

mission

STORIES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

PRODUCED BY
THE OFFICE OF
ADVENTIST MISSION
VOLUME 10
NUMBER 3



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EDITORIAL

The Seventh-day Adventist Church began as a church-planting movement.

In the late 1800s, church planters, including husband and wife teams such as Elbert and Ellen Lane, began opening new work in the eastern states of America. Between 1896 and 1905, Mrs. Lulu Wightman alone planted at least 12 churches in New York State.

In 1922, 75 new churches—roughly one church every five days—were planted. Last year, 100 years later, we planted nearly 2,500 worldwide—a new church every 3.6 hours.

Today the Seventh-day Adventist Church continues to grow only as it keeps its focus on starting new groups of believers. Church planting is the most effective way to grow and expand the church. Leading the way are faithful Global Mission pioneers, pioneering the gospel and starting new groups of believers in new areas.

Where possible, pioneers work among their own people. They know the language and the culture, and they practice Christ's method of ministry. Receiving only a small living stipend, they work sacrificially to spread the good news.

Our Global Mission Centers help pioneers in finding ways to help us more effectively reach out to people of other religions—vast people groups largely untouched by the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

Today, the ministry of these Global Mission Centers goes largely unpublicized. But they go quietly about their work, finding methods and models to make the Adventist message understandable, attractive, and meaningful to people from radically different worldviews.

Please pray for Global Mission pioneers and other church planters and for our Global Mission Center directors. Pray for these dedicated workers on the most challenging edge of mission—sharing the Adventist message with every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

Gary Krause

Gary Krause
Director of Adventist Mission



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ABOUT OUR COVER PHOTO . . .

PHOTO BY RICKY OLIVERAS

This man greeted me while I walked along a busy street in Cambodia, filming Mission Spotlight videos. He was driving a tuk-tuk, a three-wheeled open vehicle used for taxi services. He had a contagious smile, so I stopped and motioned with my camera for permission to take a photo. He nodded, and I walked away with this shot.

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FOLLOW US ON





A Bus for Malawi

1

During medical and dental school at Loma Linda University (LLU), my wife and I decided to become a part of the Deferred Mission Appointee (DMA) program. The DMA program is a joint effort between LLU and the General Conference. It sends medical graduates to work at hospitals across the globe in exchange for payment of student debt.

One of the reasons Laura and I were drawn to this program was that we felt called by God to serve abroad in medical mission. We both graduated from LLU in 2015, and five years later, after finishing my general surgery residency, we were

ready to head to Malamulo Adventist Hospital in Malawi, Africa. Unfortunately, because of unforeseen circumstances, we had to wait almost a year before we were able to get our visas.

During that time, one of my medical school classmates contacted me. He, along with a childhood acquaintance of mine, had started a unique project. They purchased some retired school buses, packed two of them full of medical supplies, and shipped them to Africa. They had one school bus left. Did Malamulo want it?

Several competing thoughts went through my mind when I first heard this proposal. First, *It would be great to get a bus and medical supplies for the hospital!* This was quickly followed by *How in the world will a bus get from Minnesota in the United States to Malawi, more than 8,000 miles away?* And then, *How would we raise the money for it to be transported?* I remember telling God that I thought it was a crazy idea. However, one



Brent and Laura Sherwin along with their son Jake and soon-to-arrive daughter are serving at Malamulo Adventist Hospital in Malawi. Brent works as a general surgeon, and Laura works as a dentist. They enjoy living and working alongside the people of Malawi. More stories like this one can be found on their blog: thesherwinpost.wordpress.com.

of the things God had been working on in my character was for me to trust Him completely. So we decided to go forward with the project and let God handle the details.

During the next several months, my classmate sent me periodic updates on how the procurement of medical supplies for the bus was going. Things finally started coming together for our move to Malawi, so I forgot about the project for a while. Then, a month before we were planning to leave, my classmate contacted me and said he had bad news. The bus that was supposed to carry the supplies wasn't working well enough to be shipped. I had known it was an old bus, so I wasn't too surprised. My family and I prayed about it and left things in God's hands. Not more than a week later, I got word that not only had a different bus been found but that it had fewer miles and was eight years newer than the previous one. What a miracle! This was a huge step forward, but I knew the bus still had to make the arduous journey to Malawi.

By God's grace, we arrived in Malawi at the end of June 2021. We had been raising funds through friends and local churches to ship the bus, but progress had been slow. About two weeks after we left Malawi, I got word that some last-minute donors had raised the needed funds. This was the second miracle for the project.

In late August, the bus was driven from Minnesota to a port in Texas without any issues. It was then loaded on a container ship and sent to Namibia, Africa. It cleared customs and was driven across Namibia and Zambia miraculously without any setbacks. Then came the tough part—getting the bus to clear customs into Malawi. But again, God worked out the details. On October 26, the bus finally arrived at the hospital. We were overjoyed to find the bus full of much-needed medical supplies. This was the third miracle.



2

I still struggle daily with trusting in God to help me through each difficulty, so I'm thankful for experiences such as these. They help me remember that though my faith may be small, God is still able to perform miracles, and nothing is impossible for Him!

- 1 Laura (right) with the dental team
- 2 Brent (left) with the surgery team
- 3 Arrival of the bus

Your generous and systematic mission offerings help support the ministry of hundreds of missionaries. Please give at **AdventistMission.org/donate**.



3



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What Good Can Come From the Beirut Blast?

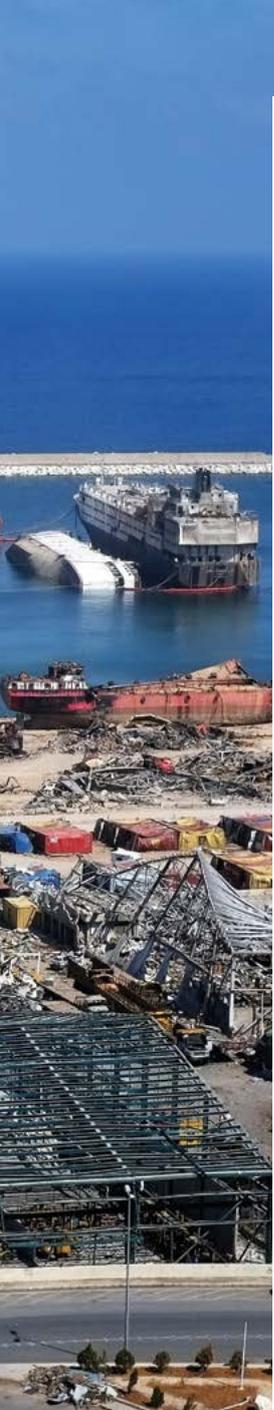
Editor's note: August 4, 2022, marked the second anniversary of the chemical explosion that killed more than 200 people and injured thousands in Beirut, Lebanon. The following article was written days after the disaster.

I barely noticed the first thud and shudder.

We'd had breezes all afternoon that rattled our front door. But the second, unfamiliar *thud-shudder* was unmistakable. In a politically fragile world, I know the possibilities well: Fireworks? A machine-gun? A car bomb? A fighter jet flying over? While nothing had ever involved me personally, I had

learned that every sound has a meaning, sometimes tragic.

I thought nothing of stepping out onto our front step to investigate. From my hilly outpost above the campus of the Seventh-day Adventist Church's Middle East University, I looked across the sprawling city of Beirut below, past the port, and toward the Mediterranean Sea. I noticed clouds—a mushroom, it seemed—dispersing in high-speed flourishes across the sky overhead. But I was more



focused on the enormous billow of smoke coming from the port area. Not normal. Not good.

I stepped farther out on the porch just as a massive explosion enveloped me. A wall of wind with dust and debris lifted me forcefully and threw me back into the house. I grabbed the door but couldn't get a grip to close it. The force seemed to blow straight through the walls. The window curtains twisted crazily around me. I could hardly stand.

