

AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

and advent world survey



Editor: Robert H. Parr

VOL. 81, NO. 34 PRICE: 13 CENTS August 23, 1976

The entire village turns out to welcome a friend when the . . .

FLYING PREACHER RETURNS

LESLIE R. TULLY, Communication Secretary, Casino Church, North New South Wales

DURING the first week in April, word got around the people of the Togoba Hansenide Hospital (now known as the "Rural Health Centre"), that Pastor Len Barnard could be expected to make a call very soon. Togoba is in the mountainous heart of Papua New Guinea.

As the day for his visit drew closer, the folk at Togoba became more and more excited. You see, this mission station was begun by Pastor Barnard, and some of the people who knew him then and who had been won to the faith by his efforts were still around, and were very interested in meeting up with him again.

At last the day arrived. The drone of the Cessna could be heard heading this way, and as it passed overhead it "buzzed" us a couple of times to let us know it was about to land. This was the signal everyone was waiting for, and, although there had been a couple of false alarms, the buzzing assured us that this was the caller we'd all been waiting for. Soon the Cessna was on the ground, taxiing up to the end of the strip. Almost the whole of the Togoba Hospital population were present. Together with several "bush" people, they had hurried to the air strip to be among the welcoming party.

Eager Handclasps

As Adventists, these people are really eager and keen. An unexpected surprise was afforded Pastor Barnard when he sighted the writer among the welcoming party. He seemed to think he was back in North New South Wales for a moment. Many were eager to clasp his hand as he renewed acquaintances with friends of bygone days.



Pastor Barnard renews acquaintance with friends from his mission days at Togoba air strip as he steps out of the Cessna 206, VH-TUD. This plane is often seen in North New South Wales in connection with Adventist church work.

Photo: L. Tully.

Some of the men told me the story of Pastor Barnard's mishap with the aeroplane propeller. The people belonging to the Adventist church were very upset and disturbed by this accident, and much prayer was sent up to God on behalf of their favourite minister.

Later, when they heard that Pastor Barnard could walk with hardly a limp, they realized that their prayers had been answered. This also stirred up the interest of many former unbelievers and induced them to throw in their lot with the "Sevendays'" God, and become staunch supporters of their new-found faith.

Happy Visit

Needless to say, Pastor Barnard himself was delighted to visit his old "hunting ground" once again, and to meet with so many people he knew before. The exchange of greetings was wonderful to see and hear. The house he used to live in (when he graduated from a grass hut) is now being used by Glenn and Narelle Stanley, who have recently been transferred from the Sepik area. Glenn is in charge of the Togoba Rural Health Centre at present, and comes from Western Australia (Manjimup), and his wife comes from Casino.

AUGUST IS "SIGNS" MONTH—REMEMBER?

Registered for posting as a Periodical—Category A

From Sydney to Salonika, God has blessed the work of . . .

THE INTERNATIONAL EVANGELIST

MRS. ADA MINTER

IT ALL STARTED in the year 1965, at a factory in the Newcastle area in New South Wales. A young Greek migrant, by the name of Constandino Maestromichalis, worked in this factory. So did a young lady, Sandra Turner, from Taree church. One day Dino overheard Sandra say, "It is wrong to worship images." Dino's conscience was troubled. He could scarcely speak English, but somehow he managed to ask Sandra and her parents many questions. At the time Pastor Arthur Duffy was conducting a mission at Taree. Dino was given an invitation to attend the meetings. He came to the mission and began working with the mission team in a helpful way. Eventually Pastor Duffy baptized him.

Then Dino learnt about literature evangelism and contacted the Publishing director, Pastor Ken Williamson. The biggest problem was Dino's lack of English, but what he lacked in the knowledge of the language he made up for in enthusiasm. It was not long before he was self-supporting and very happy in the Lord's work.

On transferring to country contracts, this modern Timothy developed spiritually and witnessed of his new-found faith, to all he came in contact with. After two years Dino moved to Sydney to work among the Greeks there. However, family influences unsettled him. When his mother became ill he decided to return to his home on the Isle of Rhodes.

England and Marriage

On board ship he met an English girl, Pauline. Eventually she was to become his wife. Dino had barely enough time to see friends and family in Greece, when the next ship arrived to take him to

England. He studied with Pauline for twelve months, then in the face of much opposition from her parents, she was baptized. After the wedding they sailed to the land where Paul, Barnabas, Titus and others had laboured to change the lives of volatile Greeks and fiery Cretans. Dino and Pauline set up their first home in Rhodes, where they brought the Adventist message to the notice of all who would open their homes and hearts to hear it.

The following year they were transferred to the Island of Crete. At this time Pastor Williamson made a visit to Crete, and he found Dino's sales of "The Desire of Ages" and "Modern Medical Counsellor" to be in the vicinity of twelve to nineteen books a day. These books were all sold by siesta time, 1 p.m. When I visited Greece I could never understand why all the shops were closed and everybody went to bed between the hours of 1 p.m. and 4 or 5 p.m.



Dino Maestromichalis, his wife Pauline, and daughter Esther and baby Ruth. The photo was taken at the entrance to the Piraeus Adventist church.

High School Publishing House

"The Great Controversy" and "The Ministry of Healing" have recently been translated into Greek. The church is working hard, hoping they will be able to raise \$10,000 to buy an offset printing machine from Italy. The high school will hopefully start the first Adventist printing house in Greece.

After the siesta, Dino would start work again, studying with the many interests he found. Soon he had four souls baptized. He was the leader of the fine American-built church in Iraklion, capital of Crete. With a three-wheeled car and the usual continental zeal, Dino careered all over the beautiful but rugged isle of Crete. Crete's history extends back to the time when



Dino and the Orthodox priest with whom he is studying in Athens.



Mrs. Ada Minter (standing), her daughter Gail on the camel with Esther, are on the road to Corinth.

All photos: A. Minter.

Abraham set out from Ur, at the call of God, and it is possible to walk down a paved street which has not altered in thirty-five centuries. One can visit the palace of Knossos and view the throne on which Minoan kings sat in royal splendour long before Solomon was born.

Early in 1975 the Greek church leaders called Dino and his family (now numbering three) to Port Piraeus on the mainland. Dino is now attending special classes in theology, held by Pastor N. Germanis. As Dino was the only literature evangelist in Greece, he has been given the task of organizing the team of bookmen to break through the stranglehold the Orthodox Church has on the populace. Just now he is studying with an Orthodox priest. I was introduced to this priest recently when I visited Athens, and he said to Dino, "I will give you food for the body and you shall give me spiritual food." We must remember this priest in our prayers, as his wife isn't under the same conviction as her husband; also the president of the conference, Pastor Vissigalli, who at present is in Italy for medical treatment. I was told that for some reason the government will not allow him back into Greece. A small church high school has been started in Athens. When I was there, there were twelve pupils, mostly non-Adventists. Recently a petition has come before the law court for freedom for Adventists from at-

tending school on Sabbath. If they are granted this freedom, it will open many doors. Last month the General Conference sent to the high school a machine to make peanut butter; perhaps this is the nucleus of a health food factory.

Mars' Hill

I stood on Mars' Hill, which isn't very high, and pictured Paul preaching there. The old dwellings, centuries old, are still to be seen, in comparatively good condition. Our church buildings are practically all made of marble, it being so plentiful. Dino took me through an Orthodox church. I was amazed at how many young people came to pray and light a candle. I have never seen so much gold in all my life; candlesticks, ornaments, picture frames, all of gold. Every wall and ceiling was painted with vivid pictures. There was a most holy place too, which we were fortunate to see into. All the walls and floors were made of marble.

We trekked up a small hill to the Acropolis. This part of the city existed 2,000 years before Christ. The stadium is still used. It is a great open-air amphitheatre. In the streets of Athens and Crete, orange, mulberry and olive trees are planted instead of ornamental trees. On the way to Salonika I saw several grass teepees, and a gypsy girl sitting in front of an open fire. The people here seem to live very poorly. We wonder why, when even



Mars' Hill; and the solitary figure at the summit is Dino.

the glass sepulchres in the cemeteries are filled with gold ornaments. Greek people are very honest because they fear the "hereafter." Our holiday in beautiful Greece has ended, and we farewell the young man who began his service for the Lord in Taree. May God bless Dino, his wife Pauline and little daughters, Esther and Ruth. May they win many more precious souls in a land where there are millions of people, but fewer than three hundred Adventists now.

"EVERY CHURCH SHOULD HAVE ONE!"

E. PADDICK, Sabbath School Extension Division, Trinity Gardens Church, South Australia

MINISTERS preaching at Trinity Gardens church (Adelaide) are often not aware of the distance their words travel, as each sermon is taped, not secretly like Watergate, but openly, with the Church Board's permission.

It all began about seven years ago, when one of the church deacons, Brother Jefferson Paddick, saw the need to communicate the summaries and texts of the sermons to the church members who, through age or sickness, could not attend church. Brother Paddick thought of taping the sermons on a cassette tape recorder and then taking the recorder with him to play the tapes in each of the homes of these "shut-ins."

Brother C. D. Morgan, now of Kressville, Cooranbong, expressed a desire to buy a machine of his own to play the sermons to his wife when she was well enough to listen.

