

# mission

FROM THE OFFICE OF ADVENTIST MISSION VOLUME 7 • NUMBER 4



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# EDITORIAL

Put a missionary in the mix, and change is inevitable!

For instance, in this issue of *Mission 360°* you'll see how missionaries helped transform people's lives through the power of God:

- A Global Mission pioneer turns hostile, weapon-brandishing men into supportive friends.
- A boy taking soccer lessons at a Life Hope Center unites his non-Christian family in sharing Jesus with their community.

- An Adventist World Radio program changes a family of guerilla fighters into warriors for Jesus.
- The warm glow of a porch light draws a lonely, scared child to a missionary's home to find hope.

*Mission 360°* often highlights the huge challenges our church faces in sharing Jesus with a dying world. And it's true; there's so much more we need to do.

But I hope that as you read these stories, you'll feel a sense of joy in knowing that your support helped make it possible for these missionaries to be on the front lines of the battle—and for Jesus to use them to touch broken hearts and bring about His glorious change.

Laurie Falvo,  
Editor



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## ABOUT OUR COVER PHOTO . . .

Photo by Ricky Oliveras

Recently, when I was filming mission stories on Pohnpei, a group of Adventist church members took me on a hike up the mountains to close the Sabbath. We all enjoyed watching the sun slip below the horizon of the sea, but this girl particularly seemed to be soaking in the moment.

From the Office of Adventist Mission

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**Earley Simon,**  
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Mission

# “Your Church Won’t Save You!”

In New Delhi, India, an angry group of men ordered the Seventh-day Adventist missionaries to leave their neighborhood.

The missionaries wanted to establish the first Adventist church there, but there was a dispute over rights to the plot of land.

Hoping to resolve the conflict, church leadership sent a Global Mission pioneer named Suleman to this unentered area.

Suleman was confronted by a challenge. He knew that the group claiming ownership rights wouldn't give up the property without a fight. But as a Global Mission pioneer, he hoped not only to solve the conflict but to share the love of Jesus and eventually start a new group of believers.

When Suleman arrived, he and his family received serious threats. “They told me, ‘Your church won’t save you. You better leave the property, or we’ll get even with you.’”

Suleman asked God for wisdom on how best to deal with the escalating conflict. Then he spoke with the angry men who were threatening to beat him.

“I’m here to serve,” Suleman said. “Your conflict is with my administration, not with me. Let me stay. If the property is deeded to you, at least someone will be

taking care of it while the matter gets resolved.”

The men thought this was a reasonable proposition, so they allowed Suleman to stay as long as he agreed not to make any changes to the property.

Over the next few weeks, Suleman and his wife got to know the surrounding community. They visited neighbors and developed friendships that allowed them to share their faith.

By God’s grace, people opened up to the gospel and wanted to hear more about Jesus. One day, they met Sushma. Sushma and the pioneer’s wife became good friends as they cooked together and shared life experiences.

One day, the pioneer’s wife asked Sushma if she would be interested in learning more about the Bible. Sushma agreed, so Suleman and his wife began to teach her about God.

Today, because Suleman mingled with the people and showed them Christ’s love, this property is formally deeded to the Seventh-day Adventist Church in India.

Approximately 25 regular members worship here every Sabbath. As this congregation grows, Suleman continues to pray for wisdom.

Please pray for Suleman as he faces many challenges in sharing the gospel. Pray too for frontline mission work in unentered areas among major world religions and in urban areas. And thank you for your support of Global Mission!



## GLOBAL MISSION

Please support Global Mission pioneers in their endeavor to reach those who don't know Jesus.

### Ways to give

- **Online**  
To make a secure donation quickly, visit the Global Mission giving page at [Global-Mission.org/giving](https://Global-Mission.org/giving).
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Watch this story in action at [m360.tv/s1926!](https://m360.tv/s1926)



1



2



3



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- 1 Suleman and his family in India.
- 2 When Suleman began working in the New Delhi community, he received angry threats.
- 3 Suleman and his wife went from door to door, getting to know their neighbors.
- 4 Suleman's wife, right, became good friends with Sushma and was eventually able to share Jesus with her.
- 5 Suleman has planted a church with about 25 new believers.



# Small Miracles

The tiny church where I serve each week is attended primarily by older women, each of whom is as much a spiritual grandmother as she is a prayer warrior. Given how readily they adopted me when I arrived, I quickly understood why two of my high school

students, Pedro and Rodrigo, continue attending despite the obvious age disparity.

At just 17 years old, the boys repeatedly amaze me with their dedication to our little church and their love for its elderly congregation. They keep the Sabbath School program and youth group



Me with Pedro Pacheco on the left, and Rodrigo Castro on the right.

Alba's mouth drops open, her eyes widen in shock, and a luminous smile spreads from cheek to cheek. She knows beyond a doubt that she is seeing a miracle.

running, all while serving as campus ministries leaders and making postgraduation plans. There are days when I question whether the church could function without them, but there is no question that they are indispensable in the hearts of its members.

Unfortunately, even God's youngest servants have their own trials to bear, and I know from personal experience that Rodrigo's cross is particularly painful. He suffers from almost debilitating migraines, confessing in prayer meeting that some days he can hardly get out of bed. "But here I am," he laughs, ducking his head sheepishly, "because I tell myself, 'If you can go to classes feeling like this, what excuse do you have to skip church programs?' And you know, when I get to church, I feel better right away." A murmur of consent arises from the little huddle of women beside him. They, too, have received the blessing of health when they prioritized worship over their infirmities. As I watch affection light their wrinkled faces, I know that

Rodrigo will be lifted up in prayer in half a dozen homes or more.

One Sabbath, I enter the little church to find Pedro looking frazzled as he tries to lead Sabbath School and run the projector at the same time. "Rodrigo's sick," he calls over his shoulder as he rummages through a bag of cables. "He's not going to be here to manage the computer during the main service." We divide the duties between us as the church members trickle in. Several ask about Rodrigo. When Pedro announces the time to share praises and prayer requests, Sister Alba puts her hand up immediately. She also struggles with her health and brims with sympathy for the suffering young man. "We need to pray for Rodrigo," she says firmly, "so that God will heal him and bring him back!" The others nod their consent, and the prayer is offered.

