

The Journal

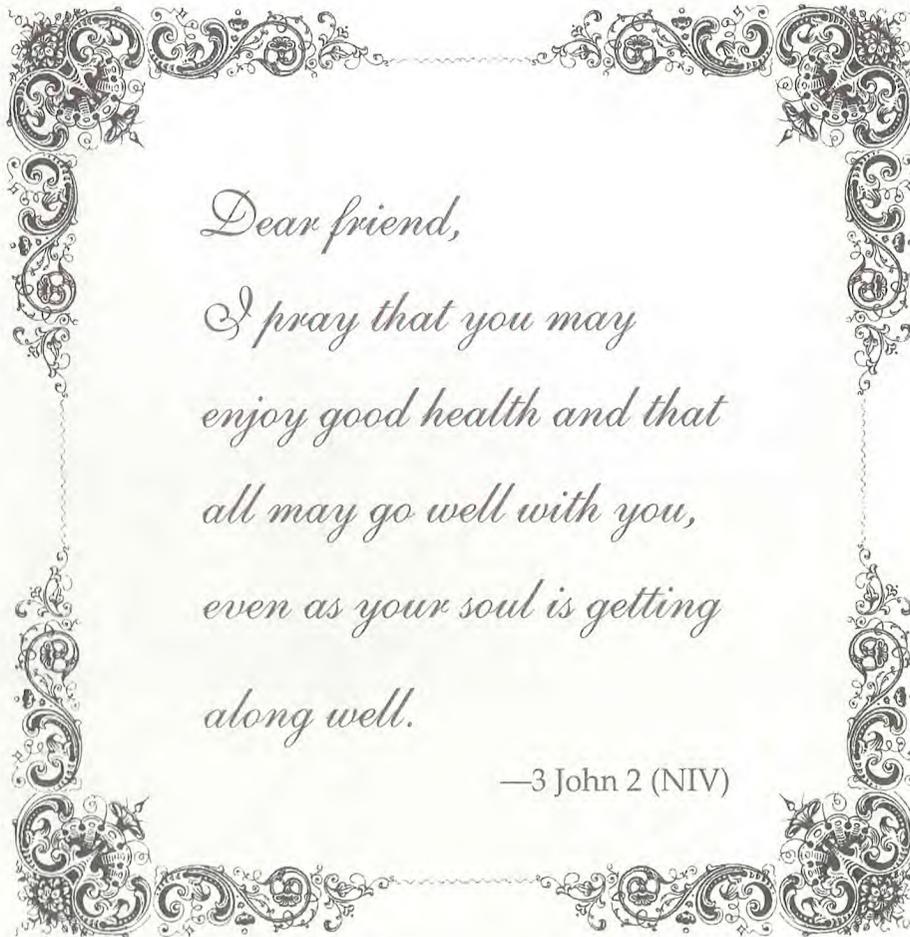


A SHEPHERDESS INTERNATIONAL RESOURCE FOR MINISTRY SPOUSES

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*Dear friend,
I pray that you may
enjoy good health and that
all may go well with you,
even as your soul is getting
along well.*

—3 John 2 (NIV)

The Journal

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Editor's Musings

Happy New Year! Between the covers of this issue of *The Journal*, you will find articles written by clergy wives from six different Divisions. It never ceases to amaze me that even though we are so culturally diverse, we all suffer the same challenges, and God showers all of us with many of the same blessings.

Jim and I just moved, and I felt like grumbling through most of the process until I read Tabitha Phiri's article about her move. Isn't it amazing that so many times Jesus sees us through the tough times?

We have included two articles about Abigail. She was known in the Bible as a peacemaker. I believe if there is one thing our church needs, it is peacemakers. Satan is always eager to agitate and divide. As part of the pastoral family, we make a choice each day to either foster discontent or soothe troubled waters. Let's pray that during this new year of 1998, we will play the part of peacemaker.

Your friend in Jesus,

The Journal A SHEPHERDESS

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Cambodia: My Red Sea Experience

Judith McCoy

On June 26th, we set out on a missionary adventure with a group of church leaders and their spouses from the Southern Union territory to visit ADRA (Adventist Development Relief Agency) project sites in South East Asia.

We were just eight days into our trip and they had already scheduled us for our third stop, Phnom Penh, Cambodia. It was 3:00 a.m. and I was still awake watching CNN. My body's clock had not adjusted. A news flash from Cambodia—"Phnom Penh is experiencing civil unrest and there is a possibility of a coup erupting." A coup? I thought, a coup could mean a war! I sat straight up in bed and began shaking my husband, Joseph. "Wake up," I demanded. "We are about to go into a country where there is civil unrest." He was quite calm but listened attentively. He remained alert until CNN commentators repeated their announcement. It was funny that I was even interested in world affairs. Usually I turned a deaf ear to the details, but this time I was about to be a part of the story.

The next morning the group

met, and of course, few had been awake at that time so the CNN story was new to most. I can't say that it was dismissed lightly, but the group's big interest was going to visit the Cambodia ADRA projects and then on to the historical sites in Siem Reap. They had educated us about constant tensions among all the political factions, so this alleged threat of a coup was customary for Phnom Penh. On we went.

We arrived Friday and realized it was the Fourth of July, Independence Day in America. We sang with gusto "God Bless America." Little did we know how important the words of that song would be to us in the days to follow. The Sabbath was a bright sunshiny day. After arriving in Cambodia to rainy and flooding conditions, we were happy. The 27 people in our entourage split up to attend church services in many different provinces including remote rural areas. My husband, Joseph, decided to go to a rural site, but he was protective of me and sent me to the city church. The city church did not have air conditioning, pews, carpeting, handicap ramps, etc. The sanctuary was on the second

Judith McCoy lives in Nashville, Tennessee, where her husband is the president of the South Central Conference.



floor and we had one member of our party in a wheel chair.

After church in the provinces, everyone returned to the city church to a delicious potluck. We ended our meal feeling a little bit hurried, as we were anxiously returned to our hotel. I was a bit suspicious but didn't say anything. We did see soldiers on the streets we had not seen that morning, and some of the members in our group had run into road blocks en route to their different worship sites. As evening drew near, it was cloudy and overcast and we heard a few loud booms.

We dismissed the noises as construction noises or weather-related sounds. At 3:00 a.m. (my magical hour), louder booms, and this time machine gunfire drew nearer. We knew that the alleged coup had become a real civil war.

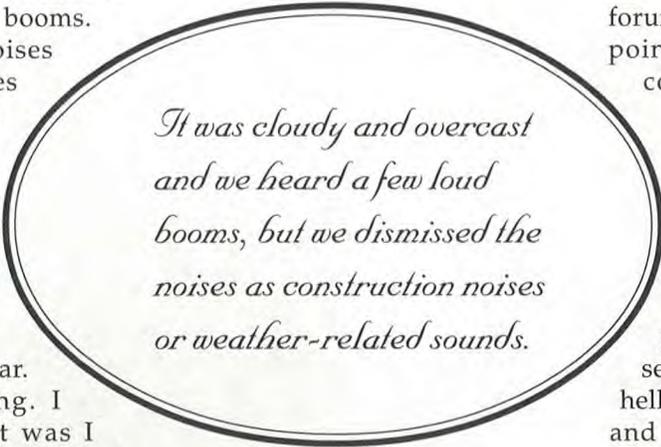
My heart was racing. I wanted to cry. What was I doing in Phnom Penh? Why had we not taken the CNN report more seriously? Were the Khmer Rouge soldiers going to come out of their jungle hiding spots and kill us? Their stories of torture and murders were vividly racing through my mind. It had been less than twenty years since their last brutal attacks on innocent people. Was history about to be repeated, and me right in the middle of it?