From this small beginning, the programme escalated so quickly that Brother Paddick sought and received permission to tape the sermons direct through the amplification system of the church. This has proved very successful in achieving a professional finish to the tapes.

Brother Keith Wallace, who is nearly deaf, and so visually handicapped that he

can only distinguish between light and dark, purchased a tape recorder for his eightieth birthday, six years ago, and plays the tapes daily, thus learning the sermons practically by heart. The tapes have opened up a new way of life for him and his wife.

There are now many tapes being taken to the aged and infirm, both in their homes and in hospital. A record of the tapes is kept and used in co-ordination with Trinity Gardens Sabbath School Extension Division, which organizes visits to the "shut-ins" every Sabbath morning. These visits and tapes make Sabbath a delight, both to the visited and the visitor.

Brother Paddick has worn out the original tape recorder, and has a library of many taped sermons. The Trinity Gardens church recently purchased its first "loan" recorder for members unable to purchase their own.

Among the regular users of this service have been Brother and Sister C. D. Morgan, Brother and Sister Wallace, Sisters O. and E. Parkin, Sister Watts, Sister G. Clark, Sister O. Neal, the late Brother K. Clark and Sister R. Cook.

Many others have borrowed the tapes for use in hospitals, and copies of tapes



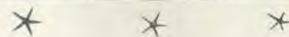
Brother Paddick with his cassette recorder, ready to bring the blessings of the divine service to the sick and the lonely.

Photo: D. Greeneklee.

have been sent to different parts of Australia. People of all ages, from teens to nineties, have used the tapes, and all have enjoyed being able to bring the church into their homes.

Plans of details of how the tapes can be made through the church amplification system can be had by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope and donation for Investment to "Recorder," Trinity Gardens S.D.A. Church, P.O. Box 120, Norwood, S.A. 5067.

EDITORIAL



A Personal Plea . . .

"The Humbug Happiness"

MY HEART is heavy this morning. It is Monday and the day is bright with promise. A few clouds fleck the blue and there is a winter sharpness in the air—the kind of a day that I love. But I can't get very enthusiastic about the day. It has a brooding melancholy over it somehow. My spirits are in some Slough of Despond and refuse to be comforted.

Now this is not my normal attitude at all. Usually, given a couple of hours, a shower and a good breakfast, I can handle the day with some kind of confidence. But today is different. And I think it might have been the events of last night that did it. I was suddenly catapulted into a situation that left me in no doubt about the fact that some of our young people are no strangers to that debilitating stuff that goes under the all-embracing name of DRINK. It would be easy, of course, to shrug the whole thing off and say that it is a mere irregularity of one or two juvenile experimenters. I wish I could believe that. For years I imagined that our people could handle the matter of teaching their youngsters the facts about the evils of the liquor business, that they would lay it clearly on the line that this was an evil too subtle and strong to play with. I believed that our kids took in with their Weet-Bix a vigorous diet of anti-liquor information and a steady ingestion of statistics which would warn them off liquor for all time. I believed, in my innocence, that they were adequately informed against what Upton Sinclair has called "the false stimulation and the fake security, the humbug happiness and the counterfeit strength of liquor." Today I doubt whether parents are using the tools readily available to them.

I'm not here to promote the ALERT magazine, but I tell you that this is the finest selection of anti-liquor information you can get. Are you imparting this information in a meaningful way to your children? Are you encouraging them to search its pages for themselves and to know that irreparable harm can come from booze simply because good people are not au fait with the wickedness that flows in a never-ending stream from the bottle?

Get this magazine. Don't merely leave it lying around where you hope the youngsters will pick it up and read it in an idle moment. Don't be too smug to read an appropriate article from it frequently in your family worship. (Or aren't you having family worship these days? Don't sophisticated people need the togetherness that such a time of spiritual refreshment and quiet meditation brings? Family worship is an ideal time to discuss these things as a family. Don't let one more day pass. Build up the old family altar; let the children hear you pray for them; teach them to pray for you . . . and for one another. And teach them those principles which will save them from misery and destitution.)

Years ago we used to sign Temperance Pledges in our Young People's meetings. I haven't seen this done at all in recent years. The first time I signed a Temperance Pledge was in an MV meeting. I can tell you, it was a meaningful experience. I did not do it lightly. You see, I had a father who, when I was a lad, used to go on the most horrifying benders, and our home was broken by the Demon Drink. Through the grace of God and the power of his own determination, he threw off those shackles, but the scars remained on his own life until he died. A Temperance Pledge was something I gladly signed because I had a first-hand knowledge of what this "humbug happiness" was all about. Won't somebody get cracking on this business of dusting off the Temperance Pledges that must be sitting around in some dusty corner of the Conference offices around this Division?

The president of the New Zealand Temperance Alliance tells of the position in that country: 70 per cent of students drink alcohol; the alcohol problem is playing an increasing

part in the disruption of family life; absenteeism is costing industry \$45 million (what must it be doing in Australia?); alcohol-induced problems account for between 15 and 20 per cent of all hospital beds; approximately 50 per cent of all road fatalities are attributable to alcohol; treatment centres for alcoholics are either seriously overtaxed or non-existent in a number of centres; road deaths due to alcohol have doubled in the past four years. The figures for Australia would be comparable. Can we as Adventists sweep this dastardly business under the carpet and shrug it off saying, "It won't happen to me"? It can happen to your family; it may very well be happening to your family AND YOU DON'T KNOW IT!

The parents of the boys with whom I had to deal last night didn't have the remotest clue that their boys were involved with alcohol. They are earnest, God-fearing, church-going Adventists, and I don't believe that you can lay any particular blame at their doors. The blame lies at the door of us all, whether we have teenagers or not. We all must recognize the killer in our midst.

Yesterday I saw a boy for the first time in six months. He had been "away" for that period. The guest of Her Majesty. In prison, if you must have it spelled out to you. He admitted to me that the first step to his imprisonment was "a few beers." Now that he's out, don't think he's given it away. Oh, no! He couldn't wait to get "a few under the belt." But he'll be "a bit more careful in future." I wish I could believe him.

A few months ago, a man sat in my lounge-room. His father had taught him to drink. "Drink at home, Son, then you won't get into trouble." I could give you the list of convictions that this young man has, but they would take more than the remaining space on this page, and that's the truth. And the end is not yet. I have to go to court with him in a few weeks' time. But I shall never forget the tears that trickled down his cheeks as he said as he sat in my home, "Drink has ruined our home." No, these two young men are not Adventists; they have not had the opportunities for education that our young people have. I wonder if their stories would have been better if they had known . . . if someone who had cared and was alert enough had given them a Temperance Pledge to sign while they were yet untouched by this wicked traffic, yet old enough to make a conscious decision to tread the temperance path.

Teenage alcoholism is increasing at a frightening rate. And it knows no boundaries of denomination or home. The very staunchest of temperance people will sadly admit to you that their son, their daughter, is helpless in the toils of this octopus-like monster. The most dedicated of churches will admit that here one, there another of their members, their beautiful flock, have been snapped up by the Drink Machine, and have disappeared into the hazy no-man's-land of inebriation. Sadly their names are crossed off church rolls. No one knows of the tears that their mothers have shed or the agonies of soul through which their fathers have passed.

I make this solemn plea: Let us, as a church, as families, determine that we shall leave no stone unturned to ensure that our young people are warned clearly, earnestly, constantly and authoritatively that "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Prov. 20:1. "Not wise"! They are downright fools! But it's too late to convince them of that when they are in that euphoric state of "humbug happiness." We've got to start NOW! Don't let another day pass, PLEASE.

Robert H. Parr



The mechanics' class is composed of young men eager to learn.

Photos: J. Watts.



Nowhere is the battle more evident than in the girls' sewing industry, conducted in a room which should be used as a dormitory.

THE BATTLE OF KOLOMBANGARA

PAULA CHESTNUT, Communication Secretary, Dundas Church, Greater Sydney

IN OUR STORY in the May 31 issue of the RECORD, outlining the fund-raising plans of Dundas church to build a vocational training school at Kukudu, Solomon Islands, we promised readers more details of the need of this project. Pastor Ian Watts, president of the Western Solomon Islands Mission, and his wife Annette, have given us further insight into the need for this school. We share with you their letters.

"In 1943 the island of Kolombangara was the scene of war. Many fierce battles were fought in this area, and hundreds of Solomon Islanders fled to the safety of the bush as Japanese planes flew overhead. For the first time these island people witnessed the horrors of war. About 10 degrees south-west across the channel is the well-known Kennedy Island, where the late John F. Kennedy found refuge when his P.T. boat was sunk.

"Today the island of Kolombangara is again the scene of war at the Kukudu Vocational School. A constant war is being fought against the ravages of tropical deterioration on buildings and equipment; rising costs and a depleted income due to the fact that for the past eighteen months the price of copra has been at an all-time low. At the end of 1974 the price was \$336 per ton; from January 1975 the price has stayed at \$106. This has naturally resulted in a lower mission income because of the rural nature of our area.

"Staff and students battle daily with inadequate facilities and equipment, ever hoping that things will change—next year!

