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To Jamaica With Love

S. JAKOVAC, Pastor, Greater Sydney Conference



A portion of the audience of 10,000 at the baptism in Kingston, Jamaica, on January 25, 1986.



Photos: S. Jakovac

It was a moment of great emotion, as bus driver Simpson embraces Pastor Stephen Jakovac following his baptism.

THE GREATEST THRILL for an evangelist is the vivid manifestation of the Holy Spirit. It was my privilege to be a part of the team for Pastor John Carter's crusade in Kingston, Jamaica, from January 5 to 25, 1986, and to experience first-hand something that we usually only read about or hear in mission stories from Sabbath to Sabbath.

To have an audience of 6,000 people every night, except on a rainy night when it dropped to 4,000, and about 8,000 to 10,000 for the weekend, and to see the numbers going up as the meetings were reaching the culmination—16,000 came for the presentation on "The Mark of the Beast" and "666"—is something every evangelist would love to experience. Especially such a responsive audience as Jamaicans are, who clap and shout "Amen" and "Praise the Lord" whenever something of importance is emphasised.

A group of about seventy people, mainly from Wahoo church, went to assist Pastor Carter in sharing the good news of Jesus' love and soon coming. The outreach was geared toward success—from the start of the program, when Jan Judd would sing and teach the Jamaicans new songs accompanied by her husband's orchestra and Tom Mitchell at the organ or piano, to the straightforward Bible preaching by Pastor Carter, who on occasions would almost run on the platform as the crowds would cheer and clap and shout "Amen." It was just great! Then, to see hundreds and thousands taking their stand for Jesus and His truth seemed like a vivid outpouring of the Holy Spirit, something similar to what the apostles experienced on the Day of Pentecost.

Jamaicans have excellent evangelists, who are wonderful preachers and excellent in Bible exposition, but the fact that some seventy young people with their evangelist came almost halfway around the globe to uplift Christ and call people to repentance was something extraordinary, and the people were willing to come. It is something that only God in His providence can do, moving young people to sacrifice so much, and moving people in the countries of the Third World to respond to the calling of His Spirit. On behalf of Pastor and Sister Carter, I would like to say a big thank you to all who supported these meetings, morally, financially, personally and in prayers.

The final altar call was made on Saturday night, January 25, when 1,500 people responded. We were thrilled, and praised the Lord for every one of them.

One man's name is Eustace Simpson, but we called him "Simpson." He was our bus driver, taking us to the National Stadium and back every night. He knew about Seventh-day Adventists. As a matter of fact, his wife has been a member of the Adventist Church for fourteen years, and his children are members too. But somehow Simpson just could not make a decision. He believed, but was unmoved.

Our young people from Australia befriended him. Simpson was encircled with warm, loving-kindness, and began to respond. He felt that something was happening in his life; a new, strange power was going through him. He listened, but would not commit himself.

I remember one evening as the young people hurried from the bus to their duties at the stadium, I was impressed to stay behind for a

little talk with Simpson, to allow the Holy Spirit to speak to him. "Look, Simpson," I began with the most simple reasoning, "if Adventism is not truth and you become one, you lose nothing. But, if it is true, and I believe wholeheartedly it is, you win everything." He looked at me, saying nothing whatsoever. I shook his hand and gave him a warm hug. In parting I added, "Think about it, Simpson!"

The next evening, before I even reached the bus, one of our young people rushed to me saying, "Simpson wants to see you!"

He said, "You know, I was thinking about what you said last night, and it is true. As I was contemplating, I felt the Holy Spirit calling me, and I have decided to be baptised at the end of the crusade." We all rejoiced.

The whole audience rejoiced when the president of the East Jamaican Conference, who was conducting the baptism together with twelve pastors who were baptising simultaneously, told them of Simpson, the bus driver, the first fruit of the Carter Crusade in Kingston. The most emotional part was when Simpson came up out of the water and embraced me with tears streaming down his face. All the other candidates had left the water, but he was still in my arms with his head on my chest as people rejoiced and clapped. I wonder what kind of joy it must have been in heaven, as they watched Simpson after fourteen years of the Holy Spirit's pleadings, taking his stand for Jesus.

As I stated at the beginning: "The greatest thrill for an evangelist is the vivid manifestation of the Holy Spirit." We have seen it, and I would like to thank God for the opportunity and privilege of being a part of the great Jamaican story of God's love. ■

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EDITORIAL ...

It's Later Than You Think



LAST SABBATH I preached in one of our country churches in Victoria. After the service a sister in the congregation told me she has been attending an interdenominational prayer and Bible study fellowship in her neighbourhood. Many such fellowships have sprung up in neighbourhoods throughout the length and breadth of the land. She said that attending the fellowship had given her a fascinating insight into the strength of the movement to bring about the reunification of the Christian church. She had been intrigued by the frequency of references to the effect that in the churches involved, they were "restudying" their relationship to certain of their denominational distinctives; that they were "re-examining" certain positions they had traditionally held. It is not uncommon for her to hear the opinion expressed that the sixteenth-century Protestant Reformation was "a mistake"; that it should never have happened, and that as Christians it is now our duty to work for reconciliation and toward bringing "healing" to the schism which the Reformation brought into the church.

She told me that each of the fellowships was recently invited to send a delegate to a meeting in Melbourne at which unity was to be discussed. The delegate from their group brought back this report on the decisions of the meeting. It was voted (1) to work for the creation of a united Australian national church which would embrace Catholic and non-Catholic churches (the term "Protestant" is no longer used); (2) to seek the backing of the Federal Prime Minister, Mr Bob Hawke, and put pressure on the government for the establishment of such a united national church.

In exchange for this support and pressure, Mr Hawke was promised the full electoral backing of the members of all participating churches. It was stated at the meeting that the pope is visiting Australia in November to stretch out his hands in blessing over the united Australian national church.

During the same weekend as this report was given me, the Cockatoo Uniting church, which had been destroyed by fire on Ash Wednesday in 1983, was reopened for worship. In a telecast of the ceremony, it was reported that Catholics had contributed 50 per cent of the funds for the reconstruction of the church, and that from now on the Uniting and Catholic congregations would share its use.

In the February 3 issue of *Time* magazine, in an article relating discussions between representatives of the Catholic Church and the Rev Dr John R. W. Stott, leader of the world's evangelicals, the degree of consensus they have reached is described as "a near miracle." It states that "divided Christians are in accord."

It is becoming clearer by the day how easily the time can come when pressure will be

applied on non-participating churches to forget their differences, which are seen as "non-consequential," and get into the union "in the interests of national unity." Those who refuse to do so will be seen as clinging to beliefs that are "divisive" and as working against "the public interest."

Time to Sink Our Roots

Nothing we have said is intended to raise panic or alarm. We do not need to be afraid of the impending storm as long as we have deep roots. If ever there was a time to know what we believe and why we believe it, that time is now. We have been warned that "everything that can be shaken, will be shaken." I like what our sister who chatted to me on Sabbath did about the challenge with which she had been confronted. She sat down and wrote out the reasons for her faith, backed up by the Scriptural basis for her beliefs. She sent a copy of the statement to each member of the group she has been meeting with who, incidentally, have been praying for her to "come over" and join them. She showed me a copy of her "Statement of Belief." It is simple, straightforward, forthright and loving. Several members of the group have expressed their appreciation to her for it. I thought to myself as I read it, that it wouldn't be a bad idea if every Adventist engaged in this exercise: Sit down with a sheet of paper and your Bible and write out a statement headed, "What I Believe, and Why I Believe It."

Of one thing we can be sure: Things are going to start happening very soon that are going to make us more homesick for heaven. God is going to see to it that events occur that will make His people a lot less comfortable in this old world than we now are. We need, individually and as a people, to be reading the book *The Great Controversy Between Christ and Satan*, especially the closing chapters relating to the impending conflict. *The Great Controversy* is a book whose time has come. Read it. Reread it. Study it. Fortify your mind with its warnings, instructions and promises. We've had the counsel for a long time, but, alas, we have largely ignored it. If the events ahead take us by surprise, we'll have nobody but ourselves to blame.

Geoff Garne

*See the May issue of *Signs of the Times* for a more complete report of the *Time* article. Get a copy of *Signs* to give to a neighbour!

Prison Ministry Bears Fruit

UNDER the leadership of the church pastor, Ativale Mulitalo, a fortnightly Bible study program began at the Auckland medium-security prison at Parepareomo, Albany, in March 1985, for the Samoan inmates. As the weeks went by the group included Europeans, Maoris and Rarotongans.

A Rarotongan from New Lynn Samoan church, who is married to a Samoan, Mrs Ana Marsters Malloy, with the help of her father, Brother Marsters, taught the Rarotongan class while the writer, with the aid of Fiapito and Lucy Tuai, Tina Tuitama and Tony Fautua, took the English classes.

Each program began with a musical message; singing and instrumental items.

Two young Rarotongan men who were

discharged from prison began attending church. They received their certificates for the Bible course they had studied, and Pastor R. Taylor made the presentation.

At the baptism on October 26, one of these young men, Brother Henry, was baptised. The other one is still attending church, but has not yet made his decision.

On November 22, 1985, our prison ministry program was concluded for the year with a special service when Brother Sam Luteru and his youth group gave an inspiring musical program. This was followed by the presentation of certificates and a farewell supper.

We pray that 1986 may be even more fruitful in our prison ministry.



Photos: Melive Fautua.

Brother Henry Henry demonstrating his decision for Christ as a result of prison ministry.



The baptismal group following the Maranatha missions (from left): Henry Henry, Tainoino Vao-tuua, Lealovi Ah You, Lilly Vao-tuua, Brother Sola Rimoni, the Lay Activities leader, Pastor Ariuale Mulitalo, Pastor Nese Fuataua, Mata Lupena, Martha Collins, Henry Collins and Edwin Puni.

Maranatha Missions

AFTER ATTENDING a Maranatha 3 training program at Longburn College, ten enthusiastic delegates, including Pastor and Sister Mulitalo from New Lynn Samoan church, began training and planning for Maranatha 1985.

The church was divided into seven suburban groups, each with a trained delegate as leader.

The mission began on August 18, 1985, and the result was thrilling, as almost the whole church was working or taking part. Meetings were on Friday and Sunday evening, running for six weeks. On September 29, 1985, the groups concluded their individual Maranatha programs and were combined at the church, where the church pastor took over for a couple of weeks.

As a result of the missions and follow-up, a baptism was conducted on October 26. Also a branch Sabbath school has commenced under the leadership of the Lay Activities leader, Brother Sola Rimoni.