My mind raced to register what was happening. A bomb on campus? A plane crash? An earthquake? How do you know what to do when you don't know what's happening? I felt like I was struggling to exist. Then, as sudden as the blasting wind, silence. In the split second of relief, the door gave way to me, and I slammed it shut with my whole body as you do in a dream when a bear is chasing you. Plaster dust settled at the base of the frame.

I wanted to look out the window, but I didn't know if more was coming. I wanted to be safe, but where was safety? I paced the hallway, my hands shaking. I started breathing again. Everything was eerily silent. Normal. I returned to my computer and searched futilely for breaking news. I tried to remember what I'd been working on. The impact had shattered my mind. The sound of sirens reminded me it wasn't just a dream.

A few minutes later, my husband called from the campus down the hill. Oh yes. I'm fine. He's fine. Broken glass all over campus. Ceilings pulled down. Students frightened. We asked each other inane questions we didn't expect answers for. He got home hours later, his ears still ringing.

Days later, the questions have only increased. There are no human solutions for what Lebanon has been experiencing—and especially not this. But one thing we know for certain: we will claim this country for God and for the purposes of His work and His honor.

We claim, too, that God is faithful to work good even amid evil and destruction. Local residents who have suffered years of war are meeting waves of dread; even without physical wounds, emotional wounds have been ripped open. The only assurance we can give is God's comfort when the memories and the losses are overwhelming. The fear around us sees only deep shadows ahead. So, we lift the politics, the corruption, the plummeting lira currency, the COVID-19 counts, the blast, and the inconsolable pain into His presence. The one certain good is that we are driven to press close to Him.

Minutes after I sat back down at my computer, Osman called. I had taught him a violin lesson online earlier in the afternoon. We'd ended the lesson just moments before the explosion. Now he was calling back, his eyes wild, his face sweaty, his phone jerking around to show me the destruction of his family's tiny apartment.

Global Mission is all about reaching the unreached for Jesus in the 10/40



Window, which includes the Middle East and North Africa.

We do this in various ways, including through the service of Global Mission pioneers, urban centers of influence, Waldensian Students, and tentmakers who use their careers to share Christ. Please support Global Mission in this region with your prayers and donations at Global-Mission.org/giving.



To see what's happening in mission in the Middle East and North Africa Union, visit m360.tv/middleeast.

"It is all broken. All broken, Miss."

That wasn't new to him. His family had been bombed out of Aleppo in Syria six years before. For him, the August 4 tragedy wasn't the broken apartment. It was the familiar cycle of loss.

It's a cycle I can't break. I can't numb the pain, reclaim the losses, or rebuild a country. Nobody can. But we are not helpless; we are not victims. We stand in the presence of God, interceding for what is beyond our power to change and giving Him permission to defy the evil that is flexing and fuming.

Good can come from this. Let God's name be honored, His power evident to comfort and bring hope for something much better than this. And let it happen through my life, on our Middle East University campus, for dear Lebanon, and into the "uttermost parts" of our reeling world.

Kathie Lichtenwalter is a missionary serving in the Middle East and North Africa Union Mission.



How To Not Sabotage Mission



Tiffany Brown has pastored and directed various ministries to connect unreached people groups to Jesus through community development, innovative evangelism, and empowering youth and young adults. She has recently accepted a call to pastoral ministry in an urban context.



Gary Krause, director of Adventist Mission, oversees the worldwide Global Mission initiative responsible for discipling new believers and planting new congregations.

What is wholistic ministry? And why is it essential to sharing Jesus? Urban evangelist Tiffany Brown mines fresh insights from Gary Krause in this article adapted from a recent *Mission Spotlight* feature.

Tiffany: Gary, wholistic ministry is a term that many of us have heard and even use, but I've noticed that when I talk with other pastors about it, there are questions about what it actually looks like. What does wholistic ministry mean to you?

Gary: To me it's the way Jesus modeled His mission. In the Gospels we see that Jesus preached and taught a lot. But He spent more of His time healing the sick and ministering to people's emotional and physical needs. On the one hand, He shared the good news of the kingdom verbally. On the other, He demonstrated it through His actions.

The best summary I've seen of Christ's method is what Ellen White says in her book *The Ministry of Healing* on page 143.

Tiffany: I'm familiar with that statement. She says that "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.'"

Gary: Yes, that's right! You have these components of mingling, showing sympathy, ministering to

needs, winning confidence, and bidding people to follow Jesus. Life is messy, and you can't just say, "I'm done with stage one, now I'm moving to stage two." It's a whole picture, and if we neglect any of the elements of Christ's method, we sabotage mission. If we're only interested in preaching, teaching, and giving people seminars or Bible studies but we haven't invested in their lives, haven't listened to them, haven't wept tears with them or laughed with them, then they only have an intellectual knowledge of the beliefs that we've given them. But are they going to be grounded as disciples in Jesus? Have they got that network?

I use the example of Velcro. Velcro sticks things together, and if you look at it under a microscope, it's a combination of hooks and loops that come together. You push them together and you pull them apart. If you only have one hook and loop, such as intellectual knowledge about Jesus, it's very easy to pull apart. But if you have a wholistic connection in which Jesus touched your heart, not just your head, and you've experienced a fellow Christian caring for your physical needs, you'll feel a tighter bond. Discipleship is going to be that much stronger.

So that's what I'm talking about with wholistic mission. I believe in literature ministry. I think media is wonderful, and we need these things. But they can only support, not replace, one-on-one contact.

Jesus wasn't content to stay in heaven and send us a leaflet. He wasn't content to send us the 28 Fundamental Beliefs on a piece of paper. He actually came down here, got His hands dirty, put on human skin, and became one with us because that's how you do mission.

Tiffany: That's huge! Jesus' incarnational "I am with you" changes everything. When we follow His example, there's not an "us" and a "them" but a "we" and an "our." Instead of saying, "I'm over here. What can I do to go over there to reach them?" we're saying, "We're in this together, and I'm here to do life with you." It's such a different approach. Instead of "How can we change them?" it's like, "Wow, this is changing me, and we're changing together, and let's see where God is taking us together." I love that!



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BRAZIL



1

A Love Story on the Amazon



Flavio Ferraz is TV host and writer for Hope Channel Brazil.

When Íris Sena and Tayana Nascimento da Silva agreed to join the volunteer medical missionary team aboard the *Luzeiro XXIX*, they were prepared to work hard to relieve suffering along the Amazon River. What they didn't expect was to fall in love.

Íris is a physician, specializing in family medicine, and Tayana is a dentist, training to become a dental surgeon. They had never met, but they quickly became friends and started dating after several months. Eventually, they decided to team up for life to serve Jesus.

The ministry of the speedboat *Luzeiro XXIX*, supported by the Hospital Adventista de Belém Brazil, operates in the state of Pará, providing free medical, dental, and educational assistance. It's equipped with medical offices, a pharmacy, eight cabins, and a cafeteria.

"When I arrived on the boat, I almost fell back when I entered and saw the clinic structure," Tayana said. "I was so excited; I would make videos and send them to my family. I would say, 'Guys, there's a whole office inside the boat!'"

The most common problem Tayana sees in her patients is decayed teeth. "We do a lot of restorations, and unfortunately, we do a lot

of extractions," she said. "I rarely find someone without cavities. Sometimes, one toothbrush is used for the whole family." Tayana gives her patients a toothbrush for each member of their family. She tells them, "Don't let everybody use the same brush because the disease you have will pass on to others."

In many remote areas that Tayana and Íris visit, the villagers are unfamiliar with basic health principles. So, the couple spends a lot of time educating their patients. Germs are a huge challenge, especially for children. "We talk about the purification of water and about the correct way to wash fruit, vegetables, and legumes to avoid contamination," Íris said. "There is no point in giving medicine today [if] next week, they eat poorly again, use untreated water, and unfortunately, get the diseases again."