"What a thrill it was when we heard that Dundas church, from which some members had visited the Vocational school in 1975, has decided to assist with some of the much-needed facilities!"

An Unlucky One

"The young ebony-skinned lad dug his heels into the white sand as he sat under a coconut tree strumming his handmade guitar. He was one of the unlucky ones!

One of the 85 per cent of Solomon Island Adventist young people who are unable to further their education because of lack of high-school facilities.

"It was to help young people like this that the Western Solomon Islands Mission commenced the Kukudu Vocational School in 1971 with a budget of only \$200.

"The Kukudu River divides the headquarters of the Western Solomon Islands Mission and the school, formerly a primary school, but now a Vocational School. The school side was once called 'New Place.' This was because the place was newly built, but not with new material. Many of the permanent buildings erected were removed from Batuna together with old wartime iron. Some of these buildings still exist today. One such building is the class-room building, now standing on its third resting place.

"Although the standard of buildings and facilities is low, the aim of the school is high. This is to train Solomon Islands young people to lead a more meaningful and useful life in their villages and communities."

Shortages

"Kukudu Adventist Vocational School was opened on March 3, 1972, with twenty-five male students. Many girls wrote asking why they could not be admitted to the school. The answer was clear. Lack of facilities, shortage of staff and, of course, money. The girls were told to wait until the following year.

"During the 1972 school year, very little progress was made with the boys. The seemingly for ever unsolved problem of tools and proper class-rooms for practical training faced us. There were many unfilled promises which discouraged the boys. Staff and students were happy to see the year finished. But the foundation had been laid.

"At the beginning of the 1973 school year, pressure from the girls increased, and finally twenty-four girls were enrolled. That year the total enrolment was sixty-seven, including a new intake of boys. However, the increased enrolment did not mean improved facilities or more funds available.

"That year alone our school was visited by thirty people outside our organization. Chief Education Officer, Allan House, the District Commissioner and his wife, and many others paid us a visit. The visitors gave encouragement to both students and staff. At the end of 1973 we witnessed the first graduation. It was a happy time, mingled with sadness as students left the school to go back to their homes.

"In 1974 the boys, under the supervision of their Building Instructor, put up a wood-work class-room. This class-room is large enough to contain six working benches. The benches are designed to take four boys each. It is aimed at accommodating a full class of twenty-four boys. But so far we have been able to complete and fit out only two of the six benches. The problem, of course, is finance. A similar situation applies with tools for woodwork and mechanics. The mechanics class-room for the boys is non-existent—a dirt floor and lean-to is the only place available.

"The girls are no better off. The two rooms for the girls are crowded with forms, utensils for cooking, equipment for sewing, drafting and craftwork, and of course the girls themselves!

"Before the end of 1974 the school had received 300 applications for 1975. About

(Concluded on page 14)

Pastor A. L. Hefren, formerly Bible Teacher at Solusi College, Rhodesia, sends this message from an African protégé whom he describes as a first-class exponent of the written and spoken word.

GOD DOES NOT TAKE SIDES

D. W. CHALALE, Bulawayo, Rhodesia

AS LONG AS man is on this earth and sin exists, there will always be trouble. We should know, as students of Bible prophecy, that the world is not getting better. It will get worse. The worse it gets the more people try to make it better. The more they try, the worse it gets. What man has not realized, as someone has said, is that man plus man equals mankind. Human ingenuity is not sufficient for world problems. Man needs to recognize a power outside himself. That power is God.

But man's problem has been and still is, his concept of God and the way He works. All people want to believe that God is on their side in the things they organize and do. They want to believe that, because they are pursuing a "good cause" and have good intentions, God is with them. If ever there is anything we need to guard against, it is taking God for granted. We have been forming cliques for the purpose of propagating our opinions. We have also been trying to tie God into these human bundles.

What has been happening around us in recent years has thrown light on this comment made more than seventy years ago by one who had spiritual insight:

"The lust of the flesh, the pride of the eyes, the display of selfishness, the misuse of power, the cruelty, and the force used to cause men to unite with confederacies and unions—binding themselves up in bundles for the burning of the great fires of the last days—all these are the working of Satanic agencies."—"Evangelism," page 26.

Confederacies Proliferating

We are seeing more and more of "confederacies and unions." People are being pressured to join these confederacies. What attracts most is that these come in the names of "freedom" and "liberty." Groups have risen even claiming Biblical authority for their existence. Members of political parties have quoted texts from the Bible to substantiate their claims. Some politicians have claimed to stand for Christian principle. Every group claims that God is on its side. Many Bible-believing Christians have been confused and bewildered.

In the midst of this turmoil and confusion, we would do well to learn from the lesson of Joshua as recorded in the fifth chapter of that book. This great leader was preparing to attack the city of Jericho. As he looked up he saw a man in full military uniform. No doubt this man was a high official of some army. Joshua went to the stranger to make some inquiries. Who was this man, in the first



place? The man introduced himself as "Captain of the host of the Lord." This was Jesus Christ Himself. Listen to the question Joshua put to Him: "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?" (Verse 13.) What was the Man's reply? "And He said, Nay; . . ." (Verse 14.)

Doesn't this sound strange? Was Joshua not a leader of God's chosen people? Were the Israelites not led by God Himself in a pillar of cloud and fire from Egypt to this place? Had God not promised to give the Canaanites into the hands of Israel? What does the Man's reply mean? Let us read the whole answer. "And He said, 'No; but as commander of the army of the Lord I have now come.'" (R.S.V.)

No Favourites

God takes no sides. "God has no favourites." Romans 2:11, N.E.B. Jesus had come as commander of the army of the Lord. He had not come to take sides, but to take over. We have been warned that confederacies will increase as we near the end of time and we will be pressured into joining these groups. But we have also been told that men will be "binding them-

selves up in bundles for the burning of the great fires of the last days." Christians ought to know what to do in this time of turmoil and confusion.

What was Joshua's response after he heard who this man was and what He had come for? "And Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and worshipped, and said to him, 'What does my Lord bid His servant?' And the Commander of the Lord's army said to Joshua, 'Put off your shoes from your feet; for the place where you stand is holy.' And Joshua did so." Verse 15, R.S.V.

Jesus requires absolute surrender on our part. He is not going to join, but to lead us. The rest of the story says that under the leadership of the Commander of the Lord's host, the walls of Jericho tumbled without man's hands.

God has not changed. Let us not take Him for granted. As Christians it is no time to be looking for a group to join, but a time to surrender to the leadership of Prince Emmanuel. He is coming to take over, not to take sides with the groups men are forming.



The Mayor of Nunawading, Councillor Bryan Baulch, is in capable hands as Nursing Sister Elizabeth Mazitelli takes a blood sample from his arm.
Photo: courtesy Nunawading Gazette.

Nunawading "Heartbeat"

G. V. PALMATEER, Communication Secretary, Nunawading Church, Victoria

THE NUNAWADING church hall took on a very professional setting on June 7, as the "Survival in the Seventies" programme commenced with the "Heartbeat" free coronary-risk test.

Mr. Erick van Schoonhoven, who successfully planned the "Survival" programme last year, moved into a much wider communication programme. Erick is the co-ordinator and leader of the young people's evangelistic group in the church.

A very efficient and relaxed atmosphere was evident as doctor, nurses and assistants arrived at 7 a.m. The hall arrange-

ment by John Hamilton and Des Thompson was most effective. Arrangements of flowers and greenery divided various sections of the hall—tables for typists to record and enrol 220 folk who came for the test; special sections carpeted off for height and weight control, directed by John Mikelsons; a section for Sister Glen Hughes to take the blood pressure; tables for literature—every visitor received Heart Foundation brochures and doctors' summaries as they entered the hall.

The carpeted stairway led down to the ministers' room where three efficient pathologist sisters set up their arrangements for the blood tests to determine cholesterol, triglycerides and glucose levels.

A cup of cereal coffee and biscuits were served by Lou Collister and assistants, as the visitors sat at long tables to have their medical history recorded in a sixteen-page questionnaire—strictly confidential.

A precise keeping of time appointments by phone to the Conference office led to smooth running of the two consecutive mornings, 7 to 10 a.m.

Results of Tests

One week later the hall again was arranged in friendly atmosphere to receive the folk waiting for their individual test results.

In her address, Dr. Merlene Thrift presented a challenge to return to following the simple health principles that make for positive living. Quoting Sir William Osler, authority in basic medicine, she said, "The greatest assurity against tomorrow is what you do today." To follow a few simple health rules is most important. The doctor referred often to some of the questions in the sixteen-page medical history. Each person received a typed result of the test, and where necessary the words were written, "Please see your own doctor."

The Mayor of Nunawading, Councillor Bryan Baulch, was pictured on the front page of the local "Gazette," confidently watching as a sister took the blood sample from his arm. Urging people to take the test he said, "To know one's own risk is vital. Everyone needs to become acquainted with the cause and prevention of heart disease. Statistics show that young people in the 15-24 age group are among those dying from heart disease which originally affected only elderly people. It is preventable."

