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ABOVE: Brother I. McKean, Pastor A. G. Byrne and Brother G. Kent.

ELIZABETH LEARNS OF THE KING

MRS. G. O'BRIEN, Lay Activities Secretary, Elizabeth Church, South Australia

CENTRE: The Shedley Theatre, where the mission commenced in February and March.

LOWER RIGHT: One of the mission organists, Miss Lorraine Jasper, in the Cartledge Auditorium.

Photos: G. O'Brien.



PASTOR A. GRAHAM BYRNE commenced an evangelistic programme in the city of Elizabeth, South Australia, on Sabbath afternoon, February 23, with a total of 650 people present at the three sessions. Brethren Ian McKean and Gary Kent are associated with Pastor Byrne in the programme.

The meetings were conducted on Sabbath afternoons and Wednesday nights in the Shedley Theatre at the Elizabeth Town Centre, before being transferred to the Cartledge Auditorium, also at the Town Centre.

At the seventeenth programme, when the Sabbath message was presented, 180 people were in attendance.

A Big Day for All

Sabbath, June 7, was a big day for everyone. A seminar was held in the local Adventist church on the Sabbath afternoon and evening. One hundred and forty people were in attendance when Brother McKean presented

the subject, "Why So Many Churches?" and Pastor Byrne spoke on "The Antichrist and the Gospel," and "The Mark of the Beast."

A very enjoyable banquet, provided by the church ladies under the supervision of Sister V. Bennett, was served to all present in the evening.

"Flame in the Wind," a Bob Jones University film, was screened after the banquet.

Baptisms Have Begun

At the first in a series of planned baptisms, six people were received into church member-

ship on Sabbath, June 21. More are planning for baptism in the future. A team of ten church members has been involved with the ministers in visiting the interested people.

The meetings are to continue for the next several weeks in the Elizabeth church on Sabbath afternoons and Wednesday nights. Surely God will continue to bless in this programme as the great truths of the Bible are presented to receptive audiences.

##

CORNERSTONES

MRS. D. I. FOWLER, Outgoing Communication Secretary, Mount Colah Church, Greater Sydney

"DEAR Lord, I bring to Thee my son,
Whose tender years have scarce begun.
In this small frame, I know full well—
A living frame had come to dwell.
Lord, some small boys with none to care,
Will never hear a mother's prayer.
Prepare my son with love aflame,
To reach them with Thy saving name.
And make him, Lord, a polished tool,
A learner in the highest school.
Expectantly I yield to Thee
This little boy Thou gavest me!"

Big boys are only little boys grown, but at the baptism at Mount Colah in October, three boys, four young men and two girls gave their young lives to their Lord. Who are we to say when is the right age for a child to be baptised? But vividly there comes to mind my own childhood. By the age of twelve I knew I was ready for baptism, as my home was a Christian home. Old-fashioned camp-meetings (where have they gone?) added to my determination to follow my Lord, but somehow I never did get to be baptised then. I have the feeling my parents thought I was too young; how true this was I am not so sure. At eighteen I knew I must be baptised, and so along with my friends, baptism came at the Hurstville church, simply because it was the correct thing to do.

Not Too Young

Then, a few months ago, I read the article in the *Adventist Review* of a nine-year-old who did his best to make a commitment at the altar call in his home church, but was deterred by a kindly deacon who decided he was too young, and by his parents who also felt that he was too young. This lad finally became discouraged and channelled his longings in other directions until eventually nothing or no-one could persuade him into the church.

Our baptism was a beautiful service. Pastor D. K. Down, with his faith in human nature, will be rewarded as he sees his young flock follow their Lord. ##



Pastor D. K. Down with the newly baptised group of young people from the Mount Colah church.

Photo: D. Fowler.



Members of the Christchurch A.B.P.M. executive. From left, standing: John Grubb (hon. treas.), Owen Holley, Walter Whittaker, Ron Bank, Russell Jones and Russell Kennelly. Seated: Warwick Darby (hon. sec.), Stan Presnall (pres.) and Fraser MacKintosh (vice-pres.).

Photo: S. Presnall.

NEW CHAPTER IN A.B.P.M. STORY

STAN PRESNALL, President, Canterbury Chapter, A.B.P.M.

ON MAY 24, 1980, at the Avon Motor Lodge, Christchurch, New Zealand, twenty-eight men and their wives gathered for the inauguration of a local Chapter of the Association of Business and Professional Men.

Present to assist in getting this A.B.P.M. chapter off the ground was the founder of the Association, Mr. Lyn Knight of Sydney. He was ably supported by the resigning president of the Sydney Chapter, Dr. Gavin Donald, who, in his own words, acted as the midwife for the birth of a new Chapter on the mainland of New Zealand.

Personnel representing the South New Zealand Conference office were: Pastor Clem Christian, president; Brother Bruce Mitchell, secretary-treasurer; Brother Peter Truscott, principal of the Seventh-day Adventist school; Pastor Ian Rankin, and the A.B.P.M. chaplain, Pastor A. Godfrey.

After we enjoyed a very hearty vegetarian meal the inauguration proceedings were cared for by Mr. Knight, who called each of the twenty-eight men to come forward and receive their badges. The charge was then read by Dr. Donald, thus bringing into life the Canterbury Chapter of A.B.P.M.

The founding and growth of A.B.P.M. was illustrated by Mr. Knight, who at the moment has the portfolio of setting up Chapters wherever he travels. Pastor Christian spoke fluently on the role of the layman and of his support on the work of the church, thus impressing upon the minds of the twenty-eight new members what their responsibilities will be in this new field of supporting and funding the work of both the church and the conference.

Congratulatory messages were received from the Hawke's Bay Chapter, North New Zealand; the Adelaide, Tasmanian and Brisbane Chapters, as well as the personally delivered best wishes of the Sydney parent Chapter by Dr. Donald, thus extending the hand of friendship and brotherly love.

The following morning, both Lyn and Gavin met with the newly formed Chapter to select the following executive committee: Stan Presnall, president; Fraser MacKintosh, vice-president; Warwick Darby, honorary secretary, and John Grubb, honorary treasurer; committee, Ron Blank, Cecil Edwards, Russell Kennelly, Walter Whittaker, Owen Holley and Russell Jones.

Our Chapter has been a glint in Lyn's eye for some time, as its formation has had a number of unfortunate setbacks in the past two years. With these problems behind, however, the members are determined to uphold the splendid work which the parent body has established during its eighteen years, and we are looking forward to the execution of worthwhile projects here in the South Island.

Lyn and Gavin, we thank you on behalf of the new Chapter. ##



Pastor Peter's Progress
being the daily jottings of a church
pastor who may be serving your
church.

Week 111

Sunday

The phone startled me into wakefulness. I staggered to the kitchen and switched on the light. It was just 2 a.m. "Pastor, it is my mother. The nurse says she won't last long now." When I arrived at the hospital the entire Kean family was there; her six children and several brothers and sisters. She was unconscious and breathing spasmodically, but somehow I felt she must have been aware of all the love and concern that surrounded her. Not that the folk were very sad. She had lived a good life, and had been a wonderful mother. I felt it a privilege to be there and hear the whispered stories of her life. At dawn she was no worse, so I left to begin my day's work.

Monday

Received a communication today that we are to lose our president. All is in God's hands I know, but we nevertheless feel very sorry that he is going. We have really enjoyed his leadership and have always appreciated his counsel and wisdom. I wonder what the new man's talents will be.

Tuesday

Went to keep my appointment with Mr. James again today, but found the house occupied by someone else. Mr. James, I was told, had flown a few days ago, taking everything with him, and leaving only unpaid rent and many other debts. So much for our Gift Bible. I just pray that he may read it.

Wednesday

Jennifer came visiting with me today. Called on some of the older shut-ins, then went to the hospital to see old Mrs. Kean, who is lingering on. Most of her family are still there, but some of her brothers have had to go back to work.

Thursday

Mrs. Kean's daughter rang early this morning to say her mother passed away about 5 a.m. I called around to see the family and contacted the undertaker to organise the funeral.

Friday

Conducted the funeral this afternoon, and if ever one can find pleasure in such a solemn occasion, I found pleasure in this funeral. An old lady who had gone peacefully to sleep to await the coming of her Saviour, mourned by all who knew her, and especially by her children, who loved her dearly. What a contrast to the sad, lonely funeral I conducted just three weeks ago!

Sabbath

Preached on John 6:47: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." ##

A Few Thoughts on a Text

DR. L. H. TURNER



ONE FLESH

"THEREFORE shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh." Gen. 2:24.

This verse has long been part of the marriage ceremony. And there is something about its faintly archaic sound that makes it seem entirely appropriate. The words, "They shall be one flesh," constitute a metaphor, of course. The figure describes a kind of mystic intimacy that is seldom achieved today, unfortunately.

The other day, I learned in one breath, as it were, of six marriages that had broken up. It saddened me, because I had expected all these marriages to be successful. Quite evidently, none of these couples had become "one flesh," in the full meaning of the metaphor.

