

mission360

The official mission magazine of the Seventh-day Adventist® Church VOLUME 4 • NUMBER 1



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Editorial

Where should I start? Which is my favorite story this time? Whenever I hand someone a copy of the latest issue of *Mission 360°*, I just can't hold back. I can't wait for the reader to get into the magazine, so I tend to point out the choicest stories.

In our last issue, I just had to recommend "The Bloodstained Bible" and "The House With No Flags." In the issue prior to that, it was "The Pancake Church," a story that people are still talking about.

In this issue we've gathered another great selection of stories about missionaries, volunteers, Global Mission pioneers, and ADRA workers. For instance, the plight of refugees is prominent in world news these days.

Be sure to check out "Reaching Out to Atlanta's Refugees" on page 6.

You'll also appreciate seeing the rare photos from the Office of Archives, Statistics, and Research in "Lost Treasures From Turkey" on page 18. This is an important record of the early work of the Seventh-day Adventist church before World War I.

Perhaps the most poignant feature is entitled "Ultimate Sacrifice." Since 1874, missionaries and their families have been sent to the far corners of the world. In some cases they were never able to return to loved ones in their homeland. In the past five years alone, we have lost more than a dozen missionaries, including young children and babies. We pay tribute to them on page 16.

As I read about the service of dedicated individuals who pledge to go wherever God sends them, I am encouraged and thankful. They have told us many times that they appreciate your prayers. Thank you for remembering them.



Nancy Kyte
Office of
Adventist Mission



P.S. If you've missed previous issues of *Mission 360°*, it's not too late. Visit Mission360Mag.org to catch up on all of the mission stories.



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VOLUME 4, NUMBER 1

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I couldn't take my eyes off the raw scar zigzagging across Junior's neck. I cried to think of what he'd been through, but I found the mark itself beautiful. It meant my friend was still alive because Jesus answers prayer.

Junior's brush with death happened the day we had an off-site picnic for our students at Chuuk Seventh-day Adventist School, where I serve as a volunteer. He was about to give our teachers Alfred and Dhen a ride back to campus when three drunk men asked him for a ride. Junior told them No, but they insisted and started climbing on the back of his truck. When Junior jumped out to stop them, they pulled out their slingshots.

Junior rushed for the door, but before he could climb inside to safety, he was struck in the throat by a bullet. He jumped in beside Alfred and Dhen, who were desperately trying to shield themselves with a guitar, and they sped away amid a volley of ammunition.

When Alfred and Dhen realized that Junior had been hit, they urged

TWO SCARS

him to go to the hospital. But Junior drove to the school instead.

"As the security guard, it was my responsibility to protect the teachers," Junior later told me. "All I could think of was getting them out of harm's way. Sometimes the bullets used in slingshots have rust or poison on them, and I kept thinking, if we don't get out of here quickly, none of us may survive."

I was in town with several volunteers the day that Junior was shot. We saw the school van rush by with its lights flashing, and I called the school to find out what had happened. Several hours later, we went to see Junior at the hospital. He had a calm expression on his face even though the bullet still protruded from his throat.

We stayed with Junior and his family until the nurses took him to

the operating room. The doctor spoke quietly with Junior's family. "This is a very dangerous procedure," he warned. "I will do everything I can to help your son live." We left the hospital that night with prayers in our hearts for Junior and his surgeon.

Praise, God, Junior survived! When we saw his doctor a few days later, he told us that there had been no poison on the bullet and that he had prayed for divine help before starting the operation.

I'm so grateful that God spared Junior's life and that his fading scar tells the story of His loving answer to our prayers.

I was talking with some of my sixth grade students after school one day while we waited for their parents. I



Adventist Volunteer Service facilitates volunteer missionary service of church members 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, please visit AdventistVolunteers.org.

recalled. The others enthusiastically nodded their agreement.

I had to admit that of all the students whom I'd taught through the years, Gracie had been my greatest challenge.

My mind raced over the many times that I had tried to talk with Gracie about her behavior. It seemed like I never got anywhere. Then one day, after she had acted up more than usual, I asked her whether I could pray with her.

an aunt. Her mother, a heavy drinker, rarely came to see her.

As I listened, I began to realize that Gracie's behavior was her way of seeking love and attention.

I began to pray with Gracie every day and soon her classmates were praying for her too. I told her often that I loved her but that my love was nothing compared to Jesus' love for her.

Over time, Gracie began to change. She became cooperative, respectful, and kind. Her classmates, once resentful of her, now embraced her in warm friendship.

I'm so grateful that God gave Gracie a new life and that her fading scars tell the story of His loving answer to our prayers.



2



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- 1 Enjoying a break from the heat with my students. I'm second from the right.
- 2 Spending quality time with my middle schoolers during a retreat.
- 3 During character week, everyone dresses as oddly as they can. It's a lot of fun!
- 4 Ready for lunch?
- 5 Alfred finds a jellyfish while visiting a nearby island.
- 6 My roommate Dhen and I model our new look during character week.



4



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6

was delighted when one of the boys told me that I had helped change the bad attitude of their classmate Gracie.* "Before you came, Gracie was the worst student in our class!" he

I realized that I didn't know much about Gracie and felt impressed to ask her a few questions about her family. It was then that I caught my first glimmer of the raw, painful scars zigzagging across Gracie's heart.

As tears rolled down her cheeks, Gracie told me that she had lost her father several years ago and that she and her sister were being raised by

* Name has been changed.

Originally from the Philippines, **Stephanie Loriezo** has served as an Adventist Volunteer Service missionary for the past five years, most recently as a teacher at Chuuk Seventh-day Adventist School in Micronesia.