Just as the "amen" is spoken, a knock sounds on the back door of the church. When the head elder opens the door and Rodrigo ambles in, most of the members look pleasantly surprised, but I will never forget the expression on Alba's face. Her mouth drops open, her eyes widen in shock,

and a luminous smile spreads from cheek to cheek. She knows beyond a doubt that she is seeing a miracle. Her prayer has been answered as quickly as she prayed it, and Rodrigo's presence is the proof.

At first, Alba's delight makes me smile to myself because I know that migraines can abate suddenly, and I also know Rodrigo's determination to be at church. *Surely, I think, he showed up because he took some painkillers or felt better naturally.* After a moment of pondering, however, it occurs to me that I could be missing out on Alba's joy. *How many times, I ask myself, do we explain away the answers to prayer that we receive just because they might have occurred naturally? How many replies do we overlook, pointing to mere circumstances?* Alba's innocent amazement reminds me that God is forever working wonders in our lives even if we don't always recognize them. We're showered with answers to prayer every day, and the simplest signs of the divine presence are often the most powerful. We just have to learn to accept them for what they are: small miracles.



From the United States, **Jenny Coleman** is an Adventist Volunteer Service missionary serving in Talca, Chile. She helps teach English at the Adventist high school, teaches classes at the Espacio Nuevo Tiempo Life Hope Center, serves as a Pathfinder chaplain, and works as an assistant to the Belén Seventh-day Adventist Church in evangelistic and small group ministries.



Would you like to help make a positive impact in the lives of others? If so, please consider being a volunteer missionary through Adventist Volunteer Service which facilitates church members' volunteer missionary service around the world. Volunteers ages 18 to 80 may serve as pastors, teachers, medical professionals, computer technicians, orphanage workers, farmers, and more. To learn more, visit [AdventistVolunteers.org](http://AdventistVolunteers.org).



Hear from other volunteers at [m360.tv/avs](http://m360.tv/avs).



THE MIDDLE EAST AND NORTH AFRICA UNION MISSION

# The Cross of My Dreams

**T**hirteen-year-old Fadi\* had an unusual dream one night. He was running through a bright, white area when he stumbled upon a big cross. Falling down before it, he began screaming that he was thirsty.

He saw a man emerge from the light holding a glass of water in his outstretched hand. Fadi took the glass and drank until he was satisfied. Then he asked the man who he was. There was no reply. "Who are you?" he cried out again, but again, his query was met with silence. Finally, the man spoke. "If you really want to know me," he said, "follow me."

Fadi jumped up to follow the man, but as soon as he did, the man disappeared. Then Fadi awoke from his dream.

Three years passed, and Fadi turned 16. He hadn't thought much about his strange dream until one day his mother asked him to go purchase some eggs. Whenever Fadi's family wanted eggs, they purchased them from a Christian family who lived in an old European church. The church was no longer used for worship because there were few Christians in the area anymore.

While making his purchase, Fadi worked up his courage to ask the family whether he could take a look inside the building. They agreed, and as he walked around, he came upon a collection of old books. He brushed off the dusty covers and discovered that one of the books was written in Arabic.

"When I picked up the book to see what it was, I sensed a voice telling me, 'This book is for you.'" Fadi said. He borrowed the book and spent the next three days poring over what turned out to be the Gospels. In the book of John,

he kept encountering the words "Follow Me," the exact words he had heard in his dream three years before!

"I found God in those pages!," Fadi said, laughing and crying at the same time. "I thought, *This must be the same Man who invited me to follow Him in my dream! He has finally shown me who He is!*"

Fadi was so happy about his discovery that he wanted to share the good news with his family. But they didn't share his enthusiasm. Instead, they began to persecute him. Heartbroken, Fadi endured their anger and ridicule until he moved away at the age of 20.

In his new location, Fadi found a Christian community who loved and cared for him. He felt a sense of belonging with them and had never felt happier in his life. But it wasn't long before his family discovered his whereabouts and informed the authorities that he had converted to Christianity.

The authorities detained Fadi on a number of occasions, but for some reason, they never held him for more than a night or a day. Eventually, he returned to his hometown.

Fadi continued to study his Bible, and as he did, he began to realize that the Christians he knew weren't adhering to all of its teachings. He searched for a church that closely followed the Bible, and he eventually met a man who was familiar with Adventists. Fadi and the man became friends.

One night, a terrorist organization who had just taken over Fadi's hometown arrested him. They told him, "Don't be a Christian, or you will be beheaded." Once again, Fadi had to flee. He was terribly afraid. "Sadness filled me as I thought about how I might have to permanently leave my family,"

he said with tear-filled eyes.

It was at this time that the friend who had told Fadi about Adventists invited him to attend an evangelistic series in a neighboring country. Fadi went to the meetings, intending to stay only a week. Instead, he never returned. He began Bible studies with a pastor, gave his heart to Jesus, and became a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

Fadi now works as a janitor in the large Adventist school in the area and is interacting with the community refugees. He has made so many friends that when an Adventist goes into the area, the people say, "We know about Adventists because Fadi tells us." God is using Fadi in a big way to bless the people around him.

Fadi is just one of the thousands of people in the Middle East and North Africa region who have experienced great adversity because of their decisions to worship Jesus. Please pray that these new believers will have strength to follow Jesus no matter where He leads. And please support mission in this area so that millions who don't know Him will come to love Him as their dearest friend.

\*Name has been changed.



**Melanie Wixwat**, the daughter of missionary parents, grew up in India. She is a news writer for the Middle East and North Africa Union Mission in Beirut, Lebanon.



## GLOBAL MISSION

To support Global Mission work in the Middle East, please visit [bit.ly/2MGeSo1](https://bit.ly/2MGeSo1).

To see what's happening in mission in the Middle East and North Africa Union Mission, visit [m360.tv/middleeast](https://m360.tv/middleeast).



# The Gift of LIGHT



**Tandi Perkins** is the director of development for Arctic Mission Adventure at the Alaska Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, United States.

**D**read gripped young Sam<sup>1</sup> as he sat at his bedroom window, bathed in the pale blue hues of an Alaskan arctic twilight. Each passing minute dissolved the last slivers of light into the black of nightfall. Ever since he could remember, the evening brought fear, anxiety, and uncertainty. His heart jumped as voices of ever-arriving guests echoed from the next room, answering the nightly call to party in his village home. People of all ages—parents, aunts, uncles, neighbors, older siblings, all in some stage of drunken delirium—filled the smallest pockets of space in the tiny, smoke-filled living room.