Councillors and their wives with many other folk from the city remained for a friendly chat. "Heartbeat" won a great response in Nunawading. The ability to communicate wins many a friendship.

HEALTH-WISE

PIONEER WISDOM—1

WITH the growing awareness that prevention is more effective than cure in coping with today's major killers such as heart disease, cancer and diabetes, the extensive writings of Mrs. E. G. White are receiving fresh attention.

Ellen White, with wisdom far ahead of the current medical knowledge of her day, wrote of tobacco as "a slow, insidious, but most malignant poison."

While doctors were still prescribing tobacco, Mrs. White warned: "In whatever form it is used, it tells upon the constitution; it is all the more dangerous because its effects are slow and at first hardly perceptible. It excites and then paralyzes the nerves in a more powerful manner than does intoxicating drink."

Writing of the harmful effects of "stimulants and narcotics" in her book "Ministry of Healing," Mrs. White included not only tobacco and alcohol, but also "a great variety of articles that, altogether used as food or drink, irritate the stomach, poison the blood, and excite the nerves."

In this category she included tea, coffee, mustard, pepper, spices and pickles.

"Tea acts as a stimulant and, to a certain extent, produces intoxication. The action of coffee and many other popular drinks is similar. The first effect is exhilarating. The nerves of the stomach

are excited; these convey irritation to the brain, and this in turn is aroused to impart increased action to the heart and short-lived energy to the entire system. Fatigue is forgotten; the strength seems to be increased. The intellect is aroused, the imagination becomes more vivid.

"Because of these results, many suppose that their tea or coffee is doing them great good. But this is a mistake. Tea and coffee do not nourish the system.... When the influence of the stimulant is gone, the unnatural force abates, and the result is a corresponding degree of languor and debility.

"The continued use of these nerve irritants is followed by headache, wakefulness, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, trembling, and many other evils; for they wear away the life forces."

Modern medical research defines in more scientific terms, but not more truly the causes of disease described by this pioneer health educator.



The Governor-General addresses the congregation. Seated at left is Mr. R. Weslake (elder), and at right is Mr. A. Summerscales (senior elder).

GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT NORFOLK

LAURENCE GILMORE, Church Pastor

"THIS FLAG TODAY, I have very great honour in presenting to this church as a symbol of the stability of our life as a Christian society, and in the hope that it represents for you, as for me, all the symbolic and historic circumstances of our past in Australia and of yours here," said His Excellency, the Honourable Sir John Kerr, Governor-General of Australia, in his address to the congregation.

Earlier he had spoken thus: "It is, I believe, very important indeed, and it certainly is to my wife and to me, that immediately after setting foot on this island, our first opportunity should be to join you here in the presence of His Honour, the Acting Administrator, the elders of your church and a Christian

congregation in a Christian ceremony of significance. I am well aware, of course, partly from reading the history of this island and of Pitcairn and of you people, that Christianity looms very large in your lives. The Christian worship that has gone on from the beginning here and in your earlier home has spread across denominations, and is symbolized here tonight by the ecumenical character of this gathering.

"There has been a reference made in the solemn prayer offered on our behalf, to 'troubled times,' and it is obvious from one's reading of the press and from listening to the news and from reading books and magazines that indeed the world is passing through troubled times both political and economical, and to varying degrees in different parts of the world. Your history enables you to recall periods of difficulty in the past just as ours does in Australia.

"One of the symbols that constantly remind us of our good fortune, and which is a symbol all societies resort to—those less stable and those very stable, such as our own—is the flag."

First Call

The VIP plane landed on Norfolk Island airport at exactly 5.50 p.m. on Saturday, June 5, 1976. After the Vice-regal party had been officially welcomed by the Acting Administrator, Air-Commodore E. T. Pickerd, O.B.E., D.F.C., and members of the local Council, it made its first call at our church, arriving at 6 p.m. to commence a service which might well claim a "first" for anywhere in this Division for any time. It was a formal presentation of the nation's flag to the church by the Queen's representative.

It was a beautiful evening, with the Sabbath sun fully set—the beautiful new church almost filled with worshippers of all shades of belief—the distinctive interior lights shedding a warmth of colour over the local pine wall and ceiling panels, while up in the tower recorded carillon chimes drifted off into the night air. In the same tower a light burned like a lighthouse beacon, as it does on every evening worship occasion. The expansive lawns of the church looked their best.

And then THAT car "A1" drew up alongside the entrance doors. What does one say to his country's Governor-General? Who speaks first? These and a dozen other thoughts raced through my mind, for to every man comes a "first" and this was surely one, with a difference. What a gracious gentleman! How casual and yet dignified!

After formal introductions to Sir John and Lady Kerr and Mr. P. Lawlor, Secretary of the Department of Administrative Services, my wife being received too, I had the honour of presenting Senior Deacon, Mr. William Quintal and Mrs. Quintal, Senior Elder, Mr. Albert Summerscales and Mrs. Summerscales; Elder, Mr. Cecil Eastwood and Mrs. Eastwood, Elder, Mr. Steve Nobbs and Mrs. Nobbs; and Elder, Mr.



Senior deacon Mr. W. Quintal (standing) waits to receive the Australian flag from Sir John Kerr.

Photos: L. Gilmore.

Ralph Weslake and Mrs. Weslake. My Adventist heart was a little full as I led His Excellency to those two special seats up front, for was I not representing that great "three angels' message" on this island of history.

Well-Rehearsed

Then the forty-five-minute service began to move like a piece of well-oiled machinery. We had rehearsed the occasion as carefully as a wedding service, trying to foresee every feature of the evening. From the many comments of the public it was worth it—"You Adventists surely know how to run an ordered service." Every communion of worshippers knows the grand hymn, "O God Our Help in Ages Past," which sounded to perfection in the octagonal-shaped church. A Scripture reading, a prayer ending with the Lord's Prayer, and then a fascinating recounting of the history of the Adventist Church on this island, given by Mr. R. Weslake.

Flag Presentation

When Sir John Kerr concluded his address, he formally presented to Senior Deacon, Mr. William Quintal, the Australian flag for hanging in the church. It was then draped over the rostrum railing for the remainder of the evening. It was our pleasure to reply:

"Your Excellency: The gift of this new flag to this new church is a very lovely act, and as pastor, and on behalf of the officers and members, I want to express our lasting gratitude. You have honoured us by your presence, and now the Commonwealth of Australia has given something vital of itself. When the builders of this house of worship laboured here, I believe that they did not envisage such an occasion as this tonight. We want to assure you, Sir, of the loyalty of this denomination to Crown, to Federal and local government and with God's grace, we endeavour to be law-abiding citizens. Again, I say, Thank You.

"In response, we desire to leave with you and Mr. Lawlor two publications which we trust will remind you of this happy event and of your visit to lovely Norfolk

Island. Queen Victoria once stated that she believed much of the greatness of her country, and the British Empire, was due to the prominent place which the Holy Bible had in the lives of her subjects.

"The book 'Your Bible and You' was written by an English Adventist clergyman, Arthur Maxwell, author of the 'Uncle Arthur Bedtime Stories' series and over 100 other books. The other book 'Faith Alive' is just off the press. In pictorial form it shows something of the worldwide educational, humanitarian, medical and gospel ministry of our church. Carol Hetzell, the authoress, has done well. Sir, in your moments of relaxation I trust that you will find these books of interest and a blessing to you."

After the singing of the National Anthem, came the pastor's address, and we share some excerpts: "As you all may have noted in the Scripture reading, the time-worn exclamation, 'God Save the King' is not new nor of British origin, but indeed goes way back to the hoary past of the prophet Samuel and the first king of ancient Israel. Ruled over by judges of varying strengths and weaknesses, the people desired no longer to be administered by a theocracy, but rather they wanted to conform and be like the rest of the nations around them. God gave to His man, Samuel, specific information as to who the new king would be—from what tribe—and the reassurance that Samuel himself was not being rejected, but rather the divine Leader was being set aside.

"I like the Biblical story where it states in 1 Samuel 10 that, when Saul and the prophet had spent time together in close counsel, Samuel poured oil on the big man's head (for he stood head and shoulders above every person in Israel), and anointed him to be captain of the Lord's people. Something happened to him at that moment. As he turned to go from Samuel, the record says 'God gave him another heart.' It was not a Dr. Christian Barnard heart transplant. The Divine Surgeon stooped low over Saul and gave him a new spiritual heart transplant. . . .

"May this flag ever remind the members of this church, and indeed all who pause to visit or to meditate or pray here, that we all live in a good land where man's most treasured freedoms are still a way of life. The Apostle Peter wrote: 'You are slaves of no one except God, so behave like free men, and never use your freedom as an excuse for wickedness. Have respect for everyone and love the community. Fear God. Honour the king.'"

Mr. Steve Nobbs, a great-great-grandson of the famous Rev. George Hunn Nobbs, spiritual leader and successor to old John Adams, last of the "Bounty" mutineers, announced the much-loved "Pitcairn Anthem," and with what fervour and feeling this ecumenical gathering sang their favourite hymn!