MISSION TO THE CITIES

Reaching Out to Atlanta's Refugees

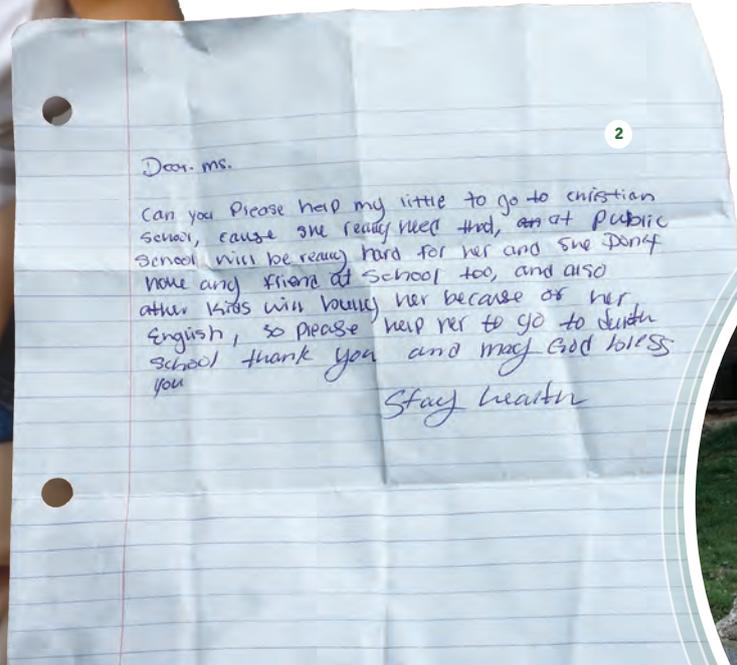


Imagine a place where 110 different languages are spoken by people living within just one square mile of land. That place is real and it has a name—Clarkston, Georgia!

Clarkston is located on the outskirts of Atlanta and is home to thousands of refugees who have been resettled from all over the world. It's an area with huge needs and huge opportunities to make a difference. Among those helping to improve the refugees' quality of life is Kelli Czaykowski.

Until 2010, Kelli had never heard of refugees living in the United States. An occupational therapist, wife, and mother, she was living a quiet suburban life. But all that changed one day when she attended a board meeting at the local Adventist school.

The regional superintendent told the board members that he had recently met Adventist refugee children in Clarkston. They had begged him, even holding his leg, asking him to please allow them to attend the Adventist school. He knew that their parents couldn't afford the tuition and that their requests seemed impossible to fulfill. But he felt a burden on his heart for these children and the need to share their dilemma. His story weighed heavily on Kelli's mind.



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- 1 The refugees have found a special place in Kelli's heart.
- 2 "I get these every time I come," Kelli says of notes like this from refugees who ask for help to enroll themselves or brothers and sisters in the Adventist school.
- 3 Refugees are grateful to arrive in America, but their new homes are often in challenging environments.
- 4 One of the hundreds of refugee children in Clarkston, Georgia.
- 5 Refugee children are quick to take on American ways, while older generations make a more gradual transition.

What Kelli and the other board members didn't know was that these kids were praying! One of the girls, Naing, had fled Myanmar with her parents to escape religious persecution. Naing was grateful to come to the United States, but she soon found herself being bullied at school for her beliefs. She came home crying every day, and her grades suffered. She prayed every night for God to make it possible for her to attend an Adventist school.

The day after the board meeting, Kelli learned of a scholarship for low-income children. She and the principal and several teachers and other volunteers went to the apartment buildings where the refugees lived, and for two weeks they spent hours filling out applications for the children to attend their school. They filled out 40 applications, and 12 children were awarded scholarships.

Naing, unfortunately, didn't receive a scholarship. But Kelli was so moved by her story that she set out to find her a sponsor. In the end, Naing's prayers were answered, and she enrolled that year. Ever since, she's earned a 4.0 grade point average. Five years later, she's a junior at Atlanta Adventist

Academy. She dreams of becoming a missionary doctor and returning to help her people in Myanmar.

Like Naing, the other children who were enrolled in the Adventist school blossomed in their new Christian environment. Seeing this, Kelli pressed on, finding even more sponsors. This year, 53 refugee children are enrolled in Adventist schools! The kids recognize the opportunity they've been given and express their gratitude: "The first day of school was so great! The teacher was so nice, and, finally, I can study the Bible at school."

Kelli also helps the refugee families adjust to their new lives and surroundings. Newly arriving families have precious few possessions and are often housed in gang- and drug-infested neighborhoods. Kelli makes lunches for 25 children daily and leads teams of volunteers who bring used clothing, furniture, and bicycles. They provide tutoring, assist with filling out

forms, take refugees to medical and legal appointments, paint and repair apartments, and clean up run-down neighborhoods.

Clarkston is, of course, just one of many cities around the world where refugees are being resettled. Their circumstances present unprecedented challenges but also offer tremendous, even prophetic, opportunities to demonstrate God's love. Years ago, Ellen White wrote: "God in His providence has brought men to our very doors, and thrust them, as it were, into our arms, that they might learn the truth, and be qualified to do a work we could not do in getting the light to men of other tongues" (*Christian Service*, p. 200).

Karen Suvankham serves as communications coordinator for Mission to the Cities.



Centers of influence, as Ellen White called them, provide an opportunity for wholistic ministry following the example of Jesus. More than 300 centers have been established around the world, and many more are in the planning stages. Some centers are established by mission-driven entrepreneurs, while others are supported by your Global Mission donations. To learn more about centers of influence, please visit MissionToTheCities.org.



I left my heart in Nepal last year with a tiny, six-year-old boy named Sina. His school had been destroyed by a 7.8 magnitude earthquake near Kathmandu that killed 9,000 people the previous week.

As I walked into the school courtyard, I found the scene depressing. Most of the seven buildings had caved in. The classroom walls had collapsed. And the children's books and posters lay ripped apart and scattered on the ground.