There are families still studying, while others are in the valley of decision, as we plan for our next baptism.



Henry Watson about to be baptised by Pastor Geoff Youlden, while Christopher Watson looks on.

Warwick Baptisms

There's no doubt about it. The way we live is noticed by others. They see people who are happy and peaceful even under the most trying circumstances, and this is made possible because they have given their hearts to the Lord.

Henry Watson bore this out in testimony at his baptism in Warwick. Perhaps it was the highlight of the baptism. Henry said he had watched his wife, Laura, take Christopher, her son from a previous marriage, to Sabbath school and church each week; and told of how she had lived a good Christian life in their home.

"It took eight years," he said. "Now through study, attending camp-meeting and listening to Pastor Geoff Youlden's tapes when I've been driving my truck through the bush, I have made my decision." We praised God as Pastor Youlden baptised Henry.

This was a double baptism. Isabelle McClure was baptised by Pastor Pascoe. So we had double rejoicing.



Photos: Laura Watson.

Pastor Pascoe about to administer the rite of baptism to Isabelle McClure.

Soliloquy of a Fallen Angel

JANET ASHCROFT

TO HUMAN EYES I am invisible, and in that fact alone my greatest advantage lies. I observe you tirelessly day and night, artfully planning my strategies, assembling my forces for greater effectiveness in the execution of your downfall. Some say I am a broken god, and that my precarious kingdom will one day topple and be ground into the dust. Yet I refuse to yield to this assumption—I still possess many more strings to my bow, the deadliness of which many of you are wholly ignorant.

Long ago, I had great ambitions for a powerful universal government. I built up a mighty army from within the ranks of the faithful, and would have recruited still more had not my plans been thwarted by one who rules only from a sense of justice, love and harmony. Such banality! Such sentimental weakness! And yet to these very standards I was forced to yield.

My noble plans were laid low, and in disgrace I and my followers were cast from our first home—banished for ever from its glory and splendour. Stripped of the honour and glory of my exalted station, I sought consolation in the fact that I still controlled a vast army of might and intellectual strength, and that somehow my plans would eventually flourish and succeed.

Long ages have passed, and I have not been overthrown as leader of this army. There can be no dissent, for our lot is cast together; our fate is sealed, and in this knowledge we unite our forces.

No redemptive plans for us! No paschal lamb slain for our sins! No compassionate Saviour! Does this then give you an insight into why our hatred of you is so intense? Are you aware that if it were in our power we would obliterate your presence from the earth? Yes, you who through the long ages have well nigh lost the image of your maker, yet still bear something of his mark within you, some intangible thing which is your unique heritage, and which is a constant and bitter reminder of what we have forfeited.

And so it has become our one consuming purpose in the misery of our existence to keep you from stumbling upon the treasure which is known throughout the Universe as The Glorious Truth. For should you find this Truth and claim it as your own, you would receive sanctuary from our attacks which, to me, is a most depressing thought.

Throughout the long centuries, I have gained much practice in devising plans to divert your attention from this dangerous knowledge of the Truth. You are so diverse, so individualistic, you humans—one of the peculiar whims of your Ruler of Love, who so delights in variety and freedom of choice. Yet the enormity of the task does not daunt me; indeed, the challenge spurs me on.

I delight in the experimentation of new ploys and pleasures to distract you and keep you pliant in my hands. I concentrate not on creating huge pits of sin for you to fall into—although indeed some hapless victims will, by their own actions, be prey to this fate. No, I prefer much more to be a subtle tempter—to lure you on with a small deviation here, a trifling indulgence there, until you walk at last upon my enchanted ground where I can have more complete control over you.

When I hear you singing of surrendering all to the one who is my greatest enemy, I work doubly hard to make that surrender a most difficult and painful thing. I lead you to concentrate on trifles, to get involved in seemingly good, yet unimportant activities that give you a false sense of security, and thus achieve



my objective of blinding you to the one issue of importance in your brief existence—the securing of Truth.

Your noble strivings bore me. The virtue of self-sacrifice strikes no answering chord within my soul. Why should you own a victor's crown? If I can't have one, then why should you—you who have never known perfection? To watch you squirm and agonise over your sins is to me sheer delight. Indeed, it is the only pleasure I have left to look forward to.

And yet I seek no pity. Any compassion and mercy I may once have possessed was siphoned from my soul long, long ago. I cannot respond to such emotions from others, neither do I wish to. To see these qualities displayed by weak and fickle earthlings is a constant source of irritation and annoyance. And so I seek to destroy these God-instilled traits, to debase the human soul and fill it instead with envy, hatred, greed, lust and pride. The accomplishment of this is my meat and drink, my only reason now for existing.

Despite it all, I must concede that there will be some of you who will escape my snares, who will endure to the end and be deaf to the roar of the lion who prowls even now upon the earth. Curse you all! For you will walk the gleaming streets I once walked upon, and you will drink from the Fountain of Life which once quenched my innocent soul.

So to those of you who are content to stay as you are now, rest on—I will not disturb you, nor set the cogs of your conscience in motion. No! That would not serve my purpose at all. I smile when I hear some of you question why there is such a lack of love and commitment within your ranks. Do you not know? Have you not even an inkling? It is because you have given more time to me, and in the pursuit of my goals and allurements, rather than spending time with the one you claim to love.

For yet a little time longer, God's mercy covers you and the winds of strife I long to unleash are restrained by the power of his hand. But my day will come—mercy must decrease and my power and might increase. It will be my crowning assault, my final attempt for the mastery I still believe should be mine.

My final admonition to you then is this: keep looking down, not up, my friend. For I intend to take as many as I am able to Gehenna's Lake of Fire to share my fate. In so doing I will achieve my last and most glorious purpose—to make your God of fools weep with tears of eternal regret over your final destruction; to hurl my final dart at him who has made provision for all to sit with him at the banquet he's preparing even now in a land which I, and all who follow after me, shall never see. ■

Janet Ashcroft lives in Hobart, Tasmania.



From left: Alyssa Mamora, Annette Borresen, Helen Garrard, Fiona Stokes, Karen Lauder and Leanne Fogarty, who were baptised at the Castle Hill church.



Baptismal girls (from left): Kerri Ludowici, Melayna Watts, Joy and Paul Champness, Alicia Campbell, and Carol Anderson. The baptism was held at the Wahroonga church.

CHATS=Castle Hill Adventist Teen Society

PAUL CHAMPNESS

AT THE FEBRUARY 1984 Castle Hill church board meeting, Paul Champness presented a proposal seeking to establish a society for the teenage members of the church who had completed Guide class in Pathfinders or Year 10 at high school. The proposal was aimed at a loosely structured program which would include regular fellowship meetings, a Master Guide program and baptismal classes.

The concept was developed to fill a gap which was apparent for these young people who had completed their Pathfinder classes and felt that they needed ongoing, structured activities containing aims and points of achievement.

A committee to investigate the proposal was elected by the church board, which later gave solid backing and sought to encourage its early implementation. The nominating committee of the Castle Hill church asked Paul and Joy Champness to take on the responsibility for establishing and running the proposed CHATS program.

In February 1985 the inaugural meeting was held at Castle Hill, to which interested potential members and their parents were invited. Aims were outlined, and fifty-five young people submitted applications for membership.

Friday evening vespers were held during 1985 at the Champness home where the youth could come directly from high school or their place of work to have time together sharing a meal, enjoying recreation and listening to music until the Sabbath hour, when the guest speaker—usually Pastor Ron Craig or Pastor Allan Butler—would lead in a spiritual program, which over the year was designed to be, and in fact were, baptismal classes. These programs were well attended, and at the year's end, ten beautiful young Christian women were baptised at Castle Hill and Wahroonga churches.

CHATS also instituted a Master Guide program which managed thirty-one young people operating in three Pathfinder Clubs as junior counsellors. The program included weekend seminars, usually held in a camp-type atmosphere, with guest speakers covering special subjects such as Leadership, Interpersonal Communication, Boy-Girl Relationships, Grooming and Health Care.

A number of social events were incorporated into the program. These included a visit to Celebration '85 at the Entertainment Centre, a number of home socials and a retreat to Cedarvale in Kangaroo Valley. At Cedarvale many of the CHATS members experienced their first participation in an ordinance service. Mrs Janette Kemp officiated at the service, which was held partly indoors, with the participation of all present in the lead-up to and involvement in the taking of the bread and wine.

The ordinance of humility was undertaken on the banks of the nearby river, with the adult members washing the feet of the young people, symbolic of Christ's gesture.

At the Pathfinder investiture on December 7,

1985, twenty-four were invested as Master Guides. These young people all completed their requirements as members of the various Pathfinder Clubs to which they were attached, with the majority of them gaining well in excess of the requirements to be a Master Guide. The clubs to which they were attached were all extremely delighted with the devotion and the application they showed in their involvement as junior counsellors. As part of the requirements for the Christian Storytelling Honour, members of the CHATS group took the Kindergarten Sabbath school at Castle Hill church on a regular basis, which proved a delight to the children.

The CHATS program will continue in 1986.

Reflections on a Baptism

MRS JANETTE KEMP, Elder, Castle Hill Church, Greater Sydney Conference

IT WAS a simple thing, in the background, not part of the program, scarcely noticed.

Baptisms are like weddings. There's the excitement and anticipation; the self-consciousness of the young people as they glance at their families and friends; the flowers around the font, like decorations on a birthday cake—festive and, today, feminine; the new frocks, the visitors, the grandparents. There's a sense of occasion—guest speakers, special music, special musicians, choirs.

Today had such atmosphere! Paul and Joy Champness had put so much thought, care and love into the program. The restless chattering of the "CHATS" group in the front seats had a contagious excitement. The six girls who were being baptised were tense, yet aglow, lovely young women, beautiful in the best sense. The church was packed, visitors sprinkled among regulars.

Then the CHATS girls sang. Karen Butler had turned them into a lovely choir, a special choir—this was their day. Carolyn Long played the piano accompaniment—and Les Chandler turned the page for her, a simple thing, in the background, scarcely noticed.

That seemed to symbolise to me the special meaning of the occasion. I know baptism represents rebirth, death and resurrection, the

choice of the Way, the Truth and the Life. Yet, in the life of the community, it is also a moment of reflection, of renewal, a moment of family. Somehow, Les's turning of the page seemed to epitomise that.

When we joined the Castle Hill community, Les was the regional youth leader and the church organist. Carolyn was one of the youngsters—junior high school, if I remember correctly—and the girls singing were cute little ones, each week toddling into church clutching toys and books for distraction during the sermon.