Every night was the same. Someone would get offended by a verbal or physical slight, slurred voices would rise, pushing would turn to punching, and the room would come alive—arms and legs flailing to connect with something human—once again proving the common village saying that “the party doesn’t really get good until a fight breaks out.”

Sam longed for change; he longed for peace, security, and safety. He was tired of being afraid to go to bed every night, lying with his head under the blankets, tense and listening; ready to fight off drunk, clumsy hands seeking their target; feeling the angry blows as he fought to fend off abuse. But not tonight! Sam grabbed his coat and, pushing his way through the heaving

mass of bodies, headed out the door.

The winter air stung his cheeks as he pulled the hood of his coat over his head and walked down the deserted dirt road. *Where to go?* he pondered. No point going to the neighbors’, things were worse at their house.

Walking farther, he saw a house with the porch light on, its bright, yellow glow illuminating the yard and street. He recognized it as the place where the new Bible workers lived. His friends had been talking about how the couple opened their home in the evenings for kids to come to have food, play games, and listen to Bible stories. As he contemplated what to do next, the sound of laughter floated through the air. There was something different in that laughter. It was sober! Full of uncomplicated joy and excitement.

At that moment, Sam was faced with a choice: Would he spend the night wandering the dark streets waiting for an all clear to go home? Or, should he succumb to the house’s warm, welcoming light and see what was inside?

Slowly, he made his way up the stairs to the door. He knocked softly and then stepped back, ready to run away. The door was opened by a smiling woman who beckoned him to enter and join the other kids as they sat listening to the story of the wise men who followed the star to Jesus.

Sam recognized some of his friends among the group, and when he sat down with them, he felt a sense of peace. The porch light had led him to a new kind of life, one where he didn’t have to be afraid and fight to be safe. He snuggled deep into the blanket that he shared with the boy next to him and listened as the journey of the wise men unfolded. He, like them, had followed a bright light and found something wonderful: a place where he could be a kid again.

Arctic Alaska has some of the highest suicide and substance abuse rates in the United States. Sam is just one of many people whose life was changed by the Bible workers living in the remote Native villages.<sup>2</sup> At Arctic Mission Adventures, we believe that God has called these precious workers to shine the light of Jesus in a very dark and challenging part of the world.

Please pray for the people of Alaska and the Alaska Conference Mission programs. To learn more, visit the Arctic Mission Adventure website, [arcticmissionadventure.org](http://arcticmissionadventure.org), or their Facebook page at [facebook.com/ArcticMissionAdventure/](https://www.facebook.com/ArcticMissionAdventure/).

1 Name has been changed.

2 Remote Native villages are in a region of Alaska that is not connected to the North American road network or the state’s ferry system.



Would he spend the night wandering the dark streets waiting for an all clear to go home? Or, should he succumb to the house's warm, welcoming light and see what was inside?

Your weekly mission offerings and World Budget Offerings help support the ministry of more than 400 missionary families around the world. Thank you for your support!



CHILE

# Sebastian's **Magnificent Goal**



1ª CORRIDA  
SALUD A  
DE TO  
  
NACIÓN  
ISTA  
ISTA

“Mama and Papa, I need you to get married,” seven-year-old Sebastian announced to his parents, “and then I need you to get baptized.”

Shocked, Moises and Angelica looked at each other and then at their son. Sebastian’s big, brown eyes radiated the earnest hope that filled his heart. He had given his life to Jesus, and it was important to him that his parents do so too.

Sebastian had learned about Jesus at an urban center of influence in Santiago, Chile, called the Lo Prado Life Hope Center. His parents had learned about the center from Moises’ sister, a Seventh-day Adventist who had often talked with them about Christ.

“My sister often talked with us about God,” says Moises, “but we had never made a serious decision to follow Him.” “However, when she invited us to visit the Life Hope Center, we decided to check it out,” adds Angelica.

While Moises and Angelica were touring the center, they saw a sign promoting free soccer classes for children. They knew Sebastian would love to learn to play, so they signed him up for lessons. Sebastian was thrilled. He worked hard at his lessons, and his skills increased quickly.

At this time Moises’ mother became very sick. “We were going through a hard time, and we were afraid that we’d lose her,” says Moises. “When we learned that the staff at the center was praying for us, we were deeply touched.”

Soon Moises’ mother regained strength. “I knew God had worked in her behalf,” says Moises, “and I knew He was working in my life too. I was grateful for everyone’s prayers, and I began to have an open mind toward Christianity.”

Sebastian wanted to attend Sabbath School at the local church, so every week Angelica would take him there and pick him up when the class was over. One week, when she turned to leave, Sebastian pled with her to stay.



“I’ll stay with you next Sabbath,” Angelica assured him. “No, Mama, not another Sabbath,” Sebastian urged. “I need you to stay with me every week for Sabbath School and church.”

Angelica relented, but she wasn’t ready to give her heart to Jesus.

Pastor Abraham Cabezas, who led the center’s ministry, regularly visited Moises and Angelica with his team of One Year in Mission volunteers to pray with them and encourage them.

Moises and Angelica enjoyed these visits, and in time they requested Bible studies. Eventually, the love of Jesus won their hearts.

“We were baptized two weeks ago!” Angelica says with a big smile. “Many things motivated me to take this step, but our son’s pleading with us to get married and baptized was especially compelling.”

“The Life Hope Center has made a big difference in our lives,” says Moises. “If it hadn’t been there, it would be horrible for us because when we weren’t married, we weren’t a stable family. Now we’re a strong family, worshiping regularly and active in the church. Before, we had only ourselves to

rely on to solve problems. Now we can work through them with Jesus’ help. The decision to commit our lives to Him has helped us in so many ways, and now we want to bring others to Jesus!”

Sebastian’s face beams as he listens to his parents talk about their new lives. “I asked them to get baptized because I want my whole family to go to the sky with Jesus,” he says. Thanks to your faithful support of Life Hope Centers, Sebastian’s goal of having his family united in Christ has become reality!



**Laurie Falvo**  
Office of  
Adventist  
Mission

## Life Hope Centers

Adventist Mission supports wholistic mission to the cities. This includes a rapidly growing number of Life Hope Centers (urban centers of influence), which serve as platforms for putting Christ’s method of ministry into practice. The centers provide an ideal opportunity for Total Member Involvement in outreach that suits each person’s spiritual gifts and passions. To learn more about Life Hope Centers, please visit **MissionToTheCities.org**.