Prayer Dedication

In prayer the flag was dedicated along with the Union Jack. They will be formally draped in the church. To the accompaniment of the organ recessional we led our distinguished visitors to the lovely Visitors' Book and then out into the typical star-lit Norfolk night. After the farewells and mingling with guests at a light communal church tea, we all were able to unwind a little. In the following days we were to see more of Australia's first citizen as he mingled with the residents, and in particular at the 120th anniversary of the landing of the Pitcairners, dating back to June 8, 1856. We were honoured in that our church was the only one worshipped in during the Governor-General's visit.

We must give full recognition and thanks to Pastor O. D. F. McCutcheon, Government Affairs Officer from the Division, who did much behind-the-scenes work to make this visit possible. From the time the idea was first suggested he sprang into action and, with many helpful suggestions, jointly brought the church we all love a little closer to those who administer the affairs of state.

Many people spoil their lives by mourning about the past, complaining about the present, and trembling at the future.



Mr. A. Summerscales supervises the draping of the flag on the rostrum railing.



It's all over! Lady Kerr, Mrs. J. Gilmore, Mr. W. Quintal, Pastor L. A. Gilmore and Sir John Kerr chat informally after the service.

SEVENTY-SIXTH GRADUATION AT THE SYDNEY ADVENTIST HOSPITAL

JOY TOTENHOFER, Public Relations Officer, Sydney Adventist Hospital

A FEW WEEKS AGO the Senior Nurse Educator announced the plans for the Graduation week-end. "There's a lot of work goes into the event here at the Sydney Adventist Hospital," he said. "I've graduated five times—only once here, of course—but I've never seen anything to equal this Graduation Programme. It is a very dignified and moving service."

The celebrations commenced with a dinner in honour of the graduates, attended by their parents or close friends. It was a thrilling time of "get together." Many had travelled long distances to be present. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Toepfer flew down from Port Moresby to see daughter Inez (class president) graduate, and then next day marry class-mate Murray Thackham. It is interesting to note that Inez' father was president of the graduating class back in 1950, so she was truly following in her father's footsteps.

Class secretary, Kathy Hoover, welcomed her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Hoover, and her aunt, Miss Judy Kneller, from Vernon, British Columbia. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Walsh came from Dargaville, New Zealand, to be present for their Colleen's graduation—and then a week later her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Pidgeon also came from Christchurch, New Zealand, to be with their daughter Susan.

The George Eiszeles travelled from Tasmania to witness their daughter's graduation. Geoff McGrath's folk came from Western Australia. And perhaps the proudest church in all the Division on the second week-end in June, was the one in Adelaide, South Australia, from which three sets of parents travelled to see their girls become graduates of the Sydney Adventist Hospital—Beverly Josephs, Bronwyn Taylor and Susan Cahill.

Beryl Adamson's sister flew home from London for the occasion and to be bridesmaid when Beryl, in a hospital chapel wedding on the day following graduation, married a former patient whom she had brought to Christ.

Graduation Dinner

By tradition, the Graduation Dinner is something special. It is served by the pre-grads, who this year used the Black-and-White Minstrel theme to add interest. The concert that followed was memorable for its laughs and lovely music.

During the evening, the graduates presented the hospital with a television camera for use in the audio-visual programme, providing closed-circuit devotional services within the hospital.

In thanking the graduates, the hospital's Medical director, Dr. H. E. Clifford, said: "I would like to thank the graduation class for this truly magnificent gift. I can't think of anything more meaningful at this time. This gift completes the equipment we need to produce programmes aimed at bringing a message of hope to the patients in our hospital."



Back row (left to right): Geoff McGrath, Susan Cahill, Audrey ("George") Eiszele, Melva Rankin, Valda Miller, Jan Ferrett, Judy Teichroeb, Colleen Walsh, Joanne Ap, David Andrews. Middle row: Kevin Romero, Susan Pidgeon, Beverly Josephs, Beryl Adamson, Robyn Thompson, Kathy Hoover, Anne Panckhurst, Bill van Vliet. Front row: Murray Thackham, Gwenda Wilkinson, Carolyn Yettie, Lorelle Wills, Inez Toepfer, Bronwyn Taylor, Lynette Belford, Sanni Kronquist, Paul Judd.

Dr. W. T. Johnson was the class adviser, and the graduates chose two greens as their class colours.

Services

The Friday evening Vespers Service was conducted by nurse educator Mr. Geoff Wilson, who was himself an S.A.H. graduate just eighteen months ago. He spoke of the first Christian Medical Team. Originally it was One—Jesus Christ. The work that Jesus had done alone, was, after Pentecost, performed by man.

"Our church has been given great enlightenment concerning health. . . . The Christian nurse should realize that he or she is part of a team, not just part of the health-care team, but also part of God's team. In word and action, we may plainly say, 'God is in this place.'"

"We are instruments, inferior, damaged instruments, used in the healing of a wonderful machine, our bodies. God is the Master Designer and Engineer, and we are only poor-quality tradesmen. Always maintain your understanding of the significance of your motto, OUR HANDS, HIS TOUCH."

Dr. H. E. Clifford preached the Baccalaureate Service on Sabbath morning, June 12.

The Sunday night graduation ceremony in the Wahroonga church made everyone feel so very proud to be a tiny part of such a wonderful institution. We watched the solemn dignity of the seating of the under-graduate nurses and staff, and then followed the graduated nurse aides and the processional of the graduate nurses. After Mr. Allan Gibbons offered welcoming words, the deputy medical director, Dr. C. H. Palmer, reviewed progress at the hospital. He said: "These are the survivors of the first class which commenced training after the opening of the new Sydney Adventist Hospital. They have left a proud record, for this class has a higher percentage of Distinctions than any other graduating class from the Sydney Adventist Hospital." Out of a class of twenty-seven graduates, three gained High Distinctions; five received Distinctions and there was one Credit.

Mr. Kevin Howse, assistant pastor of the Wairoa church, addressed those assembled, enlarging on the experience of the seventy-two disciples when they were sent out into the world to reveal the Master to men.

Advice from Matron

Miss Rose-Marie Radley, director of Nursing, gave some pertinent parting advice to the young people who have completed their course.

"You will experience hardship, but without hardship there would be no evidence of helpfulness. You will undoubtedly meet danger, but without danger there would be no courage. There are needs on every hand, but without them there would never be that rewarding experience of sharing. And I am sure I do not need to tell you there is suffering, but without suffering there would be no compassion."

Then came the presentation of diplomas by Dr. H. E. Clifford, and the pinning on of the Hospital Badge by Miss Radley, after which the Class president, Inez Toepfer, thanked all who had helped them to gain their objective. She challenged the pregrads to "Keep at it; it's worth it."

A fitting conclusion to the evening came when Glenda Wilkinson, whose parents are missionaries in Papua New Guinea, rendered the class poem just prior to the climax.

OUR HANDS, HIS TOUCH

Our hands:

Trained now to serve humanity

Suffering with sickness and pain.

Lifting burdens for those who are weary,

Giving health and comfort again.

Trained now to serve our God;

Holding lamps in a world dark with sin.

Spreading light on the heavenly road,

Leading and guiding to Him.

Let us all clasp His nail-scarred hands,

That as we serve, our hands may be such;

Others grasping to know and understand

May feel—"OUR HANDS, HIS TOUCH."

Amid a triumphant fanfare of trumpets and organ, the lights were dimmed and the new graduates marched from the sanctuary, holding high their symbolical Florence Nightingale torches.

So another graduation at the Sydney Adventist Hospital is history. We wish each young person well as they now scatter (some in pairs!) and continue their service to mankind, using their own hands, but revealing HIS TOUCH.



Mr. and Mrs. Murray Thackham (nee Inez Toepfer, Graduating Class president).



Members of the Dunedin and Oamaru churches assembled outside the Pleasant Valley Lodge.
Photo: P. Jack.

Dunedin Church Camp

P. R. JACK, Communication Director, South New Zealand Conference

CHURCH CAMP on the southern part of New Zealand's South Island, in the middle of winter? While the average Australian might not be too warmly disposed to such an idea, more than fifty members of the Dunedin church thought it was great. The camp was conducted over the week-end of June 18-20.

The Pleasant Valley camping area, situated just out of the South New Zealand town of Palmerston, was the location for three days of inspiration and fellowship. This delightful rural setting, in spite of its generous servings of frost, was ideal for such a programme. Crack-

ling log fires helped to offset the cool atmospheric conditions.

That the Dunedin church members were earnestly seeking a closer walk with God is attested to by the theme of their camp, "Spiritual Renewal." Decisions were made to surrender all to Christ. It was wonderful to see young people respond to the appeal that was made at the conclusion of the church service.

After an invigorating walk on Sabbath afternoon to the top of a 2,000-foot "hill," the church members assembled to receive instruction concerning the Witnessing-for-Christ programme. The questions asked and the interest exhibited give every indication of a fruitful witnessing programme ahead for Dunedin.

It was good to see a number of folk from the Dunedin and Oamaru churches arriving at the campsite to spend Sabbath. The Sabbath congregation would have swelled to something like ninety of our believers. I was very interested to speak with Brother and Sister Giles from Oamaru, who in each case can trace their ancestry back to the first fleet that landed in New Zealand. Others of the church members likewise have fascinating stories to tell.