Now, just a few years later, the "littlies" are beautiful young ladies, poised, youthfully exuberant, enticingly shy. Carolyn, now an accomplished young businesswoman, a professional in its best sense, has become a leader with the youth. Her confident musicianship enables her to lead in a special way. Les, still church organist, now a grandfather, stood aside and turned the page. The leader served one of his proteges, and that seemed to me to say it all.

The occasion had the joy, the pizzazz, the moment of a public statement. But more importantly, it had the touch of gentleness, the touch of home.

*CHATS—Castle Hill Adventist Teen Society.

Truth Unintended

CAROL D. SMITH

ALL EYES turn to the door as the police file in. Shuffle in, almost; looking uncomfortable and just a little defiant.

"Well, where is he? Why didn't you bring him in? You didn't let him get away, did you?" The dreaded questions they have been trying to prepare answers for all the way back!

"Get away? Er... no, he didn't actually try to escape."

"What do you mean? Did you arrest him or didn't you?"

"No. We couldn't. I mean, we could. We have our methods. Even if he had put up a fight—and he has plenty of supporters to help him—we were ready to do what needed to be done. But... the way he spoke! You should have heard him. We've never heard anything like it. Nobody has ever talked like this man before!"

"What?" Angry Pharisee voices retort. "Are you taken in, too? Like the ignorant mob at the temple? How many men of any importance believe in him?"

Overawed, as the temple police were by the power of Jesus' words, it is unlikely that they realised the full import of their own statement. The Scripture record shows that Jesus' enemies at times expressed truths about His character and work more effectively than his friends could have done. And all unintentionally.

"Nobody has ever talked the way this man does!" Certainly His words had greater impact than those of the priests and Pharisees who spoke pompously, but with little conviction and scant regard for the needs of their hearers. But even the great prophets of the Hebrew scriptures, using vivid imagery and sometimes startling visual aids, could not have moved the people in the way that Jesus, Himself the Word and the Truth, did. Nobody before had so wonderfully explained what God was like. Or had given so much hope to so many.

Even His enemies were left pondering. Time and again when they tried to trap Him with leading questions, He stunned and silenced them with His answers. How could a man without a degree in theology ever speak like this, was the puzzle. The only logical solution—that He was the Messiah—was unthinkable. But who else could speak and crooked limbs would straighten? How could the word of a mere carpenter overcome disease and demons and even death?

Did they realise that His was the voice that spoke worlds into existence? That He could call legions of angels to His aid if He so desired? Did they stop to think that nobody had ever talked like this Man because nobody before had ever loved like this Man?

Some respectable citizens who might have been glad to be identified with such a popular speaker as Jesus at the height of His ministry, were repelled by the company He kept. They asked His disciples, "Why does He eat with such people?" and scornfully labelled Him "Friend of tax collectors and other outcasts." If He were just a mere prophet, they reasoned,

He would know the reputation of the people such as Mary Magdalene, and have nothing to do with them.

What a revealing title they gave Him! Friend of outcasts. Friend of sinners. Even of prostitutes and other undesirables. His supporters could hardly have stated His mission better than did His enemies. Commenting on their criticism, Jesus pointed out that people who feel well do not need a doctor. Only those who are sick need healing. His work was to heal people who felt sick, both physically and spiritually. He could not help those who felt no need. And through the centuries since then countless "untouchables" have been encouraged to lead new lives simply because they found Jesus to be a friend of outcasts!

Perhaps it should not be surprising for such a controversial figure as Jesus to have enemies. Even bitter enemies bent on getting rid of Him by whatever means necessary. But surely He could relax when He went home among His family and in His home church. Surely He could expect a welcome there! But the facts are that He got no support there at all. No "Home Town Boy Makes Good" headlines for their newspaper. Who did He think He was, anyway? He was just the boy-next-door come back.

"Isn't he the carpenter, the son of Mary and the brother of James, Joseph, Judas and Simon? Aren't his sisters living here?" they said. And were offended. They rejected Him with these words, yet these same words highlight an important truth. Though He was more than man, He was, in fact, as fully human as James, Joseph and His other brothers and sisters. Even his sceptical neighbours testified to that. He was the carpenter they knew so well. Just like one of them.

This is an amazing fact. That the One whose word created our world would descend to our level to be just like us. To get his hands dirty labouring at a common trade. Not using His divine powers to make His work easy, either. Taking His place in a poor peasant family among brothers and sisters. Brothers and sisters who didn't support Him any more than the neighbours. In fact, who gave Him a hard time and said He was out of His mind.

Knowing these things, we can be confident that He understands when we are feeling hurt and unaccepted. He can sympathise when we are tired and discouraged. Didn't He face discouragements as strong? Didn't He get so tired He could sleep through a storm in a boat? Didn't He feel pain? Wasn't He tempted to give up?

The equally vital truth of Jesus' divinity was also voiced by enemies—the army officer and soldiers guarding Him at His crucifixion. That He had been suffering as any other tortured human being, they did not question. But, after witnessing His patience under provocation and pain and His forgiveness even of them, His executioners, and being terrified by the earthquake that seemed a divine retribution on

them, they could only exclaim, "He really was the Son of God!"

The Jews should have recognised and acknowledged Jesus' divinity, but it was a hated Roman officer and his men, whose concept of God must have been limited by their background, who spoke out at His death when even His disciples were confused. How much they really understood their own statement is not clear, but they were honest enough to admit they had put to death Someone who could only be divine. It must have been a chilling realisation, yet at the same time a wonderful revelation. This Son of God had pitied and forgiven them! They would never be the same again.

Crucifixion was a slow death. Not content that they had succeeded at last in having Him arrested and taken away to be killed, many priests, teachers and elders had stood around the cross to torment Him. And here, unwittingly, His enemies again spoke more truth than they realised.

Mocking His apparent helplessness, they demanded He come down from the cross if He wanted them to believe in Him as God's Son. "He saved others, but He cannot save himself," they sneered.

How true! He saved others. That was His mission. He could have spared Himself the agony of a slow death and the torture of feeling forever separated from His Father. But, He could not save Himself if He wanted to save others.

He chose to save others. Even the outcasts. Even His enemies.

★ ★ ★

The religious leaders who opposed Jesus, in panic after the raising of Lazarus and Jesus' entry into Jerusalem amid cheering crowds, spoke volumes when they said, "See, this is getting us nowhere. Look how the whole world has gone after him!" Little did they realise that in years to come "the whole world" would include people from all countries of the earth. That no opposition would be able to stop the spread of the good news that the Son of God had died to save the world.

Thus, at times, those who might only be expected to malign and misrepresent Jesus, unintentionally spoke truths they themselves did not appreciate fully, if at all. Their words come down through the years, in a unique way of confirming what His followers tried to say: that no one ever talked or lived or died like this God/man; that nobody ever loved, indiscriminately and selflessly, like this Friend of sinners; that His mission in this world was to save.

The gospel according to His enemies, no less!

Whatever its source, this is good news for everyone. Truth intended by Him to be known and accepted and shared.

Mrs Carol Smith lives in Sunnybank, Queensland.

"What's a Literature Evangelist?"

JAMES H. RABE, Book Editor, Signs Publishing Company



Publishing leaders and literature evangelists from Northern Australia, South Queensland, North New South Wales and Greater Sydney Conferences, gather at Yarrahapinni Youth and Ecology Centre for their institute. Front row (from left): Pastor Bruce Campbell, David Woolley, Mrs Knopper, Pastor John Knopper, Pastor Harold Harker, Jim Rabe.

JOHN AND MICHAL BRERETON had led eventful lives before they found the Lord. John, earning up to \$1,000 a week as a machine operator on the construction of the gas pipeline between Sydney and Newcastle, described it as a "bad scene." Drug addiction, violence, several fatal accidents, heavy rock music, were all part of the environment in which he lived and worked.

Then Michal, convalescing after surgery in the Sydney Adventist Hospital, read *Your Bible and You*. Almost incoherent with wonder and joy at the message it had for her, she tried to share it with John at his next visit. Initially John wanted no part of religion, being almost scared by the intensity of Michal's experience. But eventually her radiant witness led him to search further to fill the hole in his life, and after several false leads, they were united as Adventists.

About eighteen months later, both still very naive about Adventism, they were enjoying a Sabbath lunch with Pastor Barry Satchell and family.

"What do you do for a living, Barry?" John asked, making conversation.

"I'm a literature evangelist," Barry replied.

"Oh, what's a literature evangelist?" John questioned further.

The answers he received ultimately brought John and Michal into the literature ministry, to an appointment in Tamworth, New South Wales, and to the abundant blessing of the Lord in a most successful year in 1985.

I met John and Michal at Yarrahapinni at a Literature Evangelists Institute in January this year, and after I heard their story and their testimony (which loses much in the abbreviated telling here), the question lingered in my mind. What is a literature evangelist? Is it possible that the average Adventist could have a misconception, a negative

image of those engaged in the literature ministry? Some delegates at the institute felt this could be so. They believed that the work of literature evangelists could be much more effective if the membership of the church as a whole were more supportive. They would like to see church members following through on leads and interests located in colporteur work, so that the Lord's church functions as a cohesive team.

Supportive is an expression that comes easily and readily to mind at a literature evangelists gathering. These people, who every day are on the firing line of gospel witness, are so obviously helpful to each other and wholly committed to the Lord. I am sure the publishing work would forge ahead if every church member could have the experience of sharing in an institute with this team.

Innovative Approach

The Trans-Tasman Union Conference Institute was notable for the innovative approach brought by Publishing leader Pastor Bruce Campbell. We started early in the mornings with a 6.30 devotional. Then followed in quick succession excellent instruction periods led by Pastor John Knopper, Pastor Don Bain, whose great health series has people still discussing A and B type personalities, David Woolley and Bob Dale from the Signs Publishing Company, and publishing leaders giving the formula for successful selling and evangelism. Pastor Rex Moe gave the keynote address, and during the closing days Pastor Harold Harker joined us to bring spiritual messages to a congregation in which a strong spiritual emphasis had been evident all week.

So, while the memory of a rich fellowship is still warmly with me, I attempt my answer to the question: What's a literature evangelist?

A person whose zeal for souls and for the cause of God transcends all other considerations is most likely a literature evangelist.

A person who attends a training institute to hone and develop professional skills in association with a group of people whom to know is a joy, and in whose company pleasures are especially meaningful, is a literature evangelist.

A person who joins readily in fun times during a recreation break from the more serious business of sales training is a literature evangelist.

A person whose need is to stay motivated in a demanding profession taking its toll of nervous energy, learns to stay close to the Lord, turning naturally to Him in prayer. That person is a literature evangelist. There were times of spontaneous prayer season during our week at Yarrahapinni, whether on the beach to the murmur of a muted surf, under a sky brilliant with stars, or in the rock chapel in the middle of the rainforest or back in the meeting hall.