Well back to "My Red Sea Experience." It started with my husband reading an advertisement in an on-flight magazine just a few weeks before our intended departure date.

"World Cellular Telephone, rent it only for the time period

that you will be traveling abroad." That ad along with the fact that the World Cellular Telephone promised to be less expensive than using hotel telephones caught his eye. He ordered it!

If it runs on batteries or if it plugs into a wall outlet, chances are, he'll buy it. (That's what our daughters say.) The company also listed the countries where they did not offer cellular service. Unfortunately for us, Japan and Cambodia were on the list of places we could not use this telephone. Saturday night when



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the war broke out, we retreated to our hotel room where we had been advised to lay flat on our bed and stay away from windows to avoid any possibility of being hit by stray gunfire. So we obeyed! Suddenly, Joseph got up and went to the desk (it was away from direct contact with the windows) and took out his World Cellular Telephone. "Why are you taking that out?" I asked. "You know we can't use it in this country."

"Just to become familiar with it," he replied.

I should tell you, we already knew that all communication sources in Phnom Penh had been destroyed by the first rounds of

gunfire or bombs. The airport satellites, telephone systems, and other communication offices had also been destroyed. No calls could go out and only a few calls could come in. We were trapped in Cambodia, and no one knew it. If someone tried to call, they wouldn't get through. It was Friday night in the states, we were one day ahead and the chances were slim that anyone would be looking for us on Friday night. The hotel did not have e-mail service even before the war erupted. So, the Friday and Saturday night CompuServe forums were out. Prayer at this point was our only source of communication to anyone.

Did we pray? Yes we prayed as a group, as couples, and certainly with every breath we took.

My husband read the cellular telephone directions and began pressing on buttons. A few seconds later I heard him say hello. He sounded more anxious and less calm than I had ever witnessed. "It's an American voice," he whispered to me. I sat up, stray bullets or no stray bullets, I wanted to know what was happening. He said, "Who is this and where are you?"

"I'm Bill," the voice replied. "I'm in Maryland at the World Cellular headquarters." Joseph's voice rose three maybe five octaves. "I'm Joseph McCoy. I'm trapped in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, and I need you to patch me into my daughter."

"Sir," Bill said, "we don't have service in Phnom Penh, so if you're planning to travel there, you can't use our World Cellular Telephone."

"No, no," Joseph replied, "you don't understand. I am in

Cambodia and a civil war has broken out and I need you to patch me in to my daughter in Nashville, Tennessee."

Now, Bill, Joseph, and myself were in a panic. "Sir, I can't patch you into your daughter because I'm on a cellular telephone, and we don't have three-way capabilities. But, if you are talking to me from Cambodia, then you can call your daughter too. I don't know why, but you've connected to a satellite somewhere." Bill agreed to take our daughter's name and number down just in case we got disconnected. Then he promised to try to call us right back just to test the connection possibility. You know it. His call came straight through and we knew that we could call one or all of our daughters and we did. Melanie was home, so we hit pay dirt on our first attempt. We asked her to call Meredith and Myla. Right then, knowing that we had access to our children meant more than anything. We knew that they would call the Conference office, our best friends, our family members, the United States Embassy or even President Clinton! A few moments after we disconnected, Joseph called Delbert Baker, the current President of Oakwood College, in his room (he was a member of the entourage and little did I know that before our departure date from the states, my husband introduced Delbert to cellular telephone; therefore, he had a World Cellular Telephone also) to tell him about the United States contact. They rejoiced and praised the Lord, and he charged up his telephone and made telephone calls, too.

We were able to rest well that night in spite of the loud booms

*God opened the Red Sea
for Moses and, He turned
on a World Cellular
Telephone for me.*

and gunfire. The cellular telephone was being charged hopefully for a busy day. You can't image the tears of joy, the screams of happiness, and prayers of thanksgiving that we heard as members of our groups and others in the hotel used our telephones to

make contact with their families. I hate to admit it but we called some friends and family members that were completely in the dark about our whereabouts or "our coup."

We were stuck in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, for five days before the United States Embassy made arrangements to have us evacuated. Right now rejoice with me in knowing that my Red Sea experience was God hooking us up to a satellite and activating the World Cellular Telephone. He opened the Red Sea for Moses and, He turned on a World Cellular Telephone for me. ❀

*"God is our refuge and strength, an
ever present help in trouble. Therefore
we will not fear, though the earth give
way and the mountains fall into the
heart of the sea, though its waters roar
and foam and the mountains quake
with their surging."*

—Psalms 46:1-3, NIV

Scatter His Love and Enjoy It!

Mary Barrett

How should pastoral spouses deal with physical and spiritual weariness?

Mary Barrett works with her husband, Jonathan, in ministry with a particular interest in women's and children's ministry. They have two daughters 12 and 10 years old. She has just



published the book, *When God Comes to Visit*, which deals with enriching our relationship with God. Her hobbies include walking, craft work, and being with friends.

Ministry magazine, June, 1995.

It's Sabbath. What a marvelous opportunity for a minister's wife to scatter His love. Let's see how she does it.

She awakes at 6:00 a.m. and drags herself out of bed. She had stayed up until midnight finishing her Sabbath School program for the children's department.

She hurries to the kitchen. It's a bring-and-share lunch today, and she needs to put the finishing touches to her contributions. She also needs to thumb through several story books and find a children's story for the divine service. She knows she should have done it before, but this week has been so busy.

It's now 8:00 a.m. The family needs to leave in a half hour, as their church is quite a distance from their home.

She is stressed. The soup she took out of the freezer last night didn't defrost properly, so she struggled with blending pieces of ice. On the kitchen counter she stacks the six dishes she has made and wonders why she does most of the "bringing-and-sharing."

She grabs a bowl of cereal and a hot drink to take to her bedroom. She'll gobble them down

while getting dressed and fixing her children's hair.

It's now 8:20 a.m. Her breakfast is sitting on the dressing table. Her hair is a total mess, and the children are arguing.

She is nearly ready, only her stockings to put on. Just then her husband walks in. He tells her of the article he has read in dealing with the importance of "in-depth" conversations in the pastoral marriage. Since he is ready and has seven minutes to spare, he wonders if there is anything she would like to share?

She glares at him—all week long she had been trying to have an "in-depth" conversation with her husband. But every time she tried, he was either immersed in a thick theological book or on the phone or out! In annoyance she tugs extra hard at one of her stockings and puts runs in them! They were the only ones that match her dress.

In a frenzy of panic she rips off her clothes and rummages through her wardrobe. Her other two Sabbath outfits are at the cleaners. She has no choice but to wear what she wore last week and hope no one will notice. She couldn't find the shoes to match her outfit. The children had used

them several days earlier to play hide-and-seek and had forgotten where they hid them!

At 8:45 a.m. they are finally in the car. Her husband, who hates to be late for church, is no longer in the mood for an "in-depth" conversation; the children are arguing yet again. Her breakfast is still sitting on the dressing table.

It's 11:15, Sabbath School is over, and she is exhausted! Twenty-five children to battle with on her own, and they won the battle! Just as she is about to tell the children to go to divine service, a concerned mother takes her aside. She is worried that the pastor's wife is teaching the children "new theology" when she asks them to pretend that they are part of the Bible story. While the pastor's wife affirms her belief in the "old theology," the kids run riot.

Divine service becomes yet another fight. She and her four children sit in the front row. All eyes watch as her eldest daughter suddenly develops a runny nose, and, of course, has no tissues. The middle children erupt into a fit of giggles, and the youngest starts to cry because he has left his favorite Sabbath book at home. She has a headache and thinks of her breakfast sitting on the dressing table.