A light fall of snow just before the camp dispersed at lunch time on Sunday, heralded the heavy falls that later in the day cut Dunedin off, and covered much of the South and North Islands of New Zealand. Many members had to travel back to their homes through slippery snow and ice, but all rejoice in the outpouring of God's blessing during their winter camp.



"H.M.S. Pontoon" negotiating the crossing.

Photos: D. Caldwell.



A washed-out approach to the crossing. This sight has greeted hopeful travellers several times this year.

It's the eagerly awaited sequel to *The Year of the Muruk* . . .

THE YEAR OF THE PONTOON

DAVID CALDWELL, Principal, Kambubu High School, P.N.G.U.M.

IT WAS NOT an easy decision. But as of May this year I have made up my mind. This year at Kambubu High School will be called "The Year of the Pontoon." We have had "The Year of the Buffalo," "The Year of the Bug," "The Year of the Muruk" and this year is "The Year of the Pontoon." It sounds as if I have Chinese ancestors, doesn't it?

This is "The Year of the Pontoon" because this year our whole existence here at Kambubu seems to be under the influence of this pontoon on the Warangoi River. Before telling you about the pontoon we must first tell you about the rivers that separate us from the outside world.

Rabaul (seventy-two kilometres) and Sonoma College (forty kilometres) are the main places we visit. Both are on the other side of the Marambu and Warangoi Rivers. Setting out from Kambubu you come first to the "gentle" Marambu, some eight kilometres along the way. We cross this river by driving across a cement ford, and about twenty yards in the middle of this crossing is continually wet and very, very slippery. When the river rises, which it does often during our wet season, crossing this ford can be either hilarious or horrifying, or both. When the river is really up, nothing crosses; we either return to base or sleep in the vehicle, depending on which side we happen to be.

Like a Crazy Animal

The other day, a novice national driver came to the river in his utility and found it was "up." He surveyed the problem and decided on a speed-with-lightness approach which none of us had ever dared to try. He off-loaded his passengers, backed up some twenty metres, then—zoom! I wasn't there to see it but my informant tells me that the utility became like a crazed animal, now gripping, now slithering, now pointing upstream, now down. But he did get across! No one could explain how. We think it could have been the roar of laughter from the onlookers that helped;

they were still chuckling about it hours later.

Another enjoyable spectator sport is to watch someone cross on a motor bike when the river is up a little. Motor bike and rider usually end up facing diagonally upstream with wheels and feet all slipping as if on ice. You either inch across, call for help from the onlookers, or just fall over.

So much for the Marambu. The *piece de resistance* is some four kilometres further on; the mouth of the muddy Warangoi. For many years, this river had to be crossed in an outrigger canoe manned by a government-employed watchman. We would drive a vehicle to the river, cross by canoe, and complete our journey in a second vehicle garaged on the Rabaul side. Our mission boat cared for heavy cargo, and only passengers and incidental cargo came by road.

Under these conditions, visitors to Kambubu by road would have to contact us by radio and arrange to be met at the river. But something was always fouling up the arrangements. Take a simple case like this: "Kambubu truck drives to river, leaves keys with ferryman for a Sonoma visitor to use and go on to town. We will come back for you at 5.00 in the afternoon." Sometimes it was keys left in pockets, or sometimes someone would forget the time. Whatever the reasons, some people have been stranded at the river for hours. Sometimes they were VIPs. To make matters worse, the river mouth is infested with sand-flies.

Swept Out to Sea

Now the distance across the mouth is some seventy metres. This does not sound

a long way, but when the river is flooded this distance can provide another kind of experience. So it turned out one afternoon as shoppers were returning from Rabaul. The river was flooded, and half way across the canoe man declared, "Mi no inap" (It's too hard for me), laid down the paddle and surrendered the canoe to the current. Out to sea it swept with its cargo of groceries and wives. Now there was perhaps no great danger to life, as the canoe swamped when it met with the waves; but these things are very relative to a white-faced matron who does not swim well. Strong and willing hands soon had everyone back to safety. She can laugh about it now, but that evening wild horses could not have dragged her back into a second attempt. It was back to Rabaul and another try on the morrow.

Yet another variation is to be trapped at night in the section between the two rivers with no vehicle, plenty of rain and no moon.

But time brings change. In 1975 came the pontoon. This is a contraption with lifting ramps on to which you can drive a truck, winch yourself across, and drive off on the other side. It was built by a contractor who was working on the roads along our coast, and we were allowed to use it so long as we left it locked up on our side of the river. This was a boon. Truck-loads of goods could be driven direct from Rabaul to Kambubu, and staff could drive their cars all the way instead of garaging them at the river. But once again we were bugged by human error. Keys were lost, people forgot to lock it up so that unauthorized adventurers would cross and later be trapped on our side. Sometimes it was left on the wrong side and we had to placate the irate owner. But it was still a blessing.

Boat Out of Commission

Fortunately, 1975 was quite a dry year, and we began to luxuriate in the con-

venience of this reliable pontoon. This was just as well, for our boat was out of commission most of that year. The year 1976, however, turned out to be another kind. The road contractor left, and the government handed the pontoon over to the timber contractor living near us. Three times this year floods have carried away the cable and its anchors, and washed the pontoon up onto the bank. It has taken hours of work to get the cables up again and refloat the equipment; only the timber men have the right machines to accomplish this.

Then again, there is the human error. One day a truck drove up with its load of copra, but when the brakes were applied nothing happened; nothing good, that is. The wet brakes refused to hold, and the truck and its cargo smashed through the uplifted ramps and disappeared into the deep channel. Those repairs took over a

week. A variation of this took place when a truck tried to drive up while the pontoon was floating, and succeeded in pushing the pontoon before it as it disappeared into the water.

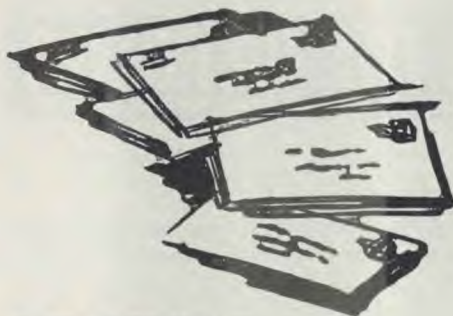
Recently the swiftly rising Marambu divided a concert party who went from Kambubu to Rabaul for a sacred concert. Two items failed to get there and the brass band had no bass. And as the truckload of choir members re-crossed at midnight the current and nature of the channels were such that it took one hour to travel those seventy metres.

Always a River to Cross

The song says, "One more river, and that's the river of Jordan," but with us it is always the same river, and we sing, "One more crossing, and we're never sure we'll make it." It would be nice to draw some spiritual lesson from this lot in which

our lives are cast. Usually the thoughts we have towards these rivers are somewhat uncharitable. The night the concert party was held up, they improved the shining hour with a tape recording of thoughts and impromptu songs about the river. We wish you could hear it—our sides ached as we played it back to the staff. But at least we can give you some idea of what is entailed in being a teacher at Kambubu High School, where the Appeal overflow has been allocated this year.

One visitor viewed our beautiful campus with the blue sea beyond and quipped, "You mean to say that they actually pay you to live here?" That's all right for him. He came to Kambubu by plane and landed on our air strip. He doesn't have to think every time he wants to go anywhere, "I wonder if we'll get across the rivers today!"



LETTERS to the EDITOR

PLEASE NOTE: Letters are accepted for publication at the discretion of the editor; the receipt of a letter does not mean that it will necessarily be published. Correspondents should also understand that their letters will be sub-edited to bring them to a suitable literary standard, though every effort will be made to preserve the essential point of the original.

Pseudonyms may be used for publication, but the original must have the full name and address of the writer.

Letters published may not necessarily represent the ideals or the teachings of the denomination; such are found in our editorial, devotional and news columns.

Another Seeker

Dear Editor,

Greetings to "Seeker-After-More-Effective-Prayer." Your perplexity of soul in this subject is mine too. I'll share with you a few certainties and a few added thoughts.

Your question 3: "How can we know when God has a covenanted relationship with us?"

Answer: "... for this is My blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins." Matt. 26: 28, R.S.V.

"... one man's act of righteousness leads to acquittal and life for all men." Rom. 5: 18, R.S.V.

"... one has died for all; therefore all have died." 2 Cor. 5: 14, R.S.V.

So God has declared and demonstrated His covenant relationship with you by the

objective, historical, unchangeable FACT of the cross.

Your question 2: "How to make all personal prayer relate to a covenant relationship that one has made with Him?"

Answer: "Our Father who is in heaven with all earthly authority subject to Your Sovereign will, let Your Name be holy to us for we want to make our own identity great.

"Let YOUR kingdom come for we want to reign over our own lives.

"Let YOUR will be done on earth, in my heart and mind, as it is already done in Your eternal purpose for me in heaven—and do this in spite of my desires.

"You give me as a free gift this day the daily bread of Your self-sacrificed life, for I tend to bargain with You to preserve my own. And forgive me my sins, I pray,

"And do this as I also forgive those who need my pardon as I do Yours.