To watch more videos about Life Hope Centers, visit **m360.tv/uci**.



# WARRIORS *for* JESUS



**Duane McKey** is the president of Adventist World Radio.

It was early morning and, as usual, Jaslene\* had risen before dawn to make breakfast. The sun filtered through the fronds of the palm tree in the front yard as she prepared rice, vegetables, and dried fish. It seemed like a perfect day on the island of Mindoro, Philippines.

Jaslene's husband, Antonio, was enjoying the view from their small veranda when, suddenly, the peace was shattered by rapid gunfire coming from all sides.

Antonio jumped to his feet and rushed inside, grabbing his own assault weapon. He was no stranger to war. As a communist guerilla fighter, he and his wife had seen some fierce battles. Now, the constant spray of bullets could mean only one thing—the government soldiers had ambushed them.

Antonio ran out the front door, and Jaslene grabbed the children and escaped through the back door, making a dash for cover in the jungle.

As a communist rebel fighter herself, Jaslene usually felt no fear about these repeated encounters. But on this day, the bullets came thicker and faster than ever before, and she couldn't help but wonder whether her husband would survive.

Finally, when all was quiet, Jaslene and her children returned home. To their dismay, they learned that Antonio had been killed and carted off by the government soldiers. How Jaslene hated them! She decided then and there to raise her children to be the best fighters possible to avenge their father's death.

The oldest boy was only 10 when this happened, and by the time he turned 13, he had joined the guerillas. Jaslene was proud of him. She taught the younger children how to sneak through the jungle without making a sound, how to forage for food, and how to be sharpshooters. They looked forward to the day when they could fight in real battles.



1 Jaslene, second from left, was so angry about her husband's death, she determined to raise her sons to be the best fighters possible.

2 Jaslene and her children started listening to AWR programs on their radio, and it helped change their lives.

But one day, when Jaslene was home listening to her small FM radio, she turned the dial and paused on an unfamiliar station. The strains of a song she didn't know but found strangely appealing filled her small hut: "Coming again, coming again, Jesus is coming again!"

Then a man's voice came on the air and began to talk about a man named Jesus. This Jesus was kind, loving, and all-powerful. He could heal the sick and even raise the dead. Jaslene was fascinated!

Jaslene began tuning in daily to this new station called Adventist World Radio (AWR). Her heart began to melt as she heard of a God who loved her and offered her care and forgiveness. A desire grew within her to experience a new kind of life. She decided to accept Jesus as her Savior, put down her weapons, and try to forgive her enemies. Soon, her children began listening to the program with her. All of them are now baptized members of the



Seventh-day Adventist Church.

When Jaslene met Pastor Dulay, the speaker for Adventist World Radio on the island of Mindoro, she asked him with tears in her eyes, "Pastor, why did it take you so long to come and tell us this good news about God and His will for our lives? If only you had started broadcasting sooner, my husband would have given up his rebel-fighting ways before it was too late. He never had the chance to learn this beautiful truth."

She then added, "This broadcast must go to other villages all over the mountains! They, too, need to hear about Jesus before it is too late for them!"

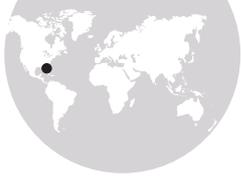
Today, Jaslene and her children have found joy and forgiveness to replace the hatred in their hearts. AWR has helped this little family with financial assistance to start a small business. Now, Jaslene and her children make brooms and sell them in the market to support themselves. They encourage their friends to trade their bullets for Bibles and find that Jesus brings true joy and meaning to their lives. They are now warriors of a different order. Their new weapons are faith, love, hope, and prayer as delivered to them on the airwaves of AWR.

\*Names have been changed.



Adventist World Radio (AWR) is the international broadcast ministry of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Programs are currently available in more than 100 languages via shortwave, AM/FM, on demand, podcasts, Call-to-Listen service, solar audio players, social media, and cell phone evangelism. AWR's mission is to bring the gospel to the hardest-to-reach people of the world in their own languages. To watch AWR mission stories, visit [M360.tv/awr](http://M360.tv/awr).

**Thank you for supporting AWR through your mission offerings and World Budget offerings!**



# Elementary Students Pray Their Way Around the World

When Joy heard Rosalee's idea, she quickly worked out a plan to have each grade level pray for one or two of the divisions of the General Conference, which, on the map, are made to look like subway lines. Each classroom will pray for one week for each city on their line, praying, for example, on Monday for Tokyo's city leaders, on Tuesday for missionaries there, on Wednesday for the city's families, on Thursday for education in that big city, and on Fridays that the people of Tokyo would come to know Jesus. At the end of the week, the class will check



**Karen Suvankham,**  
Office of  
Adventist  
Mission

**H**ow does an elementary school go about reaching the cities of the world? Forest Lake Education Center in Longwood, Florida, has mapped out a plan to pray for the more than 570 cities worldwide that have a population of a million or more during the 2019–2020 school year!

Seventh-grade teacher Rosalee Taylor was listening to 3ABN during the summer when she heard a Mission to the Cities advertisement for a free prayer map. The ad directed her to the Mission to the Cities website, where she found the offer repeated. Her initial request for a single map read: "What a wonderful idea to pray for our cities. I would like to use the prayer map ministries with my students. My students can pray for the youth in those cities and learn about the people of those cities."

After that message, however, her idea quickly grew from having the students in her classroom pray to having the entire school pray. As it turned out, the prayer map, which is laid out to look like a subway map and organizes the cities by the divisions, or regions, of the General Conference, fit beautifully with the school's existing plan to celebrate the diverse cultures of the world through the theme "The Family of God." It also fit with the

goal of the school's director of spiritual enrichment, Joy Uzarraga, who was looking for a way to increase the prayerfulness of the school.



off Tokyo on a small prayer map in their classroom. With each class doing their part, all the cities of a million or more worldwide will be prayed for within nine months.

As the 2019–2020 school year began, the more than 670 students set out together to pray their way around the world. Students now pray daily in their classrooms for their designated regions and cities, and at the same time, they are getting to know the cultures of their region and even the history of the church in that region.