Kipling wrote an unforgettable story called, "The Brushwood Boy." I wish every bride and groom would read it, for it says all I want to say. It tells of a young man who dreamed the same dream night after night. He was hurrying, with a great sense of urgency, for what seemed an interminable time over obstacles, past what came to be landmarks, till he came at last to a brushwood pile. There he met a girl who had a magic beauty. The dream repeated itself every night. He learned to recognise all the landmarks, and always arrived breathless in a high state of excitement. And she was always there. They talked more and more intimately, with more and more pleasure. In the dream they became "one flesh," and all through his daylight hours he waited for the night.

One day, miles from home, he actually met her. They recognised each other instantly. She had had precisely the same dream. It seemed to be written in the stars. They had belonged to each other from eternity.

A generation or two ago, it was customary for a boy and girl who were attracted to each other to spend a period during which they gave themselves up almost exclusively to an association in which they became more and more intimately acquainted. It was called courtship. If they were not meant to marry, it ended often abruptly in disappointment. But if they were really meant for each other, it became a magical time during which they learned all about each other. With a growing sense of ecstasy they discovered all kinds of magical things about each other. Time spent apart seemed to be wasted time. They would have thought that "The Brushwood Boy" was written expressly for them.

A Brushwood Boy and a Brushwood Girl could never destroy a marriage.

But today it is different. The idea of a courtship of this kind is something to be smiled at, as children smile at the quaint times of their grandparents. One of the six couples whose marriage had broken up said to me: "We don't talk. That's the trouble. We have never talked. We don't seem to know how." Sex is a preoccupation that often intrudes much too early. But there is no "marriage of true minds."

I think that television has to take the blame for most of this. It has made a revolution in our social life. And all the changes have been negative. There is no communication taking place between the watchers. The television says all. It dominates the little circle. We never learn how to talk, to share secrets, to achieve intimacy of mind with mind and heart with heart. By and by it becomes a very difficult thing to reveal anything of ourselves, or try to read the soul of another.

At first glance marriage is easy. It is just a matter of a different television set. But there is no romance in the old sense. Young people do not believe there is a brushwood pile. They do not believe that there could be another soul who has the same dreams. Exactly the same dreams. ##

EDITORIAL



The Theology of Master Liddelow—Part 3 (Concluding)

YOUNG MASTER LIDDELOW didn't know he was opening a Pandora's box when he asked the high and noble dignitaries concerning their sinful lives. As you will have noticed, the thing has ramifications which touch several aspects of belief. Today, as we conclude this meditation upon the theme he has suggested, let me examine yet one more component of this involved but important matter.

You may remember that, as we looked at young Liddelow's question last week, we put the matter of our human, sinless perfection under the microscope. Today, let us look at the sinless perfection of Jesus Christ, for this, you will remember, was the very thing that triggered off the spate of letters written by the embryonic theologian.

Yes, the Archbishop, the Prime Minister and the Queen's secretary all agreed that Jesus was the only one who ever lived who had no sin in him. But the question that we ought to look at is, "What kind of man was Jesus?" After all, He was the Son of God. Perhaps He couldn't have sinned if He had tried; perhaps He was so thoroughly good that the devil ran from Him in disgust, knowing that he couldn't drag God's own Son down into sin.

NOT SO! Jesus could have sinned; get that very clear. The devil is no fool, you know. He has been at his trade for a few thousand years. He knows every trick and every subterfuge. He wouldn't have wasted time in tempting Jesus in the wilderness if he had known that it was all a gigantic charade, that it was a waste of his undoubted talents, that it was a mere form and ceremony. Those three dastardly temptations, flung at the Christ when He was physically weak, were calculated to snare His unwary feet when, debilitated from lack of nourishment, he saw those stones in the desert looking for all the world like barley loaves. What would He have given for that bread! But what folly to think that the devil put all these thoughts into His mind, knowing that the result was a foregone conclusion!

Notice these texts: "For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted." Heb. 2:18.

"For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Heb. 4:15.

The very tone of these texts assures us that this was no mere academic exercise through which the Saviour passed; He was being put through every possible test in order to bring about His downfall; make no mistake about it.

Ellen White also believed this; notice: "But our Saviour took humanity, with all its liabilities. He took the nature of man, with the possibility of yielding to temptation. We have nothing to bear which He has not endured." *The Signs of the Times*, Aug. 2, 1905. (Quoted in "Questions on Doctrine," page 653.)

I have just quoted from "Questions on Doctrine." It would be a most profitable exercise for all who are interested in this important topic to read Appendix B of this book (pages 647-660). These pages are solid quotes from the writings of Ellen White, and present a fair picture of what she believed on this matter.

But let me quote another statement, this time from *The S.D.A. Bible Commentary*, Vol. 5, page 1128. Mark this well:

"He is the second Adam. The first Adam was created a pure, sinless being, without a taint of sin upon him; he was in the image of God. He could fall, and he did fall through transgressing. Because of sin his posterity was born with inherent propensities to disobedience. But Jesus Christ was the only begotten Son of God. He took upon Himself human nature, and was tempted in all points as human nature is tempted. He could have sinned, He could have fallen, but not for one moment was there in Him an evil propensity."

I do not believe that I am setting up a straw man to demolish here. There are many people who fondly imagine that it would have been impossible for Jesus to have sinned. Not so! Ellen White struck such people too. She speaks of them in "The Desire of Ages"

thus: "Many claim that it was impossible for Christ to be overcome by temptation. Then He could not have been placed in Adam's position; He could not have gained the victory that Adam failed to gain. If we have in any sense a more trying conflict than had Christ then He would not be able to succour us. But our Saviour took humanity, with all its liabilities. He took the nature of man, with the possibility of yielding to temptation." Page 117, quoted in "Questions on Doctrine," page 655.

Of course, that phrase about taking human nature is a stumbling-block to some, and opens a whole new question. His human nature: Was it like ours? Was it sinful, prone to error?

In Luke 1:35, Christ is described to Mary by the angel as "that holy thing which shall be born of thee." Could you describe the newest-born child today as "that holy thing"? No? Why not? Because you know that it was born with inherited tendencies to evil. You know that there are qualities dormant which, if merely allowed to take their natural course, will soon demonstrate to you that that innocent-looking little mite has within it unfortunate characteristics which, though difficult to explain, soon manifest themselves.

Ellen White expresses it in these words, and if she is right, this means that Christ came with the same nature as Adam had before the Fall. She says, "Christ is called the second Adam. In purity and holiness, connected with God and beloved by God, He began where the first Adam began. Willingly He passed over the ground where Adam fell, and redeemed Adam's failure." *The Youth's Instructor*, June 2, 1898; quoted in "Questions on Doctrine," page 650.

Now I can follow that; I can see Adam, in all his purity, tempted and falling. Because he fell, you and I have inherited his sinful tendencies. But Jesus came; He, too, was tempted. He resisted the temptation to fall into the same trap as did Adam; He passed over the same ground, but He did not sin, though He certainly could have.

There are some earnest Christians who believe that, if Jesus didn't have a fallen (or carnal or sinful—the words are synonymous) human nature, then He could not understand the gruelling temptations which assault them. Why not? On the contrary, would not the One who was completely without spot, without a tendency to evil, feel the tug of the tempter just as much as does he who has a sinful nature? Indeed, would He not feel it so much the more?

The writer of the Book of Hebrews calls Jesus "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens." 7:26. Let us consider just one word: "undefiled." Had he been possessed of my nature—or even yours—would He have been undefiled? It is sin within us that defiles, nothing else; it is sin which makes us unholy; by converse reasoning, therefore, it is the absence of sin that makes Him holy. There was no sinful propensity in Him; there was nothing which defiled Him.

Writes Ellen White in *The S.D.A. Bible Commentary*, "Be careful, exceedingly careful as to how you dwell upon the human nature of Christ. Do not set Him before the people as a man with the propensities of sin." Vol. 5, page 1128. And again, "In the fullness of time He was to be revealed in human form. He was to take His position at the head of humanity by taking the nature but not the sinfulness of man." *The Signs of the Times*, May 29, 1901, quoted in "Questions on Doctrine," page 651. And finally, "We should have no misgivings in regard to the perfect sinlessness of the human nature of Christ." *The S.D.A. Bible Commentary*, Vol. 5, page 1131.

No, Master Liddelow, Jesus did not sin; moreover, he had not the slightest natural inclination to sin in Him; He was the Lamb "without blemish and without spot." "He knew no sin," and that means that, in His nature there was no responsive chord to any of Satan's blandishments. Only He could say, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me." John 14:30. Praise God for that! Else He could not have been my Saviour!

Robert H. Parr.



Diane Batchelor presents a gift to Reuben Totenhofer—the oldest "San" nurse of the dinner. He has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday.

Photos: J. Totenhofer.



Sitting between Alan and Ruth Tilley, Mrs. Ila Rudge was celebrating fifty years since her graduation.