During the service the organist suddenly declares she cannot play the second hymn. Not to be daunted, her husband volunteers her expertise on the organ. Struggling with the four sharps and three different time signatures, she thinks of the "in-depth" conversation she will have with her husband at the first possible opportunity.

Lunch is a whirlwind of noise and confusion. Her youngest

declares in the loudest voice he can muster that the elder's wife's food is "disgusting" (his favorite phrase at the moment!); her eldest is still blowing her nose; and the middle children have now progressed to a fighting match. Ten church members come to have "in-depth" conversations with her, and all she wants to do is eat.

It is now 3:30 p.m., time for AYS. Her children are restless, and her head still hurts. She decides to take refuge in the vestry before going to the program. However, the other parents think she is holding a

Jesus spent every day of His life scattering His Father's love. He too struggled with endless giving.

separate program for the younger children. Before she can protest, 12 youngsters are left with her.

It is now time to go home. She and the children pile into the car for the long journey home. However, they all scramble out again when her husband appears with two church members who need a lift home. Of course, they live in opposite directions. Squeezed into the back seat with two children balancing on her knees (one with an elbow stuck in her ear and the other tugging on her neck), she wonders if this is what "scattering His love" is all about?

Finally at 11:00 p.m. she crawls into bed. Just as she is about to

greet the "land of oblivion" her husband stomps into the bedroom and thumps on the light. He has just had an "in-depth" conversation with the elder who questions his calling to the ministry! Knowing that the peace of sleep has been swiped out of her grasp, she pulls herself up into a sitting position and acts as counselor to an agitated husband! Some time later her head touches the pillow once again. Closing her eyes, she spies her breakfast still sitting on the dressing table!

Is that what "scattering His love" represents to you—endless giving? If so, you are on the road to spiritual weariness, resentment, and bitterness.

Jesus shows the way

Jesus spent every day of His life scattering His Father's love. He too struggled with endless giving, and yet He handled it a lot better than we do. Jesus put three principles into action from which we too can benefit.

1. Find rest in God's love.

Matthew 14 describes a typical day in the life of Jesus. Read it and jot down the stresses and strains He contended with. Note in particular verse 23, where it says Jesus sent everyone away and spent time alone with God. That was Jesus' first place of rest—quiet time with His Father. "No other life was ever so crowded with labor and responsibility as was that of Jesus; yet how often He was found in prayer! How constant was His communion with God."¹

Repeatedly the Bible tells us that Jesus retired to quiet, solitary places. There He found rest in sharing the burdens that emotionally drained Him, and

there He let God minister to Him by listening to His voice.

Do we? For many of us our "quiet" times are far from silent. Amid the hustle and bustle of our noisy homes we skim over verses in our Bible, pray at the speed of an electric typewriter, and dash off before the Lord has a chance to say anything to us!

Rather, spend some quality time with God. Find a little "nook" in your home where you will be undisturbed. Open yourself to the voice of God. "Be still" and absorb the presence, the peace, the tranquillity, and the strength of God.

If you cannot do that in your home, seek out other places where you will be able to listen to God's voice. One of our church members always leaves for work earlier than she needs to. On the way she parks her car in a parking lot and sits with God in quietness. Listening to God as Jesus did will revitalize your life and soothe your weariness and tiredness.

2. Find rest with each other.

Finding rest or refreshment in our relationships with each other will also help us to scatter His love more effectively.

We all know how Jesus loved to go to the home of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus. They represented a group of people with whom He could shake off His sandals, curl up in an easy chair, and be Himself. As ministers' wives we too need a place where we do not fulfill any role or demands, but where we can be ourselves. We need to

nurture a group of friends with whom we can laugh, share positive and negative experiences, be enriched, and challenged spiritually.

In his book *Restoring Your Spiritual Passion*, Gordon Macdonald² tells us that a spiritual support group is vital to keep afresh our desire to share Christ.

In the district where my husband and I minister now, the pastoral families come together on a regular basis, and it is great! Not only do we (including our

Amid the hustle and bustle of our noisy homes we skim over verses in our Bible, pray at the speed of an electric typewriter, and dash off before the Lord has a chance to say anything to us! Rather, spend some quality time with God.

children), enjoy the socializing, but we uplift one another in prayer. This is a great source of strength. If, perhaps there is no one in your area who you can relate to in this way, then ask God to provide for your need. He truly will!

3. Find rest within yourself.

Jesus also showed us how to "scatter His love" by taking time out for Himself.

In Matthew 14 we see Jesus dismissing the crowds. When I first read this I was shocked. Here Jesus had a group of people to whom He could have continued

to minister and perhaps made more converts, but He sent them home! This teaches me that at times we need to learn to say No! Jesus did not urge upon us the necessity of ceaseless toil. "It is not wise to be always under the strain of work and excitement, even in ministering to men's spiritual needs; for in this way personal piety is neglected, and the powers of mind and soul and body are overtaxed."³

We cannot control many things in life, but we can control what we say yes and no to. It is probably the hardest thing for us as pastoral wives to do because we feel we "ought" to do so much. But it is essential to prevent spiritual weariness.

Because we as women tend to assume the role of nurturing, to give of ourselves to others, we need to learn how to be kind to ourselves. We should have a time each day when we can do something that we want—read, sew, exercise, learn a new craft, or meet a friend. I find that when I take time to do something I want for myself, I am better able to meet the needs of others.

Putting it into practice

It's Sabbath. What a marvelous opportunity for a typical minister's wife to scatter His love. Let's see how she does it using the principles we have talked about.

She awakes at 6:00 a.m. feeling refreshed because she went to bed at a reasonable hour. She goes to her "special place" and

spends time with God. In the quietness of the early hours she listens for God to speak with her. She shares with Him all her responsibilities as a pastor's wife. It has been a hectic week, but the Lord helped her find the materials she needed to make her Sabbath school class interesting. Her children helped with the preparations for the bring-and-share lunch. Yesterday they had fun together as one mixed a salad dip and the other chopped vegetables. During the week she had asked someone else to do the children's story.

By 7:45 a.m. her hair is washed and dried and she has eaten her breakfast. By 8:30 a.m. they are in the car and drive to church without the usual stress and strain.

Church is not such a drain on her emotionally and physically. She is learning to express her needs and kindly asks the church members to help with her responsibilities. Some do not like it, but in her quiet times with God she listens to the love and acceptance that He has for her and is less concerned about others' opinion of her.

She and her husband no longer try to squeeze in "in-depth" conversations. Knowing the importance of their relationship to each other and their children, one evening a week is set aside for them.

In church they sit in the front seat, but as she does not feel "drained," she can deal with the usual problems without too much hassle! At lunch she happily listens to the church members' problems. Regular "time-out" in the week means that she is better able to be responsive to the needs of others.

In the afternoon she takes her

children for a walk. She finds it restful, and her youngsters enjoy it. Yes, there are some who criticize her for not being at the afternoon programs, but she is now confident enough to say no. Her spiritual group has been praying that she will be strong enough to do what is best for her family.

She and the children have a picnic supper in the park. When it's time to go home, her husband has only one church member in the car. After the last disaster they have discussed how impractical it is to chauffeur two extra people.

On reaching home, they all eat together. After the pressure of a busy Sabbath, they try to have some fun together. She also phones a member of her spiritual support group. She has decided to phone a member once a month.

As they share the day's events, laugh, and promise to pray for each other, she feels refreshed and rested.

She puts the children to bed. As usual, there is the late-night call from the elder, and she provides the "listening ear" for her husband. But she doesn't resent it as much as she used to. She has found "rest" in her friendship with God, she has found "rest" with her special friends, and she has found "rest" within herself. As she switches off the light to go to sleep she notices there is no breakfast sitting on the dressing table! ❀

¹ Ellen G. White, *The Desire of Ages* (Mountain View, Calif.: Pacific Press Pub. Assn., 1940), p. 362.