A person who senses a need to give encouragement to God's people in all circumstances, to offer an uninhibited and heartfelt "Amen" when a helpful thought is publicly expressed is almost certainly a literature evangelist. Shouldn't it be all of us?

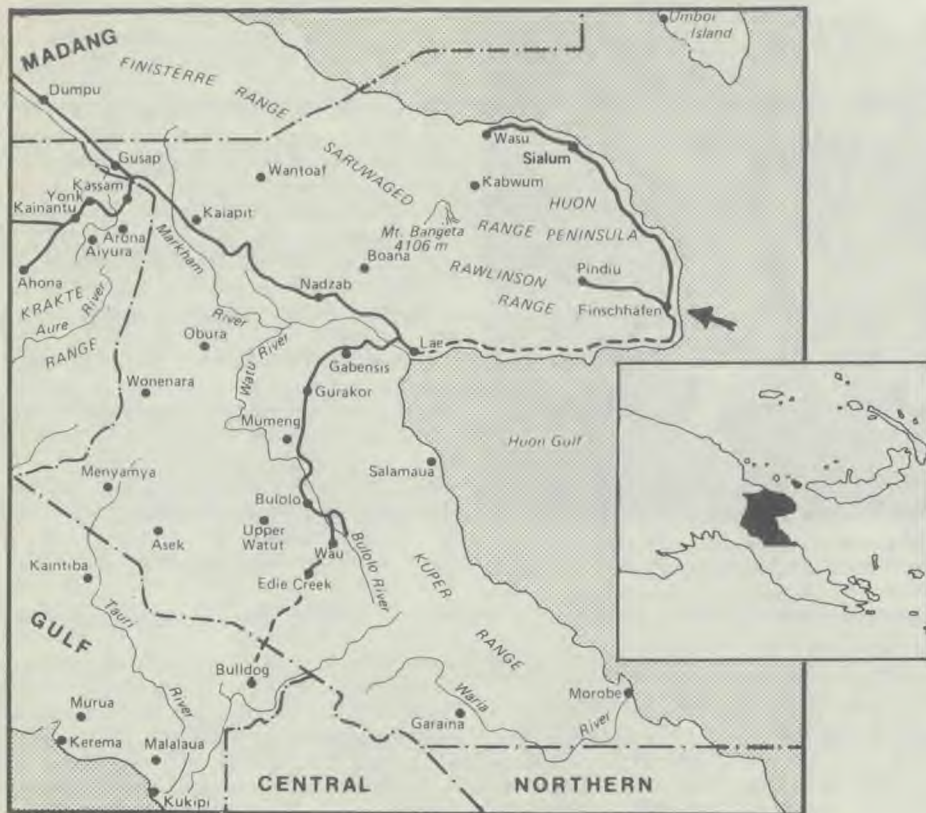
The theme at Yarrahapinni centred around putting on the whole armour of God. From the devotional thoughts presented morning and evening came this pivotal message: "If we go forth into the world of struggle from the secret place of the Most High, no weapon that is formed against us shall prosper, and we shall be more than conquerors through Him that loved us." The person who has taken up the literature ministry and stuck to it, doing the work well and honourably, is more than conqueror. At this time the great need in our society is for many more such people.

Pastor Graham White prepares to deliver a telling blow to the opposition, while the surf rolls in on beautiful Yarrahapinni beach.



BREAKTHROUGH

JOSEPH OLI, President, Morobe Mission, PNGUM



HE WAS just one of the crowd of hundreds attending the evangelistic meetings. No one but God could know that he would be the one. Eight years have gone by now since Joel Wamu, a local man from Finschhafen, was baptised while living in Lae. This is the story of the struggle for God's truth to enter Finschhafen in the Morobe Province, and the present crisis we face.

After his baptism, Joel returned to his village and shared the truth of Scripture that he had found. Much of what he had to say was completely new to nearly all of his *wantoks*. Problems arose. He attempted to build a small church, only to find it pulled down by those who opposed God's truth. Uncomplaining, he built another. It, too, was pulled down. This happened time and time again.

Not one to give up, Joel continued to hold morning and evening worship for those who would risk the wrath of family and friends around. Soon he started a small "Bible school," where youngsters who wished to attend could learn to read and write in Melanesian Pidgin. His textbook? The Bible. Initially many children came and enjoyed themselves, but trouble was brewing.

Members of the established church in Finschhafen were not happy at all that a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church was there, and they became angry that he was working to help the people. Soon parents were withdrawing their children. It would seem that children respond more readily to the Holy Spirit's promptings than older ones. As Joel held weekly Sabbath school, the young boys

and girls kept coming, despite great pressure against them. These young ones were more and more convinced of God's truth and God's church.

Expatriate missionaries visited Joel to warn him not to speak out regarding his beliefs. He was told in no uncertain terms that this area belonged to the Lutheran Church only; that they had been there sixty to seventy years, during which time the people had heard only the Lutheran teachings. They declared that they would not stand by and see any other church become established.

Joel spoke to his people who had been warned against him. They expressed fear, since all this was so new to them. Innocently the people stated that they believed that what had been taught them in the past was truth.

"I know," Joel replied. "I understand how you feel. But my church will show you what you have not been shown. My church will show you the actual truth of God in the Bible. My church will teach about the true baptism, about the coming of the Son of God and other important truths of God found in the Holy Bible."

Early last year Joel returned to his home again to stay, after working for seven months in Lae. He found that there were still some who were keen to continue learning God's truth, but opposition had increased. Meetings with his family had been held by the Lutheran Church leaders, and plans had been laid to do something to stop Joel Wamu before he came back. But he has remained in Finschhafen and is continuing to witness for his Saviour and the

truth.

The past eight years have not been easy. In all that time just two people have responded and given their hearts to Jesus and His truth, these being members of Joel's family. One of these precious souls is a young lady who left home in order to attend our church school, and it was there in Lae that she was baptised in 1983. It has been a real concern to Joel that his own rivers and beaches are banned to him for such an important occasion as baptism. He has longed for the opportunity for all his people to see true baptism. Church leaders at his home have told him that they flatly refuse to allow him to hold such events there, because "if our people see the new baptism, they may come to your church." He is not wanting to bring trouble—just to witness of his wonderful Redeemer and His Word.

I praise the Lord and believe earnestly the Bible when it says, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit," says the Lord Almighty." Zechariah 4:6, NIV. This year we have seen the power of God by His Spirit. Just think that in over seven years, only two have taken their stand in baptism. But last year, 1985, we were able to have a baptism in the river at Finschhafen town, and at this time seven precious people gave their lives to Christ. Praise God for this and the fact that He is opening the way into the Finschhafen area. What I am reporting to you is not hearsay, but something I have seen with my own eyes. It has been my privilege to perform those baptisms in the Finschhafen River.

On July 20 last year, this first baptism took place, and who should be baptised first but one of the older men who brought the Lutheran Church into the Finschhafen area. For a long time he had struggled with the truth, and actually was an enemy of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. But now he has found truth and peace, and you can see the light of Christ in his heart.

This man, Yamari Tarabi, has a most interesting story. Many years ago he worked for the government with an expatriate from Australia. This Australian was a Seventh-day Adventist who let his light shine, but Yamari did not give his heart to Christ. He feared what would happen when he returned to Finschhafen. His family would probably cut him out of his inheritance. On returning to Finschhafen, he forgot what he had learned of God's truth and became a leader in his Lutheran church. Then later when Joel Wamu committed his life to God's truth, Yamari felt guilty. Trying to cover how he felt deep down, he reacted by attacking Joel and his new church. But we praise God that His Spirit has touched Yamari's heart, and he has responded. Now he has found real meaning in Christ's death, in the soon coming of our Lord, in baptism, and many other exciting facts of Scripture.

Here now is another man who is very keen and committed to bring more people to a complete understanding of Jesus and join God's church for this time.

Following the church service, we immediately made our way down to the river for the baptism. People relaxing on the side of the road stood and watched as the baptismal candidates walked in a line all dressed in white.

My heart jumped with surprise when I saw before us seven Lutheran pastors standing across the road. When we came up to them their spokesman said, "Please, pastor, would you mind stopping for a moment as we would like to talk to you and our brother here." Yamari and I stopped and listened.

"Please, we want to say goodbye to our brother who is stepping out from the Lutheran Church and now is becoming a Seventh-day Adventist." Then these seven pastors shook hands with each of the baptismal candidates, expressing their desire that they would visit their homes in the future.

While we continued on our way down to the river, Yamari, who had been a lay leader in his church, said to me, "Pastor Oli, I believe this day we will break the bands holding back the Finschhafen area. I must build a church and a

house for a missionary, if you will give us one."

Another man came to me and pleaded with me to get land at Finschhafen for a church. This man is a Seventh-day Adventist layman working at the Finschhafen Dentistry Division. He is aware that I have tried to get ground in the area previously, but to no avail. He, too, has been searching, and has a friend who is willing to make available some land near present government leases.

Immediately following the baptism I asked if it were possible to see the land right away. Robin Nawe asked me what I thought when I saw the six hectares.

"When could you start to use this land?" I asked.

"Right now, of course. We have just baptised seven wonderful people, and we want

to start to clean this piece of ground ready to put up a small church in which we can worship God. My friend has agreed to accept only K2,000 (kina) for the ground."

My head dropped as did my tone when I replied, "Robin, there is no way we can have this land this year. Maybe next year, but I can't be sure."

Then Robin expressed what I knew to be a fact, that if we lose this piece of ground we have no other way to get land at Finschhafen.

In a last, desperate attempt, I suggested that the owner of the ground may consider giving the ground to us free.

"No, I too have tried. He is definite about the K2,000," he responded.

At this point we knelt in prayer together and asked our all-caring God in heaven to handle this problem for us, as it is beyond us. ■

"Who Will Run the New School?"

JOSEPH OLI, President, Morobe Mission, PNGUM

LENGBATI is an area in the rugged mountains of the Huon Peninsula. Three years ago Sanny began to witness to his people there. His father was the first to be won, and he, in turn, went back to his home and began to witness to his people. At the end of 1984, a delegation came to see Sanny.

They discussed the Seventh-day Sabbath, unclean foods, baptism, and other Bible teachings, and it wasn't long before the delegation decided that they wanted the Adventists to come to their area.

It was not long after this that Pastor Ken Vogel flew the mission plane to Lengbati, and met with the people there. After being shown the proposed land for a mission station and school and the bush area for obtaining the building materials, the headman of the village asked, "When will we begin? Sixty or seventy years ago another mission came here, but there are no schools to show for it, and we do not know the Word of God."