I had been asked by the emergency response team of Adventist Development and Relief Agency (ADRA) International to fly to Nepal to lead our communication efforts there.

So far, all I had seen was devastation: hundreds of buildings lying in ruins, frightened villagers sleeping in makeshift tents or on the ground, and families huddled together, grieving.

But as I continued to assess the school's damage, I was suddenly hit

with a feeling of overwhelming gratitude. If this earthquake had occurred on a week day, 400 children would have been in these buildings!

I was sharing these thoughts with my friends when a group of children ran over to us. They greeted us with warm smiles and asked what we were doing at their school. We explained our mission and then asked them about their experiences with the

earthquake. One by one, they shared their stories, each more heart wrenching than the last.

"What about you?" I asked a small boy who was holding hands with his grandfather. He smiled at me and then shyly looked at the ground.

"Sina had been playing with his cousins at his aunt's home when the earthquake struck," his grandfather informed me. "Bricks and wood

I Left My Heart in Nepal





The Adventist Development and Relief Agency (ADRA)

is the global humanitarian organization of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. ADRA represents the unconditional love of Jesus through a broad spectrum of development and emergency relief programs in more than 120 countries. Your mission offerings and world budget offerings help support ADRA. To learn more, please visit adra.org.



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Photos: Baudouin Nach and Natalia López-Thismón

- 1 Sina's arm was broken as he was pulled from the debris.
- 2 Sina's grandfather tells the story of how he saved his grandchildren from the rubble. Two of his granddaughters, wearing yellow dresses, stand to his left and right.
- 3 The ADRA Nepal staff distributes tarpaulins to families in the Kavre district.
- 4 Natalia and her new friend Sina take a few selfies.

started falling all around him.”

I knelt beside Sina and asked how he felt at that moment. His innocent face clouded with a gloomy expression that still haunts me. “Very scared,” he responded quietly.

“I was able to unbury Sina as well as my three other grandchildren with the help of some villagers,” the grandfather added.

I couldn't take my eyes off of Sina. I kept picturing him lying trapped under the remains of his aunt's home for an hour, calling for his mother. Finally, his rescuers were able to pull him from the rubble, but in their haste, they inadvertently broke his arm.

“What about your sister?” I asked the grandfather. Sadly, he shook his head.

Traveling with ADRA, I've heard some very difficult stories from the people that we serve. But

none of them has made me feel as heartbroken as the thought of little Sina and his cousins being buried under bricks and wood on April 25, 2015.

Within a few minutes after meeting Sina, he warmed up to me. We chased each other and laughed and played. I felt strongly connected with him in those carefree moments and have prayed for him every day since.

In response to the earthquake, ADRA provided food, water, buckets with lids, hygiene kits, shelter kits, mosquito nets, construction materials, and training on how to rebuild so that future earthquakes won't be as devastating.

I felt so privileged to meet Sina and his friends and to share the love of Jesus with them through some hugs, some games, and a couple of selfies.

Please pray for Sina and all the people of Nepal as they rebuild their country and their lives, and thank you for supporting the ministry of ADRA.

Natalia López-Thismón is the associate director for communication at ADRA International in Silver Spring, Maryland.





Our Sabbath Miracle



I couldn't have asked for a better way to spend my first Sabbath morning as a volunteer teacher on the island of Yap.

Sarah, a friend and fellow volunteer at the Yap Seventh-day Adventist School, wanted to visit a little church where she had occasionally worshipped the previous school year. "It's unlike any church that you've ever seen in the United States," she explained, whetting my appetite for cultural adventure. "It's a tiny one-room tin house tucked away in a jungle village." When she asked Nallely, our fourth grade teacher, and me whether we wanted to join her, we jumped at the opportunity.

Early Sabbath morning, Sarah, Nallely, and I eagerly climbed into the little green car that had been made available for volunteers and were soon bumping along the road, dodging potholes and chatting happily.

It wasn't long before the wide, paved road turned into a narrow, dirt one. Surrounded by lush, towering vegetation, we drove leisurely through small villages dotted with tin homes. The fresh morning air smelled of wood smoke and breakfast. Children chased each other, laughing, in the dew-soaked grass. And chickens, seemingly unconcerned for their lives, pecked in the dirt mere inches from our tires. Sometimes we caught glimpses of the shimmering ocean through the trees. It was a perfect morning . . . except for one thing.

We couldn't find the church. We drove along the long, winding road once. Then twice. Were we in the wrong area? That seemed unlikely. Not only had Sarah visited the church before, she had asked someone for detailed directions the night before in case memory failed her.

Finally, after we had driven the same stretch of road three times, we decided to give up our search and move on to plan B. Sarah drove a few more minutes and then turned into a driveway and got out of the car. Nallely and I followed her, curiously, as she walked



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



Mary lives in the jungle with her husband and son. She is soft spoken, gentle, and kind. In fact, she had skillfully hand woven beautiful traditional skirts for last year's volunteer missionaries.

Mary loves Jesus. She wanted to attend the Seventh-day Adventist church last year, but her alcoholic husband had

no interest. Out of respect for him, Mary never went. All last year, Sarah and the other school staff prayed for Mary's husband. And all year long, he didn't change.

Sarah had returned to the United States for the summer, so she hadn't seen Mary for several months. In the comfortable shade of the *koyang*, Nallely and I listened intently as the two friends caught up with each other's lives. When we stood to leave, Mary turned to Sarah and said, "I'm so happy you came. I've wanted to talk to you. My husband asked me this summer, 'When is Sarah coming back?' And, then he told me that when you returned, he wanted to go to your church!" I looked at Sarah and could see the shock and joy in her eyes.

Sarah asked Mary whether she wanted to come to church next Sabbath. "Yes," she replied. Then Sarah asked her whether she wanted to have a weekly Bible study. "Yes!" came her thrilling response.

