I'm sorry that I got in the car. But I need Your help. Please keep me safe. Your love surrounds me just like a beach towel. You're looking after me. I'm not alone. I know that you'll get me home safely."

Praying like this made me feel better. It gave me the courage to ask the man to stop and let me out. I said to him, "My mother's back there. She saw me get in your car. Could you stop and let me out, please?"

"Are you frightened?" he asked, and kept driving. Again I asked him to stop the car. He looked right at me, and this time he pulled over. I opened the door and got out. For a long moment he sat there. Then he drove away.

Standing in the hot sun on the side of the road in my swimsuit, I was afraid that he might come back. So I hid in the bushes. After waiting a long time, I began to walk down the road. That was where my parents found me.

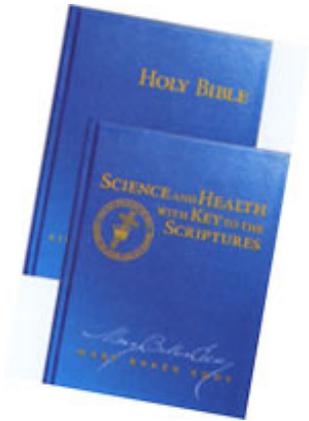
Were they ever glad that I was safe! My mother just kept hugging me. Before she even said anything, I knew that I should never have gotten into the man's car. It was something that I would *never* do again.

I learned a big lesson that day. And also I learned something else that was important.
If you ever feel unsafe, you can ask God to help you.
That's what I did when I prayed.

My mother had also prayed. She told me that as soon as she saw the car pull up, she started running across the bridge, waving, and calling out. She couldn't reach me in time, so she prayed as she ran to get help. She asked God to keep me safe. And He did.

I know that my mother's prayers and mine really helped me.
God did look after me that day. And He's kept me safe many times since then.

God is with you right now, just as He has been for me. Listen for Him to direct you. Even if you've made a mistake, as I did when I got into that car, He will still help you. If you trust God, He can keep you safe, too.



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[Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures](#) by Mary Baker Eddy, is her textbook on Christian Science healing practice and her class textbook in teaching Christian Science healing.



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