Additionally, the school emphasizes the value of diverse cultures through a monthly school-wide focus on a particular region of the world. Each month, in a special chapel program, they celebrate the region of the month with songs, flags, history nuggets, mission stories, and, when possible, a speaker from the highlighted part of the world. Further, school-wide morning announcements include a time of prayer for student requests as well as for the leaders and families of cities in the region being celebrated that month.

As another way of emphasizing the importance of praying for the cities and people of the world, a large prayer map hangs on the wall outside Joy's office, and the kids put sticker dots in the circles of the cities as they are prayed for. Additionally, all students have received small prayer maps to take home so that they can pray around the world with their families. Perhaps one day we will see the eternal result of 670 children and their families praying for the cities!

Many years ago, Ellen White urged church leaders and members, “Work the cities without delay, for time is short” (*Ministry to the Cities*, p. 26). She explained the importance of reaching the cities, writing, “The work in the cities is the essential work for this time. When the cities are worked as God would have them, the result will be the setting in operation



of a mighty movement such as we have not yet witnessed” (*Ministry to the Cities*, p. 28).

Would your school or church consider joining Forest Lake Education Center in praying for the cities of the world? Download the prayer map from [MissiontotheCities.org](http://MissiontotheCities.org) and print it in the quantities and sizes needed for your group. And please, share with Adventist Mission your experience of praying for the cities. Just send an email with your story and/or photos of you or your group with your completed prayer map to [Info@AdventistMission.org](mailto:Info@AdventistMission.org).

## MISSION to the CITIES

The Mission to the Cities initiative is part of “Reach the World,” the 2015–2020 strategic plan voted by the General Conference of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Mission to the Cities operates under the Global Mission Urban Center in partnership with the Global Mission Centers and Adventist Mission. To learn more about Life Hope Centers, please visit [MissionToTheCities.org](http://MissionToTheCities.org).

# The Boy Who Grew a Church



Ten-year-old Joe played video games all day long with friends at his home in the Solomon Islands. But he wasn't happy.



His family lived in a poor part of a dangerous city. Neighbors sold drugs, and children stole and got into trouble with the police.

Joe's house was a popular place for neighborhood boys to hang out every evening. He noticed that one of his friends didn't talk like the other boys and participated in a Christian club for children called Pathfinders every Sabbath. Joe decided to join his friend at the Seventh-day Adventist church to learn more. Soon, he joined the Pathfinder club as well and went to church every Sabbath.



After a while, Joe and the other Pathfinders were invited to fly to Australia to attend a camporee. A camporee is a big event where Pathfinders camp in tents and do all kinds of interesting activities together that help them grow closer to Jesus. Joe really wanted to go, so Mom worked hard to save money for his plane ticket. Joe flew to the camporee and enjoyed every second of it!

When Joe returned home, he told his friends stories about his amazing experiences at the camporee. They loved the stories so much that they asked to hear more the next evening.

Then Joe thought to himself, My friends like to hear about the camporee. Why not tell them about Jesus, too? So each night he also shared a Bible story.



Joe's friends enjoyed the Bible stories so much that they invited their friends from the neighborhood to come to hear them. Soon 30 to 40 children came to Joe's house every evening to learn more about Jesus.



Joe's new friends began to ask him whether they could join Pathfinders, and four joined him at church the next Sabbath. More of his friends came to church the following week.

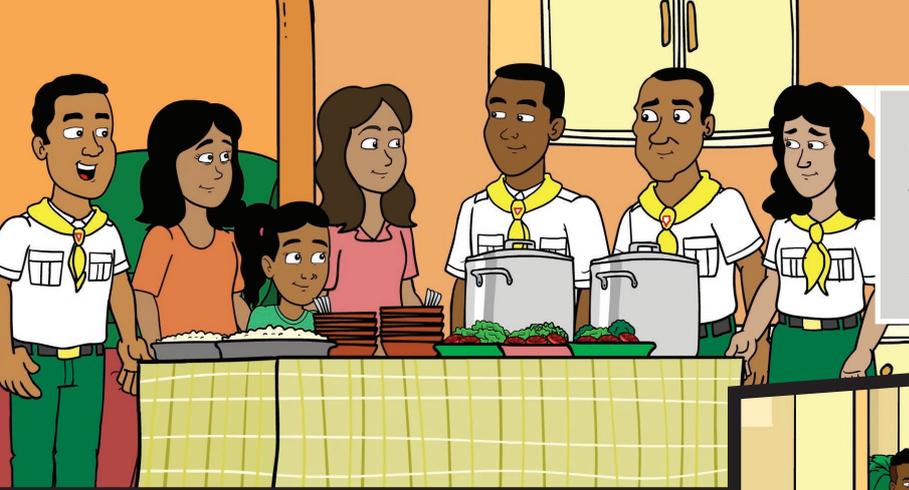


The Pathfinder leader couldn't understand where all these children were coming from. "Joe, why are so many kids from your neighborhood coming to our Pathfinder club?" he asked. "What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything," Joe replied. "I just tell them stories about what we did in Australia, and we have evening devotions. That's all."

The leader asked to visit Joe's home to see the evening get-togethers for himself. When he came that evening, he was amazed at what he saw. Afterward, he said to Joe's mom, "This neighborhood would be a good place to open a church." He noticed that Joe's house had a large living room and asked to use it for Sabbath worship services. Joe's mom agreed.





Several dozen neighborhood children came to Joe's house for church the next Sabbath. All the Pathfinder leaders and their families came as well, and they brought food for everyone.



Then something happened that made Joe very happy: his mom decided to be baptized! Not long after, his 20-year-old cousin was baptized too, and so were three of his neighborhood friends whom Joe had introduced to Pathfinders.



Today, Joe's living room is packed every Sabbath with some 70 people, and plans are underway to open a permanent church in the neighborhood.



Meet 13-year-old Joe, who grew a church for Jesus!

### You, too, can help grow God's church!

Do you know that our church has a special group of missionaries that start new churches just like Joe did? They're called Global Mission pioneers. They share God's love with those who don't know Him and help them become followers of Jesus.

To read more amazing stories about pioneers, visit [Global-Mission.org](http://Global-Mission.org). Please pray for them and support their ministry at [Global-Mission.org/giving!](http://Global-Mission.org/giving!)

### More Children's Mission Stories

This story and others like it can be found in the *Children's Mission* magazine at [AdventistMission.org/mission-quarterlies](http://AdventistMission.org/mission-quarterlies).