Íris and Tayana recognize that there are still thousands of people living along the Amazon that

2



need care and the love of Jesus, yet they feel a deep sense of satisfaction that God has enabled them to touch many hearts for Him already.

“At the end of the day, when we lay our head on the pillow, we feel that sense of mission accomplished, of duty fulfilled,” Íris said.

“Sometimes I feel like I’m in a dream,” Tayana added. “When I look at the opportunity to be working here, I feel like I’m an extension of God’s arms. I can tell you that it is a very great feeling of gratitude. . . . To be able to remember that I was able to help someone, that there were people who left here smiling, thanking me because they weren’t feeling pain anymore and because they were going to be able to sleep at night, that’s the best payoff!”



Watch “A Love Story on the Amazon” at [M360.tv/s22312](https://m360.tv/s22312).



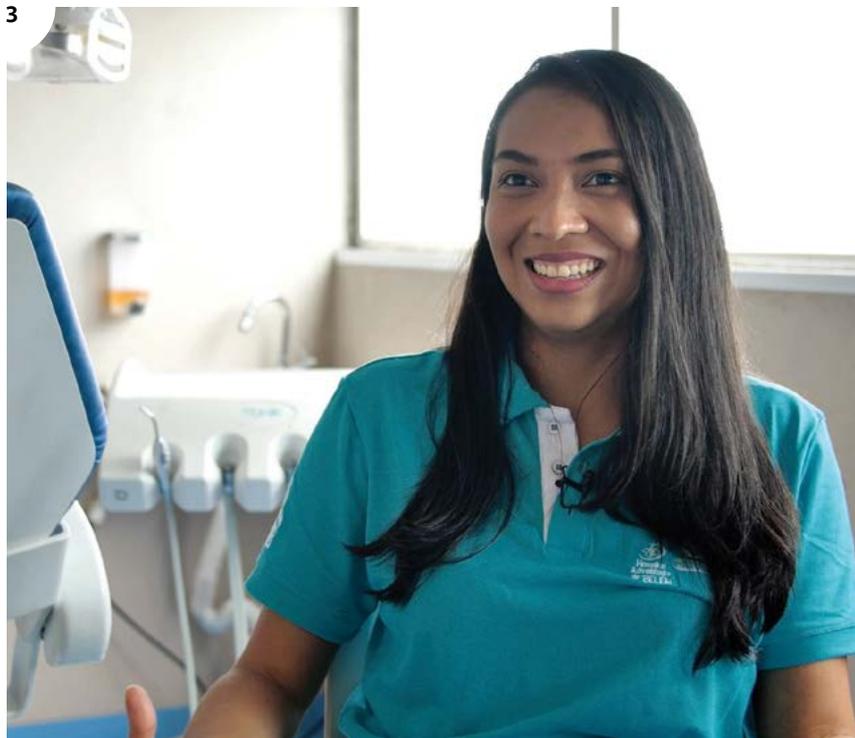
Would you like to help make a positive impact in the lives of others? If so, please consider volunteering through Adventist Volunteer Service, which facilitates church members’ volunteer service around the world. Volunteers ages 18 to 80 may serve as pastors, teachers, medical professionals, computer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



vividfaith

A service of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, VividFaith connects people with mission opportunities. It is the central place to find opportunities to serve and to share your faith. Use it to advertise mission openings, find qualified applicants, share urgent needs, tell your amazing stories, and stay connected with missionaries. vividfaith.com

- 1 Íris and Tayana aboard the *Luzeiro XXIX*
- 2 The *Luzeiro XXIX*
- 3 Tayana in the dental office
- 4 Íris treating a patient





Don't Wait!

It's not surprising that Veronika, a new Seventh-day Adventist, is one of the first members of the church planting team at the Bryant Park Life Hope Center, an urban center of influence in New York City, United States. In her passion for serving others, it seems like she doesn't wait for anything or anyone, but she has learned to wait on God. She couldn't wait to be baptized and join the church planting team, so she insisted on studying all the preparatory Bible studies at once. This marathon Bible study lasted a little more than six hours.

After being baptized and joining the church planting team, Veronika wondered how she could help reach the community. She was trained as a social worker, and before COVID, she had created a nonprofit organization to help women in several countries around the world. But how could she serve immediately?

Her son said, "Mom, food is your passion. Lots of people come to visit you because of your food. I think you should hold an event called Cooking With God. God will bring you everything you need."

So, Veronika created a sign advertising food and testimonies, placed it in the window of the center's storefront, and waited. The first week, she prepared food at home and brought it to the center, but no one came. The second week, she prepared food again and waited, but still, no one came. But the third week, Veronika looked out the window and saw a young woman walk by. The sign caught the woman's eye, and she stopped to read it. Then she stepped inside, hesitated, and walked out again. The church plant leader, Pastor Wayne Jamel, had spotted her, too, and he gestured for Veronika to follow.

As Veronika engaged the young woman, Maria,* in conversation and shared her testimony, Maria's heart responded. She opened up to Veronika's kindness and told her how she had attempted to end her life five times.

"I shared God with her," Veronika said, "and from that moment on, she has wanted to know more of who God is." This encounter with the Bryant Park Life Hope Center church planting team became the turning point in Maria's life. Veronika invited her to help with the Cooking With God project. With renewed purpose in life, Maria



1

bought a camera and a microphone and wants to assist Veronika in filming a program to help other women like herself.

Rina, a woman living in an unheated homeless shelter with her children, also visited Cooking With God. She had escaped abuse from her family and husband and was now caught in a web of legal issues with no identification documents for her or her children. Again, Veronika shared her testimony, and Rina's life has been changed, too. "She still asks me questions," Veronika said. "She wants guidance for the difficult decisions she must make."

For Veronika, the purpose of this ministry is to make herself available to help women and connect them to God. But she doesn't always wait to be approached by those who are hurting. When she learned that a family member's daughter was struggling with depression, she offered help. "You've tried everything to help her," she said. "Why not try Jesus?"

These family members were not believers in Christ. "Leave me alone," the mother snapped.

"Think about it," Veronika responded. "Nowhere in this world does anyone talk bad about Jesus. Everyone who talks about Jesus talks about



Sandra Dombrowski is a freelance writer living in Connecticut, United States.

She has a passion for highlighting, promoting, and working in urban ministry.

something good they got or how He solved their problems. Why don't you try Him?"

Veronika continued, "You think that God doesn't love you like He does other people? God loves you the same way, and Jesus will help your daughter."

"OK, OK," the family member finally relented.

The next day, Veronika started Bible studies with them. Although the daughter didn't attend the first Bible study, she came to the second one. Soon after, both mother and daughter were baptized. Now they help Veronika prepare food for Cooking With God.

Touching one person at a time, Veronika uses her testimony to draw others to Christ. Many times, her first step is to invite them to work with her, helping to serve others, just like she has done.

"Veronika's ministry reminds me of the story of Jesus healing the man who was demon-possessed," Pastor Jamel shared. "The man wanted to follow him, but Jesus told him, 'Just go back home and tell what God has done for you.' An entire city was reached just because he shared his testimony."

Don't wait! Be ready to share your testimony and find creative ways to serve others even now. Think of the cities that can be reached for Christ!

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*Names have been changed

- 1 Veronika stands with her sign in front of the Bryant Park Life Hope Center
- 2 Veronika (right) shares watermelon outside the Life Hope Center
- 3 Veronika, second from left, with visitors and volunteers



Urban Centers of Influence

Global Mission supports wholistic mission to the cities through the ministry of dozens of urban centers of influence (UCIs) such as the Bryant Park Life Hope Center. UCIs follow Christ's method of ministry to meet people's needs and start new groups of believers.

To learn more, visit the urban centers of influence website at MissiontotheCities.org/urban-centers-of-influence. Please support urban centers of influence by scanning this QR code or visiting Global-Mission.org/giving.





Beaten for His Faith

Bandara hated Christians. He didn't like that they believed that God created the world and could forgive sins. He thought both were impossible. But one day, everything changed for Bandara.