On our drive back to the school, I looked up at the cloudless sky and thought, *We couldn't find a church that had been found many times before, but we visited a friend whose family was choosing to be truly found for the first time. I'll never forget our Sabbath miracle.*



- 1 With my third-graders.
- 2 Sarah, left, and Nallely.
- 3 Mary weaves a traditional handmade wraparound skirt called a lava lava.
- 4 Sarah and I enjoyed dressing up for mismatch day during School Spirit week.

past a house toward a small *koyang*, or outside meeting house. Within a few moments, a woman emerged with a radiant smile and ran to greet Sarah. We learned that her name was Mary and that Sarah had met her at the beginning of the previous school year.

Originally from Portland, Oregon, **Joanna Stephan** served as a volunteer third grade teacher at the Seventh-day Adventist school on Yap, an island of the Federated States of Micronesia. She is studying nursing and graphic design at Walla Walla University in Washington.



All ready for Yap Day! From left, Niah, my third grade student, me, and volunteer teachers Larissa, Hazel, Kristin, Nallely, and Sarah.



DIY Grass Skirt

Colorful skirts are the traditional dress of the women of Yap. They're called *ongs* in Yapese and grass skirts in English. Contrary to their name, grass skirts are not made from grass but are derived from the wood of the hibiscus plant or the leaves of the betel nut and banana plants.

This is a tutorial for making your very own hibiscus Yapese *ong*. To complete this process, you'll need the following materials:

- A jungle, including hibiscus trees
- Machetes, sharpened
- Small knives, sharpened
- An ocean, including big rocks
- A coconut for refreshment
- A cat for enjoyment
- Boiling water
- Dye, specifically red, yellow, blue, and green
- A local master to walk you through each step



STEP 1: Collect Hibiscus Trunks

Step into the jungle armed with a machete. Hack down 60 trunks or so. Haul all trunks out of the jungle. Take necessary selfie.

Sweat and teamwork and muscles tightened.

Feel accomplished.



STEP 2: Prepare Hibiscus Trunks

With a small knife, peel bark off trunks. Be aware that your local friends will probably peel 10 to 20 times faster than you.

Humbled and quiet and awed.

Feel grateful.



STEP 3: Submerge and Peel Hibiscus Trunks

Tie trunks into bundles and submerge them in the ocean. One must sit on them while another strategically places rocks on top. Let soak for one week. With gentle rubbing, the trunk's outer layer of fiber comes off easily. Clean the long pieces of fiber by slapping them against the surface of the water and then rinsing them.

Lapping water and sunrise and good people.

Feel alive.



STEP 4: Dry Hibiscus Fibers

After the fibers have been peeled and cleaned, hang them on a clothesline to dry.

Don't forget to pause for a drink of coconut water and a snuggle with a cat. This is an important step and should not be skipped.

Progress and coconuts and kitties.

Feel happy.





STEP 5: Strip Hibiscus Fibers

To achieve the *ong's* signature grasslike appearance, the dried hibiscus fibers must be stripped into many small pieces.

This can take some time, so good conversations may happen.

Real words and deep words and silly words.

Feel connected.

STEP 6: Dye Hibiscus Fibers

Using bark from a betel nut tree to serve as a bowl, mix the dyes with hot water until the desired hue has been obtained. Dip fiber bundles into dye and watch the color soak in.

Skin is also susceptible to coloration.

Smiles and smoke and color.

Feel artistic.



STEP 7: Weave Hibiscus Bundles

Leave this one to your local master. She will know how to weave the bundles so that they won't fall apart. And that's kind of important.

Hushed and watching and colors united.

Feel excited.



STEP 9: Enjoy

You can expect that your grass skirt will last about 10 years, but the connections, the feelings, the experience, will last much longer.

Laugh and pose and dance.

Feel blessed.

STEP 8: Trim Skirt

Try on your skirt for the first time while a friend trims it to the right length.

Tie and twirl and swish.

Feel beautiful.



.....
Joanna Stephan served as a volunteer missionary on the island of Yap. Read her story, "Our Sabbath Miracle," on page 10.





Africa conquered my heart from the time I was 14, poring over the pages of *World Vision* magazine. I dreamed that I would be sent there one day to help people. It didn't really matter where I went or what I did, I just wanted to offer people hope.

When I was 20, I had the opportunity to fulfill that longing by becoming

My New FOCUS

a volunteer teacher in Malawi, a small country tucked between Zambia, Tanzania, and Mozambique.

To be honest, I went to Malawi with the expectations of a naïve girl, thinking that becoming a missionary would be the fulfillment of God's calling for me. What I discovered



1

during those hard, gritty months was that becoming a missionary was about initiating a never-ending journey

of self-discovery.

From the time I arrived in Malawi, I felt viewed as a monetary resource. My new friends asked me to buy them tickets to fly to the United States, or to finance their medical degrees, or to pay for a myriad of other things that were equally impossible for me.

- 1 Africa offers endless possibilities for capturing incredible footage. My producer, Bryan Fellows, and I can't help but smile at the image on the screen.
- 2 Another happy day in the dusty countryside.
- 3 One of the many new friends I made while filming in 2015.
- 4 In 2010, I often spent Sabbath afternoons at the local orphanage, reading and playing with the children.

I had come to minister to people, yet I felt stymied by a stereotype that I had no idea how to break through.



2

Over time, my heart grew cold, and I left Malawi bitterly disappointed. I hadn't been able to bring hope at all.

When I returned to the United States, I entered the film program at Southern Adventist University in Tennessee. Film is a great medium for motivating action, and I wanted to be able to put a spotlight on the needs of Third World countries.

Since graduating, I've been blessed to have a job filming mission projects around the world. I've had many positive experiences, and I've felt God speaking to me through my lens, healing me and impressing me to go make peace with my past. When my company received a call to film mission work in Malawi, I wasn't all that surprised.