Watch this story in action at [m360.tv/s1938](http://m360.tv/s1938)



Story by Andrew McChesney, Office of Adventist Mission



Animation by Diogo Godoy



# The Guided Bullet



My wife and daughters came screaming and crying into the kitchen, and we quickly hid together in the pantry. As we prayed for God's protection, I noticed a burning sensation on my right arm. Later, I would discover that the bullet had grazed the skin.

While the thugs were still shooting around the campus, one of the guards rushed into our home to see whether I had been killed. I assured him that I was fine, but he found it difficult to believe.

In fact, as word of my experience spread through the campus, everyone found it hard to believe I hadn't been killed. The shooter could see me clearly through the wide glass window, I couldn't see him due to the darkness outside, and we were separated by only six and a half feet (two meters).

I know there are times when God doesn't rescue His children from death or disaster, but I believe that He worked a miracle for me that night and guided that bullet away from my body. I'm very grateful for His protection, and I am convinced more than ever that our loving Father cares for His children.

where our guests were staying when the armed men stopped. "We've changed our minds," one of them said. "Take us to the vice-chancellor's home instead!"

With much hesitation, the guards brought the men to our home. Our house has three entrances. Fortunately, the guards brought the men to our kitchen door, the only door that was locked.

Soon I heard pounding on the door. *That's odd*, I thought. *No one ever comes to this door at this time of night. And nobody pounds like that. Who could it be?*

I cautiously made my way to the door to look out its wide glass window. But it was difficult for me to see outside because it was so dark. "Who's there?" I called, but there was no answer. I was trying to position myself to get a better view when, suddenly, someone shot me through the glass! I fell down and started screaming. But, thank God, a rational thought calmed the chaos in my mind. *Lie still. Be silent. Perhaps the assassins will think you're dead.*

The plan worked. I could hear the men retreating, shooting in the air to announce that they had killed someone. Meanwhile, the hostages fled to the nearby fields.

It was 8:10 on Friday evening, May 10, 2019—a time and date forever seared in my memory. My wife and I had just sat down to watch a program on Hope TV to unwind from our busy week at Adventist University of Lukanga, where I serve as vice-chancellor. But there would be no rest for us this night.

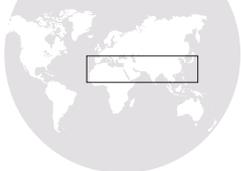
Some visitors from the World Health Organization were staying at the university. They were working on Ebola prevention, and their presence had created strong opposition among some of the local people. While my family and I relaxed, a group of armed men stormed the main gate of the campus. They confiscated the security guards' communication equipment and took them hostage.

"Where are the personnel from the World Health Organization?" they demanded. "Take us to them!" The guards had just begun leading the way to the rooms



**Amir Gulzar** has served 16 years at Adventist University of Lukanga in the Democratic Republic of Congo as vice-chancellor. He and his wife, Shabnam, have 11-year-old twin daughters and a 15-year-old son.

Please pray for the safety of our missionaries as they serve Jesus around the world.



# Have You Seen My God?

Editor's note: The name of this church planter and the country in which he serves have been withheld to protect him and his ministry.

It was a searing summer day in the country where I serve as a church planter. I needed a break from the blistering sun and swirling dust, so I took cover in the shade of one of the city's many businesses. As I stood there watching people rush past me, a young man approached, asking if I knew where he could find a certain temple.

"I do know of a temple," I told him, "but it's quite far from here. Why are you searching for a place to worship on such a stiflingly hot day?"

"Because if I don't go worship my god, he will punish me," the man explained anxiously, wiping the sweat from his brow.

I felt sad when I heard his response. "Lord," I prayed, "please help me to share a glimpse of your love with this man today."

I introduced myself and learned that the man's name was Hari Dhas. "Hari," I said, "I'd like to treat you to a refreshing drink at a nearby restaurant. Will you join me?"

Hari studied my face a moment, then smiled and nodded. A few minutes later, we were sitting in a cool room, sipping fresh fruit juice. During the course of our conversation, I invited him to share with me a little about his faith.

"I believe that my every

thought, word, and action affect my well-being not only in this current life," he told me, "but in my future lives as well." He paused, a sad, faraway look in his eyes. "I love my wife and children very much," he added. "They're in our home country, and I worry about their well-being too."

He took another sip of juice. "What about you?" he asked. "What do you believe?"

I sent up a silent prayer, asking the Holy Spirit for guidance. Then I briefly shared the story of how God had led my family and me out of spiritual darkness into His marvelous light. "I've been so blessed since I've known Jesus," I said. "Never have I known such forgiveness and peace."

Hari's eyes filled with tears, and I sensed that he longed to know more about Jesus.

"Do you have time now to meet some of my friends?" he asked hesitantly. "They live in an apartment just a few minutes' walk from here."

"Sure!" I replied. We made our way to the apartment and soon

I was surrounded by a group of friendly men. "You're just in time for lunch!" one of them said, urging me to sit down to eat.

I thanked my new friends for their hospitality, then bowed my head to ask God's blessing on my meal. As I prayed, I noticed the room grow quiet. "They've never seen anyone ask a god to bless their food," Hari explained. This situation opened the door for dialog, and the men began asking me questions about my Christian faith. The more we talked, the more intrigued they became.

"Would you like to hear stories about God from the Bible?" I asked. To my delight, they unanimously agreed. Before I left, they had committed to attend meetings at my home to learn about God's love and care.

Just think. This all happened because Hari was trying to find his god that day. Little did he dream that his quest would lead him to find the true God of heaven. I praise God that Hari can now become a child of the Lord of lords and King of kings!



To watch video stories about pioneers, visit [m360.tv/pioneer](http://m360.tv/pioneer).



## GLOBAL MISSION

### Pioneers in the 10/40 Window

Global Mission supports thousands of local missionaries, called pioneers, in starting new groups of believers in 10/40 Window countries where there is no Adventist presence. Their ministry wouldn't be possible without your donations and prayers. Thank you for your support!

To donate, please visit **Global-Mission.org/giving**, and select "Pioneers in the 10/40 Window."