"God had a plan for me and used a Christian to change me," Bandara said. "That person helped me with my difficulties. Through him, I understood God's grace and love, and that's why I became a Christian."

After accepting Christ and being baptized, Bandara wanted to share the light he received with others. With this commitment in his heart, he decided to become a Global Mission pioneer. His plan was to introduce people to Jesus and eventually start a new congregation.

The change in Bandara's life was evident to his family and friends. They noticed that he went from one place to another around the city, sharing the love of Christ and His message of forgiveness.

Bandara's actions eventually got the whole community's attention, but not for all good reasons. His regular visits alarmed some young men who believed that Bandara's actions might harm the community.

The men plotted to beat Bandara to stop his visits. One day, as Bandara returned home on his usual route, a large group waited for him. They blocked his path and beat him. Bandara considers the beating to be the deadliest struggle of his Christian life.

"I covered my face to protect myself," Bandara said. "At least two people were beating me for 15 minutes continuously. After beating me that long, I could sense that they finally were getting exhausted. They used a helmet to hit my head." Bandara prayed the entire time that God would protect him from being seriously hurt, and God answered that prayer.

In fact, God answered that prayer more than once. Bandara was beaten several times, and each time he stood firmly for his faith and survived without critical injuries. When people heard that Bandara was so committed to his beliefs that he was willing to be beaten for them, they stood by Bandara. They realized that he wanted to help the community.

Bandara's passion to bring more people to Jesus grows every day. "God chose us and called



Global Mission pioneer Bandara was beaten several times for trying to share the love of Jesus

us, saying, 'Who is going to work for Me?'" Bandara said. "So, we have to go!"

Let's pray for Bandara and other Global Mission pioneers around the world who serve despite the risks that come with their commitment.



Joshua Sagala, Office of Adventist Mission



GLOBAL MISSION

Please help Global Mission pioneers reach the 66 percent of the world's population who haven't had the opportunity to experience Jesus.

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Watch this story at m360.tv/s22311.



Three Cows and a Bull for the Lord



Ricky Oliveras,
Office of
Adventist
Mission

One day as Mr. and Mrs. Mpofu watched over their livestock in Zimbabwe, they felt inspired to do more for God. So, they gave a portion of their animals as tithe and mission offerings.

“What moved us as husband and wife to give not only our tithe but also a bull as an offering is the current General Conference strategic plan I Will Go,” Mr. Mpofu said. “That challenged us very much because the Bible says everything belongs to God and we are just His stewards.”

“We’re following the Scriptures, learning that there are great blessings in giving,” Mrs. Mpofu added. “That touched our hearts so much because the Lord has been so good to us.”

Of the 31 animals the Mpofus owned, they tithed 3 cows and gave 1 bull for the mission offerings. This gesture not only encouraged the visiting church elders who collected the animals but also caught the attention of neighboring church members. Several others have pledged to contribute more to the mission offerings because of Mr. and Mrs. Mpofu’s example.

The mission offerings make a huge difference around the world and can make the greatest

Please give your weekly mission offerings during Sabbath School, by scanning this QR code, or by visiting adventistmission.org/donate.




Watch this story at m360.tv/s2221.

impact when given faithfully and regularly.

Mr. and Mrs. Mpofu’s country, Zimbabwe, is home to Solusi University, which was founded in 1894. This Adventist institution educates students from all over Southern Africa.

Zimbabwe is part of the Southern Africa-Indian Ocean Division. This territory is home to more than 4.3 million Adventists.

Despite having a well-established history of church growth, there are still many mission struggles here. Your mission offerings help spread a message of hope in some of the most challenging areas, such as the growing cities.

Please pray for the Southern Africa-Indian Ocean Division as church members there faithfully follow God’s call in their lives. Even if you don’t have livestock to give, thank you for supporting the mission offerings.

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This story was adapted with permission from an article in the Southern Africa-Indian Ocean Division’s newsletter, *Adventist Echo*.





Diapers on the Grocery List

Suddenly a command popped into my head, “Buy a package of diapers.”

One Friday morning, I was doing the weekly shopping at the local grocery store in Beirut, Lebanon. My husband, Peter, was buying apples and granola bars for the Pathfinders* weekend hike, and I was getting the family food. We serve as missionaries, teaching biology at Middle East University.

As I went upstairs to get some disinfectant and dish soap, I glanced down the diaper aisle and saw someone looking at the various packages of diapers. I thought to myself how very hard it must be for people who need diapers in Lebanon. The financial situation is extremely difficult, with the Lebanese currency having lost more than 90 percent of its value in the past two years and the cost of goods skyrocketing. More than 80 percent of the country lives below the poverty line.

Suddenly a command popped into my head, “Buy a package of diapers.”

I was surprised at this sudden thought.

“Lord, is that you?” I asked. “Why would I buy diapers? The youngest of my three children is ten years old!”

“Buy a package of diapers.”

I started to walk toward the escalator.

“Lord, I don’t even know anyone with a baby who needs diapers.”

The command became more insistent, “Buy a package of diapers.”

I walked back to the diaper aisle and prayed, “OK, Lord, I’ll buy some diapers, and You’ll just have to show me later whom they are for.” I grabbed a package of size 3 diapers and continued my shopping.

When my husband and I met at the car, I told him, “Don’t be surprised if you see a package of diapers in

the trunk. The Lord told me to buy them. They’re a gift, but I don’t know whom they’re for yet.” We drove home and set the diapers by the front door.

The next day at church, I saw a friend whose wife works with refugee families in Beirut. We chatted for a while, and I asked him, “Do you think your wife might know someone who needs diapers? The Lord told me to get some yesterday, and I don’t know whom they are for.” He promised to speak to her about it.

That evening I received a text from him. “When I told my wife your story about the diapers, she



The McHenry family in front of the science department of Middle East University in Beirut, Lebanon. From left: Malachi, Amy, Isaiah, Peter, and Nadia. Photo courtesy of MENAUM



Amy Shepherd McHenry is the faculty dean for arts and sciences at Middle East University in Beirut, Lebanon, where her family serves as missionaries.

started to cry," he wrote. "Tomorrow she will be visiting two families who need diapers. Can we come and pick them up tonight?"

A short while later, as we hugged and chatted at the door, I handed her the diapers that God had put on my grocery list. I learned that she works with more than 20 families who need diapers and can't afford them. Now I know to put diapers on my grocery list more often.

* A Christian club for children

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Laurie Falvo,
Office of
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Food

1. Bake sale
2. Sell frozen pizzas
3. Bake bread
4. Bake granola
5. Sell jam



Outdoor Work

6. Garage cleaning
7. Lawn mowing
8. Water flowers
9. Weeding
10. Snow shoveling
11. Trimming shrubs
12. Plowing

Services

13. Transportation service
14. House sitting
15. Babysitting
16. Carpooling



17. Bike repair
18. Moving furniture
19. Photo/video services
20. Meal making
21. Cake making
22. Computer repair
23. Pick up dry cleaning
24. Pick up mail
25. Pick up prescriptions
26. Deliver groceries
27. Organizing
28. DVD/CD duplication
29. Landscaping
30. Therapeutic massage
31. Catering



Cars

32. Car repair
33. Car wash
34. Car painting
35. Oil changes
36. Tire changes

Exercise

37. Walk-a-thon
38. Bike-a-thon
39. Skate-a-thon
40. Swimming lessons
41. Gymnastic lessons
42. Karate lessons



Grooming

- 43. Haircuts
- 44. Manicures
- 45. Pedicures



Sales

- 46. Book sale
- 47. Sell flower bulbs
- 48. E-Bay sales
- 49. Garage sale
- 50. Sell bouquets
- 51. Sell fruit/vegetables
- 52. Craft sale
- 53. Auction
- 54. Sell paintings
- 55. Flea market
- 56. Sell birdhouses