FOR S.A.H.G.A. . . .

AN ANNUAL AFFAIR

JOY TOTENHOFFER, Public Relations Officer, Sydney Adventist Hospital

THERE'S SOMETHING about being fifty—and over. Especially when you are a graduate of Sydney Adventist Hospital, and even more so when the golden anniversary is of your nursing graduation.

This was very evident at the tenth annual dinner of the Sydney Adventist Hospital Graduates Association, held in the staff dining-room, on May 4, 1980.

The association president, Ellis Gibbons, welcomed the nurses of fifty years ago, and they were presented with chocolates or orchids. These honoured nurses were: Reuben Totenhofer (Class of 1914); Laurretta Pearson (Koglin, 1918); Harold Baron (1918); Rose Radley (Martin, 1922); and Ila Rudge (Richards, 1930). Mrs. Radley is the mother of Rose-marie Radley, the present director of Nursing at the Sydney Adventist Hospital.

The Silver Class

Eight of the class of twenty-five years ago were present for the celebration of the silver anniversary of their graduation and were also recipients of mementos of the occasion. They were: Ivy Cowled (Bee); Ruth Butler (Brans-ter); Pat Lang (Franklin); June Lang (Gersbach); Loreley Hordern, who flew from Canada for the occasion; Loma Evans (Kelly); Pat Christie (Miller); and Ellis Gibbons. Others were in contact by telephone, indicating their presence in thought.

Guest speaker was Sister Gwen Wilkinson, who had just returned from three months volunteer service in Kampuchean refugee camps. Her poignant stories touched every heart.

Marjory Greive of Morisset and Vi Letham of Wairoa were honoured with life membership for their valuable contribution to the work of the Association.

Gift to the Maternity Ward

A mobile infant warmer was presented to the maternity ward at the hospital by the association. Costing \$1,400, it is designed to provide thermal support for a newly born infant, while allowing staff optimum access without the need for covers to retain body heat.

Details of fund-raising enterprises were reviewed, and in addition to the infant warmer, a gift of \$3,000 was made toward the purchase of a new Land Rover for leprosy work in Zambia under the direction of Dawn (Maberly, Class of '74) and Paul Giblett; and \$775 to provide watches for nurses at Atoifi Adventist Hospital in the Solomon Islands, where Dexter Cobbin (Class of '71) is Director of Nursing and Helen Hay (Class of '69) is Nurse Educator.

A New Committee

The new S.A.H.G.A. Committee was elected as follows: president, Ian Cameron; vice-president, Vi Letham; secretary, Moran Mason; treasurer, Cheryl Waddington; Russell Lee, Phyllis Yettie, Julie Tallis, Marg Batchelor, Jan Gosling, Coralie Batchelor, Elaine Atkins, Joy Totenhofer (*ex officio*).

Plans are already underway for next year's Sydney Adventist Hospital Graduates Association annual dinner. If you are a graduate, it's an affair you'll not want to miss. Watch the RECORD for details. #



Retiring president Ellis Gibbons presents a certificate of life membership to Mrs. Vi Letham.



Mr. Harold Baron, a 1918 graduate, receives a gift, as Mrs. Laurretta Pearson looks on. Mrs. Pearson also graduated in 1918.

WAYSIDE CHAPEL . . .

THE GOOD NEWS OF THE SABBATH

SAMUELE BACCHIOCCHI, Professor of Religion, Andrews University, Michigan, U.S.A.

THE SABBATH means different things to different people. To the legalist, the Sabbath is primarily a commandment that must be observed in order to be saved. He views the interruption that the Sabbath brings to his life as a bitter medicine that must be swallowed in order to get well. Consequently, to the legalist, the Sabbath is not a day of gladness and exultation over the blessings that can be enjoyed on this day, but rather a day of gloom and frustration because of the things that cannot be done on this day. He counts the hours of the Sabbath as the astronaut counts the seconds preceding the firing of his spacecraft: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. Sunset! Take off to some exciting activity to burn up the energy repressed during the Sabbath.

To the materialist the Sabbath (or Sunday, for that matter) is a day of solemn rest not to the Lord, but to himself. It is a day to seek personal pleasure rather than the presence of God. The story is told of a pastor calling upon a materialistic member who had missed church services for several weeks. The pastor asked him, "What keeps you away, friend?" To this the member replied: "I'd rather be in bed on Sabbath morning, thinking about the church, than in church, thinking about bed. At least my mind is in the right place."

For the materialist, the right place to be on the Sabbath is not in God's sanctuary, but in the sanctuary of a bed, a boat, a car, a recreational park in order to relax. The sad reality, however, is that such leisure, *per se*, fails to regenerate the total being. It provides at best a temporary evasion, but leaves an internal spiritual emptiness which is at the very root of much exhaustion and tension today.

Celebration for a Christian

To the Christian who loves the Lord, the Sabbath is a day of joyful celebration. It is a day to celebrate the good news of God's marvellous accomplishments, both in the world and in his personal life. It is a human desire to wish to celebrate and share with others the good news of unusual achievements. Players celebrate the winning of a game. A father celebrates the birth of his new-born. Students celebrate their graduation. A couple celebrates with their friends their engagement or wedding. A Christian celebrates on the Sabbath the good news of what God has done, of what He is doing, and of what He will do for His people.

We read in Hebrews 4:2, 6 that the Sabbath proclaims the "good news" or the gospel (same verb—*evangelizo*) of God's rest to His people. We see, however, that for some people the Sabbath is not good news, but bad news. It is not a day of celebration but frustration.

Why? Why is the Sabbath viewed and experienced differently by different people? The reason depends largely upon one's understanding and acceptance of the message of the Sabbath. Obviously a person cannot joyfully celebrate the Sabbath if he or she does not know what is there to celebrate.

I arrived in the U.S.A. on July 4, during the celebration of independence. I needed to clear my car through customs, but everything was closed. I spent that day in a motel, not enjoying the spirit of celebration, but rather, in a mood of frustration. Why? Primarily because I did not fully understand and accept the significance of the event. Frankly, I was more interested in the

signing of the customs declaration than in the declaration of independence. In the same way, to a person who does not understand and accept the good news of the Sabbath, the day will not bring rest, peace and jubilation, but only restlessness, tension and frustration. It is needful therefore to take a fresh look at the good news of the Sabbath, in order that we might be able to celebrate joyfully and meaningfully the divine accomplishments memorialised by this day. For the sake of clarity and brevity we shall focus on three basic glad tidings the Sabbath proclaims.

The Lord Has Created This World Perfectly

The first good news the Sabbath proclaims, is that God has originally created this world and its creatures in a perfect and complete manner. This message is first declared in a most emphatic way in the creation story (Gen. 1:1-2:3) by means of three effective literary devices: The use of the number seven, the use of forceful verbs and the imagery of God resting.

The number seven is used not only to structure the creation story in seven parts, that is, according to the seven days of creation, but also to relate many of the details of the story. For example, in Hebrew there are seven words in Genesis 1:1 and fourteen—twice seven—in verse two. The name of God (*Elohim*) occurs thirty-five times, that is, five times seven; earth (*eres*) twenty-one times, that is, three times seven; light occurs seven times in the account of the fourth day; the expression "it was good" also occurs seven times (the last time is "very good"—Gen. 1:31). Why is the structure as well as many of the details of the creation story based upon the number seven? The reason is simple. Because both for the Israelites and for many ancient people, the number seven signified totality, completion and perfection. Thus its repeated use is designed to heighten the role of the seventh day as the memorial of God's complete and perfect creation.

The same meaning and function of the Sabbath is emphasised by the verbs used to describe what God said and did to establish the Sabbath. What did God say to establish the Sabbath (Gen. 2:2-3)? Once it says that God created all His works, once that He finished them and three times that all His work was done. Thus on and through the seventh day God proclaims the good news that His original creation was finished and completely done. To dramatise the importance of this good news, the Scripture tells us that God also did something. What did He do? Twice it says in Genesis 2:2-3

that God rested. Why? Was God tired? Obviously not! God "does not faint or grow weary." Isa. 40:28, R.S.V. In fact, the Hebrew verb (*shabat*) does not mean that God took a rest to recover from exhaustion, but rather that "He stopped or ceased creating." Why? To testify by this dramatic action—by desisting from creating—that God regarded His creation "very good" and perfectly satisfying. There was no need of additional touches to improve His workmanship, because all came up to His expectations.

This is then the first glad tidings the Sabbath proclaims. It is a message of reassurance from God, telling us that this world and all its creatures came into existence not in a deformed state, by chance, but in a perfect way, by the personal act of God.

Is this message of the Sabbath good news to you and me? Thousands of Americans today have been captivated by the book and film "Roots," by Alex Haley, and are searching for their ancestral roots in libraries' archives across the country. Why? Such a search could well reflect the need to overcome the inner sense of disillusionment and meaninglessness through the reassurance that one's ancestral roots are good. The Sabbath provides us weekly with such an assurance. It reminds us that our ancestral roots are indeed good and noble, because they are rooted in God from creation to eternity. Is not this good news?