### Ways to Give

- 1. Mail a check:**  
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Silver Spring, MD 20904-6601  
  
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1148 King Street East  
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- 2 Online:** [Global-Mission.org/giving](http://Global-Mission.org/giving)
- 3 Phone:** 800-648-5824



NORTHERN MARIANA ISLANDS



Jonah

# The Man Who Crawled to Build God's Church

With a cane in one hand and a machete in the other, the old man gave it all he had.



**Kris Akenberger** served as a volunteer Bible worker in Saipan, Northern Mariana Islands, where he helped plant a church and disciple a new group of believers. He is currently a theology student at Mountain View College in the Philippines.

I don't miss the beaches, the ukuleles, or the coconuts. But I do miss the people I left behind in Saipan when I returned from mission service. Especially Jonah, one of the dearest friends I've ever had.

Jonah was a giant of a man. His hands were huge and rough from a lifetime of physical labor. He was a seaman, then a power plant worker. In retirement, he repaired small engines. If you found a broken chainsaw or a bush cutter, Jonah could take it into his backyard workshop, tinker with it for a few days, and bring it out running like new.

Jonah was also the humblest and kindest man I've ever met. At our church plant, he loved shaking everyone's hand and giving them hugs. He cut the grass and cleaned the chairs—anything to be helpful.

He wanted to be part of God's church, whether that part was big or small.

I met Jonah when I came to Saipan to be a Bible worker. One of the local Adventist churches had just purchased some property to build a church home for new believers we had helped lead to Jesus. The land was in Jonah's village, and he was so excited, he could barely hold himself together. With a big smile he told me, "I'm going to help build God's church!"

I wasn't sure what Jonah had in mind because by this time he had become severely crippled. He had to use two canes to get around, and every step he took caused him great pain. I pictured him sitting in the shade, playing his ukulele, providing moral support for the rest of us.

But when we started the project, Jonah showed up to *work*. With a cane in one hand and a machete in the other, the old man gave it all he had. Swinging his machete with all his might, then limping with his cane to carry brush to the burn pile, he helped us make short work of clearing the jungle that covered the land. But the hardest part was yet to come. Some of the workers pleaded with Jonah to sit out the building phase. "No," he replied resolutely, "I will help build God's church."

Jonah crawled over the rocky ground on his hands and knees,

dragging cinder blocks and buckets of concrete to a ladder, where he lifted them up to the men building the walls. It was a painful process to watch, but day after day, a miracle began to take place.

Jonah moved from crawling to limping, and eventually, to walking. As he labored, God renewed his strength. All the workers bore witness to the power of God as they watched Jonah set aside his canes and walk like a young man again!

And Jonah kept walking. With his newfound strength, he walked from door to door to the homes of many of his friends. When they asked where his canes were, he told them, "God has healed me so I could help build His church." He shared his humble testimony of how he had come to know Jesus and how God had answered His prayer for the village to have a church of its own. "Please, friends, come worship with us now!"

Because of Jonah's invitations and witness, many people attended public evangelistic meetings at the church and gave their hearts to Jesus. Soon they were baptized, and the little church plant grew and grew.

Watching God heal Jonah and turn him into an evangelist was like seeing another chapter being written into the Bible. I'll never forget the lesson he taught me about hard work and trusting God.



If you're interested in being a volunteer, visit [AdventistVolunteers.org](http://AdventistVolunteers.org).



Watch video stories about AVS volunteers at [m360.tv/avs](http://m360.tv/avs).

# Low-Cost Ways to Serve Your City

Think reaching the cities has to be expensive? Think again! We are told, “Christ’s method alone will give true success in reaching the people. The Saviour mingled with men as one who desired their good. He showed His sympathy for them, ministered to their needs, and won their confidence. Then He bade them, ‘Follow Me.’”—Ellen G. White, *The Ministry of Healing*, p. 143

So how can you mingle among people as one who desires their good? How can you begin making new friends for eternity? Here are some ideas!



Use social media to set up a **LANGUAGE EXCHANGE.**



Offer programs for senior citizens—**SENIOR PICNIC, EXERCISE PROGRAMS, OR SENIOR MEALS.**



**COMFORT OTHER FAITH GROUPS** in the wake of attacks.



Go to a public laundromat and **PAY FOR A LOAD OF LAUNDRY.**



Host a **BICYCLE TUNE-UP** for an apartment complex.



Paint a **MURAL.**



**PRAYER-WALK** the city.



Hold a **DRIVE-THRU PRAYER EVENT** for people who are facing cancer or other illnesses.

Get more ideas for reaching your city! Visit [MissionToTheCities.org/Serve-your-city](http://MissionToTheCities.org/Serve-your-city).



Provide **YARD CARE** for seniors or the disabled.



Organize a **COMMUNITY YARD SALE**, and then give the items to those who come to buy them.



Eliminate an urban food desert by planting a **COMMUNITY GARDEN**.



Hold a public event to **CREATE LARGE-SCALE ART**.



Organize a **GYM OUTREACH** for kids.



**HAND OUT WATER** during a marathon.



Conduct **FREE MEDICAL CHECKS**.



Help youth create **AWARENESS ABOUT DRUG ABUSE**.



Make an appointment to pray for local business owners and **SHARE BIBLE PROMISES AND TRUTH-FILLED LITERATURE**.



**PICK UP TRASH** at a beach or park or in a neighborhood.



Set up a **HEALTH FAIR** at a biker rally.



# God's Medical Kit



My last few moments with Grandpa.

# I knew that Grandpa was now resting in Jesus and was no longer suffering. But somehow, the end of his suffering became the beginning of mine.

“Grandpa’s in the emergency room, again,” Mom told me over the phone, “and things look very bad this time.” My heart sank when I heard her news. I loved my grandpa so much; the thought of losing him was heartbreaking. To make matters worse, I had only a few days left of summer break before I had to return to Palau to begin my second year of volunteer teaching.

I quickly bought a ticket and flew to Colombia to be by Grandpa’s side.

When I walked into Grandpa’s hospital room, he smiled faintly at me. “I’m so glad you came,” he said softly, reaching for my hand. We didn’t talk much that first day because he was so weak, but the second day, he seemed a little more like his old self. “Tell me about your mission work in Palau,” he asked with a twinkle in his eye. He had been so proud and supportive about my overseas ministry. I pulled a chair close to his bedside and shared stories, photos, and videos of my experiences. He encouraged me, telling me to be brave and never to give up.