Clothing

- 57. Shine shoes
- 58. Ironing
- 59. Laundry
- 60. Mending
- 61. Sewing/alterations

Miscellaneous

- 62. Contribute coupon savings
- 63. Save loose change
- 64. Buy snacks wholesale; resell for profit
- 65. Set aside single dollar bills each week
- 66. School fundraisers
- 67. Rent out property

Pets

- 68. Dog walking
- 69. Dog grooming
- 70. Pet sitting
- 71. Dog training



Handy Man Jobs

- 72. Painting jobs
- 73. Rake leaves
- 74. Wash windows
- 75. Build walkways
- 76. Resurface driveways
- 77. Gutter/drainpipe cleaning
- 78. Trash removal



Teaching

- 79. Tutoring
- 80. Language lessons
- 81. Teach music lessons
- 82. Teach art lessons
- 83. Teach aerobic classes
- 84. Teach cooking classes

Clerical

- 85. Typing

Editorial

- 86. Editing/proofreading
- 87. Write stories



Computer

- 88. PowerPoint preparation
- 89. Web maintenance/design
- 90. Program training

Home Improvement

- 91. Plumbing
- 92. Carpet laying

Events

- 93. Wedding planner
- 94. Tea parties

Inside House

- 95. Wash dishes
- 96. Vacuum
- 97. Dust



Holidays

- 98. Make and sell pies
- 99. Christmas tree/wreath decorating
- 100. Christmas tree and wreath sales

Ways to give Mission Offering



- **Online:** AdventistMission.org/donate
- **Phone:** 800-648-5824
- **Mail:** (United States)
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Silver Spring, MD 20904-6601

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- **Mail:** (United States)
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Silver Spring, MD 20904-6601

(Canada)
Global Mission
SDA Church in Canada
1148 King Street East
Oshawa, ON L1H 1H8



Mission in My Blood



From the United States, **Kristen Shields** is a biology student at Southern Adventist University in Tennessee. She has a heart for mission and plans to continue her ministry.

I've always been drawn to mission. My grandparents and great-grandparents were missionaries in the Philippines, and I heard stories of their adventures from when I was, basically, inside the womb. As a child, I dreamed of traversing dangerous jungles in the Amazon and showing people Jesus' love. I guess it's in my blood.

When I went to college, I studied biology, intending to go on to dental school one day. I wanted to use those skills to help serve overlooked communities. I set my goals and buckled down, knowing it was going to be a long road. But my heart still yearned for missionary life.

One Friday night during vespers at my university, several students who had served as missionaries stood up and talked about their experiences and the wonderful things they'd seen God do. *That's it*, I thought. *I'm going to be a missionary. I don't need to wait until I finish*

school. Thoroughly inspired, I marched up to the student missions' office the next day and eagerly signed up. I completed the preparation class, but then COVID struck, halting plans for me and the rest of the world. My dreams of being a student missionary were shattered. However, God had different plans.

The next year, God opened every single door for me to be a missionary at Familia Feliz (Happy Family), an orphanage in Bolivia. I put my education on hold for a year and hopped on a plane, headed for the Amazon.

After 24 hours of traveling in the air, through airports, and on dangerous cliff-side roads, I arrived at the orphanage and settled into a home for 10 little girls. I would be the house assistant, doing chores to keep home life running smoothly while the houseparents took care of the children. It was so much fun to be around kids. They have no

prejudices, no lack of energy, and no filter. However, I soon learned that my role would change.

The houseparents had to leave unexpectedly. This left me and another American student missionary in charge. I barely spoke Spanish; how was I supposed to parent these kids? The next several months were the busiest, most sleep-deprived months of my life. I was constantly cooking, cleaning, and handling all the children's problems. I basically learned how to be a mom—all in another language. Sometimes it felt like I was just struggling to make it through the day, wondering whether the work I did even mattered.

But God saw me and wanted me to know that it did. One of my girls, let's call her Maddie, has a horrible past. Her father had abused and abandoned her, leaving her to fend for herself and her siblings on the streets. Maddie is the sweetest kid. But underneath a fun exterior was a broken heart. I had the privilege to look at that heart.

When no one was looking, Maddie would bury her face in my chest and sob. The crying wouldn't stop no matter what I said. It was then that God whispered, "Tell her about Me." And so, I stroked Maddie's thick black hair and started weaving the story of Jesus. As I went on, her tears dried, and her breaths slowed to a steady pace, except for the occasional hiccup. "You know He loves you so much, right?" I asked.

"Mhmm," she squeaked.

"And if you believe in Him, we'll all live together in heaven with Jesus! We can be neighbors and share a garden with all your favorite fruits in it!

She looked up at me with a sparkle in her eye that wasn't from the tears.

"OK! Me, you, and Jesus!" I said. Maddie smiled.

It's these moments that make me realize that it's about presence. I find that in my own walk with God, there usually are not a lot of supernatural parting-the-Red-Sea situations. It's usually just a "Hey, I'm here for you. I love you," kind of thing. I may not have been restoring sight to the blind or making the lame walk again, but I still feel like I showed God's love to those kids just by being a caring presence in their lives.

It was a hard year, but the most rewarding one of my life. It was full of learning, growth, change, pain, joy, and surrender. I wouldn't take back any of it for the world. If you feel God's calling to serve somewhere as a missionary, I encourage you to take a leap of faith. Your life might change forever.

- 1 Kristen with Maddie
- 2 Kristen with two of the youngest children she cared for



If you're interested in being a volunteer, visit AdventistVolunteers.org.



Watch video stories about Adventist Volunteer Service missionaries at m360.tv/avs.



A Light in Madagascar



Crystal Earnhardt
is a writer
who lives in
Hendersonville,
North Carolina.

The winds outside howled like demons, and rain slammed against the walls of the house from every direction. Zafitody used her body to shield her daughter, Marie, from the inevitable. The roof was going. She knew that there was no way a thatched roof could stay intact in a cyclone like this.

“Stay close to me,” she yelled above the deafening roar. Her words were meant to be reassuring. In actuality, Marie couldn’t get any closer. Her little body shook, and tears coursed down her face.

Zafitody’s husband joined the huddle. “We must run to Andry’s house,” he shouted.

The words had barely left his mouth when the whole top of their home disappeared. The three of them scrambled out the door as boards ripped off the walls. There was no time to collect valuables or supplies. Clutching each other to keep from being blown away, the three stumbled through the mud to reach their eldest son’s home. When they arrived, they realized that two other families had also taken refuge inside.

Andry welcomed them in. His house was newer and robust. For a few minutes, everyone tried to relax, but then the door burst open, and two other families poured in. Now, there was no room to

sit, so they stood up until daylight. It was a long, miserable night.

Gradually, the winds died away and the rain stopped. No one attempted to leave until the morning light flooded the drenched world. It was too dangerous, not knowing where the debris had landed or the waters had gathered.

At last, Zafitody and her husband could stand it no longer. Leaving Marie safely inside, they ventured outside to see what was left of their home. Devastation met them with every step. Nothing was left but a few standing boards. Everything was destroyed. No dishes. No cookware. No bed. No clothes. No food. It had all been blown away, shattered, or ruined by the rain.

“I am 57 years old,” Zafitody said to no one in particular. “I have worked my whole life, and yet I have nothing.”

“We have our lives,” her husband said, coming up behind her. “We have our three children. Take heart in that.”

Loud screams and wails from neighboring homes made Zafitody realize the importance of his words. Some hadn’t made it to safety. She would later learn that at least 125 people were killed during the storm.

Zafitody’s home was one of 8,820 that were totally destroyed when Cyclone Batsirai slammed Madagascar’s eastern coast on February 5, 2022, bringing 124-mile-per-hour winds and heavy rainfall. That’s not counting the nearly 12,000 homes that were flooded or mildly damaged.