² Nashville, Oliver-Nelson Books, 1986.

³ White, p. 362.

Lord, help me to sort out what I should do first, second and third today and to not try to do everything at once and nothing well. Give me the wisdom to delegate what I can and to order the things I can't delegate, to say no when I need to, and the sense to know when to go home.

—Marion Wright Edelman

Catch New Visions

Waveney Martinborough



Visioning" is a worthwhile exercise. It is now a trend in institutions, businesses and corporations. "Visioning" results in growth and overall success. Remember, it is without a vision that the people perish (see Prov. 29:18). Since 1995 was the international year of the woman, yea, of the Adventist woman, and much more the Adventist clergy woman, let us engage in this valuable activity.

You ask, "What should we 'vision' about?" While it is true that you may have lofty visions of your own, you can add more to your list. Catch new visions of your role as wives. Catch new visions of the Shepherdess Club.

A new vision of our role

The sun has set on another year. At the dawn of the New Year, some would suggest that we look "back to the past," others that we "face the future." It

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would seem that the two-faced god, Janus, has brought resolution to the issue by facing both the past and the future.

With our faces to the past we see hundreds of notable women of spirit who have made significant contributions during the 150 years of Adventism. Literary ladies like Annie Smith, Minerva Chapman; persistent women like Anna Knight, Kate Lindsey; outspoken females like Mrs. Couch and Rachel Oakes Preston! The list is endless—many women have left their footprints in the Adventist sands of time.

With our faces to the past we see our joys and sorrows, our failures and victories, but with our faces to the future we can catch new visions of our roles. For some, that role might be team ministry. For others, it might be children's ministry, welfare ministry, women's ministry, youth ministry, family life ministry, Bible studies ministry to small groups of interested persons. Whatever ministry, let us envision the thrill we can experience when we lead souls to Christ.

New vision of Shepherdess Club

United we stand, divided we

fall. I believe it is the devil's studied efforts to keep us from coming together as clergy wives. You see he can more easily get to us when we are separated. He can make us feel sorry for ourselves, he can tempt us with loss of identity and nag us with a feeling of low self worth. As these thoughts take root, we withdraw within ourselves, sink into despair and negate our usefulness. Then the devil stands back and laughs, he has won! It is high time for us to catch a new vision of the Shepherdess Club as a support system for us. Clergy wives need a forum where we can "let down our hair" and express our feelings and our frustrations with no fear of reprisals. We need to know we can trust each other, and that trust can only be developed as we interact with one another in the Shepherdess Clubs and work together in church and community outreach programs.

Under God, we coordinators are committed to the wholehearted support of the Shepherdess Clubs. What about you, dear sponsor, dear president? And what about you, dear shepherdess? Why not pray and work towards that end? "Up, for this is the day . . ." is our watchword! May God bless you!✿

The Time God Shouted at Us!

Barbara Huff

Paul suggests in Philippians that we are to be content in all things. This is a text that may be quoted to a pastor's wife when she is feeling restless and uncomfortable with her situation. Basically it's good advice, but is it possible to become too content? This happened to me.

My husband, Lee, and I had been in the same conference in North America for 15 years—yes, that's right, a record-setting 15 years! We had begun our stint there with him serving as conference secretary. Then after a few years, he was elected president. I loved my job in the conference office, and after many years of taking whatever flexible job I could find so I could fit into school schedules and church work, it seemed that I had finally come into my own.

Both of us said that professionally, we should probably move one more time before retirement. Maybe we were in a rut. Maybe the field needed new blood. Fifteen years in the same home is long enough to have divided the tulips in the flower garden, redecorated the house and put down deep, deep roots. We knew who belonged to which family throughout the conference. We had seen children start first grade and enter college. It was truly home, and we loved it.

Early in August 1995, we had driven 130 miles to our church's youth camp to attend a retreat for pastoral families. This was always a happy, relaxed week, and we were eager to be with our workers. We got settled in our cabin, greeted the families as they arrived and ate supper. The first meeting was to start at about 7 o'clock. My husband had organized the service, and one of the pastors was leading a song service in the lodge. Lee was sitting on the front row in readiness. We anticipated growth, love, and companionship during the next few days.

About this time I remembered one phone call that I needed to make. I slipped into the office of the lodge and discovered that someone else was using the phone, so I stood quietly waiting until it was free. In just a moment the woman who was using the phone, hung up and turned to leave. Startled to see me standing there she said, "That call was actually for you. You're to call your neighbor. There's been a storm and your house is damaged."

Knowing my neighbor's number by heart, I quickly dialed and heard the shaky voice on the other end of the line tell me that a tree had been snapped off in a storm and had fallen onto and through the roof of our home, over our bedroom.

Barbara Huff writes from Moscow, Russia, where she works in the Euro-Asia Division office as an Administrative Assistant. She is the mother of two adult children and grand-

mother to Katie, age seven and Oliver, age three. She is a freelance writer and a serious amateur photographer. Her interests include bird watching, shell collecting, crocheting, and knitting.



I slipped up to the front row where Lee was ready to begin the meeting. I whispered the news to him, and he turned in disbelief and asked, "Our house? Our house?" He stood and gave the shortest greeting he has ever given and then made the announcement that we would be leaving immediately. Several men and women came and volunteered to go back with us to the city to help.

That was a very long two and a half-hour trip. At first we talked about what ifs and possibilities. Then as we pulled into our little town, we both became silent, just short of the point of holding our breaths.

The first thing we checked was the outside of the house and the tree itself. We saw with relief that the tree had rolled off the roof and onto the ground in the only clearing in the back yard. We experienced emotions which were a cross between reluctance and eagerness as we entered the house. When we saw the bedroom, we sighed with relief. In spite of the more than 3 x 6 foot gap in the ceiling, it could have been much worse. It had rained six inches in a very short time and everything was wet—but there didn't seem to be a lot of permanent damage.

Two men started removing furniture and wet, soggy insulation which had scattered throughout the room. When the furniture was cleared, they pulled up the wet carpet. My husband had checked downstairs and found that the water had just begun dripping into a storage area. Other helpers moved the mountain of things which were on the shelves there. Because of the fast work, not one box was even dampened.

The women turned their

attention to emptying out the drawers of waterlogged clothing. The closet was at the other end of the bedroom, so the hanging clothes were spared. In the wee hours of the morning, with the roof patched and the damage under control, the pastors' wives left for a nearby home, a truck with three pastors returned to the camp, and two pastors spread out their sleeping bags on our living floor to sleep. Our guest room downstairs became our bedroom for the next month. The next morning, with chain saws in hand, the able pastors began cutting the branches from the century-old tree.

Before we had turned out the lights to sleep that morning, I had said to my husband, "Do you think the Lord is trying to tell us something? Is He nudging us to get the house ready to sell so we can move on to the next appointment He has for us?"

The insurance company agreed that the water damage necessitated new carpeting and fresh decorating throughout the upstairs. The insurance even paid for a complete new roof. Moving completely out of the upstairs gave us a very good opportunity to sort our possessions which led to discarding, selling, and giving away things we didn't need. With the upstairs all fresh and clean, we decide to paint and recarpet the downstairs, giving us a completely renovated home.

"Is the Lord trying to tell us something?" I kept asking. All the time we kept working at our jobs as if God intended us to stay there forever. It was quite a shock when we were approached a few months later with the possibility of moving to Russia. We knew that God had certainly gotten our

attention, but this possibility was more traumatic than the experience of the tree falling through the roof. This is one time when He certainly didn't speak in a still small voice!