As I drove through the Malawi countryside, it felt both beautiful and strange to be back. There is something about Africa that makes me feel vulnerable. It has a way of exposing my priorities, my attitude, and my weaknesses.

It was during our final days of filming when an incident occurred that led to the full revolution of change within me.

While we were filming at a church site, we met a woman who told us that she was sick and didn't have money to see a doctor. When she asked us for cash, I felt the old pain and annoyance of being used by a stranger. It's hard to admit that I could feel so cold toward someone in need.



Among many other things, your weekly mission offerings and world budget offerings help support more than 455 missionary families around the world. Thank you!

Four ways to give:

- During Sabbath School
- Securely online: Giving.AdventistMission.org
- In North America, mark a tithe envelope "World Budget" at your local church
- Call 800-648-5824

Later, as I filmed inside the church, I saw that a member of the mission team had brought the woman into the church privately. What I observed stopped me in my tracks.

He was handing her a US\$50.00 bill. That's about 25,000 Malawi kwacha, a fortune! The woman was amazed, and so was I.

Though he didn't realize it, the man was giving her much more than an opportunity for medical care. He was providing her with food for months, blankets for winter, and clothing for her family. But it wasn't even so much the money that mattered, but rather that the gesture was made out of love.

Tears pricked my eyes. It seemed like God Himself was helping this woman—seeing her pain, ministering to her needs, answering her prayers. I felt the old me revive—the one who had a warm heart of flesh and not a cold one of stone.

I realized that my experience in Malawi hadn't been tainted by the way people saw me, but rather by the way I saw myself. In that moment, I knew that I had a choice to make. I could go on guarding my heart against the hurt in this world and my helplessness to take care of it all, or I could open my heart fully to wherever God calls me and understand that although I may not have the power to change everyone's lives, He can.

I was overwhelmed with God's peace. I knew that He had brought me back to Malawi to experience and feel these things. I needed to be brought full circle to be reminded of what it means to be a missionary. That it's not our job to judge people. It's our job, as Christians, to give to others out of love, always, and with great joy.

I can now look back on my time in Malawi with genuine happiness, knowing that God was with me all along. And, ultimately, the hope I wanted to give to Africa was poured doubly upon me.



Samantha Wahlen works as a freelance filmmaker in Chattanooga, Tennessee, along with her husband, Daniel. When she's not on location, Samantha spends her time cooking, painting, reading, and cuddling the family kitten, Diana.



Ultimate Sacrifice

“Every sacrifice that is made in His ministry will be recompensed according to the ‘exceeding riches of his grace.’”

–Ellen White, *The Desire of Ages*, p. 249

Photos courtesy of the missionaries' families, the Center for Adventist Research, and the Office of Archives, Statistics, and Research.



Milton Zamora

1966–2010

Dean of Information Systems
Serving in Madagascar from Philippines
GC missionary



Kaleb Roberts

2005–2009

Son of missionary parents
Serving in Chad from the United States of America
Adventist Medical Aviation



Neha Khan

2006–2011

Daughter of missionary parents
Serving in Cambodia from Pakistan
GC missionary



John Lello

1966–2012

Missionary
Serving in Papua New Guinea from the United States of America
Adventist Frontier Missions



Venus Clausen

1942–2014

Visiting professor
Serving in Zambia from the United States of America
GC missionary



Bob Roberts

1951–2014

Mission pilot
Serving in Indonesia from the United States of America
GC missionary

Mary Frances Andrews was 12 years old when she boarded a ship in Boston, Massachusetts, with her father, John, and her 16-year-old brother, Charles, in 1874. Bound for Switzerland, they were the first official missionaries sent overseas by the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

John's heart would break when Mary contracted tuberculosis and died in 1878 at the tender age of 17. He himself would succumb to the same illness and die in 1883 at the age

of 54. John and Mary were the first foreign Seventh-day Adventist missionaries to give their lives in service.

Since 1874, the church has sent out thousands of missionaries and their families. They've answered God's call to carry a message of hope to the far corners of the world. They've left their homes and loved ones behind. They've served in challenging and sometimes dangerous conditions. And many of them have never returned. They lie buried in foreign lands awaiting the resurrection.

In the past five years alone, we've lost more than a dozen missionaries, including their young children and babies. We pay special tribute to those who made the ultimate sacrifice and to their families who loved and miss them. We know each of them has a special place in God's heart.

Rick Kajura
Office of Adventist Mission



Harold Giebel

1930–2011

Doctor

Serving in India from the United States of America

GC missionary



Adam Appel

2011

Son of missionary parents

Serving in Chad from Denmark and the United States of America

Adventist Health International



Minnie Pardillo

1969–2012

Nurse/psychologist

Serving in Chad from Philippines

Adventist Volunteer Service



Heriberto Müller

1949–2014

ADRA director

Serving in Russia from Argentina

GC missionary



Akim Zhigankov

1991–2015

Son of missionary parents

From Russia serving in Philippines

GC missionary



Bob Robinson

1942–2015

Administrative assistant for development

Serving in India from the United States of America

GC missionary

Lost Treasures From Turkey

Photographs of Seventh-day Adventists from outside North America before the 1920s are very rare, but the General Conference Office of Archives, Statistics, and Research recently rediscovered a folder of extraordinary photos of Adventists in the Ottoman Empire before World War I.