In the period just before and during the arrival of the cyclone, the Adventist Development and Relief Agency’s (ADRA) emergency response team was in contact with government agencies and their partners. They worked to assess the situation and provide the immediate needs of food and WASH kits (water, sanitation, and hygiene) for the victims even though the roofs of ADRA warehouses had been blown off, too. Still, ADRA was able to offer many things, such as cooking pots, utensils, and blankets, to help the people.

Zafitody cried when ADRA volunteers, wearing khaki vests with the ADRA emblem on them, arrived. “We are so distressed,” she told them. “This cyclone destroyed everything we had, our



1



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2

forest and our village. We are lost. I don't know what more to say; I am desperate." When she realized that ADRA had come to help, she pleaded, "Anything you can give will be really appreciated."

In the same city of Mananjary, Mandrivola Marie Agnes with her husband and three children suffered the same fate. Their house collapsed, leaving them penniless with no job or income. She now sells cassava and doughnuts to purchase rice and beans to cook. "Some days, I have nothing to buy food with," she says.

Small, self-built homes were not the only ones to suffer. The district headquarters of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in Mananjary lost its roof, but some 30 households, mostly non-church members, took shelter within the church compound. The ADRA team donated food to feed them for approximately a week.

Cyclone Batsirai was the second major storm to hit Madagascar this year. The needs are many as poverty ravages the country and bad weather repeatedly snuffs out homes and lives. But during those times of suffering, people take refuge in Adventist churches and run to meet the people who show up wearing a vest with the ADRA emblem.

- 1 Zafitody and her family lost everything
- 2 Mandrivola Marie Agnes had to abandon her house



The Adventist Development and Relief Agency is the international humanitarian arm of the Seventh-day Adventist Church serving in 118 countries. Its work empowers communities and changes lives around the globe by providing sustainable community development and disaster relief. ADRA's purpose is to serve humanity so all may live as God intended. To learn more about ADRA and its relief efforts in Madagascar, visit ADRA.org.

Thank you for supporting ADRA through your weekly mission offerings and, in North America, by giving to World Budget. To give, visit adventistmission.org/donate.





William Harrison Anderson: PIONEER MISSIONARY TO AFRICA FOR 50 YEARS

“I have given my money, my strength, my wife, and I intend to give the rest of my poor self to finish the work God has given me to do.”—W. H. Anderson

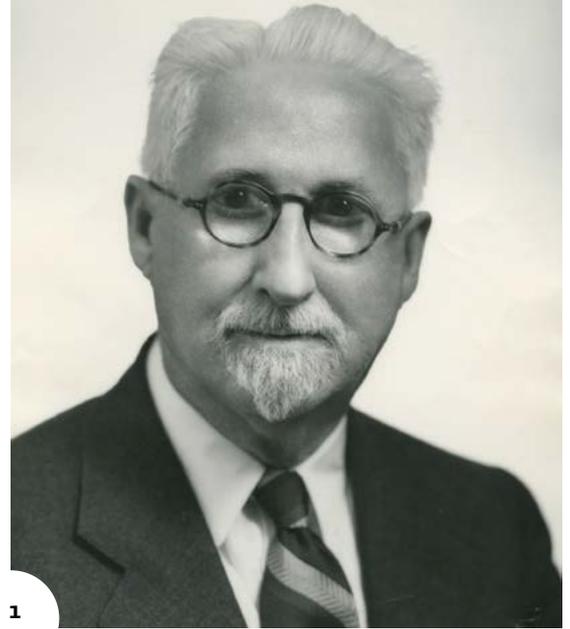
William Harrison Anderson (1870–1950) was a leading pioneer of Adventist mission to the indigenous peoples of Southern Africa for 50 years. His achievements and his ability to communicate his passion for mission did much to generate interest among American Adventists in the church’s nascent work on the African continent. The following story is adapted from his biographical article in the online Encyclopedia of Seventh-day Adventists (ESDA). We invite you to visit the ESDA online at encyclopedia.adventist.org to enjoy more stories about Adventist missionaries.

Education and Call to Africa

William Harrison Anderson was born in Mexico, Indiana, to Elijah and Naomi Pierson Anderson on June 25, 1870. After growing up on the family farm, Harry, as he became known, attended Battle Creek College, where he accepted the Seventh-day Adventist message and was baptized in 1889. Feeling the pull of overseas missions at a time when the Adventist work was just beginning to become truly global in scope, Harry organized a student foreign mission band at the college during the early 1890s.

While at Battle Creek College, Harry met Nora Haysmer (1867–1908), a fellow student from Fenwick, Michigan, who also joined the student volunteer mission band. She graduated from the college in 1893, and the couple married later that year on October 24. They would have one daughter, Naomi Anderson (Hively), born in Africa in 1899.

The Andersons were among the first group of missionaries the Foreign Mission Board called to the Matabele Mission (later renamed “Solusi”) near Bulawayo in the colony of Southern Rhodesia (now the nation of Zimbabwe). The mission was located on 12,000 acres of land granted



1

to the church in 1894 by Cecil Rhodes’s British South Africa Company from the large swathe of Southern Africa that the company had brought under its control. Previously, Adventist mission in Africa had been directed to the mostly Protestant English- and Afrikaans-speaking white settlers. The acquisition and development of the Solusi Mission marked the beginning of mission work among the non-Christian, indigenous peoples of Africa. Over the next five decades, Anderson, probably more than anyone else, blazed the trail for an expanding mission throughout the southern third of the continent.

Solusi Mission

Harry and Nora Anderson, along with George and Mary Tripp and their son, George, sailed from New York on April 10, 1895. Dr. A. S. Carmichael departed on April 14 and joined the others at Cape Town, South Africa. From there, on May 22, the group began their journey northward to the mission station. After reaching the end of the rail line, they traveled another seven weeks by ox-drawn covered wagons, arriving on July 26.

A struggle for survival dominated the early years at Solusi. Torrential rains thwarted efforts to raise buildings for the station. One of the mud walls of the Andersons’ home collapsed, burying in inches of mud the woodstove that Anderson had just constructed. Disease almost entirely wiped out the cattle on the land, reducing the herd from more than 100,000 head to 500. The Matabele rebellion against colonial rule brought the mission station under siege throughout the first half of 1896, necessitating risky night-time ventures by Anderson and Tripp to obtain supplies. When the war abated and the siege came to an end in July 1896, the Solusi mission remained intact, while many mission centers operated by other groups had been looted and burned.

Malaria exacted an enormous toll during the early years at Solusi. Dr. Carmichael first succumbed to the disease on February 26, 1898, soon followed by both George Tripp and his 12-year-old son. The disease also devastated a larger group of missionaries that arrived in 1899. By 1901, all had either lost their lives, become disabled, or been driven away by the disease, leaving the Andersons as the only active workers at Solusi, with full responsibility for the mission, including management of its farm and school. Their survival was aided by taking quinine obtained in Bulawayo, in contrast to fellow missionaries who regarded the drug as dangerous and would not use it.

In 1900, while the second round of missionaries was still at work, a church was constructed, and the conversion of 13 young people was reported, seven of them through Anderson's labors. It was not until December 1, 1900, however, after nearly six years of operation, that the mission saw its first baptism—that of Jim Mainza, who became a teacher, colporteur, and evangelist, ordained to the gospel ministry in 1922.

On the Trail of Livingstone

The advance of Adventist mission work farther into the interior of Africa began in 1901 when Frank and Mary Armitage journeyed some 150 miles northeast from Solusi to establish the Somabula Mission. Renamed Lower Gwelo Station, it became a base for widespread mission outposts.

Likewise, Anderson set out in 1903 in search of prospective sites for mission stations. He journeyed northward, crossing the Zambezi River into present-day Zambia. Assisted by a few young African workers from the farm at Solusi, Anderson traveled 1,000 miles in four months, all on foot, covering much of the territory that the famed British missionary David Livingstone had been the first European to explore.