Renewal of Faith

How are we to celebrate on the Sabbath this first good news that God is our perfect Creator? Let me venture two suggestions. First, by renewing on the Sabbath our faith in God as our perfect Creator. Faith in God as Creator is the cornerstone of the Christian faith. It constitutes the first article of the "Creed" that most Christians recite ("I believe in God Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth") as well as the opening declaration of the Bible ("In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Gen. 1:1). Why is such a belief so fundamental to the Christian faith? Basically because it is only to the extent that we are able to accept God as our perfect Creator that we can rightfully worship Him.

To worship basically means to acknowledge and praise the worthiness of God. Would God be really worthy to be praised if He has created us and this world by means of an impersonal process of spontaneous generation and survival of the fittest? Do we praise a company that sold us a defective product without offering assistance and warranty? In the same way we could hardly find reasons to praise God if He had not personally and perfectly created and cared for us from the very beginning. The Sabbath invites us weekly to renew this faith in our perfect Creator in a most tangible way. How? By surrendering for one day the right to work in order to acknowledge God's claim over our life and thus renew our faith in Him as our perfect Creator.

A renewed faith in our perfect Creator makes it possible to celebrate the good news of the Sabbath in a second way, namely, by enjoying on this day God's beauty and perfection. Isn't it true that on the Sabbath everything is more beautiful and delightful? The worship service is richer, people are friendlier, the food is more delicious, the ladies and children are prettier.

No. 4 in a series . . .

INSIDE AVONDALE. . .?

W. A. TOWNEND



A corner of the Avondale College Library, showing just a few of the 55,520 books and thousands of periodicals available to the students.

Photo: W. A. Townend.

LIKE A HUGE HEART, it pumps life-giving and life-maintaining elements into the minds of Avondale College's 500 or so students and their more than forty teachers.

It's the library. And what a fascinating place it is—a lot more than the 55,520 volumes in it and the thousands of periodicals and papers! A whole lot more.

For one thing, the college library, covering a floor space the area of seven average-sized houses, is people—people who keep the huge pump working, as well as keeping it in good working order. That's the staff. Then there are the students—what it's all about, really.

The librarian, Mr. Chapman, is a friendly, mild-natured, alert, grey-headed man. At his side are four full-time assistant librarians: Mr. R. Harder, Pastor L. Tolhurst, Miss R. Power, Mrs. D. Francis and a part-time worker, plus many students who also work in the library. Among them, the senior librarians hold nine academic degrees.

Sunshine-catching and well-lit, on three levels of carpeted floors, the library is a place breathing life and vitality. It has a kind of "come, study and enjoy it" atmosphere. Delightful!

Here both the browser and the researcher can feel at home. And there's plenty of help for them in the form of both people and facilities.

When high school young people take a conducted tour of our library at Avondale, their eyes often open wide with surprise. They see the Clann cataloguing plan working (a microfiche system), the many microfilmed journals and books, the information kits (packages on given subjects), the video studio, fast photo-copiers, transparencies services, overhead projectors—and so on. It adds up to a modern library, complete with hundreds of cassettes, art prints and maps. And there is more!

Take the rare and unusual items, for instance. The "Heritage" room is full of them. Then there are those six shelves, each three feet

long, containing *really* old volumes, some of them written in English so old that you can't understand most of it. That is, ordinary people, like this reporter. One item that did catch my eye, and I'm not sure where else in Australia you will see it, is a "Picturesque Atlas of Australia," covering Australia from 1606 to the 1800s. It is a really old publication, which was released in instalments, starting "way back." The published-in-1768 "History of Ancient Greece" looks to be of more than passing interest. (Must go back to that, one day soon.)

Of course our library has plenty of well-lit, semi-private study desks. And, in winter it's always cosy—cool in summer. Some place, Avondale's large modern library. It also regularly subscribes to 638 different periodicals. As for new books—"accessions" as they are called—there seem always to be great stacks of them in the office of the chief cataloguer.

Back-tracking on this item of Clann cataloguing. This service provides computing services for New South Wales University libraries, through various computing bureaux. It brings data preparation from coded form to machine-readable form. The system has created, and maintains, production of catalogues on microfiche. Thus resource-sharing among libraries is considerably improved, while costs are held down. Avondale College library is in Clann (College Libraries Activities Network in New South Wales), and there are hopes for linking up with Andrews University on a similar basis.

Some heart, this big, steady-beating heart that is Avondale College library. Some place, inside Avondale. Ask a library-user about that.

##

Everyone and everything seems to have more internal and external beauty. Like the psalmist in Psalm 92:4, which is "A Song for the Sabbath," we praise God, saying: "Thou, O Lord, hast made me glad by Thy work: at the works of Thy hands I sing for joy. How great are Thy works, O Lord." Ps. 92:4, 5, R.S.V. Why does everything seem more delightful on the Sabbath? Primarily because the Sabbath gives us not only the time but also the spiritual resources to enjoy God, people and things. It gives us a renewed faith in our perfect Creator, which enables us to view things not merely as they are, but as they must have been originally, and as they will be ultimately. It is like putting on for twenty-four hours a pair of those spectacles that make flat pictures appear three-dimensional.

The first glad tidings, then, that the Sabbath proclaims, is that God is our perfect Creator. We celebrate this good news by renewing our faith in Him and by delighting in the beauty and perfection of God's creation.

The Lord Cares for His Creatures

A second significant message of glad tidings which the Sabbath proclaims is that God constantly cares for His creatures. A basic human concern is, "Does God really care for me?" "How can I know that God is really interested in me?" The Sabbath is designed to help us overcome the sense of God's absence from the world and from our life and to experience the reassurance of God's care. How? In at least three ways. First, by reassuring us that God is available for us.

The Scripture tells us that the last creative act of God was the creation of His rest for mankind (Gen. 2:2-3). We noted that, with regard to creation, God's rest signifies His satisfaction over His complete and perfect creation. With regard to humanity, however, God's rest symbolised His commitment to be available for His creatures. By taking time out on the first Sabbath to bless the first couple with His holy presence, God gave through this day a reassurance to His creatures of His availability for them. One of the finest compliments anyone can receive is, "He/she took time for me." The Sabbath represents God's commitment to have time for us and to sanctify us by His holy presence (Ex. 31:13).

The Sabbath also expresses God's concern for us through the ordained pattern of six days of work and the seventh for rest. Why has God ordained, through the Fourth Commandment, the pattern of six days of work and the seventh for rest? Simply because both work and rest correspond to two genuine human needs. A workless person is one who feels worthless. We need work to experience self-worth, to develop our creative abilities, to reflect the image of our active Creator. But if work is not balanced by rest, it degrades human personality, it destroys the equilibrium between body and spirit, it turns a person into a brute, into a slave of greater gain. Thus, because God cares for our physical and spiritual well-being, through the Sabbath He has given us both: work and rest.

How did God establish this human pattern for work and rest? Was it through a divine command? No, it was through a divine example. Why did our omnipotent God, who

(continued on page 12)

IN EVERY SENSE THIS OPENING WAS . . .

AN ADELAIDE "HIGH DAY"

RAY DICKSON, Communication Director, South Australian Conference



Pastor Rex Cobbin, the South Australian Conference president, led out in the opening-night ceremonies at the Adelaide High School.



Opening-day jubilation shows on his face as the principal, Ross Ecclestone, thanks all who made the new school extensions possible.

SUNDAY, JUNE 15, 1980, was indeed a "high day" for Adelaide, for it was the day of the official opening of the new extensions to the Adelaide Adventist High School at Prospect.

The origin of the present Adventist high school can be traced back to the development of a small primary school at the rear of the old Adventist church in Ballville Street. It commenced in 1906, with fifteen pupils, on proceeds of the popular book *"Christ's Object Lessons."* It continued, with interruptions, until 1936, when it was transferred to the present site. There a new building was erected, with two rooms catering for mostly primary and with some high school

studies. In 1948 a new wing was built, which included classrooms, and a separate workshop area was added in 1955. The high school had ceased to operate during the war years, but was re-established in the 1950s.

In 1972 a complete new section was constructed, which included four classrooms, a library and a laboratory. Two years later the complex became a senior high school, and the primary grades were transferred to a new site.

Planning for the new wing began late in 1978. The project has cost \$514,000, of which the Commonwealth Government contributed \$233,000 by direct grants. The remaining \$281,000 has been financed by high school reserve funds held for capital works. As a result, the entire complex was opened almost debt free.

The new building is a magnificent addition to the facilities already available. It includes a new chapel, and an assembly hall, equipped with a Yamaha baby grand piano, a very well-equipped manual arts area, new administrative offices, and spacious, carpeted, heated, and well-lit classrooms.