Tragically, during the war, Ottoman troops committed atrocities against native Christians: hundreds of thousands were killed, and many more

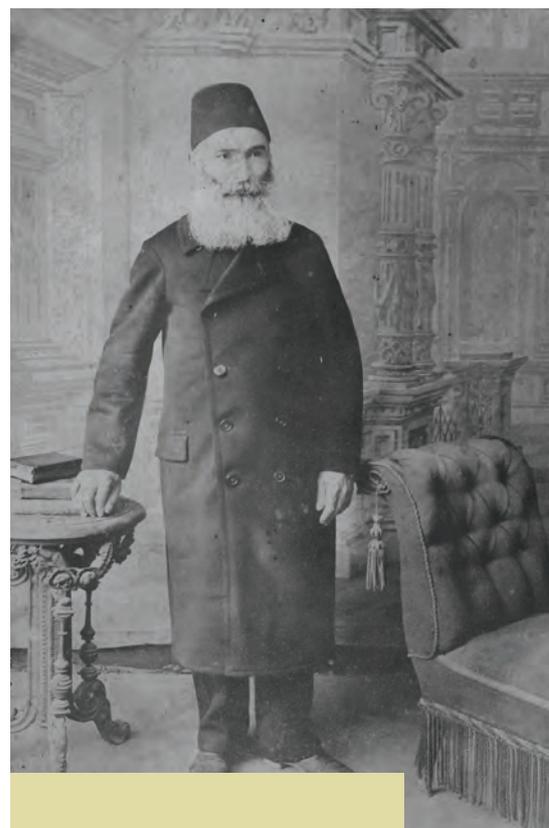
fled to other countries. Adventists were among the victims, and church membership in Turkey has never again approached what it was 100 years ago.

These photographs provide a remarkable reminder of a time when Adventism in Turkey was dynamic and growing. They remind us of what can be achieved by the sacrifice and dedication of church members—and offer hope that, with the same commitment, the church in Turkey will grow again.



The caption on the back of this photograph reads simply: “A group of believers in Asia Minor, 1907. Elder Claude AcMoody

standing in rear.” AcMoody (third from right in the back row) had succeeded Dr. George as director of the Turkish Mission in December 1906,



Theodore Anthony, an ethnic Greek from eastern Turkey who immigrated to the United States of America in 1887 and was converted at evangelistic meetings in San Jose, California. On his own initiative, he returned to Constantinople (today’s Istanbul) in 1889, where he made a living as a cobbler while witnessing to his faith and conducting Bible studies. He won a number of converts before dying in 1895 at the age of 57.

three months short of his 25th birthday. But by the fall of 1908, AcMoody himself was so sick that he had to be invalided home to the United States of America, arriving in February 1909. His health was permanently affected, however, and he died on July 23, 1911, at the age of 29.

This photograph features Armenian workers at the first Oriental Union Mission workers Bible institute in Aintab, November 20 to December 20, 1905.

In 1902 an American pastor and academy Bible teacher, William H. Wakeham, front center, became the superintendent of the church's newest organization: the Oriental Mission, which a year later became the Oriental Union Mission.

Wakeham had never served as an administrator or outside North America but made a huge effort while in the Near East. He simultaneously served as superintendent of both the Egypt Mission and the Oriental Union Mission, and though based in Cairo, he often traveled to the Turkish Mission (whose director was another American, Dr. Arthur W. George, a medical missionary).

This photo shows Wakeham on one of several visits to conduct training. It indicates the dynamism and confidence among Adventists in Turkey at this time—not only were both men and women working as Bible instructors and colporteurs, but they were receiving extra training in Bible study.



This is the only known photograph of Wakeham and stands as a reminder that there was a cost to being a missionary in the early days. Wakeham's wife, Emma, became seriously ill. They took ship for England, hoping to find a cure, but she died off the coast of Spain and was buried at sea on May 13, 1906.

Wakeham never returned to the Near East. The same year, A. W. George (there is no known photo) was suffering so badly from

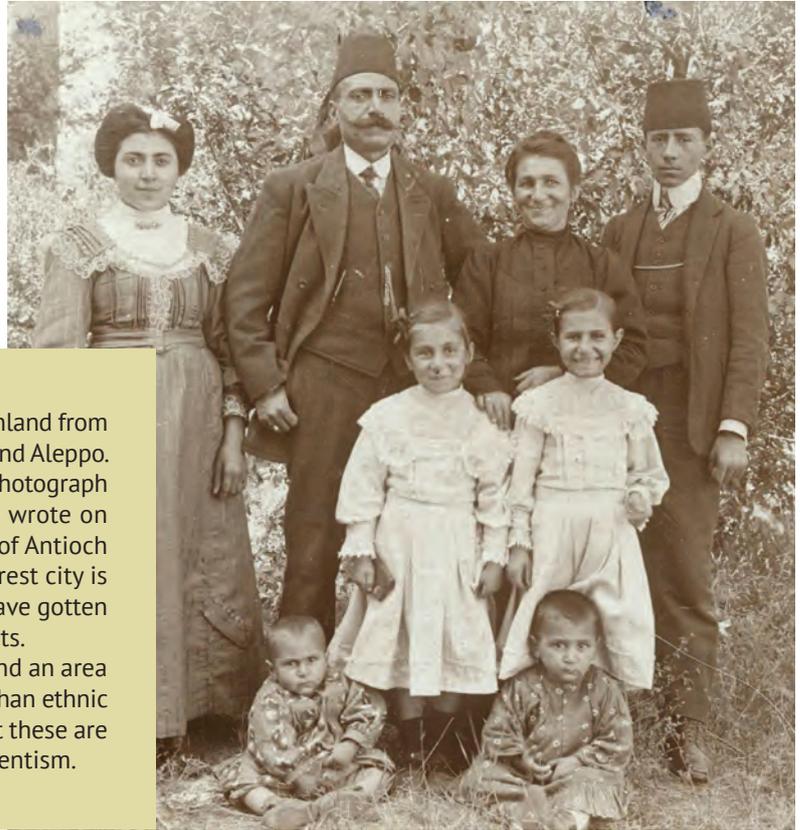
tuberculosis that he was forced to leave the Near East as well. Ironically, Dr. George clung "to his work too long for the good of his health," as a fellow missionary observed. A successor was called from North America, Elder Claude D. AcMoody, but George was so ill that, bedridden, he had to leave Constantinople by train two weeks before AcMoody arrived. He traveled to Switzerland and passed away in February 1907.