A bout of dysentery brought Anderson near death during the journey. Among other perils, tensions between the Africans and colonial



3



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authorities remained a potential source for violent conflict if inflamed. The authorities saw the missionary's endeavor as beneficial to their purposes. Anderson later wrote that Cecil Rhodes once told him that "he found missionaries to be much better for keeping the natives quiet than soldiers, and certainly a good deal cheaper." In that vein, the colonial administrator at Kalomo recommended that Anderson go to the region ruled by Monze, chief of the Batonga tribe, who had led an armed uprising a year before. The official wanted Anderson to monitor Monze's activities and "report any disorders that might occur in his district."¹ Though the Batonga had previously resisted Christian missions, Chief Monze treated Anderson with civility. After the missionary explained his purpose, Monze provided a guide who led Anderson to a site perfectly suited for the establishment of a mission station and an industrial school.

In 1904, after his return to Solusi, Anderson received news that his father had passed away. Granted a year-long furlough, the Andersons returned to the United States. In addition to dealing with family matters, Anderson spoke at various Adventist gatherings, "rousing the homeland" to support "the missionary drive up into the heart of Africa."² These "talk missions," as they would be called, made Anderson one of Adventism's best-known promoters of world missions in addition to being one of its leading pioneer practitioners.



2

Rusangu Mission

When the Andersons arrived back at the site of the new mission in the territory of the Batonga tribe (then referred to as Barotseland) in September 1905, Anderson envisioned devoting two years to learning the language and building the mission. Within a month, though, 40 young Africans arrived, pleading for an education. After initially resisting, Anderson agreed to give basic instruction, including Bible teaching, in the evenings, doing the best he could while gradually learning the Tonga language. During the day, he oversaw the construction of buildings and the development of the farm. Initially, water had to be carried from the Magoye River, a mile away from the mission. To resolve that problem, Anderson used funds from a \$1,000 General Conference appropriation for the mission's development to pay the expenses of digging a borehole. The opportunity to draw water became another feature that attracted local inhabitants to the mission.

The industrial school at Pemba, renamed Rusangu, became “the center of a satellite system of self-supporting schools.”³ The industrial school model, with its emphasis on practical, vocational training proved very attractive to the region's inhabitants while also gaining the approval of colonial administrators. In time, the schools would produce a “significant cohort of Adventist entrepreneurial farmers.”⁴

After living again in a mud house for the first two years at Rusangu, Harry, Nora, and eight-year-old Naomi were set to experience the relative comfort of a newly completed brick house. Unfortunately, Nora would have little, if any, opportunity to enjoy the experience. She had worked diligently beside her husband through manifold deprivations for more than a decade, surviving the dangers

of war, famine, and disease. But she contracted black-water fever on November 24, 1907, and succumbed after a two-month struggle on February 4, 1908, while receiving care at Plumstead Sanitarium in South Africa. When she realized that she was nearing death, Nora sent her final request to Harry: “Take care of Naomi; stay by the mission and make it all we have planned, under God, it should be.”⁵

Anderson served for 12 years (1905–1917) as director of the Rusangu Mission. On May 10, 1910, he married Mary Elizabeth Perin, who would be his companion and coworker for the remainder of his life.

Wider Service

After completing a vivid account of his mission experiences published as *On the Trail of Livingstone* (Pacific Press, 1919), Anderson pioneered Adventist mission work in a third locale in southern Africa—present-day Botswana, at that time the Bechuanaland Protectorate. He served as superintendent of the Bechuanaland Mission Field until 1924, where he was instrumental in opening a hospital in addition to several mission stations.

Moving to the west, he did similar work for the next nine years as superintendent of the Angola Union Mission (1924–1933). In 1934, Anderson began his final decade of mission work, serving as field secretary for the Southern Africa Division. This role, which involved opening new mission stations, teaching and encouraging church workers at institutes and camp meetings, advising new missionary recruits, and raising money, seems a fitting capstone to 50 years of ministry devoted entirely to the people of Africa.

Harry and Mary Anderson joined a gathering of more than 2,000 for the Golden Jubilee commemoration held at Solusi on July 26, 1944. The celebration began with the Andersons riding into the compound in an old-fashioned wagon pulled by 16 oxen, evoking the final, seven-week stretch of the journey that took Harry and Nora there 50 years before.

Legacy

The Andersons returned to the United States upon retirement in 1945 and moved to Claremont, North Carolina. They maintained a vigorous travel schedule to camp meetings and churches, relating their mission experiences and conducting evangelistic meetings.

On June 26, 1950, the day after celebrating his 80th birthday in “fraternal fellowship” with members of Claremont's Lutheran church, and the day before he planned to leave for San Francisco, California, to serve as a delegate to the 1950 General Conference session, Anderson died suddenly from a heart attack. He was survived by his wife, daughter, and one sister.



5

The scope of Adventism’s twenty-first-century presence in Zambia is but one slice of Anderson’s legacy, albeit a telling one. As of 2020, the combined membership of the Northern Zambia Union and Southern Zambia Union stood at 1,374,177. The church operates three hospitals and a publishing house in Zambia. A grade school, a high school, and a fully accredited university with approximately 4,000 students—Rusangu University—operate on the site of Rusangu Mission.

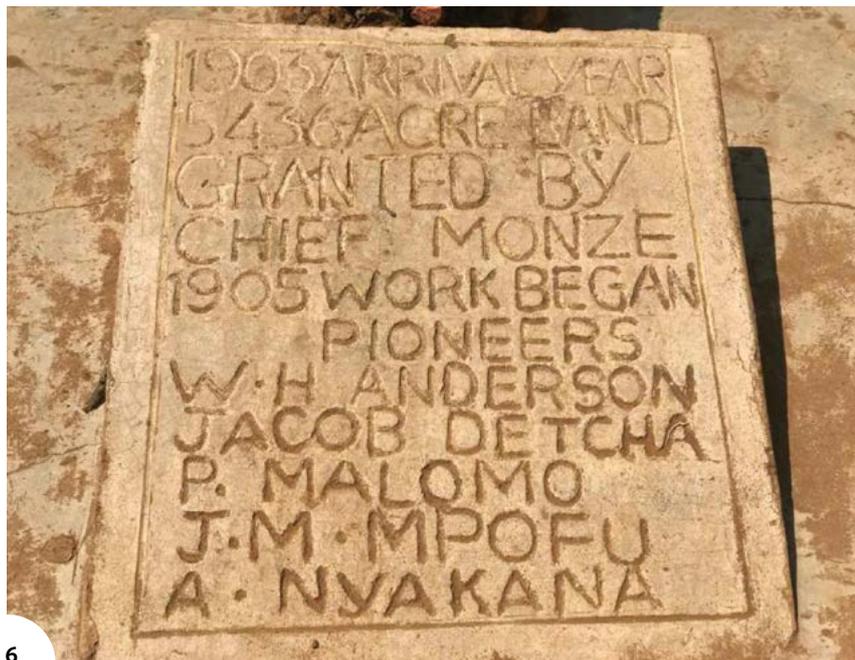
Missiologist Russell Staples describes Anderson as “a lifelong popularizer of missions.” In the final chapter of *On the Trail of Livingstone*, one of his most powerful popularizing tools, Anderson gave an emotional depiction of the final illness and death of his first wife, Nora. His concluding words reflect another dimension of his legacy—the spirit of gospel-inspired, self-sacrificing idealism that he both exemplified and stirred in others: “I have given my money, my strength, my wife, and I intend to give the rest of my poor self to finish the work God has given me to do. I want you who read these lines to ask yourself that question, ‘Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?’”⁶

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- 1 W. H. Anderson, *On the Trail of Livingstone* (Mountain View, CA: Pacific Press, 1919), 173.
 - 2 Arthur Whitefield Spalding, *Origin and History of Seventh-day Adventists*, vol. 4 (Washington, DC: Review and Herald, 1962), 16–18.
 - 3 Russell L. Staples, “Anderson, William Harrison (B),” *Dictionary of African Christian Biography*, accessed April 6, 2021, <https://dacb.org/stories/southafrica/anderson-wh2/>.
 - 4 Staples.
 - 5 Anderson, *On the Trail of Livingstone*, 351; W. H. Anderson, “Nora Haysmer Anderson obituary,” *Adventist Review and Sabbath Herald*, April 16, 1908, 23.
 - 6 Anderson, *On the Trail of Livingstone*, 351.
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Photos courtesy of the Office of Archives, Statistics, and Research; the Ellen G. White Estate; and Adventist Mission. Some are from Anderson’s book, *On the Trail of Livingstone*.