Six Years of Endeavour

The completion of the new extension climaxes six years of endeavour, for it was in 1974 that Brother Ross Ecclestone, as the comparatively new principal, submitted his first request for additional space. There were to be a number of these before perseverance was rewarded and assistance gained via the Schools Commission, and the Commonwealth Government.

What a joy it was for Brother Ecclestone, as current principal, to see his dream become a reality and to share in the opening exercises! He was lavish in his praise for the members of his staff and the pupils who have supported him and worked on under increasingly cramped conditions. (Enrolments doubled during the years 1973 to 1976.) He also commended the Christian attitude and friendly co-operation of the architect, the builder and the works foreman.



A front view of the new extension to the Adelaide High School.



Everyone appreciates a new office—especially a principal who knows that it is part of a new school complex which benefits all.

Pastor C. D. Judd, T.A.U.C. president, gave the dedicatory address, after which the Hon. Michael Wilson, State Minister for Transport, declared the building open and unveiled the plaque.

Others in the party included Brother Keith Dickins, former principal, and Brother L. M. Davis, Education director for the T.A.U.C., and Pastor Rex Cobbin, president of the South Australian Conference.

We are grateful to our heavenly Father

for His numberless blessings throughout this project, and trust in His continued guidance as dedicated staff minister to the educational and spiritual needs of our precious youth.

"Now unto Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen." Eph. 3:20, 21.

##



Principal Ross Ecclestone teaching maths in one of the new classrooms.

Photos: R. Dickson.

BISHOPDALE VBS

Communication Secretary, Bishopdale Church, South New Zealand

MAY 12 was the date set for the Bishopdale VBS to begin. Under the capable guidance of Sister Val Mitchell, plans were well under way weeks before, to ensure a successful outreach programme for the children of our community.

This 1980 VBS was held in the Isleworth Road school hall. At first we were disappointed with the enrolment of only thirty boys and girls on the first day; we had catered for up to seventy. But, as usual, the children told their friends, and by the end of the week our numbers had doubled. Having smaller classes was a blessing in many ways; less noise for one—but it also gave the teachers opportunity to give individual attention to each class member.

Our guest speaker on the first day was Mrs. B. Roberts, from the Royal New Zealand Foundation for the Blind. The children were spellbound when they were shown various toys used by blind children; and some were blindfolded and shown how to find their way around with a cane.

Helped by Local Conference

Tuesday morning saw Max Bowater and Neil Davidson, volunteers from our Conference Health Department, bring along their friend Smoking Sam, always a winner. Sister Molly Rankin told such a moving story on Wednesday morning that there were very few dry eyes by the time she had finished. Our final guest, on the Thursday, was Pastor K. Price, Lay Activities and Sabbath School director of our Conference.

On Wednesday we took the children by bus to Christchurch International Airport to visit the Antarctica Deep Freeze Base. Craft-time was very popular, with the older groups making sheepskin rugs, candles and doll ornaments; primaries making bookstands, notebook covers and pot-holders; and kindergartens making various pom-pom toys and covered pads.

We were thrilled at the number of non-S.D.A. parents who attended the concert on the Thursday night at our Bishopdale church. Pastor Murray House led the children in singing, as he had done throughout the week. Already seven of these boys and girls are attending branch Sabbath school each Sabbath morning, in conjunction with our various Sabbath school departments. The theme song of our VBS was "Boys and Girls for Jesus," and it is our prayer that, as a result of our outreach, these boys and girls will indeed be boys and girls of the King.

##

TO MELANESIA WITH LOVE

Chapter 4

ALLIGATORS AND MALARIA



Church and schoolhouse at Viru in 1921.

Photos: G. Anderson.

IN 1924, the mission headquarters for the Marovo Lagoon was moved from Telina to Batuna, still in the Marovo Lagoon. Here the homes of the president, secretary, school-teacher and engineer were erected. A beautiful new church adorned the peninsula on Motusu. A sawmill was built on one side of the isthmus, and a wharf on the other.

Overlooking all this was Batuna, the school where many a boy and girl trained for mission service. The hospital, too, was always an attraction. Here nurse Totenhofer faithfully laboured during those early days. She taught school, ran the hospital and cared for the girls in the dormitory, as well as adopting a little black waif, whom she named Maeve (My-e-va). Maeve grew to love the Lord, and became a worker in His cause.

At Batuna lies the wife of Brother Parker who, after only six weeks in the group, was laid to rest beside the path to the schoolhouse which she had already learned to love.

A Transfer to Viru

After a year on Telina, we were asked to transfer to Viru, on the large island of New Georgia. Pastor and Mrs. G. F. Jones first sailed into Viru Harbour in the little *Advent Herald*, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Hellstrand to labour there. Viru had been promised another missionary after the Hellstrands moved, and the inhabitants had been disappointed so many times that when we arrived they stood back among the houses to watch.

The first thing put ashore was the cow. And what a delighted yell came from the old chief! "Here comes our missionary!" he cried, as the cow swam ashore, towing the dinghy instead of being towed by it.

We spent two happy, fruitful years at Viru with those lovely people. The old house the Hellstrands left was well-rotted—but this was to be our home. We were told not to put a foot on a single board of the half-rounded bush timber, but to stand across two or more at a time, as the boards were weak.

I went to see about the unloading of our goods, while my wife inspected the house. Up in the leaf roof she caught sight of a snake shedding its skin. This being in her line of interest, she forgot about the rotting floorboards and stepped off, following the snake. Down she went, jamming her leg between two stronger boards and tearing the flesh badly.

She tried with expressions, actions and what words she knew to get the boys to go under the house and push her leg up. The boys ran under the building, but soon rushed out, calling:

"Come and see! She's white! She's white *all over!*"

Such necessity meant that Guinevere learned the language more quickly during the following few weeks than she had in previous months.

Before leaving Viru in 1924, she had asked the boys, if they ever found an alligator's nest, not to destroy it, but to let her see it first.

Alligator "Hunting"

So it was that after school one morning we started up the Viru River to where the boys had

seen a nest they believed belonged to an alligator. We rowed and chatted all the way about what everyone was to do, including myself, as I was to shoot the alligator if it approached the dinghy.

As we rounded the last bend, silence was demanded by the chief. Not a whisper, a ripple, or a dip of the oar could be heard as we glided silently upstream. Then the man who stood holding the steering pole whispered:

"There it is—and there *she* is!"

Rifle at the ready, I stood and peered into the bush. The boys stepped silently ashore, spears in hand, only to cause the alligator to head straight for the dinghy. Ferns rustled, then moved violently. My wife and her cook girl stood up to catch a closer look, and the alligator slid under the dinghy. Down the two of them fell—just as I shot! Everybody thought I had shot my wife. So did she!

Regaining our confidence, and with the boys guarding the river edge, we went ashore. The first nest was beautifully made of twigs and leaves. It was four feet square and approximately three feet high. My wife was delighted to think a big-jawed alligator could be so neat.

"Oh, missus," the boys said, "alligator he gammon along you—make you think no eggs!"

The cook girl trod on a heap of leaves, mud and twigs, all chewed up together in a frothy mess at the junction of two old logs, and some of the eggs crushed beneath her feet. We soon had them out, saving thirty-two out of the pile. Some of the eggs were round, some oval. Native tradition has it that the round eggs hatch female alligators, and the oval eggs hatch males.

On our way home we blew all the eggs, so there would be no fear of any of them hatching into either male or female alligators. Never again did my wife ask to go egg-hunting among slush, bush and alligators.

A Lively Present

Later, the schoolboys brought her a present tied up in a basket. Thinking it was the broody hen she wanted, she thanked them heartily, before catching the twinkle in their eyes. It was none other than a two-foot alligator!

"For a pet!" they laughingly told her.

To her horror, and their glee, the alligator escaped and ran for its life down the hill to the water, chased by a laughing host of boys.

Another interesting story concerns one of the young men who went to the school garden, with others, to get food. After the day's allotted work, they all assembled to return home by dinghy and canoe. This young fellow decided to swim home and let the others depart. After eating a meal of berries, he dived into the river and headed for the mission station.

Viru Mission Station was situated at the mouth of three rivers: the Viru, Mago and Tita. All three were alive with alligators, often seen lying on the mudbank in the harbour,



Myrtle at seventeen months. Taken during the year she spent in Australia, recuperating from malaria.

sunbaking, sleeping and wrestling. The boy dived in, and at once an alligator caught him by the right arm, leaving three great holes.

The boy knew he could not escape, and allowed the alligator to drag him down and along, without resisting. With his left hand he took off and wrapped up his loincloth, throwing it away to attract the attention of the alligator. Thinking its catch had escaped, the saurian let go and dived for the loincloth. The boy swam to shore, naked, and made for home in double-quick time.

Would you have had such calm nerve? Could you—like another boy, caught by the head as he dived in, run your hand down an alligator's throat, grab and pull the tongue until it retched, then make your escape?