In 1906 the Oriental Union Mission had been reorganized as the Levant Union Mission, and in 1909 AcMoody was replaced as director of the Turkish Mission by a German missionary, Emil Frauchiger. This photograph of Emil Frauchiger and his family was taken in Constantinople in 1911, the year that Frauchiger was appointed superintendent of the Levant Union Mission.



By now, the union was beginning to grow. During 1912, membership passed 300 for the first time, though converts were mostly Armenian rather than ethnic Turks. Part of the reason for growth was the involvement of lay members in witnessing. This photograph of two Armenian colporteurs, M. N. Askabedian and M. Ashikian, was taken 1913.



The church was also finally spreading inland from the ports of Constantinople, Smyrna, and Aleppo. The American missionary who took this photograph for an article in an Adventist magazine wrote on the back: "Seventh-day Adventist family of Antioch of Pisidia." The modern name of the nearest city is Yalvaç, but believers in America would have gotten the reference to Paul and the book of Acts.

Yalvaç is inland in eastern Anatolia and an area largely populated by ethnic Turks rather than ethnic Armenians or Greeks. Thus it is likely that these are some of the first Turks to convert to Adventism.

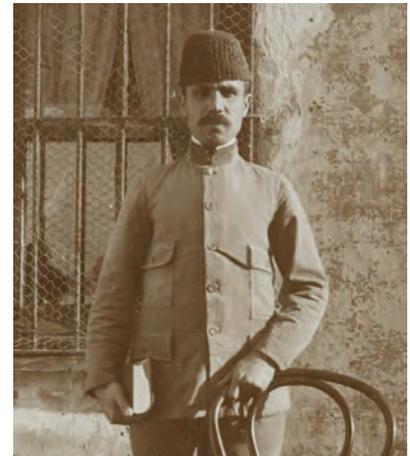


This truly remarkable photograph shows Emil Frauchiger baptizing a local convert in the Bosphorus near Constantinople, 1914, with Frauchiger's children looking on. The Bosphorus is the body of water that connects the Mediterranean with the Black Sea and has featured in myth, legend, and history since the Trojan War. This may well have been the last Christian, much less Adventist, baptism by immersion in the waters of the Bosphorus, which divide Europe from Asia.



Also an example of geographical expansion, this 1913 photograph is captioned “A group of believers at Diyarbakir on the Tigris at Kurdistan. The first fruit of that country.” Diyarbakir is more than 600 miles east of Yalvaç, on the border of Kurdistan, a region where the church enjoys little success. Yet, remarkably, we have here a photo of the first Kurdish Seventh-day Adventists.

Turkey is located within the 10/40 Window, a region of the world that presents mission with one of its toughest challenges. Stretching from northern Africa into the Middle East and Asia, this area is home to two-thirds of the world’s population, most of the world’s least-reached countries and people groups, and the fewest Christians. It’s a high priority for Global Mission church planting. To help, please visit Giving.AdventistMission.org.



Written on the back of this 1914 photograph is a caption: “Aram Papazian, a soldier of the Sultan, member of an Armenian SDA church.” Soon after this was taken, the Turks entered World War I. Ottoman authorities were deeply distrustful of the empire’s large Christian population, which became the subject of persecution. Armenians suffered appalling mass killings during the war, while in the 1920s ethnic Greeks were expelled from Turkey. We do not know Papazian’s fate.



Among the victims of persecution were this girl, Serapi Tavoukdjian, and her older brother (whose name is unknown). They were among five children born to a wealthy merchant and his Seventh-day Adventist wife in Ovajik, near Constantinople. Two sons immigrated to the United States of America before the war. In

1915, eight-year-old Serapi, an older sister, a third brother, and their parents were forced to march hundreds of miles into northern Syria by Turkish troops. Her parents died en route; her siblings were tortured and killed; and Serapi was sold as a slave to an Arab chieftain. Through it all, Serapi clung to her faith. She was miraculously delivered from slavery and reunited with her Adventist brother in Washington, D.C., in 1920, when this photograph was taken.

Serapi’s family and Aram Papazian stand for several hundred Seventh-day Adventists from Turkey, ethnic Armenians and Greeks, who died or disappeared during or just after the war: martyrs for their faith.

Born to missionary parents in India, **David Trim** is the director the Office of Archives, Statistics, and Research at the Seventh-day Adventist Church world headquarters.





The Wrong

Right Place

I can't believe I'm in the wrong place, I thought with mounting anxiety. I was trying to find my freshman orientation class, but with my limited knowledge of the campus and the local language, I was afraid I wouldn't make it in time. I was just about to leave the building when I felt a strong impression to stay.

"Lord, if You have a reason for me being here, please show me what it is," I prayed silently. When I opened my eyes, I saw a young woman approaching me.

"Hello, my name's Amina," she said softly. "Where are you from?"

When I told her, she visibly brightened. "Basima, come here," she called to her friend. "I may have found someone who can teach you the language you've been wanting to learn."

Amina introduced me to Basima, a fellow freshman. She seemed very shy, but she willingly gave me her phone number and told me that she looked forward to hearing from me. I strongly felt that Jesus had led me to her and, suddenly, being in the "wrong place" didn't seem so bad.

Initially, Basima and I communicated through simple text messages. But as my grasp of the local language increased and her shyness diminished, our friendship began to grow. We cooked and studied together, and I invited her to my apartment each Wednesday for language classes. These were special times when we shared about our families, hobbies, and even our spiritual lives. Slowly, Basima began to open up to me. She

The Waldensian Student initiative is a frontline mission approach in which Seventh-day Adventist students live, study, and serve in secular universities in specific countries throughout the Middle East and North Africa. Following Christ's example of outreach, they mingle with fellow students and faculty, win their confidence, minister to their needs, and, as opportunities arise, bid them to follow Jesus. A Waldensian student may study a foreign language or pursue a bachelor's or master's degree.

began to smile more and initiate conversation.