"You can start now," said the president, "but where will you worship without a church building?"

"Look over the hill," replied the headman. "See that church over there? It used to belong to the other mission, but you can use that for the services."

"How will you commence school here with no buildings and the proposed land covered with gardens?" asked the mission Education director.

"Don't worry about it," said the local councillor. "We will begin right away; just leave it to us."

However, there were many who were not happy with the proposals. A teacher from the other mission was promised, and great discussions arose about the new mission. Several came to the Morobe

Mission president and voiced their concern, but Pastor Joseph Oli told them to pray and leave the matter with God.

In October, 1984, the local people began to build on the site, and within a very short time there stood two teachers' houses, one classroom, two dormitories for boarding students, plus a school office, all built out of bush materials cut by hand.

When the buildings were completed, the people gathered together to decide which mission they wanted to run the school. When the vote was taken, it favoured the other mission, and so the school was opened in February 1985, with the promised teacher.

The folk who had invited the Adventists were not happy with the decision and refused to send their children to the school. They proposed to start up another school administered by the Adventists, but Pastor Oli counselled them to wait and see what the Lord had in mind. Just as He had a way of giving a son to Abraham and Sarah when they were old, so He could help the people of Lengbati if they put their trust in Him.

The school had been operating for about a month when the Government Education Officer conducted an inspection of all the schools in the area. When he came to the Lengbati school he began to question the people.

"Who started this school?" he asked.

"The Lutherans."

"What classes have you started?"

"Grades one and two."

"Did you have permission to start up this new school?"

"Yes," the people replied. "Our mission gave us permission."

"Is this school registered by the government?" asked the inspector.

"No, not yet."

"Are you a registered teacher," he asked the teacher, "and how many years of teaching experience do you have?"

"None," was the embarrassed reply.

The people then told him the story of how the school project was initiated by interest in the Seventh-day Adventist Church, but the other mission was now running the school. The inspector was not impressed.

"Your mission has been here a long time. Why is it just now that they have started thinking of helping you?" he asked.

"Go back to where you came from," he told the teacher. "Let the SDAs run this school."

Shortly afterwards the Government inspector paid a visit to the mission office, and asked when we were going to open the school at Lengbati.

We were able to send James Aruke, a Bible teacher, to begin teaching Bible classes and run worship services there. At the time of writing, he and his family have been there nine months, and already there are between fifty and sixty Sabbath school members, and five in the baptismal class.

In 1986, if funds can be found, we hope to be able to put a registered teacher into Lengbati school. The school buildings also will not be sufficient for long, as in the tropical climate the local materials rot within two or three years. We will have to find funds somewhere within that time to put up permanent buildings. Nevertheless, we press forward in faith, and rely on God's promise, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." ■



Steps to Christ Project Produces Encouraging Results. A group of Adventists in Albuquerque, New Mexico, have a goal to place the book *Steps to Christ* on the door of each of the city's 162,000 residences.

So far, 37,000 books have been given out, and a young woman, Sandy Chavez, has been baptised. She is very active in the *Steps to Christ* project (serving as secretary), and several members of her family are being led to Jesus. But Sandy's story is only one of the wonderful things that has resulted from this program.

One day in a prison 483 kilometres from Albuquerque, a prisoner showed another inmate named Juan a little book he planned to throw away. As Juan looked at the book he said he would like to have it. The book had a picture of Jesus on the cover, and Juan thought the title looked interesting.

As Juan read *Steps to Christ* something began to happen. "It really got to me," he now says. "I finished it right away." *Steps to Christ* was just what he had been searching for, but he wanted more.

Juan wrote to the address inside the book asking for more information. A member of the *Steps to Christ* project began corresponding with him. Juan wrote about thirty letters over the next six months. Then the letters stopped coming. They didn't know what had happened, but kept praying for him.

Then one Friday night, as they were getting ready for their *Steps to Christ* meeting, Juan walked in. He had been released from prison. His testimony of gratitude to God for the book *Steps to Christ* brought tears to the eyes of all present.

How the book happened to be in the prison still isn't known. But Juan has finished four Bible courses. He still has his original *Steps to Christ*. It has been well read and is worn and faded, but to him it's beautiful.

Jesus said, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." John 12:32.

★ ★ ★

Well-placed Book Leads Four People to Christ. Shari Roesel graduated from Petersburg High School, Alaska, in 1977. A good student, she won a four-year scholarship to Troy State University in Troy, Alabama, where she pursued a course in business administration. Needing a little extra spending money, she had found a job working part-time as a clerk in a store. It was there that she came across a book that changed her life and the lives of several others.

Shari read the book from cover to cover, deeply impressed with its message. As graduation approached, she and fellow student John Stark fell in love. They determined to make theirs a Christian home and prayed that God would guide them to that end.

Some time later the Adventist pastor in the Troy area conducted an evangelistic series. Because of the influence of the book *Steps to Christ*, John and Shari attended, and at the close of the series were baptised. Shari then was eager to share the good news with her father in Alaska.

Charles and Pat Roesel had been reared Seventh-day Adventists, but had drifted away from the church and raised their family in a non-Adventist environment. But Charles, who had been doing some thinking about his spiritual condition, found his heart strangely warmed when his daughter called to tell him of her baptism.

Several months later Charles and Pat visited his parents in the little town of West Union, West Virginia. On Sabbath morning they accompanied his parents to the little Adventist church.

Between Sabbath school and church, who should be recounting some of her experiences in passing out literature but Miriam Lauren. She mentioned that several years earlier she and her husband had lived in southern Alabama. She recalled having visited a store in Troy and having given the book *Steps to Christ* to a young blonde clerk. She told how the clerk had said that she had seen the book before, and how she had accepted the book enthusiastically. She then wondered aloud if anything might have come of the contact.

Charles could hardly restrain himself. Standing to his feet, he said, "Pardon me, sister, but I would like to tell you the rest of the story." Which he did, to Miriam's delight and amazement.

But the story continues. Both Charles and Pat now felt strongly that God was calling them back to the faith of their early years. So in July 1981 they were baptised.

Charles is now an elder in the small Petersburg company, and John and Shari Stark are active, missionary-minded members of the Juneau church.

★ ★ ★

38 Youth Baptised During Bible Week in Poland. The baptism of thirty-eight young people highlighted a Youth Bible Week that attracted more than 500 Polish youth to the picturesque town of Czaplinek in Northern Poland.

The event was the first-ever camp-meeting proper with everyone living in tents and meeting in a large marquee. Featured speakers were Leo Ranzolin and Jim Huzzy, of the General Conference and Northern European Division, respectively; Polish Union president Stanislaw Dabrowski; and Ole Kendel and his wife, from the West Nordic Union.

On the Sabbath afternoon, under a cloudless sky, the baptismal candidates stepped into the mirror-like lake. Hundreds of onlookers—mostly non-Adventists attracted by the novelty of the tents and the outdoor baptism—watched as four ministers performed the ceremony.

When another candidate arrived the next morning—certain that the baptism was to have

taken place on Sunday—an additional service was scheduled. Then a girl who had been wavering the day before was baptised also.

The Youth Bible Week camp-meeting focused on the motto "In Service of Men" and featured lectures and workshops dealing with practical approaches to combating social ills—such as alcoholism, drug dependency, and smoking. Local specialists and the young people themselves conducted many of the lectures. Much was said about youth-run health evangelism to reach territories in Poland where currently there is no Adventist outreach.

To give exposure to Adventists in one such area, Polish Union youth director Jan Janiewicz plans to hold the 1986 Youth Bible Week in Solina, a remote town in the south-eastern corner of Poland.

★ ★ ★

Book on J. N. Andrews. The first copies of a book on Adventist pioneer missionary John Nevins Andrews are being sold after having been printed by the Andrews University Press (Berrien Springs, Michigan). The book contains a collection of papers presented in 1983 on the 100th anniversary of Andrews's death. Edited by Harry Leonard, chairman of the Newbold College (England) history department, it paints a warm, human portrait of Andrews as husband, father, scholar, and missionary.

★ ★ ★

1990 GC Session Planners Meet. Key planners for the 1990 General Conference session, to be held in Indianapolis, Indiana, met recently. They discussed transportation, volunteer services, housing, food service, lighting, and security for the thousands of delegates and guests who will attend the session. Indianapolis, called the "crossroads of America," was selected as the 1990 session site because of its spacious Hoosier Dome and convention centre facilities.

★ ★ ★

SDA Broadcasts Algerian Christmas Message. Adventist pastor Gilbert Carayon, director of the SDA mission in Algeria, provided a Christmas message to the Christian communities in Algeria over national radio, according to Gilberto Abella, special collections librarian at the Loma Linda University library.

Abella, Carayon's brother-in-law, says Christians in Algeria can broadcast only three times a year, which means the broadcast was a great opportunity for Adventists.

★ ★ ★

Vatican Says Radio Indulgences Valid. The Vatican recently decreed that indulgences granted via airwaves by diocesan bishops are as valid as those similarly granted by the pope. In order to benefit, though, the Catholic must go to confession.

An indulgence is the waiving of part or all of the punishment due in this world or the next for sins committed.

—All news items from *Adventist Review*.



Pastor Phu Tamu and Phi Say, Karens from Burma who are working in Karen tribal work for the Adventist Church in northern Thailand.

Photos: M. G. Townend.



Pastor and Mrs. Townend pictured with a group of Filipino workers and their families in front of the first church in the Philippines. Wearing a long gown and standing between Pastor and Mrs. Townend is Mrs. Galang.

The Far Eastern Connection

M. G. TOWNEND

THE SOUTH PACIFIC Division, and particularly the home fields of Australia and New Zealand, has had a long and close relationship with the work of the church in the fascinating lands of the Far East.

This was particularly brought into focus in my own experience when, as an Australasian, it was my privilege in October 1982 to launch the 1,000 Days of Reaping in the Philippines, at Malolos, just north of Manila, on the site where the first Seventh-day Adventist church in the Philippines was erected. It was there that I met Sister Galang, a foundation member of the church who was baptised in 1911. Sister Galang reminded me that the first Seventh-day Adventist missionary to the Philippines was Robert Caldwell from Sydney, Australia, who also pioneered the work in Singapore and Malaya. Indonesia was also pioneered from the Australian home base, for most of the Far East was at that time part of what was then the Australasian Division.