Could you, when out collecting pearl shell (from which shirt buttons were made), and discovering that an alligator had taken your mate and was holding the boy under to drown him, dive down, get under them both and push them to the surface, so that your mate could get

some air? And, could you call out to the others to bring spears and help; then dive down again and push the alligator and your mate to the surface once more, for air? Could you, for a third time, almost exhausted by then, dive down and bring both to the surface, holding your mate while the other boys speared and killed the monster? And, finally, with their help, could you row twenty miles to the mission home with the unconscious man?

Nerve and Courage

God has His jewels among such dark-skinned inhabitants of the earth. They, like us, are afraid of alligators, yet manifest such nerve and courage when caught in their toils.

During our time at Viru, our little daughter contracted dreaded malarial fever. Convulsions set in, and it looked as if she would be taken from us. We joined with our native brethren in earnest prayers for her recovery. A canoe set off in all haste on the forty-mile trip to bring Sister Wicks, the only trained nurse we knew, who could give us some advice and help.

The loyalty of our native brethren on that occasion greatly encouraged us. They paddled through the night, delivered our message, received an answer, and were back the next day without stopping for sleep. Four days later, a visiting trading ship brought Sister Wicks.

A day or two following her arrival, the superintendent visited us at the mission station. We told him that we had decided my wife should take Myrtle home on the next steamer. Then after staying a few months with the child, she would leave her in Australia with her married sister. To part with our child at this time was hard, but we could not bear to see her in such a distressing condition, when it could be avoided.

Icing with a Difference

Before we could get a boat, Myrtle had her first birthday. My wife ordered some icing sugar for this event and made Myrtle a sponge cake. When the cake was cooked, my wife opened up the packet of icing sugar. The contents looked rather queer, she thought. But, after all, things usually looked "queer" in these pioneering island days. She went ahead and proceeded to break up the lumps, adding a little oily butter and lime juice. The icing started to set quickly, and she could not work it fast enough. To her great disappointment, she found that instead of icing sugar, she had been sent plaster of Paris!



The young man who was later caught by an alligator while swimming back to the Viru station.

On the way out of the islands, my wife was so ill with malaria that it was thought unsafe for her to continue the voyage. Mother and daughter were admitted to the government hospital at Tulagi (the capital of the Solomons until World War II), and there they remained until the next steamer sailed for Sydney. There was no radio and little transport throughout the island group those days, and weeks passed before I learned what had happened.

The months they were away passed quickly, for there was much to do in the school, as well as outdoors. About a hundred mouths had to be fed from the gardens, leaf houses kept in good state of repair, new houses and road built, and the natives visited in their villages.

Meanwhile, in Sydney, Myrtle was still struggling against malaria, while her mother was building herself up for her return to the mission field. Soon the child's aunt had won her new charge and Myrtle was right at home with her and her two young cousins. Although Myrtle suffered several attacks of malaria in the following months, she grew well and strong in the twelve months before we returned to claim her again. Life had been empty without her, but she could never have lived at Viru.

Steamer time finally came, and with it my wife. It was wonderful to have her back in time for Christmas, after a four-and-a-half-month absence. Together we worked on until our first furlough in 1923.

While we were home in Australia on furlough, the Solomon Islands committee met and decided to open the islands of Bougainville and Malaita for mission work. The late Pastor and Mrs. Tutty were invited to move from Vela Lavella to Bougainville, and we were asked to move from Viru to Malaita. And so we made plans for this—our part of the biggest move since the Solomon Islands had been opened to the work of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in 1914. ##



Nurse Totenhofer and her special charge, little Maeva.



BOOKS ACROSS MY DESK

Conducted by ROBERT H. PARR

"THE PRAYER OF THE KINGDOM," by V. C. Pfitzner, Lutheran Publishing House, Adelaide. Paperback, 52 pages. Price 80 cents. Available from most Christian bookshops.

Daily devotional books are all the rage at the moment, with the flood of offerings showing no signs of abating. If the book under review has any real distinction, it is the fact that it is one of the few locally produced religious books. This must be in its favour; for it is both inexpensive and easily obtainable.

An introduction states that the readings are designed to be used in conjunction with the 1980 Lenten Ecumenical Study Programme in South Australia. This will have little or no significance to Adventists, and therefore the book must be assessed purely on its content.

In layout these devotions follow the classic format of introductory text, body thought and a closing sentence prayer. The presentation of the book is pleasant, if plain, and somewhat limited by the newsprint-quality paper used throughout.

The author has based these forty-seven devotionals on the Lord's Prayer. Each element of the prayer is treated in a number of devotionals—although there are no clear headings to indicate this, or in fact to show which ones belong to which section. However, the main themes are faith, worship, mission, obedience, care, reconciliation, victory and hope.

I invariably found the actual readings to be very simply and clearly written. The messages were interesting and of practical value for daily Christian living. In this area the author has succeeded admirably.

Unfortunately this book will be probably swallowed up in the great morass of devotionals. Its appearance suggests it has little to offer and its presentation is dated and restricted by the Lenten theme. If all this does not discourage you, I am sure you will gain a blessing from the thoughts expressed.

Obviously the publishers have high hopes for a wide distribution, as they also advertise the price as 60 cents each for 100 copies or more.

Lincoln E. Steed.

"I WAS A STRANGER: The Story of Jesus in the Person of Hannah More," by Susan Davis. Pacific Press, Mountain View, California, 1979. Paperback, 96 pages. Price: \$A4.95. Available Adventist Book Centres.

This new "Destiny" paperback chronicles the moving story of the latter part of the life of Hannah More. She was a missionary stationed in Liberia, West Africa, in the 1860s, but while

on furlough in North America she met S. N. Haskell and learned of the Sabbath truth, an incident that was to change the direction of her life.

Hannah returned to her mission post and studied Haskell's book *"History of the Sabbath,"* and subsequently decided to keep holy the seventh day. She attempted to share this truth with her mission associates but, with one exception, her beliefs were met with scorn.

Shortly afterwards she was dismissed from mission service, and returned to America, where she hoped to find fellowship with fellow believers, and eventually a life of service among "God's people."

Believing that she would find all this at the headquarters of the young church, Hannah set her sights on Battle Creek, Michigan. Unfortunately, however, the reception she received was anything but cordial. She could not appeal to James and Ellen White for lodging, as they were away on tour at the time.

So it was with almost a sense of desperation that she accepted the offer of a position in the north of the state as seamstress and governess at \$1.50 per week with a family that had worked with her in Africa.

The remainder of Hannah's life was to be short. Happy at first in her employ in the Thompson home, she began experiencing difficulties. She tried to talk about her new-found faith, but met with a blank wall. Her upstairs bedroom in the attic, with a stovepipe through it, was unhealthy. She wrote to the Whites back in Battle Creek, asking if she could come to them before winter, when the lines of travel would be closed.

When winter suddenly came, her room was freezing cold, and she had developed a worrying cough. A belated letter from the Whites finally arrived, inviting Hannah to come to them as soon as possible, but by then it was too late, as roads were frozen over and travel was impossible. In her reply to James White, she wrote that she had resigned herself to whatever God had in store for her. Her chest condition worsened, and eleven days later she passed to her rest.

Ellen White, in *"Testimonies,"* Vol. 2, page 140, wrote, "In the case of Sister Hannah More, I was shown that the neglect of her was the neglect of Jesus in her person. . . . Had the church lived in the light, they would have appreciated this humble missionary whose whole being was aglow to be engaged in her Master's service. Her very earnest interest was misconstrued."

The telling of this little-known story reminds us that "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me." This is an indictment from which none of us would be able to escape!

Graeme H. Brown.

THE GOOD NEWS OF THE SABBATH

(continued from page 7)

could have spoken this world into existence in a moment, choose to create it according to the seven-day week established for His creatures? The answer is to be found in God's concern to give a divine perspective, quality and dimension to all our work and rest. One of our greatest satisfactions is to be the imitators of great masters. The Sabbath reminds us that when we work and rest we are imitating the greatest Master Craftsman of the universe. We are doing on a small scale what God has done and is doing on a greater scale. By enabling us to identify with God, and to view our work and rest as a reflection of that of God, the Sabbath provides the spiritual resources needed to perform even menial tasks not grudgingly, but joyfully.

A Concrete Assurance

Another way in which the Sabbath expresses God's care is by reassuring us of full and abundant life. To give this reassurance to the human family, the Scripture tells us that God "blessed" and "sanctified" the seventh day (Gen. 2:3). God's blessing is not just a good wish—like our human blessing—but a concrete assurance of happy and abundant life. For example, God blessed the first couple, saying: "Be fruitful, and multiply" (Gen. 1:28; cf. Num. 6:24). God's blessings assured them of fullness of life. Similarly, by blessing the Sabbath, God made this day a permanent symbol of His promise to give abundant life to His creatures. To substantiate such a promise, the Scripture tells us that God did something dramatic. He "hallowed" or "sanctified" the seventh day by entering into this world with His glorious presence, the very source of life. For six days God filled this world with delightful things; on the Sabbath He filled it with His glorious and life-giving presence.