As the Russia possibility was developing, our conference Women's Retreat was held. Months before the speaker had asked me to learn and then sing a song to go with her presentations. The chorus of the song says, "Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord? I have heard you calling in the night. I will go, Lord, if you lead me. I will hold your people in my heart." As I met with my friends for what would perhaps be the last time, can you imagine how difficult it was to hold my secret in my soul? Can you imagine how I prayerfully sang that song?

By this time we decided that if the call came, we would accept. How could we do otherwise? The time came to put our house on the market, and Lee went to Russia to begin his work. Our freshly decorated house that sported a new roof sold in less than a week. We sold possessions, stored other possessions, said good-bye to our families and moved to Moscow. We were secure in the fact that we were where God wanted us to be.

The Bible tells us to be content, but there is a danger of becoming too content. He usually speaks in a still small voice, but sometimes He shouts. Many people receive calls to move and their houses don't sell, ours did.

The end results are the same if you have put your life in His hands. Whatever it takes to get your attention, it's comforting to know that you are where God wants you to be at the moment and that when He wants you to move, He will let you know. ❀



Beating the Greenback Blues

*Marc and Phyllis
Beaven*

Ideas for Managing Your Money

Pastor Marc and Mrs. Phyllis Beaven have pastored churches in Maryland, Delaware, Florida, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. They are now pastoring in Warner Robins, Georgia.

The Beavens have also held 17 evangelistic series in Romania and in the states in which they have pastored. Together they have held numerous Vegetarian Cooking Schools, Stop Smoking programs, Stress Seminars, Love Seminars, etc. Most recently, they have led out in Family Finance Seminars.



Phyllis is a full-time mother to their twin sons, Gabriel and Michael.

Not long ago a Seventh-day Adventist minister was unhappily bemoaning his lot in life. With two small children and a long list of bills to pay, it was essential that his wife subsidize their income by working outside the home. Chronically tired and overworked, she had little time for their children, much less involvement with the church.

Listening to his account, there was no wonder why he expressed frustration over his financial picture. However, it became apparent, as his story progressed, that his problem had begun many years earlier and was the result of a disregard for sound financial planning.

The couple had married soon after he graduated from seminary. Between them they owed nearly \$25,000 in education bills. Although heavily in debt they promptly had a child, further complicating their financial situation. Before long they realized that they had not only lost control of their money, but even worse, money began controlling them. Because of debts, a vacation, no matter how inexpensive, was out of the question. Also the possibility

of saving for a down payment on a home was gone. And the wife HAD to work outside the home, forfeiting the choice to be a full-time mother.

Now in contrast, let's consider the story of another couple—Mike and Anne.

Mike and Anne met in college and decided to marry after their graduation. Both worked during the summer and part-time during the school year. They determined not to marry until they were free of debt, a decision which helped them work harder so that the wedding didn't have to wait.

After their marriage Anne worked full-time while Mike attended seminary. He also held a part-time job. With youthful energy, a carefully budgeted income and no dependents, Mike and Anne were able to leave school with no debts. They had also managed to save several hundred dollars.

After leaving the seminary, Mike and Anne were earning two full-time paychecks. However, they agreed to live on only one. What they could not afford to purchase with one salary, they chose not to buy at all.

After paying tithes and offerings and taking a small allowance from the second paycheck, the remainder was deposited into a joint savings account. From time to time, money was transferred to a certificate of deposit, which offered even more interest. Out of this bank account they purchased furniture and cars. They always paid cash. Seven years after graduating from seminary they had saved half the mortgage for a house. They purchased the house and decided it was time to begin planning a family.

As the children arrived, Anne was able to choose to be at home with them and enjoy them to the fullest. The couple was used to living on one paycheck, so there was no drastic adjustment to "losing" her income.

Seven years of saving, patience, and foresight are now paying off and will continue to do so for the remainder of their lives. While there are many frills this ministerial couple will do without, their basic needs are adequately met.

Ministerial couples acknowledge there are many benefits to being in the ministry, but perhaps pay is not one of them. Financial struggles, to some degree, are inevitable. But how much more sensible for the major struggles to occur before the children come, early in life when energy levels will never be higher.

If you are still at an early stage in your marriage, applying Mike and Anne's financial strategies can be very beneficial for you. But maybe you are ten, fifteen, or twenty years into married life and some or many of your financial decisions have been less than brilliant. You can't back up and begin again but there are

things you can do to better your financial picture.

Prepare a budget.

Follow it strictly until it becomes a habit. Then you can relax a bit as the habit becomes ingrained for years to come. Secure a 5-inch by 8-inch ledger with several columns (3-6 per page), and keep a page for all the tax-related items: salary, contributions, medical, utilities, parsonage expenses, and automobiles. I also keep track of clothing expenses and magazine expenses with expiration dates. Keep a daily spending record for two months to determine your real budget and to get a handle

*Don't forget
God wants us
to be prosperous.*

—3 John 2

on those miscellaneous expenditures that really add up. You'll be amazed at how much you spend on "little things."

Don't forget God wants us to be prosperous (3 John 2).

Resist the temptation to use credit cards except as a convenience.

For example, gasoline credit cards are invaluable to those who are paid once a month and who need a handy, permanent record of gasoline purchases. Credit

cards are also extremely useful in an emergency. However, using credit for transitory items like entertainment or eating out should be avoided. These pleasures are gone in a short amount of time, but the payments can last for what seems like an eternity. If you decide to use credit cards, do not pay just the minimum payment if at all possible, but rather pay them off in full every month.

Debts too big?

Get a smaller house, an older or smaller car. List payoff dates and monthly payments to each debt (except house). Keep that list on the top of your stack of bills, with a 3-inch by 5-inch card of your budget. Refer often to that list and keep reminding yourself of each step of financial freedom progress until you reach Financial Freedom Day.

Great savings vehicles available now.

Have the conference sign you up for a TSA (Tax-Sheltered Annuity) by deducting \$100 a month from your paycheck. Even if you start at age 42, you'll be able to receive \$1,000 a month when you retire.

Seven and a half years to financial freedom.

If both of you work after getting married, defer having children for seven years, live on one salary, save the rest. In seven years, the wife can "retire," have kids ("and really go to work"), buy a house virtually for cash, and never have to work outside the home again. And soon, there will be virtually no house payments or rent.

Church school plan.

Set aside an amount equal to

church school tuition (currently about \$150 a month) from the day a child is born. Save it for six years, with interest, twelve months of the year. When the child starts school, pay it to the school for ten months, add the other two months to savings. Adjust yearly for inflation.

By the time the child is ready for academy, there will be enough saved to put him through academy and college at the same \$150 a month (adjusted for inflation) as you paid the elementary school, assuming the child earns half his expenses for academy and college. Getting scholarships will be a bonus!

Set aside some money for savings each month

Save each month no matter how small the amount. If you are a two-income family, try living on one income and saving the second one. A job paying only \$5 per hour will yield about \$750 per month after taxes. Deducting tithes, offerings, and a personal allowance of \$75 per month will yield a savings income of about \$6,000 per year. In seven years at seven percent compounded interest, the accumulated funds would amount to about \$55,000.

And of course, ask for God's guidance and blessings as you do your best. A limited income is a shining challenge to exalt our limitless God.

So even if your financial situation looks rather dreary, with planning, prayer, and perseverance you can beat the greenback blues! ❀



The Minister's Wife as Peacemaker

Antonise Pita

Adam and Eve, the first husband and wife, were created by God to be companions to one another. If we look into the divine motives for the reason of this union, we will find the fundamental objective for marriage: the account in Genesis says that it was not good that man should be alone. He needed a "mate" to share in his love and happiness. Therefore, the Lord made Eve from Adam himself, so that she would feel as a part of him, a suitable helper, the happy companion of her husband.