If you add together the total membership of the three Philippine Unions as shown in your First Quarter, 1986, Sabbath school quarterly, you will arrive at a total of 311,780. That was the total in June 1984. At the rate they baptise people in the Philippines, it is likely that the church membership has now reached 360,000. In the Far East we recorded 12,000 souls

baptised on the first two Sabbaths alone of the 1,000 Days of Reaping. Seventy-five years ago there was one church in the Philippines; today there are more than 2,000 churches.

This tremendous membership explosion in the Philippines has created a crisis in our educational work. Our many academies are bursting at the seams, and our three senior colleges in the Philippines are having to limit intake of students due to overcrowding. That is why it is important that we give generously on March 29 so that new and much-needed dormitories may be erected at Philippine Union College near Manila, and Central Philippine Union College near Bacolod on the island of Negros.

I was present at a workers' meeting just four years ago when all of the denominational worker force of the Central Philippines pledged 25 per cent of their wages over a period of four years so that the proposed new Central Philippine Union College might be established. A year or so later the college had its first intake of students who were housed, fed and taught in one great auditorium, where the faculty also lived in partitioned quarters. We must remedy that situation with our offering on March 29.

The other two projects to benefit from our March 29 offering are equally important. Praise God that from among the 170 million of

Moslem Indonesia, we have almost 100,000 faithful Seventh-day Adventist church members in two Unions, East and West. The fastest growing of these Unions is East Indonesia, with almost 50,000 members administered from a hopelessly inadequate and unrepresentative converted house almost in the heart of the city of Manado.

Outpost chapels are also essential to our work in the more primitive areas of the Far Eastern Division. I well remember the last trip that I made by fast launch up the Rajang River in Sarawak (Borneo) from Sibul to Kapit. We travelled past dozens of longhouse villages where people eagerly awaited the truth, but our evangelists had no place to hold meetings. Hundreds of outpost chapels, or rural evangelistic centres, are needed, and can be cheaply erected if you will only open your hearts in your overflowing response on March 29. ■

Pastor M. G. Townend, the Administration Projects director of the South Pacific Division, was until recently the Communication director of the Far Eastern Division. In January 1986, he returned to Singapore to attend a Strategic Planning Workshop for the Far Eastern Division.

Pastor Townend is the guest of honour at a longhouse feast in a non-Christian village in Sarawak, open to the message, but in desperate need of an outpost chapel.



A section of the audience of more than 300 refugees listen to Pastor M. G. Townend preach on Sabbath afternoon, June 6, 1981, at the first baptism of Cambodian refugees at Kamput, Thailand.



Warwick Investiture



Photos: Laura Watson.

The Warwick Pathfinder Club is only small, but nearly all were able to qualify for higher grades. Shown here with director Glenn Bernoth (at rear) and district Pathfinder director Alan Goltz (far right) are (from left): Warren Stidolph, Laurretta Free, Bronwyn Brinsmead and Clifford Stidolph.

Adventurers in the Warwick Pathfinder Club. Front row (from left): Lyndal Brinsmead, Anna Robinson, Angela Nicholls and Lynda Judge. Back row: Kate Judge and Debbie Judge, joint leaders.

It Made My Day

ONE beautiful spring morning a few years ago I was walking along Central Road to the Nunawading station in Victoria, when not far from our church, an elderly lady was coming along in the opposite direction.

I said, "Good morning, it's a lovely morning, isn't it?" She stopped and looked, her eyes so fixed on me, that I went up to her and asked her how she was.

She said, "I'm not at all well." So I had a nice little talk with her.

Then I said, "I must be on my way."

She looked at me and said, "I'm so glad you spoke to me. You don't know how you've helped me today."

I thank God and give Him all the praise for the joy and happiness I received in speaking to that dear soul. Oh, the good we all may do while the days are going by! It made my day.

Elizabeth Pinkerton, Vic.

MY NEPHEW, a non-Adventist, gets his petrol from a service station opposite the church I attend. As is his custom, he calls Sabbath morning to see me. During conversation, he asked me where Grandma was. I very excitedly explained the state of the dead according to Scripture. When I had finished he looked at me very amused and said, "Thanks for that, but I only wanted to know where she was buried." That made my day!

E. A. Turner, Coorparoo, Qld.

DIG

HARD WORK means nothing to a hen. She just keeps on digging worms and laying eggs, regardless of what the business prognosticators say about the outlook for this or any other year. If the ground is hard, she scratches harder. If it's dry, she digs deeper. If it's wet, she gets a few more hours at the job of digging worms and turning them into hard-shelled eggs.

Did you ever see a pessimistic hen? Did you ever hear of one starving to death waiting for the worms to dig themselves to the surface? Did you ever hear one cackle because the digging was hard? Not on your life! They save their breath for digging and their cackles for eggs. Success means digging. Are you?

"THERE CAN BE no union between our souls and God except through Christ. . . . It is only because of His death that we can look with joy to His second coming. His sacrifice is the centre of our hope. Upon this we must fix our faith."

—*The Desire of Ages*, page 660.

Cut out the above quotation, together with this lower section, and mount it on card. Then fold back this section to form a stand. Place it in a position where you will read it many times during the course of the day.



The Flying Lesson

MABEL HIGGINS

THE ORANGE TREE was just ready to blossom when Mr and Mrs Yellow-tailed Thornbill came looking for a quiet place where they could build their nest. They inspected the tree with its thick clusters of leaves, and decided that this was the best place to build.

They commenced work at once, because it would take a long time to weave together the dried grass, plant stalks and cobwebs to form their special nest. To every little bird its nest is special, but the Yellow-tailed Thornbills' nest is very special, because no other Australian bird builds this type of nest.

When the Thornbills had finished the nest, it was a dome-shaped structure with a somewhat cup-shaped top storey. There was a small entrance at one side toward the lower part of the nest. The birds had carefully lined the nest with whatever soft material they could find—cotton, wool and feathers. How happy they were when the work was finished!

Mrs Thornbill laid four eggs. They were white, with pale red and reddish-brown markings toward one end. Mr Thornbill worked very hard finding insects and grubs, so that his wife would have plenty to eat while she was sitting on the eggs.

One September morning I felt that something important was happening. It was not just the beautiful spring feeling in the air, it was the extra note of joy in the song of a bird. On looking through the window, I saw Mother and Father Thornbill and four baby Thornbills perched on the fig tree. They must have had their first flying lesson just after sunrise.

How sweet the babies looked, with their soft, yellow chests, olive-green backs and wings and funny little tails!

After a rest and some breakfast, they flew to the next tree and then around the house to the almond tree on the other side. That is, most of them flew, but one baby was afraid and so was left behind. There it sat in the shade and shivered, while the rest of the family enjoyed the sunshine. Mother kept coming back, coaxing and scolding. She brought the timid baby just one insect, for Mother was determined that Baby would not get another bite until it tried to fly. At last Mother thought she had waited long enough, so she hopped up beside baby, gave it a push and off they flew.

All day they chirped, hopped and flew. Toward sunset Mother wanted to put them to bed, but they were having a great time chasing one another from tree to tree, and did not want to stop. It had been such a lovely day! But Mothers always know best, and Mother Thornbill knew that all babies need plenty of rest, so when the four babies sat together on a limb, Mother went and sat next to one of them. Soon she gave the baby a gentle push and then they all flew back to the orange tree, and after such a busy day were glad to go to bed. ■

Mrs Higgins lives in Toowoomba, Queensland.



70 Years Married

NERELLE MCINTYRE

IT WAS a very happy occasion that brought together two particular people and thirty-seven guests at the home of Robert and Nerelle McIntyre of Pennant Hills, New South Wales, on January 12, 1986. These two special people were Ernest and Eileen Maisey of Empire Bay, who were celebrating the seventieth anniversary of their wedding day, January 13, 1916.

Now aged ninety-one, Sister Maisey was born to an Adventist couple, Brother and Sister T. Patching, newly converted at that time by Pastors Tenny and Starr. She was carried into Ashfield church at its opening. She was also a young guest in the home of Mrs E. G. White. At fifteen years of age, following the death of her mother, she had the privilege of being the youngest student admitted to Avondale College. She was a seamstress of expertise.

Brother Ernest Maisey, now aged ninety-two years, lived his early years at Wilberforce, and was a member of the Methodist Church. His association with Eileen Patching led him to accept the Adventist

truth, just prior to marrying her at Quirindi, New South Wales.

He soon entered the literature evangelist work, and spent eight years in that ministry in many parts of New South Wales. He was a tireless lay worker, street preacher, *Signs* distributor and soul-winner. For fourteen years he regularly conducted a street mission on Saturday nights, often single-handed, with the help of his wife.

Both at Ashfield and Erina churches, Brother Maisey served as senior elder, and he and his wife are held in high respect and affection.

Not only did the guests, their daughters Earlene and Nerelle and son-in-law Robert, grandchildren Kerrilyn, Colleen and Anthony and three great-granddaughters congratulate the happy couple, but congratulations by telegram came from the Queen, Governor-General, State Governor, Prime Minister, Premier and other officials.

May God continue to richly bless Brother and Sister Maisey. ■

Adventist Amateur Radio Operators in NZ

INEZ ATCHINSON, News Coordinator for the AARA in New Zealand, Papatoetoe Church

IN JANUARY 1984, at our camp-meeting, we had a gathering of amateur radio operators within the NNZ Conference, had our photographs taken, and for the first time met together and arranged a net (meeting on the air) to be held once a week on Thursday nights. I was elected president, my call sign is ZL1BUX, and Russell Blair, ZL1AUZ, net controller. Our first net was held, according to my logbook, on September 13, 1984. We have averaged five to six callers most nights, although it was higher at first. We have invited South Island hams to call in and occasionally we have one or two, but we'd like to hear from more. It is good to keep in touch.

We had a meeting at camp this year on January 12 with nine members present (January camps are usually smaller), and it was unanimously voted to continue as we are, with myself as president (although it was suggested that we change the name to news coordinator), and Russell as net controller.

We hear occasionally from Murray ZL4FI, from Moeraki in SNZ, whose wife, Faye, has recently gained her Grade 3 licence. Her call sign is ZL4TJP. Also Ian, ZL4DA, used to call in and say "Hello," but we have not heard from

him recently. Then in 1984 we had Peter Truscott who was firstly ZL1TIF, and later ZL1AXW. When Peter moved to Fiji with the CPUM at the end of 1984 he joined our net again as 3D2PT in February 1985. Now he has returned to Australia, with ADRA this time, and we are still waiting to hear from him. (Peter, please take note!)

In February 1985 we were joined by Mike Potts, A35MP, who is based in Tonga, and Brian Robinson, H44BX, whose base is in the Solomon Islands. Also John Lee, A35JL, who was in Tonga, but has since shifted to the Solomons with the call sign H44JL.