As a result of disobedience, our parents found themselves separated from the presence of God, the very source of their life. But when Eden was lost, the Sabbath remained as the good news of God's assurance to restore to His creatures full and abundant life. From the symbol of God's initial entrance into human time, the Sabbath became a symbol of God's future entrance into human flesh to become "Emmanuel—God with us." A study of the Old Testament, and of later Jewish literature, shows that the experience of rest and liberation provided by the weekly and annual Sabbaths, served to nourish the hope in the future rest and redemption to be brought by the Messiah. This helps us understand and appreciate why Christ's saving ministry is in the Gospels frequently associated with the redemption promised through the Sabbath.

The Sabbath and Christ

It was on a Sabbath day that Christ inaugurated His public ministry in the synagogue of Nazareth, by quoting a Sabbatical passage from Isaiah 61:1-2 (Luke 4:18, 19), a passage which announces the Sabbatical release and liberty to the oppressed. It was on that Sabbath morning that Christ astonished the Nazareth congregation by affirming briefly and emphatically that the redemptive promises of

(concluded on page 14)

Care Package



Show your neighbors, friends, and business associates that you care by giving them the "1980 Missionary Books of the Year." ***Thoughts in Springtime***, by Lew Walton, and ***God's Way to A New You***, by Dick Winn, are written especially for those who are looking for hope in today's troubled world. Don't delay. There isn't much time left to show your friends that you care.

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THE GOOD NEWS OF THE SABBATH

(concluded from page 12)

the Sabbath were now finding fulfilment in His saving ministry (Luke 4:21). Through His Sabbath healing and teaching ministry Christ revealed in a special way His redemptive mission.

Finally, it was by resting in the tomb on that historic holy Sabbath, that Christ completed His redemptive mission, providing the supreme manifestation of the good news of the Sabbath, the good news that God cares for His creatures. The Sabbath rest of Christ in the tomb tells us that God so loves His creatures that in order to give them life, He was willing to experience not only the limitation of human time, but also in the suffering, agony and death of human flesh. This is then the second message of glad tidings of the Sabbath. It is the good news that God cares for us and because He cares, He has entered into human time and flesh to become Emmanuel—God with us.

How shall we celebrate this amazing good news of the Sabbath? A most appropriate response to this manifestation of God's love is to take time on the Sabbath to serve God and needy fellow-beings. As we enter into the Sabbath, we are invited to celebrate the good news of salvation by taking time out, like Mary, to honour Christ as our special guest, to acknowledge Him in all that we do. The Sabbath is the day when the Saviour rests not merely in time, but in the hearts of His people. It is the day when the Lord wants to enrich our life with His resting presence. It is the day when the Saviour invites us to celebrate His presence by acknowledging Him in all our Sabbath activities: while worshipping, fellowshiping, talking, walking, reading or sharing in some wholesome recreational activities.

But the Sabbath is especially the day when we celebrate the love and the presence of Christ, not merely seeking personal delights, but also, according to the Saviour's example, by providing a living-loving service to needy fellow-beings. Christ taught that the Sabbath is the day "to do good" (Matt. 12:12), "to save" (Mark 3:4), "to loose" physical and spiritual bonds (Luke 13:12), a day to show mercy rather than religiosity (Matt. 12:8). The service that we render unto others on the Sabbath will enable us to celebrate the good news of salvation by experiencing peace, rest and salvation in our own lives.

The Lord Will Restore This World to Its Original Perfection

A third significant message of glad tidings which the Sabbath proclaims is that God "is working still" (John 5:17, R.S.V.) to restore this world to its original perfection. Christ declared this good news emphatically when healing, on a Sabbath day, a paralytic at the Pool of Bethesda. He explained to those who charged Him with Sabbath-breaking, that God on the Sabbath ended His act of creation, but not His action in general. In fact, Christ said, because of sin, God "is working still" on the Sabbath to restore this world to its original perfection.

Later, in another significant Sabbath pronouncement, Christ invites His followers to become participants of this divine restoration programme, saying: "We must work the works

of Him who sent Me, while it is day; night comes, when no-one can work." John 9:4, R.S.V. On the Sabbath, God not only reassures us that He is working for the restoration of this world, but He also invites us to participate in accomplishing His restoration in our own lives and in the lives of others.

In an age when the forces of chaos and disorder appear to prevail, when injustice, greed, violence, corruption, suffering and death seem to dominate, God, through the Sabbath, reassures us that we need not fear these destructive forces, because, as written in Hebrews 4:9, R.S.V., "there remains a Sabbath rest for the people of God." As God's people, we need not fear the threat of nuclear or population explosion, because the Sabbath reassures us that God is still in control of this world, working out His ultimate purpose.

The Sabbath tells us that God has conquered chaos at creation, that He has liberated His people from the bonds of sin and death at the cross, and that now He is working to establish a new world where "from Sabbath to Sabbath, all flesh shall come to worship before . . . the Lord." Isa. 66:23, R.S.V. In that final Sabbath, as eloquently expressed by Augustine, "we shall rest and see, see and love, love and praise." On the Sabbath we can celebrate the good news of that eternal Sabbath by experiencing a foretaste of its peace, happiness and rest.

Is the Sabbath, then, the good news or bad news? A day of celebration, or of frustration? We have found in the Scripture that the Sabbath expresses not just good news, but God's best news to the human family. The glad tidings is that the Lord has created us perfectly, that He has redeemed us completely, that He loves us immensely and that He will restore us ultimately. May God help each one of us to celebrate and share joyfully the Sabbath—the good news of life, peace and rest the Saviour offers us now and in a greater measure in the world to come. #



BALDWIN. It was only twelve months ago that Fred was made aware of the serious condition of his health. As the truths of God's Word were presented to him, Fred accepted Christ as his personal Saviour, and was recently welcomed into fellowship by the Armadale church, Western Australia. It was an inspiration to see his faith grow as his love for his Saviour developed. Then, on June 12, 1980, Fred fell asleep in Jesus in the Sir Charles Gairdner Hospital in Perth, Western Australia. To his wife Diane, his parents and sisters, we extend our heartfelt sympathies. We will see you on the resurrection morning. H. J. Watts.

BAVAJEE. Wilhelmine Bavajee was born in 1930 on the Island of Mauritius, and was laid to rest to await her Redeemer at the Rookwood Cemetery, Sydney, New South Wales, on July 15, 1980. Wilhelmine and her husband Yves had only five weeks previously arrived in Australia from France, where Yves had worked in the Signs Publishing Company of that country. The sudden and unexpected death of Wilhelmine was a deep shock to her loving husband, brothers and sisters. Words of hope and encouragement were spoken in the Stanmore church and at the graveside. It is truly stated that "Her hope was built on nothing less, than Jesus' blood and righteousness." C. T. Parkinson.

BROWN. On July 14, 1980, Stanley Trevor Brown, sixty-two years of age, passed to his rest in his sleep while holidaying with his wife and friends in Queensland. Left to mourn his loss are his wife, Yvonne, sons Michael and Kim, and his daughter, Nicole, also his sister, Yvonne (Mrs. Claude Judd of Melbourne), and brother Ron, currently in England. A large gathering of relatives, friends and business associates were present at the Huonville Lawn Cemetery, Tasmania, where we laid him to rest to await the call of the Life-giver. David Thomison, a local identity, assisted in the service. C. D. Judd.

CLAYTON. Ronald Thomas Kerei Clayton died on Wednesday, July 9, 1980, in Auckland, as a result of a motor-bike accident, and was laid to rest in the Ashburton New Lawn Cemetery, south New Zealand, on July 14, 1980. Ronald was a much-loved son of Ronald and Mere Clayton of Ashburton, and his tragic death at the age of twenty-nine brought sorrow to the family and to a host of relatives and friends. As a teenager, Ronald was brought up by his mother in the Adventist Church, but later wandered away from God. However, over the past year Ronald was making firm efforts to re-establish his life, and he was laid to rest in the confidence that the issues of life are in the hands of the everlasting Father of love and compassion.

I. B. Rankin.

HUNTER. Victor Donald Hunter closed his tired eyes on July 21, 1980, at his home in Young, New South Wales, after many years of suffering which he always bore patiently and uncomplainingly. To his wife Ella, daughter Valma, son Ivan, relatives and friends, words of comfort and a review of God's precious promises at the Young graveside brought unmeasured assurance as we look forward to the great reunion morning. E. L. Martin.

MATHEW. On July 24, 1980, Brother Jack L. Mathew passed peacefully to his rest after a short illness, in the Bendigo Hospital, Victoria, aged seventy-eight. To his wife, Maree, daughters Lois and Jennifer with their husbands, children and friends, Pastors D. J. Dabson and B. C. Grosser brought the Saviour's divine words of comfort and hope during the service held on July 29 in the Bendigo church. We laid our brother to rest in the Kangaroo Flat Lawn Cemetery to await his Master's call on the great resurrection day. We shall all miss his smile and quiet Christian manner. We look forward to a wonderful reunion when Jesus returns very soon. D. J. Dabson.