In his heart, a man does not expect his wife to be an outstanding house cleaner or laundry woman, etc. He does want her to be a faithful and cheerful companion, willing to live with him, loving and understanding him, caressing him and helping him; he wants her love for her husband to be the highest priority in her life, second only to the love for God.

As ministers' wives we have a great responsibility on our shoulders. The Lord's servant, in the book *Adventist Home*, page 355, says: "The wife of a minister of the gospel can be either a most successful helper and a great blessing to her husband or a

Antonise Pita is the wife of Elder Eden Pita. She and her husband live and work in Brazil.

hindrance to him in his work. It depends very much on the wife whether a minister will rise from day to day in his sphere of usefulness, or whether he will sink to the ordinary level."

The wife's influence speaks decidedly and unmistakably for or against the truth.

Among the wives in Israel there is one that I appreciate very much. I want to introduce you to the one we can call a "peacemaker." Sister White describes her in the book *Patriarchs and Prophets*, page 667, as follows: "Would that there were many more like this woman of Israel, who would soothe the irritated feelings, prevent rash impulses, and quell great evils by words of calm and well-directed wisdom."

Sisters, what generosity in the commendation! We all would feel joy to hear such words about ourselves. Who is this fortunate woman? In 1 Samuel 25:3, we read: ". . . his wife's name was Abigail. She was an intelligent and beautiful woman, . . ."

The catastrophe began when the tempestuous Nabal, Abigail's husband, became entangled in difficulties with David. Furious, David wanted to destroy him. Showing rare wisdom and tact, Abigail dissuaded David of his evil intent.

Sister White proceeds saying, "With kind words she sought to sooth his irritated feelings, and she pleaded with him in behalf of her husband. With nothing of ostentation or pride, but full of the wisdom and love of God, Abigail revealed the strength of her devotion to her household" (p. 666).

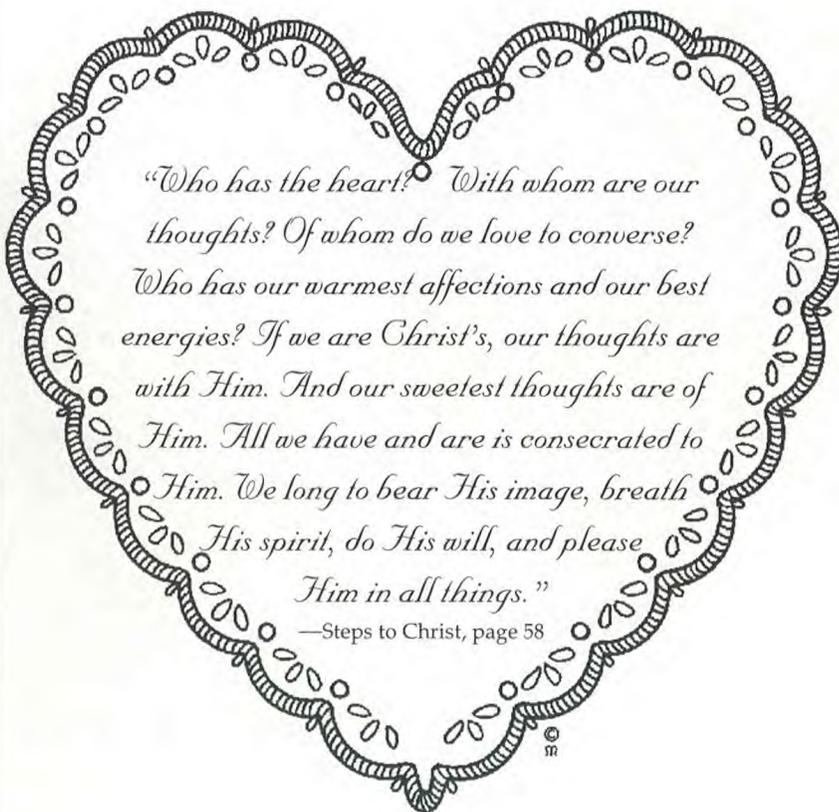
Today the world and the church need more wives with the spirit of Abigail. You and I can help our husbands immensely if, by the

grace of God, we are true Christian peacemakers, as was Abigail.

Dear co-disciples, our spouses—these great men of God, messengers of the Lord Jesus Christ—suffer with the problems of those who were bought with the blood of the Savior. And how they need us! How they need our support and good sense. How they need to find in us a companion who really feels that she is the wife of a missionary: a wife who learned to be in permanent communion with the

Lord; a wife who knows how to pray with her husband, holding hands; a wife who can be of good cheer, by the grace of God; a conscious wife who knows that with gentle behavior, the careful word spoken in due time may provide happiness and support to this great man who holds such heavy responsibilities in his noble mission on earth.

May God grant that we might all feel what it really means to be the wife of a missionary and be true *peacemakers*. ❀



Abigail: A Woman of Beauty and Brains



Maxima F. Yap

The Bible tells of many women who were honored by God because of their role in the special ministry. One of them is Abigail who was described as "A woman of good understanding and a beautiful countenance" (1 Samuel 25:3, KJV) or an "intelligent beautiful woman" (NIV).

Beauty and brains seldom go together perfectly, but Abigail had them both. Even without seeing her actual face, one could visualize what she really looked like. Perhaps if she lived in our day, she would have been a beauty queen—a Binibining Pilipina or a Miss Universe candidate. However, beauty is less emphasized in this articulation. The Bible emphasizes her good understanding or extraordinary discernment.

Who was this woman Abigail? The Bible is silent about her family background, she is introduced simply as the wife of Nabal who was mean and snobbish, "churlish and evil in his doings." Nabal lacked gratitude. He paid evil for good. David and

his men had protected Nabal's flock in the hills of Carmel, but he refused to recognize such favor. Hence, David and his 400 men decided to go on a hunger strike until the whole household of Nabal was annihilated.

What really made Abigail great was her agility and sweet-natured disposition. Instead of nagging or blaming her selfish and callous husband, she devised a unique plan to save the entire household. Her actions turned anger into sublime admiration. She was a woman of peace with an uncalculated love for truth. She was never a firebrand to kindle tumult. She was hard working and never clogged her mind with empty talks, gossips, or tale-bearing. Her devotion to accomplish something worthwhile was unrelenting. Had she been idle and careless, she could have caused a blood bath to her very own family. But her timely appearance on the scene caused David to say, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel which sent thee this day to meet me" (verse 32).

The words of David were expressions of explicit admiration for Abigail's heroic and selfless deed. The advice she gave was

fitting. No flatterer! Hence, David felt that Abigail became the most unsung hero—the woman of the hour.

Are there Abigails in our midst today, in the church, in the home, or in the community? Are housewives playing their roles as makers of peaceful homes and communities? Are there housewives who know how to cool off their husbands' heads in times of trouble? Are there modern Abigails who can spurn petty arguments that can cause upset and try to find the best measure to perfume the sullied relationships among members of the family, the church, and the community?

Today God's people are standing on the threshold of uncertainty. Many husbands are drawn to commit crimes because of the careless dealings of their wives. Juvenile delinquency has become a pestilent situation because community leaders become desperate in dealing with it.

The call of God for modern Abigails is exigent. The remnant church needs women of good understanding to help prepare souls for heaven. ❀

Mrs. Maxima F. Yap is the Shepherdess director for the Western Mindanao Conference in the Philippines.

A Look at Transfers— There are Roses in the Thorns

Tabitha J. Phiri

Tabitha J. Phiri is a pastor's wife; she and her husband have been in the ministry for 13 years. They have two boys, Crux and Peace. She trained at Solusi College and graduated with a Ministerial diploma. She has worked as a district pastor and girls' dean.