We started our net on 80 metres at frequency 3883, but later changed to 3663, for various reasons. Now we are considering changing back to 3883. If anyone would like to join us at 800 Zulu or GMT on a Thursday evening, we'd love to hear from you. We have had occasion to help in a small way those who serve our Lord so well in the island fields, through our amateur radio contacts, and I regard this as a very great privilege. We can all serve from our own small corner of the world and help to bring our Lord's coming that much closer. ■

Life-Sketch of Pastor Thomas Brash

B. C. GROSSER

THOMAS BRASH was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on July 22, 1905. As a young man he attended Moody Bible Institute and trained for the ministry. While serving as a Presbyterian minister in Western Australia, he sought to show a "deluded" Seventh-day Adventist minister that he was keeping and teaching the wrong day. This led to a dramatic change in the young Scotsman's life. It led him to travel from the extreme west to the extreme east of Australia and to study theology again, this time at Avondale College, 1931 to 1933. His first appointment as a Seventh-day Adventist minister was in 1934, to the North New South Wales Conference.

In 1935 he married Clara Ellen Chandler, and to this marriage was born three children—Stewart, Elton and Olwen. At the birth of the third child tragedy struck with the death of his wife, leaving three small, motherless children. In October 1942 he married Miss Nora Ashton, and during the years of this second marriage worked in Australia, New Zealand and Great Britain; the seven years of service in Scotland being at Glasgow and Kilmarnock.

Pastor Brash's service in Victoria began in 1964, and while he retired from the payroll in 1970, this did not see the end of service for his

church and his God. Since retirement he has served the church in Zimbabwe, Singapore and Papua New Guinea. His second wife passed away in 1980, and in March of 1982 he married Dr Marjorie Young. This brought together two people of similar zeal. Dr Young had also served the church in Papua New Guinea, India and Taiwan. This last marriage was cut short by a tragic accident, which robbed Pastor Brash of his third wife in December 1984.

In the latter part of 1985 our late brother learned of a terminal condition. This news could not, however, keep him confined; he continued his visitation program in spite of failing health. His last weeks were spent at Elizabeth Lodge in Sydney, from where he was finally taken to Sydney Adventist Hospital. On February 1, 1986, the kind arms of death enfolded him in a peaceful sleep.

This well-known and highly respected warrior could say with the Apostle Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Timothy 4:7, 8.



Weddings

BEECHAM—KRIKSIC. On a glorious Sunday afternoon, January 12, 1986, Jadranka Kriksic, daughter of Brother and Sister Kriksic of Cabramatta, New South Wales, was married to Christopher Beecham, son of Mr and Mrs Beecham of Queensland. The Cabramatta Adventist church was filled with friends, relatives and well-wishers as Pastor Shelley united them in marriage. God smiled down upon the couple as they exchanged the time-honoured marriage vows and pledged to unite their lives for now and eternity. As Jadranka returns to her teaching in the Adventist Primary School at Hurstville, and Christopher to his employment, we know that Mr and Mrs Beecham will be a happy reflection of God's love to those around them. Barnabas Shelley.

DIKIH—JOO. On Sunday morning, February 23, 1986, in Slavi's garden, Orange, New South Wales, we witnessed two delightful Christians exchanging vows before their Lord. Both Alex and Slavi looked radiant in such a pleasant place. We extend to them both the blessing of the Master as they journey toward the kingdom. K. L. Lawson.

LAWTIE—THOMSON. At the Bickley church, Western Australia, on February 9, 1986, Brett Lawtie and Sharon Thomson exchanged vows of love and commitment to each other. Witnessing the event and celebrating with the attractive couple were many friends and relatives, including their parents, Eddie and Margaret Lawtie of Lesmurdie, and Stan and Jean Thomson of nearby Pickering Brook. All joined in wishing Sharon (a nurse at Royal Perth Hospital) and Brett (an ambulance officer based in Perth) a happy future. K. R. Price.

LOVETT—POELS. Music played an important part in the wedding of Brenton Lovett and Esther Poels at Canberra's National church, Australian Capital Territory, on Sunday, February 16, 1986. The Canberra Boys Choir and several musicians made significant contributions to this occasion, making it a memorable day for the happy couple. Esther is the daughter of Martin and Jouke Poels of Canberra, and Brenton the son of Ron and Dorothy Lovett of Adelaide. A large number of friends gathered with their family to witness the exchanging of vows. Messages of congratulations also came from family members in Holland and Germany. We are pleased to see another strong Christian home being established in our community. Bruce Manners.

New Book on the Sabbath

The Sabbath in the New Testament is the title of the latest book on the Sabbath authored by Dr Samuele Bacchiocchi, professor of theology at Andrews University.

Four basic reasons for believing in the permanence of the principle and practice of Sabbath-keeping in the New Testament are presented in four separate chapters which comprise the first half of the book.

The second half of the book answers the most frequently asked questions about the Sabbath. Some of the questions answered are of practical nature, such as: "Which activities are appropriate or inappropriate on the Sabbath?" "How can a pastor rest on the Sabbath when his workload is greater than on weekdays?"

Other questions answered are of theological or historical nature, such as: "Why is the seventh day not called Sabbath in Genesis 2:2-3?" "Why is there no mention of Sabbath-keeping for the whole patriarchal period?" "Does Isaiah 66:23 teach that the day of the new moon will be observed in the new earth together with the Sabbath?" "If God wanted Christians to observe the Sabbath, why did He not re-enact the fourth commandment in the New Testament?"

The book also includes a chapter of twenty Favourite Italian Sabbath Recipes prepared by Mrs Anna Bacchiocchi. "I have persuaded my wife to share her 'secret' recipes of our

favourite Sabbath lasagna, cannelloni, spaghetti, etc." Dr Bacchiocchi says, "because many women have asked me for them after listening to my lecture where I compare weekdays without the Sabbath to spaghetti without the sauce." He hopes that these delicious Sabbath dishes will add enjoyment to the celebration of the Sabbath.

Ask your Adventist Book Centre for a copy.



McDOUGALL—MAGNUSSEN. Brian McDougall and Karen Magnusson were joined by loved ones and friends at the Nambour Seventh-day Adventist church, Queensland, on Sunday, February 9, 1986. They came to seek God's blessing as their lives were united in marriage and they set out on life's pathway together. Brian is a son of Geoff and Elsie McDougall of Woombye on Queensland's Sunshine Coast, while Karen, recently baptised, is the elder daughter of Joy Bampton of Pamona, and the late Keith Magnusson.

I. G. Johnston.

NORMAN—CHRISTIESON. Although wet weather prevented the wedding of Mark Norman and Sandra Christieson from taking place in the magnificently prepared garden of their home, the occasion was still a joyous celebration as the bride and groom committed their lives to each other and to God in the Rotorua Seventh-day Adventist church, New Zealand, on February 16, 1986, which was also the bride's birthday. Family and friends travelled from many places to wish the couple the very best of Christian love. The writer was joined by Pastor G. Dias for the service.

A. Raethel.

PASCOE—JONES. On January 26, 1986, Mrs Jean Jones of Murwillumbah, New South Wales, looked radiantly happy as she walked down the aisle of the Thornleigh Adventist church, on the arm of her son, Dr A. A. Jones of Coffs Harbour, to meet her bridegroom, Pastor A. Les Pascoe of Baulkham Hills. This union is a delight to their respective children and grandchildren. All relatives and friends who gathered afterwards to share their first meal with them, wished them much happiness and continuing good health as they continue to serve the Lord Jesus.

G. A. Metcalfe.

WILLETT—BENNETT. What a beautiful day! It always is when Jesus graces us with His presence, by His Spirit, at a wedding ceremony. December 1, 1985, was such a day when Debbie entered the Woden Valley church to meet Andrew. Debbie is the daughter of Geoff and Pam Bennett of Woden Valley church, Australian Capital Territory, and Andrew is the son of Nigel and Pat Willett of Rye Park, who attend the Young church, New South Wales. We know that with Jesus in the family it will always be a happy Christian home.

R. W. Eaton.

Till He Comes

BRASH. Pastor Thomas Brash was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on July 22, 1905, and died peacefully in the Sydney Adventist Hospital, New South Wales, on February 1, 1986, after over fifty years of ministry in the Seventh-day Adventist Church, fifteen of them after retirement from full-time service in 1970. A life-sketch appears elsewhere in this issue.

L. R. Burns.

BRUMFIELD. Herbert Edward Roe Dearlove Brumfield passed peacefully to his rest on January 26, 1986, at the Charles Harrison Nursing Home, Cooranbong, New South Wales, at the age of eighty-six. Laid to rest at the Point Clare Cemetery, he awaits the return of His Lord and Saviour, when he will hear the command of God to overcome this enemy of death, and be reunited with his family and loved ones, and united with God Himself.

C. Dyson, D. Coltheart.

FEHLBERG. Pamela Elizabeth Fehlberg (formerly McCamley), aged fifty-one, went to sleep in Jesus at the Mount Olivet Hospital, Brisbane, Queensland, on January 6, 1986. Born in Tully, northern Queensland, Pam was denominationally employed until her marriage in November 1956, to Maurice McCamley. After Maurice died, Pam again served the church in northern Queensland, Sydney and Townsville before marrying Ivan Fehlberg in February 1980, after which they lived in Hobart till Pam's illness. Mourning her loss are her husband Ivan, daughter Shayne, parents Jim and Pearl Searle, brother Jim, sisters Sally, Nancy and their families. Following a service at the Capalaba church, Pam was laid to rest in the Cleveland Cemetery. The writer was assisted by Pastor D. M. Lamb.

M. M. Kennaway.

HARRISON. Charles William Harrison was born on December 17, 1888, in Grass Creek, Indiana, and died on January 27, 1986, at Loma Linda, California, USA. He graduated from the Loma Linda School of Medicine in 1915, and in 1924 he went to England where he received

certification as a surgeon. Two years later he went to Sydney Sanitarium in Australia, and served there more than thirty years, twenty-two years as medical director. At the opening of the sanitarium's new building in 1971, he was honoured with a plaque that remains placed in the lobby of the new building. In his later years Dr Harrison resumed his work as a professor of anatomy at Loma Linda University. He is survived by his wife Lena, son Harold, daughter Anna May Haughland, eight grandchildren and a number of great-grandchildren.

Ivan Crawford.