McCASHNEY. Jessie Wilhelmina McCashney passed away in the Coronella Nursing Home, Nunawading, Victoria, on July 17, 1980, in her ninety-second year. Our late sister spent a number of years working for the Sanitarium Health Food Company, initially as a packer and later in the Vegetarian Cafe in Little Collins Street. She was an active member of the former South Melbourne church, and helped to initiate the formation of the City church. She was an active distributor of the Signs and an ardent collector for the Appeal for Missions, until ill-health made this impossible. Services were conducted by Len W. Jones and the writer in the Nunawading church and at the Templestowe Lawn Cemetery, where we laid her to rest, confident of a joyful resurrection at the return of the Lord. J. A. Mitchell.

WALTON. Arthur Leonard Walton, aged eighty-seven, laid down life's burdens on Wednesday, July 23, 1980. Adventist friends had arranged for him to enter Ilam Lodge some twelve years ago for his retirement years. While there he became convicted of the need to be ready for the coming of Jesus and received studies and baptism by Pastor Bradford. A service was conducted at the Ilam church where his friends from the Lodge and a nephew were pointed to the promises of the resurrection morning. He now rests in the Ruri Lawn Cemetery, Christchurch, New Zealand, awaiting the call of the Lord he had come to love and serve. A. A. Godfrey.

WILES. Alma Bernice Wiles, pioneer missionary to Malekula, New Hebrides, saving mother to hundreds of babes and mothers of Aroma, Papua New Guinea, head nurse of Midwifery Department at the Life Hospital, Nigeria, and of Glendale Hospital, California, took her final rest on March 21, 1980, at Loma Linda, California. "She hath done what she could." Funeral services were held at Loma Linda by Pastors R. Brandstater, T. J. Bradley, W. R. Beach and R. R. Frame. A memorial service was also held at Glendale City church by Pastors Brandstater, Frame and Brandstater. A life-sketch appeared in RECORD 16/6/80.

R. Brandstater.

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LAKEMBA CHURCH FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

An invitation is extended to all past and present members to be at Lakemba church at 9.30 a.m. on October 4, 1980, for a special programme, including a luncheon, and concluding with a sacred concert in the afternoon.

R.S.V.P. by September 15 to:

Mrs. Butler,
77 Seymour Parade,
Belfield,
N.S.W. 2191. Tel. (02) 642 2504
W. Wight (02) 764 4684

HAWTHORN JUBILEE

Hawthorn Seventh-day Adventist High School announces a Jubilee Concert Programme to be held at Blackman Hall, Hawthorn State College, on Saturday, September 20, 1980, at 3 p.m. The College is in Auburn Road, Hawthorn.

A Jubilee Reunion will be celebrated at the Hawthorn Adventist High School, 48 Oxley Road, Hawthorn, on Sunday, December 14, 1980, at 3 p.m. All are welcome on both occasions, particularly those who have had a past association with our school.

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The South Queensland Conference would gratefully like to acknowledge the receipt of \$105 received in tithes and offerings from an anonymous giver. We appreciate your interest in the work of God and wish you God's abundant blessing.

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75TH ANNIVERSARY

The Longwarry church members invite all former ministers and members to worship with them on Sabbath, October 11, 1980, for their 75th anniversary service.

Sabbath school—9.30 a.m.

Anniversary service—11.00 a.m.

R.S.V.P. September 11

Church Clerk,

Mrs. A. Wattie,

Longwarry Road,

Bunyip, Vic. 3815.

Phone (056) 29 5243.

AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

and advent world survey

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

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FLASH POINT



☆ ONE OF MY FAVOURITE ways of being entertained is to listen to a good brass band. I'm proud of the fact that I'm associated with our band here at Warburton—though in a non-playing capacity, in case you were worried there for a moment. We are only comparatively young, having restarted just a couple of years back, but the boys (from nine to ninety, give or take a few years) and girls (yes, we have a few of these too) are as keen as a knife-edge. And not a butter-knife, either. They give a good account of themselves under their excellent conductor, Grahame Weston, and they look very smart in their uniforms. However . . .

☆ Big Brother Band is Melbourne Advent Brass, and this band has been going for more than fifty years, having been founded by the late, great W. J. Gilson, of happy memory. Now his son Bruce conducts the band, and he has taken the band from a run-of-the-mill band to one of excellence. Last year, I reported to you that Melbourne Advent Brass won the D-Grade championship, which was done amid fierce (though good-natured) competition. Now the M.A.B. is in the C-Grade arena, and naturally they have to work up from the bottom. Work up from the bottom, nothing! They are already making their presence felt. Last Sunday in the Melbourne Town Hall there was a day of band contesting, and all grades of bands were there. Well, the punch-line of this story is that Melbourne Advent Brass came second in its C-Grade playing slot against six others in its class, and the boys and girls of that band are excited about the result. But that is not all . . .

☆ Also at the July Winter Contest (the official title), the Lord Mayor's FEIP Entertainment Award was made, and Melbourne Advent Brass carried off this trophy. What's that? What is FEIP? Oh, come, now! Surely . . . But then, you aren't a Melburnian, are you? FEIP stands for Free Entertainment In Parks (quite a feature of civic life hereabouts, especially in summertime). In this aspect of the competition, three judges award the points, one concentrating on music and two on the entertainment value of the presentation, the band's presentation of itself, and so on. And Our Lads carried home the trophy. Proud of them? Well, don't I sound like it?

☆ By the time you read this, you really should have attended to your "Signs" list, shouldn't you? But there it is on the mantelpiece gathering dust. Tch! Tch! However, dear hearts and gentle peepholes, we will give you a few days of grace. Just whizz it in to your Lay Activities secretary this (or even next) Sabbath, will you? There are so many stories of how the *Signs* is

being used to open homes and hearts that you wouldn't hesitate if you knew all. So open up your wallets and let the sunshine in, huh?

☆ As I mentioned to you in my last chronicle on this page, I am slated to go to Stellmaker-country next year, which brings me to my point. Mary Stellmaker, who is the assistant Communication director for the N.N.S.W. Conference, has her latest report on my desk, and in it she tells of the work done in her conference by her Com. secs. The top ten secs, with, in parenthesis, where they operate and the number of column-inches they achieved, are as follows: EDNA HEISE, leader for the second quarter of 1980 (Port Macquarie, 506 column-inches), PHYLLIS LEE (Mullumbimby, 459), JIM ZYDERVELD (Tenterfield, 336), BARRIE BLAKEWAY (Muswellbrook, 313), GLENDA GREEN (Bray Park, 304), MYRTLE SHELLFORD (Lismore, 174), TOMMIE GILMORE (Grafton, 150), EILEEN DWYER (Inverell, 142), SHIRLEY HARWOOD (Gosford, 101) and DULCIE BELL (Moree, 87). Since Tommie Gilmore is a lady, that means that there are only two men among the Top Ten, and my sexist soul is offended by that. Rally men, Rallllllyyyyy!

☆ Actually, the N.N.S.W. Conference Communication report is something to write home about. A total of 3,190 column-inches was reported (with an additional 230 col-ins which came in later), and I'd like to find the conference that can beat that. Of course, the thing is no accident. The N.N.S.W. Conf. knows that good Communication secs do not grow on trees, and so they take seriously the job of training them, and it pays off in many ways. For instance, the same Mary S., who has the task of getting the Communication secs rolling, herself did a marathon job recently right at her front door when, in Cooranbong (Avondale College auditorium), she helped organise a meeting to protest about a projected open-cut mine in the vicinity. There were 3,000 people at the meeting, and it was complete with press table and TV coverage. The meeting was the first news item on the TV news the next night and the next, and altogether it was an excellent exercise in PR involving the whole community (not only Adventists).

☆ Sometimes you may think that Our Church has a few hassles in it, but I want to assure you that we hold no monopoly in that area. For instance, Dr. Coggan, the Archbishop of Canterbury just retired, was chairing a meeting of the British Council of Churches when he good-naturedly called upon the next speaker in a debate on South Africa, saying, "Canon Douglas Rhymes of the Church of England." The Canon went off pop with this rejoinder: "I am speaking for myself, as no-one would be rash enough to speak for the Church of England."

☆ Which reminds me of a good brother of Our Church who, when asked, "Are you a Christian, sir?" snapped back, "No! I'm a Seventh-day Adventist!" Oh dear!

☆ Normally I wouldn't be writing this column until next week, but I have been coerced into going with the editor of the *Signs of the Times* on a promotion campaign to faraway places. So, if anything important happens in the next week, you'll have to wait until next time before you get told about it. In the meantime, don't forget those "Signs" order forms, will you? The Old Gentleman will have apoplexy if his circulation fails.

☆ "Finally, brethren . . .": The horse would have a good laugh today if he could see motorists adjusting their shoulder harnesses.