Presently she serves as Translator, Associate Sabbath School and Children's Ministries Director in the East Zimbabwe Conference in Africa.

My husband and I trained as pastors at the same college before we married. After graduation in 1982, I was assigned a district in our conference. But because of his blindness, my fiancé had a difficult time finding employment; the conference found it difficult to employ him because of his disability. However, he soon found employment at the college where we had trained. He was as a part-time teacher for blind students. We married on October 23, 1983. We were unable to stay together for some months. Later, he was assigned to pastor at one of our mission schools, and I was the girls' dean.

We worked for 11 months at the mission and it was there that our first baby arrived. Then there arose some administrative problems, and my husband was transferred to another place to pastor an urban district. We were notified about the transfer and informed we would have to leave our home in less than 36 hours. The truck which was going to carry our goods was scheduled to come at 4 a.m. and there was no one to help us pack! The schools had closed and all the students and the majority of the

staff members had gone to their homes. All of my acquaintances at the mission had left. Life was like the little book of Revelation that was sweet in the mouth and sour in the stomach.

The transfer left me with no job. My husband's salary was small so we could not afford to employ anyone to help us pack. I was not yet strong enough to do heavy manual work. The baby was still too young to be left alone for long hours. My husband could not do much to help me. I did not have enough containers and strings to pack and tie my goods. Some of the goods were too heavy for me to lift. We were in a bind. Though the situation seemed desperate, I do not remember praying asking for God's help at that unbearable moment. Neither did I shed a tear nor murmur. I accepted the situation as it was. Although I could not really understand why things had occurred the way they had, I felt comforted and had peace of mind. I was sure I would be somewhere by sunset.

God has promised that He will not leave us to suffer by ourselves. He is the Omniscient, Omnipresent and Omnipotent

One. He loves each one of us and is always ready to help. He knows what we can and cannot handle. God had planned how to help me through this stressful period in our lives even before it occurred. Late in the afternoon, a day before leaving the mission, two ladies arrived at the school. They had received letters inviting them to a First Aid course that was going to be conducted at the campus. When they arrived, they found out there were no such plans. In fact, no one had written letters announcing a meeting of that nature. It was already too late to go the long distances back home. They came to my house and asked for boarding. Though I was busy, I welcomed them and prepared food for them. I did not tell them that we were going to leave the following morning. However, they noticed how busy I was and were inquisitive as to why I was busily packing. I explained my situation to them.

The ladies were sympathetic and offered to help. They relieved me from packing duties and asked me to care for the restless baby while they did the job. They went into the kitchen and nicely wrapped all the pots, cutlery, china and glassware. They cleared the dining room, the lounge and finally the bedrooms. They did a great job; in fact I had never seen human hands pack so efficiently. I had no doubt God sent me angels. The following morning, the truck arrived at 3:30 a.m. The good ladies helped me carry the goods out of the house and load them in the truck. We bade each other farewell and we left.

Once we arrived at our new home, we met the pastor whose place my husband was taking. He was using the same truck to move his belongings. It was

about to rain and the sky was dark. The truck driver quickly helped us unload our goods from the truck and load our colleagues goods back onto the truck. He then left. Our goods were scattered all over the yard. My husband and I felt helpless. The neighbors did not know us and showed no concern at our dilemma. I took our baby indoors, wrapped him in blankets and put him to sleep right on the floor. I began carrying the light boxes inside. Finally only the beds, a big wardrobe, a four-plate electric stove, a six-foot tall refrigerator, a three-door kitchen unit, and some other heavy goods stood outside the house.

I questioned God's fairness. I did not understand how a loving God would let us go through such a hard time.

The dark clouds threatened heavy rain drops. Then the wind blew strongly from all directions and dispersed the clouds. Within minutes the sky was clear. But the problem was not all solved. Part of the luggage was still outside and I was tired and hungry.

I went into the house and thought deeply. Although I didn't grumble verbally, I questioned God's fairness. I did not understand how a loving God would let us go through such a hard time. Then suddenly, somebody knocked on the door. It was one of our members who had come

to check if their outgoing pastor was still there. He helped me carry the goods into the house. It was not an easy task though. The struggle left me with a dislocated right leg joint. But I thanked God for another angel. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them. O *taste* and *see* that the Lord is *good*: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him" (Psalms 34:7, 8). It took me more than a month to put things in order.

After a few months, I familiarized with my neighbors and discovered that they were good and caring people. Although they were not Adventists, they were altogether understanding and helpful. They sometimes helped with baby sitting when I was pressed with work; they watered the garden, ironed the clothes, and did various other duties to help me. They were wonderful to me. We befriended most of them. Praise God two families are strong in the Lord today. We have left that district but the cords of fellowship between us and our former neighbors are still strong.

God has not promised us honey and milk perpetually. But God has put roses among the thorns. Transfers are a part of life of those in the ministry. We need to pay more attention to the roses and strive to find ways to pick them out of the thorns. Life is not yet over. Transfers will continue until Jesus comes. We all know that very soon we are going to be transferred from our comfortable houses to uncomfortable homes in the mountains and jungles during the time of trouble. Today I take the problems I encounter during our transfers as a challenge; I look for roses in the thorns. ❀



Shepherdess International News

Euro-Asia Division

✿ **North Caucasus Conference:** On July 7, 70 pastors' wives held a two-day meeting in Maikop. Their main topic was inter-relationships in the family and in the church.

✿ **Central Conference:** On July 6-8 the shepherdesses met in Poldolsk. Mary Kulakova, conference coordinator, spoke especially to the young wives. Lydia Stolyar, Union coordinator, spoke on financial stability in the pastor's home.

✿ **West Conference:** For a week in July, all the pastors and their families met at a sanitarium and listened to presentations on various topics.

✿ **Belarus Conference:** Raisa Ostrovskaya, the president's wife of Belarus Conference, spoke on the subject of love. Her sermons were well received, and it is planned that they will be published in the Euro-Asia Division Pastors' Wives Journal.

Inter-American Division

✿ Cayman Islands Mission



Mrs. Ruth McKinney gives the address at the Pinning Ceremony in the Cayman Islands Mission.



Mrs. Ruth McKinney reads the pledge to the new pastoral wives.

✿ Costa Rica:



A group of pastors' wives from the Costa Rica Mission met in Orotina Adventist Camp to celebrate a spiritual retreat. There was time for classes, group prayer, sports, and recreation.

✿ Venezuela-Antilles Union:



A group of pastors' wives from the East Venezuela Mission at one of their meetings. In the middle of the first row is Mrs. Ruth de Zúñiga, the chapter director.

North American Division

✿ **Arizona Conference** hosted a shepherdess breakfast at the stately old Hassayampa Hotel in downtown Prescott. The pomp and ceremony of a by-gone age was evidenced by the service, greetings, and celebrity photos that adorned the walls. The antique treasures and objects of art were of keen interest to the pastors' wives who are collectors! The women enjoyed a warm atmosphere of fellowship and great food!

✿ Dakota Conference:



Olivia and Amanda Dahl and Pastor Duane Maracle just before their baptism. They received Bible studies from Bonnie Maracle, the pastor's wife.

✿ Texas Conference:



Texas Conference pastors' wives held their annual Shepherdess Club meetings August 3-5 in Corpus Christi. A prayer group included from left: Beverly Gifford, Buffy Halvorsen, Dickie Martin, and Susie Gleason, with her back to the camera.

South American Division



Central Peru Conference shepherdess meeting and birthday party for the pastoral wives



South Sao Paulo Conference pastors' wives' meeting



Central Peru Conference Shepherdess Retreat for all the pastors' wives



Sao Luiz, Brazil: A group of pastors' wives sang a special message in a meeting for pastors and their spouses.