All too quickly, it was time for me to go. I was thankful that God

had given me the opportunity to spend quality time with Grandpa, but saying goodbye was agonizing. How could I leave him, knowing I’d probably never see him again on this earth?

I returned to Palau with a heavy heart. At first, I was so worried about Grandpa that I found it hard to give my students the love and attention they deserved. But as the days passed and Grandpa didn’t appear to be getting any worse, I began hoping that he might recover, just as he had several times before.

That naive idea was crushed suddenly one Friday evening when I received a call from my mom. “Grandpa’s gone,” she said, her voice breaking. “He died just a few hours ago.” At that moment, I felt my world collapse.

I knew that Grandpa was now resting in Jesus and was no longer suffering. But somehow, the end of his suffering became the beginning of mine. I think going through the loss of a loved one when you’re on the other side of the world and can’t be with family makes losing that person that much harder. I struggled to accept the fact that I wouldn’t be able to attend his funeral. But most of all,

I worried that I wouldn’t be able to continue being the passionate, loving, all-present teacher I had been before. My heart was so heavy that I couldn’t see myself breaking out of the darkness of pain.

But God came through for me. Through the support of my fellow missionaries, the principal and his wife, the church members, and my students, He held me close. Their hugs, patience, prayers, and encouraging words all helped begin my healing process, and I began to see the light.

I’ve learned that it’s in the most difficult moments, when we feel the farthest from God, that He manifests Himself in ways we least expect. I had come to Palau to serve and teach, yet it was my students who served and taught me. I’d come to show them God’s love, but it was they who showered me with His love right when I needed it most.

I’ll be forever grateful for my time in Palau. Though I terribly miss my grandfather, it is here that I’ve come to know deeply the God who heals broken hearts.



From the United States, **Nathalia Parra** served as a volunteer English as a Second Language (ESL) teacher at Palau Mission Academy in the Republic of Palau. She currently teaches ESL and English at Portland Adventist Academy in Oregon, United States.

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If you’re interested in being a volunteer, please visit **AdventistVolunteers.org**.

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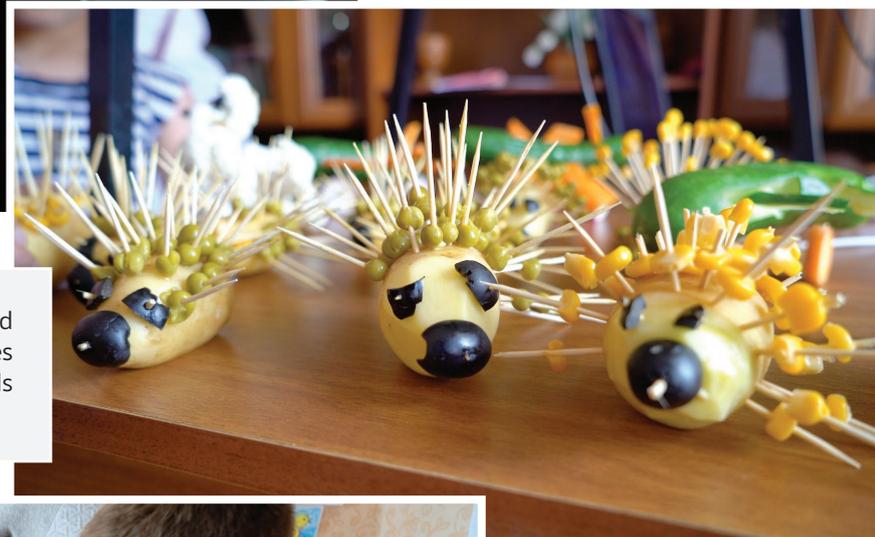


# Potatoes *and* PORCUPINES



How do you turn a potato into a porcupine?

That's exactly what the children were discovering when I visited a Life Hope Center in the country of Georgia.



It was the children's second lesson about fruits and vegetables, and they were learning the English names of the produce while transforming them into animals and modes of transportation.



These children attend English classes at a Life Hope Center, or urban center of influence. Their teacher, Ginta, is a volunteer from Latvia. She uses interactive teaching methods to keep the children engaged. She even includes their parents in the action!



Ginta encourages the children to paint, and she's very proud of their artistic creations.

“Let me show you something,” she said excitedly during our interview. She searched through a stack of papers and returned with something in her hand. “Look at this picture of a butterfly one of the children painted during a lesson about animals!”



Ginta loves her ministry, but living in a different culture has been challenging for her.

“It’s been very hard for me,” she says. “You are from another country, and the people don’t know you. In the beginning, the children just watched what I was doing, but now they’ve started to be friendly to me. Just today a few of them said, ‘Teacher, we love you!’ It’s really nice. And it was the same for the parents. In the beginning, they were very distant, but eventually, they began to trust me.”

Once Ginta establishes a relationship with a child, she’s able to talk to them about Jesus.

“I don’t want to be just a teacher,” she says. “I want to be their friend. I want to tell them about God and how much He loves them.”

Ginta’s ministry has resulted in some 15 to 20 people studying the Bible with a Global Mission pioneer named Gotcha. The group worships together every Sabbath.

Please pray for Ginta and Gotcha as they share Christ at this Life Hope Center, and thank you for your continued support of Global Mission projects.



Fifteen-year-old Simon has been coming to Ginta’s classes for the past few months. After many questions and conversations, he’s eager to study the Bible and the Adventist message.

“I’m interested in Christ’s second coming,” he says. “I’m going through the Bible lessons in preparation for baptism. My life has changed.”



**Ricky Oliveras,**  
Office of  
Adventist  
Mission

**m360.tv** Watch this story in action at [m360.tv/s2016](http://m360.tv/s2016)!

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## WHAT COULD YOU SACRIFICE FOR MISSION?

What if for one week you saved all the money you would have spent on things you didn't really need? And you gave it to the *Annual Sacrifice Offering for Global Mission* to reach people groups who don't know Jesus. Your gift could help start Urban Centers of Influence in some of the largest cities of the world and support Global Mission pioneers in starting new groups of believers among the unreached.

So, what are you willing to give up for mission?

**If you want to help share Jesus with unreached people on November 9, please mark your tithe envelope *Annual Sacrifice Offering for Global Mission* or visit [Global-Mission.org/mysacrifice](http://Global-Mission.org/mysacrifice). Every donation makes a difference. It's money well spent!**



GLOBAL MISSION

From the Office of Adventist Mission, General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists  
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