IREDALE. Violet Frances Iredale, "a real saint of God," passed to her rest on January 31, 1986, at the Coronella Retirement Homes, Melbourne, Victoria. Greatly loved and respected by all who knew her, Vi will particularly be missed by her husband Alec, daughter Mrs Dawn Pietsch, and sons David and Adrian. Seven grandchildren also mourn her death. Always active in her church's program, Vi never lacked for a word of hope and comfort to those in need. Following the service, our late sister was laid to rest in the Lilydale Lawn Cemetery to wait her call to everlasting life at Christ's second coming.

M. H. Sparrowhawk.

McKENZIE. Miss Gladys McKenzie, who lived her entire life in the same suburb in Brisbane, Queensland, became a Seventh-day Adventist many years ago and was a well-known figure in the South Brisbane church. She fell asleep in the Lord on February 4, 1986, at the Adventist Retirement Village, Victoria Point. She was in her eighty-third year, and we farewelled her at the Mount Thompson Crematorium. She will be sadly missed by many loved ones and friends who look in hope to the great resurrection morning.

I. G. Johnston.

MARTIN-LEVORSEN. Nathan James Martin-Levorsen, at the tender age of fourteen and a half months, died in the arms of his mother while a patient in the Auckland Children's Hospital, New Zealand, on the morning of Sabbath, February 8, 1986. He was the only son of John and Judy Martin-Levorsen of Warkworth, and baby brother to Sandra Joy and Heather. Many friends and relatives were comforted by the promise made to all faithful parents that they will be able to bring up Nathan in heaven free from all sin and sickness. The service was conducted at their home. Later, at the graveside, Pastor John Kosmeier committed Nathan to the care of a loving heavenly Father.

Roy Olsen.

MILLEN. John Millen, a highly respected member of our Gossnell church, Western Australia, enjoyed eighty-seven years of life, but then he suddenly and quietly passed to his rest during the morning of Thursday, February 13, 1986. At the Karrakatta Cemetery we committed him to the grave in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection, recognising that the grave does not have the victory. Brother Millen leaves to mourn his passing, but to share the blessed hope, his wife Lorna, sons John (and Maxine), Ron (and Wendy) and Lindsay (and Carol), daughters Shirley (and Malcolm Green) and Wendy (and Ken Boyd), sixteen grandchildren and two great-grandsons.

I. Royce, M. Smith.

MORRIS. Ernest Kelvin Morris passed unexpectedly to his rest on February 10, 1986, at his home on Boogie Boogie Island, Karuah, New South Wales. He is survived by his father Frederick, brother Owen and sisters Rachel Ball, Evelyn Johnson and Hazel Skelton. The service was conducted by Pastors Fergus Mackay and Neville McKenzie in the Karuah Uniting church. Though Ernie had no immediate family, he gave from his heart to the children and people of the district. In his quiet way and through poems, letters and an enormous *Signs* subscription list, he shared his faith. The passing of Ernest Kelvin Morris leaves a place in the hearts of the people of Karuah that very few men could fill.

G. N. McKenzie.

MUIR. Ivy Muir fell asleep in Jesus to await the resurrection of the saints in Christ. After the discovery of a terminal illness, Sister Muir spent only a few weeks in a resting home, where she died on Sunday, February 9, 1986. Her daughter Heather had come from Queensland, and spent several weeks by her mother's side. Sister Muir's brother Frank, son-in-law Barry, and grandson Richard, were present among the church filled with friends at the Lakemba church. Pastors D. Dunn and B. Shelley conducted the service and laid her to rest in Jesus in the Woronora Cemetery, Sutherland, New South Wales.

B. Shelley.

RACE. On February 10, 1986, William (Bill) Race fell asleep in Christ. His wife had predeceased him on April 13,

1983. Left to perpetuate the grand ideals that were his for eighty-seven years are four children, ten grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Bill enlisted in the AIF at the age of seventeen, and one year after his discharge from the army in 1919 he was baptised into Christ, and for over sixty-six years served His Lord and Saviour. His children, Meryl, Stanley, Esther and Alwyn, were directed to the resurrection morning. Bill was laid to rest in the Murwillumbah Garden of Remembrance, New South Wales, to await the call of the Life-giver.

E. S. House.

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GRADUATION VIDEOS

1985 Avondale College Graduation videos. Two tapes:

1. Graduation Sunday.
2. Excerpts from weekend.

Filmed by Michael Chamberlain. \$35.50 each or \$62 for set. Contact Dwane Hedges, Student Media Productions, Avondale College, Cooranbong, NSW 2265.

HOUSE FOR SALE—MELBOURNE

Blackburn, close to Nunawading Adventist Primary and High Schools, campground and church. B/V, 4 B/R, double garage, 13 years old. Court location opposite Blackburn Lake Sanctuary. Ideal for Adventist family. Owner transferring interstate. Further details from Pastor R. K. Brown, 10 Fulview Court, Blackburn, Vic 3130. Phone (03) 830 1766, 877 3817 A/H.

LAND FOR SALE

Waterfront lot with loamy soil on Dora Creek, 3 km from Avondale College, 1 km from electric trains. 718 square metres on gentle, grassy slope. \$36,500. Phone (049) 77 1504.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER TEACHER URGENTLY NEEDED

Isn't there anyone to answer the Master's call? If you are enthusiastic, and seeking a challenge in the Lord's vineyard, and are gifted in the area of Industrial Arts, and love to teach children, then come, please, to this small corner of God's vineyard in New South Wales.

For further particulars, phone Miss Fay Oliver, or Pastor Ed Rosendahl, on (065) 67 2011, and it shall be the start of showers of blessings—more than you can receive.

SCHOOL UNIFORMS

DEE ESS FABRICS, suppliers of uniforms to Seventh-day Adventist schools, have just issued their price-list. For full details regarding prices and all sizes of girls and boys uniforms, write to Dee Ess Fabrics, 88 Whitehorse Road, Ringwood, Vic 3134, or phone (03) 870 7839.

VEGETARIAN CATERING

Vegetarian catering is our speciality. If you are planning a wedding or twenty-first or any special occasion, we invite you to call Pam (03) 729 5757 or Esma (03) 878 6792 from the Wantirna Catering, and let us care for your needs.

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OVER THE past few weeks Advisory Council meetings have been held at the Division office in Wairoa. They began with strategy planning by the youth specialists in the Church Ministries Departments; followed by Communication directors and Health and Temperance directors and finished with the Ministerial Advisory. I found the communication meetings stimulating, especially reports from the Media Centre. Video ministry is snowballing, particularly in the South Pacific islands where we are the first church to have any series on the Bible on video. A video series in pidgin English is planned with one person from every province doing the narration—don't you get excited at this evangelistic potential?

MORE THAN 2,400 people have requested the new correspondence course "Digging up the Past" since it was advertised in the June issue of *Reader's Digest* last year. Forty-five per cent of those who do this course transfer to other courses offered by the Media Centre.

FURTHER good news is that this course by Pastor David Down is to be aired by our new Advent World Radio station located on Guam.

THE NEW Adventist Book Centre director for North New Zealand is Mr Gavin Howie, who was previously assistant accountant in that conference.

THE SYDNEY SUNDAY TELEGRAPH ran a story on March 2 on the success of the Tonga Mercy Mission by heart specialists organised by Sydney Adventist Hospital.

SOPAS ADVENTIST HOSPITAL was recently honoured by a visit from the Minister of Health for Papua New Guinea, Mr Micah Wes. Prior to his inspection of the hospital, Mr Wes attended Sabbath school and church.

A HEALTH ASSESSMENT was a feature of a very successful show stand recently in Canberra. Brother George Sloan led out, and he and his helpers were delighted with the positive response from the public.

THOSE LOOKING forward to the visit of Pastors Miller and Voegelé from the Revelation Resource Centre in Texas, will be disappointed to learn that their visit has regrettably been postponed until July. Pastor Miller has been appointed the Southwestern Union Conference president, and this has necessitated some changes in the Resource Centre.

A WOMAN from the island of Ontong Java, north of Malaita in the Solomons, has just been baptised—the first Adventist from this remote island, where we have no established work as yet. Please pray for our sister Irene.

PASTOR ALPHEUS RORE is no longer chaplain at Atoifi Hospital, but has taken up the work of directing eleven churches in the Marovo Lagoon area of the Solomon Islands.

BALLARAT, just west of Melbourne in Victoria, is to have a second church. A new church group of fifty-eight have begun meeting in the Salvation Army Citadel in Wendouree, thus relieving the crowded pews in the Drummond Street church, which was still almost full. Under the oversight of Pastor Percy Holmes, four Revelation Seminars will be conducted in Ballarat this year, one of which will be in the suburb of Wendouree, and hopefully will build up the new company.

IN RESPONSE to our item regarding Australasian Adventist hymn writers, Tom Mitchell, who was the organist for the John Carter Missions at the Sydney Opera House, in the Philippines and Jamaica, called in to see us with a box full of his compositions under his arm! He is interested in initiating a Christian songbook compiled by Australasians and containing many Australian compositions and arrangements. He feels sure there are others who would be interested in the project. If you are one of that number, please write to Tom Mitchell, 357 Marion Road, Norville, NSW 2263, or phone (043) 96 4595. He would appreciate your input!

KEYNOTE SPEAKER at a Drug Awareness Seminar to be conducted in the new Avondale College church at 3 p.m. on April 19 will be Pastor Dick Jewett of the USA. Pastor Jewett will be the guest speaker for the Week of Prayer at the college from April 19 to 26.

WITH DEEP SADNESS we report the death as a result of a tragic car accident in southern NSW of the wife and eight-year-old son of our new Vietnamese worker in South Australia, Somenh Lem. To Somenh and his two surviving children we express heartfelt sympathy.

RETIRED EDUCATOR Richard Thompson, now living in Wauchope, NSW, has responded to an invitation to teach at a new Police School at Banepa in Nepal. The school is staffed by Adventists, because the Government was so satisfied with the work done by Adventists who teach at an English school at Katmandu. Banepa in the Himalayan foothills is about an hour's drive from Katmandu, and is where we have operated the Scheer Memorial Hospital since 1960. Let us remember Richard and Jean Thompson as they take up this largely volunteer position.

IN NORTH NSW, the Adventist Book Centre has now fully relocated at 588 Freemans Drive, Cooranbong, until a permanent building can be completed later in the year. The ABC in Victoria has also been relocated, having moved from Hawthorn to buildings on the campground property at Nunawading.

EASTER CAMP-MEETINGS will be held in four conferences in our Division—Northern Australia in Townsville; Western Australia at Maida Vale near Perth; South Australia at Morphett Vale and South New South Wales at Goulburn. We wish our members a very blessed time at these meetings.

"FINALLY, BRETHREN . . .": Time is capital which costs nothing to get, but everything to lose.