"And lead me not into temptation, which is where I want to go,

"But deliver me from evil because You have conquered it and the reign of earth belongs to You alone. All Power is Your power and everything good and right comes from You for ever. Amen."

Your question 1: "How to pray to God on a personal basis other than by telling Him our problems, our joys, by putting our requests to Him?"

Answer: "He who brings thanksgiving as his sacrifice honours Me; to him who orders his way aright I will show the salvation of God!" Ps. 50: 23, R.S.V.

I hope you find the practice of this relationship easier than I do.

"Seeker-After-More-Effective-Prayer-II,"
Victoria.

Reminiscences

Dear Editor,

The Historic Picture Gallery photos published so clearly in RECORD 6/7/76 will no doubt bring back memories to some readers.

It would be interesting to all who see these photos each week or so, if a short story could also be told.

I remember the [Sanitarium] bus well, an International, and have had many a ride on it; it catered mainly for patients and visitors.

If there was room the local Adventists could find transport. Also I remember, on one occasion coming from Warrawee, a passenger not of our faith who lived in Fox Valley Road offered the driver money for the lift. The driver refused, as the vehicle was only registered for the San; fortunately there was a box at the rear which had "For Missions" written on it, which saved embarrassment. The San also had a T Model Ford to run, which sometimes had to run on the footpath as the road was not sealed.

On one occasion the bus with its smooth tyres could not grip on the boggy road, so the passengers got out and pushed. Needless to say, the ladies' shoes did not benefit from the experience. The benzine was supplied in four-gallon tins.

A family living at Hornsby were on their way to Woy Woy in a Hudson-six car, which broke down, and they were stranded for three days; this road was only a rough, stony highway. After some time they got in touch with Brother Baldwin who was in charge of the generating plant at the San. He took off in his Stanley steam-car to assist them; he too got so far and no further. The next attempt was by Brother Gosling in the San T Ford, who had no trouble.

Saturday night was the big night for staff and the locals. The nurses had their usual exercise in the gym hall at the rear of the San, the instructor at that time being Dr. Sherwin. The village folk then had games on the lawns in front of the hospital. Some of us lads chased each other barefoot through the hospital. (We were all one big happy family then.)

I can picture the nurses with galvanized buckets of hot water, with strips of blankets to be used as hot fomentation treatments to relieve pain.

(Concluded next page)

GOOD FOOD

with
**SALLY
HAMMOND**



By now I am sure you have mastered the art of making tasty, wholesome bread and that you are now ready to learn a few tricks. Perhaps you would like to experiment and make up your own recipes, but you are not sure what goes. Here are some basic guidelines:

1. One hundred per cent wholemeal may be a little heavy. Try $\frac{3}{4}$ wholemeal and $\frac{1}{4}$ white or half-and-half. Enrich the white flour by adding cracked wheat or wheat germ.

2. Try combining different flours. So long as it adds up to the proportions below, the result will be all right. Soy flour, though, if used in too great a quantity, may cause the bread to be too dry.

3. Add sesame seeds or sunflower seeds to the dough, for interest. Toast cracked wheat or other grains or sesame seeds before adding to the dough. Or roll loaves in cracked grains, seeds or crushed breakfast cereal for variety.

4. Make two types of bread at once! Have two bowls and one jug. Put all the water, yeast and sugar in the jug as usual. Let dissolve. Place half the gluten and salt in each bowl. Add half oil to each bowl. Then add your choice of flour combinations. E.g. one rye, one wholemeal; one wholemeal, one sultana loaf. Finally, pour half the yeast mixture into each bowl and continue normally.

BASIC PROPORTIONS (N.B. Different flours vary in their ability to absorb moisture, so add at least 1 cup LESS of flour when mixing and then add just enough to make a smooth dough.)

For 2 loaves:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup gluten flour
1 pint water
1 oz yeast
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup oil
3 teaspoons salt
 $5\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour

For 4 loaves:

1 cup gluten flour
2 pints water
2 oz yeast
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil
5-6 teaspoons salt
11 cups flour

For 6 loaves:

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups gluten flour
3 pints water
2 oz yeast (may need $2\frac{1}{2}$)
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup oil
8 teaspoons salt
16-17 cups flour

Use any combinations of flours you like, so long as they add up to these quantities.

LETTERS

(Concluded from page 13)

When I look back and see what has been accomplished since those days, we can all thank God for His leading and for those devoted Christians who worked so hard.

The entrance to the San grounds had two high iron gates which were closed each night.

Once, Brother Gosling's eldest son, Fred, forgot about the closed gates; with handlebars and head down, on his push-bike, he collided with the gates. Fortunately Dr. Sherwin's residence was nearby and Fred was able to stagger to the doctor. The front wheel looked beyond repair.

Brother and Sister Schowe, in the photo, were the high school teachers at Concord Seventh-day Adventist School. Part of their house was used as class-rooms. Compare this with the school now at Strathfield.

Finally, woe betide the person who was seen smoking in hospital grounds. I would call this a seven-day plan (a little ahead of our time!).

H. E. Chandler,
North New South Wales.

THE BATTLE OF KOLOMBANGARA

(Concluded from page 5)

100 non-Adventists applied, but, sad to say, the school could accept only 140 students, less than half of the total applications."

Evangelistic Outreach

"Of the few non-Adventist students we have been able to accept, eleven have been baptized. What a wonderful evangelistic outreach!

"In many parts of this mission our laymen and welfare workers are unable even to gain entrance into non-Adventist villages, but we have parents asking us to accept their young people into our schools,

these students being baptized and returning to their villages to witness.

"This is just one more reason for asking that you remember the Kukudu Vocational School in your prayers, that adequate facilities might be provided for our Solomon Islands young people to train to live happier and more useful lives on this earth and find a place in that beautiful earth made new where there is 'room enough for all'.

"It has encouraged both staff and students to know that reinforcements are coming. Next year WILL be different. Thank you, Dundas church members and all those who are working to make this project a reality."

We urge all our Sydney readers to help us with this task. You can assist Kukudu in a practical way by supporting our "Musical Cascades" concert in the Sydney Opera House on August 21.

TILL HE COMES

Would those who send notices of weddings and obituaries please remember that two facts must be included in every notice. These are the date and the place at which the death (or burial) or wedding took place. Without this information the notices cannot be published. Correspondents are reminded that wedding details must be limited to ninety words and obituaries to one hundred and twenty words.—Editor.

DIVERALL. Mark Linton Diverall was laid away to rest in Jesus at the Templestowe Cemetery, Victoria, until the Life-giver comes to awaken him to glorious immortality. His little life came to an end on Sunday, February 22, 1976, having been born just the day before. His parents, Neil and Glenys, were urged to lean on the Lord Jesus Christ, for He never fails to support us in our hour of need. How precious are the Scriptural assurances that Jesus so loves little children that the kingdom of Heaven belongs to them! A. G. Byrne.

[The editor accepts the responsibility for the unfortunate delay in the appearance of this notice, and apologizes to all concerned.]

GREIG. Pastor Henry Enosa Greig, at the age of seventy-six years, a beloved Cook Island pastor, fell asleep in Jesus at Auckland, New Zealand, on June 13, 1976, and was buried beside his wife on June 17, at the Mangere Lawn Cemetery. To the members of the family present, and to the large company of Cook Islanders and others who attended the service in the Ponsonby Seventh-day Adventist church and at the graveside, the glorious hope of a soon-coming Jesus and the resurrection brought comfort. Douglas Hokin.

MINTROM. Sister Matilda Christina Mintrom gently fell asleep in the Lord on June 24, 1976, at her home in Christchurch, New Zealand. Born on July 29, 1901, she early learned to love her Lord, and she served Him faithfully throughout her life by ministering to others. Her schoolmate then life-mate, Brother Albert Charles Mintrom, their son Leicester, and the friends who gathered for the service, were directed to the words of hope and assurance in 1 Corinthians 15. Sister Mintrom was then laid to rest in the Ruru Lawn Cemetery, Christchurch, to await the Lord's return. J. Polglase.

MORGAN. "She lived for her God, her church and her family." This tribute was given by the sons of Myra Doris Morgan who passed to her rest on June 26, 1976, at Hobart, Tasmania. Myra Doris Morgan was born at Fingal on June 2, 1899, and married William Thomas Morgan, and to this union were born five sons: Laurie, Colin, Don, Rodney and Peter. She also left to grieve twenty-seven grandchildren, and fourteen great-grandchildren, and her sister, Mrs. M. E. Hall, of Launceston, Tasmania. Our late sister was a faithful member and was instrumental in bringing Pastor Claude Fell's parents to the knowledge of the

Advent message. Our sister's name will be fragrant for ever for the loving deeds done for the needy on whom she showered Christian charity.
B. Johnston, A. G. Probert.

PLAHN. Charlotte Anne Plahn, a much-loved and respected sister of the Rockhampton church, Queensland, died on Sabbath, July 17, 1976, in St. John's Hospital, following a series of strokes over the period of one week. After a service in the Adventist church in Musgrave Street, her body was laid in the North Rockhampton Cemetery on July 19. Left to mourn her passing are her husband Henry (who now promises to prepare to meet her on the resurrection morn), four children, Nellie (Mrs. Bills), Harry, Betty (Mrs. Barnes), and Douglas. Brother J. Wells assisted the writer.
A. C. Bishop.