Southern Asia Division

✿ **North Tamil Conference:** Mrs. Chandra William George, at Mallavadi, conducted evangelistic meetings with the help of her husband. Praise to the Lord that 19 souls were baptized.

Nearly 30 shepherdesses attended a two-day shepherdess seminar conducted, June 10 and 11, at Neyveli. Hepzibah Kore led out, and topics included the fishbowl syndrome, spiritual fitness, expectations of the shepherdess, the role of the shepherdess in husband's ministry, nutrition, and healthful living. Leah Simon is the new Shepherdess Coordinator.

✿ **South Kerala Section:** A two-day shepherdess seminar was conducted in May at Kawdiar, Thiruvananthapuram. Hepzibah Kore, South India Union Shepherdess Coordinator, led out in the program. The seminar was inaugurated by Pastor P. K. Matthew and the Section President. In his message, he stressed the fact that each shepherdess is not only a light of the house but also the light of the church. The highlight of the seminar was the witnessing section.

✿ **Bidar Region:** Thangamma Sukumar headed an adult literacy program. Thus far, the pastors' wives in Bidar have won 53 souls for the Lord.

✿ **South Tamil Conference:** Jasmine Paul Edison, Kanthamani Sigamani, Victoria Jeeva, and Packiathai, who is retired, are giving Bible studies in homes. Thus far two souls have been baptized.

Huldah Paulasir conducts a Branch Sabbath School with Vasantha Rajkumar in her home. Nearly 45 Orthodox Hindu children attend. They have memorized the Ten Commandments and Psalms 91. They bring special prayer requests, and they have been answered. They strongly believe in prayer and come to the house to pray before

they go to examinations.

A two-day shepherdess seminar was conducted June 23 and 24 at Dindugal. Frances Campbell, Southern Asia Division Shepherdess Director; Hepzibah Kore, Southern India Union Shepherdess Coordinator; and Jean Sundaram, South Tamil Conference Shepherdess Coordinator, gave valuable instruction. The fishbowl syndrome, physical fitness, and food and nutrition, were some of the items discussed. The highlight of the program was a carrot cake and patties demonstration given by Frances Campbell.

Mary Barnabas spread the love of Jesus to two souls who lived in Kumbakonam, and they were baptized at their local church.

Kalam Monickam, a retired Bible worker, shares a heartening story about the day she visited a church member who lived near the railway station. As she came out of the house, she saw an old lady standing in front. She greeted her and discovered that she was the grandmother of a pupil studying at the school. The ten-year-old is crippled. Right there on the road she told her about God and His healing power. She also invited her to church. The next week she was in church, and Kalam invited her back. She began attending regularly. She was soon baptized. Kalam believes that very soon other members of the family will also become Christians. Praise God!

❖ **Goa-West Karnataka Region:** Shepherdesses Sampooranam Pitchai and Venmathi Stephenraj, gathered children in Panjim, Goa, and taught them songs and stories. As a result, five adults

were baptized and ten more are to be baptized soon.

Mala Martin is an active pastor's wife at Gataprabba; for the last three years, she has conducted a Vacation Bible School for Hindu and Muslim children in the area. Now the group has grown so that the children's programs are regularly conducted in the church.

Roopa Louis spends time visiting people in other communities and praying with them. Most are Hindus. God has performed miracles for some of the families. A child in the village chairman's house was unable to walk because of a prolonged illness. Roopa and her husband continuously visited them and prayed for the child and the family, and the boy began to recover. As a result, the mother and grandmother are now studying the Bible with great interest. This may open the way for other communities to learn more about Jesus.

Hepzibah Kore and her husband conducted evangelistic meetings in Jallahalli, Bangalore. Nearly 100 children attended.

❖ **South Karnataka Section** conducted a seminar for the pastors' wives, July 26 and 27, at Lowry Memorial Junior College. It was the first meeting of this kind. The Sabbath services were conducted by the 48 pastors' wives in attendance.

Southern Asia-Pacific Division
❖ **Central and South Philippine Unions:** Over 1,700 pastors and their wives attended the World Ministers Council at Mountain View College. Mrs. Netty Rantung, Division Shepherdess Coordinator, hosted

the meetings. Glenda Catane, Central Philippines Union Shepherdess Coordinator, and Pleny Camagay, South Philippine Union Shepherdess Coordinator, were responsible for the programming. Music and testimonies highlighted the events. Local conference choirs shared their magnificent voices to the blessing of all who attended. Guest speakers included Dr. Virginia Smith, Children's Ministries Director of the General Conference; Evelyn Omana, Inter-American Division Shepherdess Coordinator; Jeanine Preast, from the Washington Conference in the North American Division; and Sharon Cress, from the General Conference. A Sabbath highlight was the baptism of 12 people who had given their hearts to Jesus during the evangelistic meetings of Mrs. Ruth Aguilar, from the North Mindinao Conference.



Ron and Jeanine Preast present the topic of "How to Have a Happy Marriage in the Parsonage."



Shepherdess Coordinators with the speakers.



Baptism of 85 souls from one of Mrs. Ruth Aguilar's evangelistic meetings.



Presenters and shepherdesses at the Guam-Micronesia World Ministers Council. Front row from left: Gorgonia Jimeno, Joyce Neergaard, Netty Rantung, Barbara Folkenberg, and Margarida Sarli.

✿ **Guam-Micronesia Conference:** The first Shepherdess meeting was held at the Hyatt Regency Hotel from July 29-August 2. All but two of the pastors' wives attended (one just gave birth and the other had a sick husband!). Presenters included Margarida Sarli, Barbara Folkenberg, Joyce Neergaard, and Netty Rantung. The fellowship was tremendous because the territory is vast and the women don't see each other very often. Those from the remote islands especially enjoyed the togetherness. Mrs. Folkenberg's stories of "Answers to Prayers" helped the women cope with loneliness and fear. Joyce Neergaard presented health messages. There was good dialog and discussion on these issues since in the remote islands it is hard to obtain the right kind of food. Parting was the saddest part, but the women vowed to meet again, if not on this earth, then in heaven where the Lord will say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Southern Africa Union

✿ **Southern Conference** held a Shepherdess Retreat in July and 20 pastors' wives attended.

Pastor Zeeman, the Ministerial Secretary, met with pastors' wives from the Bloemfontein area.

Beautiful Wakaba reports that in the last few months they have laid four shepherdesses to rest from three different conferences. Mrs. Thabile Degracia was killed in a traffic accident. Mrs. Girlie Nozizwe Peter, Mrs. Esme Johanna, and Mrs. Nomasabatha Leonora Fosi, also passed away. They will have a short rest until Jesus comes to reunite them with their families.

Southern Asia-Pacific Division

✿ South Bangladesh Mission:

Dorothy Biswas, Shepherdess Corodinator, reports on some activities:



Dorothy is giving a children's story at the Kellogg Mookerjee Memorial Seminary, a boarding school.



A group of pastors' wives at Bangladesh Adventist Seminary and College visit, fast, and pray for a worker's wife who was sick.



On Sabbath evening, Dorothy and a group of pastors' wives met for sundown worship.

Last chance

to participate in the latest
Shepherdess
International Project!

What is the funniest or
most embarrassing thing that
has happened to you in the
parsonage?

Shepherdess International is in the process of compiling the funniest and most embarrassing things that have happened to clergy spouses. Through the years, women have shared with me their most delightful and humorous stories, and we want yours included in this compilation. You may or may not choose to have your name printed with the incident!

Please send your story to:

Sharon Cress
Shepherdess International
General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists
12501 Old Columbia Pike
Silver Spring, MD 20904-6600 U.S.A.

The proceeds from the sale of this book will fund pastors' wives' projects to share the good news of Jesus Christ.