Ron Reese has authored more than 145 articles for Adventist publications, including biographical articles on missionaries Fernando and Ana Stahl, Anna Knight, and J. N. Loughborough.

Douglas Morgan served on the faculties of Washington Adventist University in Takoma Park, Maryland, and Southern Adventist University in Collegedale, Tennessee. His publications include *Adventism and the American Republic* and *Lewis C. Sheafe: Apostle to Black America*. He is an ESDA assistant editor for North America.



- 6
- 1 William Harrison Anderson
- 2 W. H. and Mary Elizabeth Anderson
- 3 Anderson with family at his home
- 4 Children at Matabele (Solusi) Mission
- 5 Anderson (standing) reenacts the first settlement of Old Solusi Mission in 1894
- 6 A concrete sign at the site of the marker built by Anderson in 1903 to corroborate his claim from the land granted by Chief Monze that became Rusangu Mission

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A God of Surprises

I was enjoying a leisurely lunch with my family when my father looked me in the eye and announced sternly, “You’re going to call the leader of the mission project and tell them you won’t be there.”

On the spur of the moment, I replied, “I won’t do that. I will go!”

His response sent a chill down my spine. “Then get your things and get out of the house!”

Everyone was looking at me, awaiting my reaction. *What should I do?* I wondered. I loved my father, but I was sure of God’s call to mission.

As I tried to compose myself, I thought about how God had led me to this moment. For some time, I had felt the desire to serve as a missionary. I had asked God to lead me if this was His will and had applied for a few positions. Then, I received a phone message that read “. . . you will be the



Wanderson Marcelino

volunteered at an urban center of influence in his home country of Brazil.



1

Northeast Brazil Union Mission's representative on the South American Division One Year in Mission team!" I would work with 16 young people from South America to open an urban center of influence (UCI). We would focus on reaching the hearts of the wealthy in Belo Horizonte.

Have I received this message in error? I wondered. I was a simple worker in the office store of an Adventist church. I didn't feel ready for these new responsibilities. I asked God to make His will clear to me. A few days later, I received another message. This one was from the Instituto de Missões Noroeste (Northwest Mission Institute), congratulating me for being selected for a mission project in the Amazon rainforest. Now it was no longer a question of whether I was going to serve; the question was where I was going to serve. I didn't know which call to accept, but I felt certain God was making it known that it was time for me to leave comfort and security behind and embrace service.

Eventually, I accepted the position with the UCI, knowing it would be difficult for my dad to accept my decision. I didn't want to antagonize him, but I had another Father's order, and this One I could never disobey, no matter what the consequences.

I arrived in Belo Horizonte eager to get to work. But within a few weeks, the city went into lockdown. Our goal was to build relationships with people and meet their physical and spiritual needs. But how could we relate to people when we were isolated in our own homes?

We prayed earnestly for God's direction and felt impressed to offer several classes online. Then we contacted some of the community's social leaders to tell them about our services. After doing what we could, we waited for God to act. And act He did! He connected us with Miriam, a community member who had a social project but needed human and financial resources to continue. We could offer what she needed. And she had a list of contacts—just what we needed to reach people.

Miriam, a Christian, had cried out to God to send people to help her with her project. She believed that we were the answer to her prayers. When we were finally able to offer our services at the UCI, many attendees came regularly because Miriam led people who were part of the neighborhood's social projects to come to us. Our partnership enabled both her and our projects to prosper.

At the UCI, we offered Spanish and Pilates classes, psychological counseling, and massage. We walked people's dogs while their owners participated in our activities. We also had a natural food store and gave Bible studies.

At the end of 2021, I left the UCI and volunteered at the Adventist university in Chile. Then I returned home, thank God, to the open arms of my parents.

My volunteer experiences changed my life and taught me some important things. I learned that there are no barriers that prevent God's work from moving forward, that mission isn't just about helping those who have less (it also means helping those who have more), and that God often surprises us when we ask Him to intervene. Maybe He has a surprise in store for you!

1 The 2021 South American Division One Year in Mission Team. Wanderson is in the front row on the left

2 Wanderson received a medal and trophy for participating in the One Year in Mission project



If you're interested in being a volunteer, visit AdventistVolunteers.org.



Story by **Andrew McChesney**,
Office of Adventist
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Animation by
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CHILDREN'S STORY

It All Started at Recess



Camp was such fun for Dorcas! The leaders told Bible stories and taught the children new songs to sing and fun crafts to do. And every day, the children received a card with a Bible verse on it to learn. As Dorcas held her card one day, she had an idea.

When she returned home from camp, she asked her father to make copies of all the Bible verse cards to share with her friends at school. Then she invited two of her best friends to meet her during recess.

"I've brought you something," Dorcas told her friends. "They're Bible verses. Let's meet during recess to practice and learn them together."

The girls accepted the cards and agreed to learn the Bible verses. When they met Dorcas the next morning, the girls had a surprise for her. Instead of only 2 girls, 10 children had come to meet Dorcas during recess. They all wanted cards, and they all agreed to memorize the Bible verses.





Dorcas was amazed that so many children wanted to learn God's Word. She needed more cards! Dorcas gave each child a card and invited them to come back the next day to practice the Bible verses.

Every day, more children came to Dorcas during morning recess to say their Bible verse and get another card. Within two weeks, 20 children were learning Bible verses. It was a big group!

When Dorcas talked about how many children were coming, her mom suggested that the children meet at their house. Dorcas invited her friends over on Wednesday and Friday evenings. All 20 friends came, and they invited more friends.

They sang songs, listened to a Bible story, and did the same crafts Dorcas had learned at summer camp. And the group kept growing.

Soon, too many children were coming to meet inside the house, so they began meeting outside.

Six months after Dorcas started the Bible group, about 50 children and even some of their parents were coming to the Wednesday and Friday meetings. And almost 100 of them were attending on Sabbath morning for worship. Dorcas planned a regular Sabbath School program for the children, and her mom and dad helped lead the worship.

One day, she found out that several people had given their hearts to Jesus and wanted to be baptized! What good news that was!



Because Dorcas let God lead her, a whole new church was planted in her village in Papua

New Guinea. We can do big things for God if we follow the ideas that Jesus gives us. Please pray for children like Dorcas who are helping lead others to Jesus!

Church planters called Global Mission pioneers start new groups of believers all around the world. Please pray that Jesus will help these pioneers reach hearts for Him.

Find dozens of inspiring mission stories for children at AdventistMission.org/childrens-mission-quarterly.



Watch this story in action at m360.tv/s2248!

General Conference of
Seventh-day Adventists
12501 Old Columbia Pike
Silver Spring, MD 20904

MARK THE DATE

NOVEMBER

12

ANNUAL
SACRIFICE
OFFERING

WHAT COULD YOU GIVE UP FOR MISSION?

Why not skip filling the tank this week and walk or bike instead? Then give what you saved to Global Mission to help Global Mission pioneers and urban centers of influence start new groups of believers among the unreached.

To help share Jesus with unreached people, please scan the QR code below, visit Global-Mission.org/mysacrifice, or mark your tithe envelope *Annual Sacrifice Offering* on November 12.

#giveitupformission



GLOBAL MISSION

From the Office of Adventist Mission, General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists
12501 Old Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, MD 20904, USA.

Global-Mission.org/mysacrifice