SEMFEL. Lawrence James Semfel, a fifty-three-year-old bachelor of Anakie, central Queensland, died on May 29, 1976, after several operations over several years for a brain tumour. Many loved ones and friends gathered in the Rockhampton church and later at the North Rockhampton Cemetery on June 1 to lay a faithful member to rest in Jesus. Brother J. Wells assisted the writer.
A. C. Bishop.

SMITH. Sister Bessy Naomi Smith of Euroa, Victoria, passed to rest aged sixty-one years, after a short illness, at the Hornsby Hospital, Sydney, New South Wales, on June 11, 1976. A faithful member of the church, she rests awaiting the Master's call. We extend sympathy to her children, Evelyn (Mrs. Abel Ebens), Milton and Russell.
G. W. Rollo.

WILSON. Walter Henry Wilson passed quietly to his rest on Friday, February 20, 1976, while at his home in Kingsbury, Melbourne, Victoria. The fact that he spent his last Sunday, at the age of eighty-nine, engaged in the Appeal for Missions, is an indication of the active role he took in the Preston church. He had seven children: Elsie, Ruth, Harry, Robert, Fred, Walter and George. The message of the glorious resurrection morning is their hope and comfort. Pastor John Mitchell associated with the writer in the services.
A. G. Byrne.
[The editor accepts the responsibility for the unfortunate delay in the appearance of this notice and apologizes to all concerned.]

APPRENTICESHIP WANTED. Young S.D.A. man (22 years) wishes to begin apprenticeship as 1st fix carpenter (dissatisfied with indoor job). Good woodworker, would learn quickly. Will work interstate. Please write: Mr. P. F. Earle, 2 Eton St., Brahma Lodge, S.A. 5109.

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LAND FOR SALE. On the coast, fourteen miles from Gosford, one hour's drive from Sydney. Overlooking the entrance to the Hawkesbury River with unbroken views to Manly Beach. Bargain price. "Land," C/- RECORD, Signs Publishing Company, Warburton, Vic. 3799.

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The Sydney Adventist Hospital requires the services of a **RADIOGRAPHER**. If you are qualified for such a position, and are desirous of working in our senior medical institution among Christian associates, write immediately to the Personnel Officer, Sydney Adventist Hospital, 185 Fox Valley Road, Wahroonga, N.S.W. 2076, or phone (02) 487 9111.

THE NORTH FITZROY S.D.A. CHURCH

Cordially invites all to join
with us in our
**90th ANNIVERSARY
CELEBRATIONS**

to be held at
27 Alfred Crescent, Nth. Fitzroy,
September 18, 1976.

9.30 a.m. Sabbath School

11.00 a.m. Divine Service

Lunch

2.30 p.m. Afternoon Meeting

If unable to attend, is there some message you would like to send?

Roy W. Dickens,
R.S.V.P. 80 Torbay Street,
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FOR SALE. Modern new unit, fully carpeted, beautiful views of both ocean and lake, Tuncurry, N.S.W. (mid coast). Reasonable price, will negotiate for quick sale. For further particulars contact "Unit," c/- "The Record," Signs Publishing Company, Warburton, Vic. 3799.

IN APPRECIATION

I wish to thank the kind Christian friends whose visits, get-well cards, and telephone calls did so much to sustain and encourage during my recent heart attack. Above all, thanks for your prayers which God has answered. M. L. Harnell, 21 Tamworth St., Annerley, Qld. 4103.

AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

and Advent World Survey

Official Organ of the
AUSTRALASIAN DIVISION OF THE SEVENTH-DAY
ADVENTIST CHURCH

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Air Mail postage rates on application.

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All copy for the paper should be sent to The Editor, RECORD, Signs Publishing Company, Warburton, Victoria. 3799.

Appearing regularly in the Australasian Record are articles from the Review and Herald, the general church paper of the Seventh-day Adventists, published at Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

Printed weekly for the Division by the Signs Publishing Company, Warburton, Victoria.

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Advertisements approved by the editor will be inserted at the following rates:

First 25 words - - - - - \$4.00
Each additional 5 words - - - - - 20 cents

Remittance and recommendations from local pastor or Conference officer must accompany copy.



FLASHPOINT

- ✧ I TOLD YOU that the E. H. J. Steeds were with us, didn't I? On furlough from the General Conference where Pastor S. is Mr. Temperance. They have had a splendid time, Effervescent Ernest tells me, but furloughs are made to be curtailed and he is rushing off to Acapulco, Mexico, in order to host a Big One that will pull in delegates from all over. I wished him well on your behalf.
- ✧ Two families will be returning permanently from the mission field in the final weeks of 1976. I find it difficult to imagine the mission field without the John Cerniks and the Calvin Staffords. I thought they had taken root out there. They have given, the Staffords and the Cerniks, a combined total of fifty-four years to the island field. Welcome home (when you get here), all of you.
- ✧ Remember the Brian Robinsons? Well, take a good look at them next time you see them, because they aren't going to be around much for a while. They are off to Madagascar, at the call of the General Conference. Going to serve at a place called Ambatoharanana (the first one to spell that backwards gets out five minutes early), where the Ira Dawsons are currently serving. They will, on the arrival of the Robinsons, move to another area in Madagascar.
- ✧ From Kabiufa comes word that high-school headmasters attending the Government Regional Headmasters' Conference in Goroka (which is nearby) recently visited Kabiufa, and looked it over critically and went away impressed, especially with the self-reliance that the students were being taught. . . . Meanwhile, from the village of Kabiufa, on June 12, 114 people went forward in baptism in the school's swimming-pool. How long since your church had a baptism with 114 people joining the church in one day?
- ✧ My friend Mr. George Laxton, secretary of the S.A.H., is always offering me a free sauna bath at the Sydney Adventist Hospital if I will put in an advertisement for him at a "special rate." But I'm above taking any bribe . . . except money. However, he'll need a few saunas himself in the next twelve months, because he's just been inducted as the president of the Rotary Club of Turrumurra, one of the largest clubs in Sydney. He's in for a busy time, is our Mr. Laxton. However, he's been vice-president for the past year and should have some idea of what he's in for. Well, carry on, George, and show 'em how a president can work eight nights a week and still have Friday nights free. And congratulations.
- ✧ The following two items come from Dr. Barry Taylor of the Department of Biochemistry at Loma Linda University, who has been working at the National University in Canberra. He's about to go back to L.L.U., as the following piece intimates . . .
- ✧ "While reading FLASHPOINT the Department of Biochemistry at Loma Linda University has observed that some university graduates had excellent passes in biochemistry. If you have a high honours pass in the subject, and if you are proceeding to doctoral or post-doctoral studies, and if you have a strong interest in research as well as in teaching [the field is getting narrower all the time, Comrades, what?], they would be interested in following your progress. [Ha! You thought they were going to offer you a job, didn't you?] At present there are no vacancies in the Department of Biochemistry [see, I told you so], but your name would be added to the list of candidates who could be considered when vacancies arise in the future. If you qualify and are interested, please contact Dr. Barry Taylor at the Dept. of Biochemistry, School of Medicine, Loma Linda University, Loma Linda, California 92354 U.S.A."
- ✧ "Dr. Len Bullas, formerly of Adelaide, is presently associate professor of Microbiology in the School of Medicine at L.L.U. Dr. Bullas (the son of Pastor and Mrs. Raymond Bullas of Adelaide) and his wife Rosemary (nee Eckdahl) have endeared themselves to the community of expatriate Australians in Southern California by their generous hospitality. In addition, Dr. Bullas's lucid lectures in genetics are widely acclaimed by medical students, and his excellence in research has been recognized. The McPherson Society has recently named Dr. Bullas as the Outstanding Basic Sciences Investigator of the Year for L.L.U. To facilitate further development of Dr. Bullas's research into bacterial genetics, the university has, in addition to his present position in the Department of Microbiology, given him a joint appointment in the Department of Surgery. This is a considerable honour in view of the fact that he is not trained in medicine or surgery."
- ✧ Pastor John Lee, the president of the Tonga and Niue Island Mission, says in a recent letter: "On May 13, the mother of the Adventist Noble, Ma'afu, whose name was Anau, died, and I was asked to conduct the funeral on May 14, which was a Friday. Anau was also the aunt of His Majesty the King, and consequently, the funeral was a big affair involving the royal family. His Majesty gave permission for our church to conduct the funeral in that Anau was a member of our Nuku'alofa church. All the royal family were in attendance, and this gave us an opportunity to share our belief in the second coming of our Lord and Saviour, and also to present a little on our belief in the state of the dead. On this occasion also, the Beulah Band led the very long procession that went from the home of Noble Ma'afu to the cemetery. A message was passed back to us from the royal household expressing appreciation for the service that was held."
- ✧ As August is "SIGNS MONTH," please make old You-Know-Who happy and add one more "Signs" to your already-crowded list. He'll be easier to live with. Ta.
- ✧ "Finally, brethren . . .": The quickest way to wipe out a friendship is to sponge on it.