I participate in the Waldensian Student program, in which students attend secular universities in countries in the Middle East and North Africa where it's difficult to share the gospel. As we pursue a degree or take courses, we look for opportunities to share Jesus' love with our fellow students, professors, and friends.

I introduced Basima to some of my fellow Waldensian students, and she enjoyed spending time with them. One night, she joined our study of God's Word. This gave me the courage to invite her to our worship service the following Sabbath, and, to my surprise, she accepted!

For the next several months, Basima brought some of her friends to our Bible study. She wanted to share with them the gospel message that had begun to change her life, but as she did, she often received the brunt of their anger. Thankfully, her faith in Jesus only grew stronger.

One evening, as we walked back to her dorm, Basima confided that she felt strongly attracted to the God of love she had found in the Bible. She confessed that she had felt a deep void throughout her life and that this void seemed to be vanishing as she learned about Jesus.

Basima began to read *Steps to Christ* and *The Desire of Ages* as well as study the Bible books of Daniel and Revelation. She felt that she had discovered precious truth, but when we had a discussion about baptism,

she said she needed to think a while about taking this step. My friends and I prayed a lot for Basima during this time.

A few days later, I received a text from Basima saying that she wanted to be baptized. I read that text over and over. I was so happy for my friend!

Basima's journey since her baptism hasn't been easy. She's lost some friends, but she continues to share her newfound faith with her classmates and family. To her great joy, her mother recently accepted Jesus as her

personal Savior and God.

Basima's story is just one of many that I could tell you about how God is working in the lives of students here. My heartfelt prayer is that He will continue to arrange divine appointments for me so that I can share His love. He can send me to the "wrong place" anytime He chooses!

.....
—*Story courtesy of the Middle East and North Africa Union.*

We're earnestly praying for laborers for the harvest and would love to have you join us. For information on how to become a Waldensian student or how to sponsor their unique ministry, please email info@adventistmena.org.



1

A Pioneer's Life for Me

I'd never been to Botswana, so I didn't know what to expect when I disembarked the plane after my 17-plus-hour flight. What I noticed immediately was that almost everyone greeted me with a radiant, warm smile. It was a pleasure to be in this friendly country in southern Africa!

One of the people I met in Botswana was a Global Mission pioneer named Lesly. A pioneer is someone who works in an area or among a people group where there's no Adventist presence in order to start a new congregation. Lesly had been working for only a month in the capital city of Gaborone, but he was already making an impact for Jesus. I joined him for a

few hours to film his ministry in action.

As we walked the city streets, I asked Lesly about the challenges and rewards of being a pioneer and what he's doing to share the gospel in his new community.

"When I first arrived, I had mixed feelings about coming to this area because it's known for its alcohol and substance abuse," Lesly said. "I wondered how I'd ever make a difference here for Jesus.

"I was happy to learn that the people have a real thirst for God's Word. But I also realized that they've had really tough lives and are looking for someone who can help them in their daily struggles.

- 1 Lesly is a Global Mission pioneer in the country of Botswana.
- 2 Community members are grateful for Lesly's presence in their community.
- 3 Lesly offers prayer for a small groups that he meets with regularly.
- 4 The children in the daycare love it when Lesly teaches them new songs.

"One day, I brought a loaf of bread and some juice to a family. It wasn't much, but when they saw that I genuinely cared, they were open to hearing about Jesus.

"They asked me, 'Are you sure that what you're teaching is Christianity? Because we've believed that all Christians care about is whether or not we go to church.' When people see that we're interested in all of their needs, they get encouraged and marvel at this being branded as the gospel of Christ.

"This city is my community. I look forward to interacting with the people every day and offering them a message of hope. It's very rewarding to watch them embrace Jesus and His Word."

Lesly is working with local leaders to improve this community and meet the needs of the people. He has spent

Mission 360° TV

For inspiring stories about Global Mission pioneers and church planters around the world, watch *Mission 360° TV* at AdventistMission.org/videos.



Global Mission pioneers are lay people who start new churches in areas or among people groups where there is little or no Adventist presence. They seek to understand the needs of the people whom they've come to serve and then minister to those needs through a holistic approach.

Since 1993, they've helped thousands of people to experience abundant life in Jesus and started more than 11,000 new Seventh-day Adventist congregations. Their ministry wouldn't be possible without your donations and prayers. Thank you!

If you would like to support Global Mission, be assured that every dollar will go directly to the front lines of mission, reaching people who are still waiting to hear about Jesus.

THREE WAYS TO GIVE

Mail to Global Mission:
12501 Old Columbia Pike
Silver Spring, MD 20904

Secure online: Giving.AdventistMission.org

Call 800-648-5824

a lot of time volunteering at a local day care, reading stories to the children and even praying with them. His goal is to improve the day care's condition and help the children in any way that he can.

I was impressed with Lesly and his ministry. He talks with the people in his community, visits them in their

homes, eats meals with them, finds out what they need, and fulfills those needs. He's living out Christ's method of ministry, shattering the people's perception of Christianity and rebuilding it in the image of Jesus.

"I'd like to thank our church members around the world for supporting

Global Mission with their prayers and donations," Lesly said. "There is such a great need here and so much that God wants to accomplish. I long to see the people's lives changed by His power just as he transformed my own life. That's what keeps me going day and night."

Please pray for Lesly and our other pioneers around the world as they seek to share Jesus in challenging conditions. To learn more about their unique ministry, please visit global-mission.org.

Christ's Method of Ministry

"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'" (*Ministry of Healing*, p. 143).

To watch the video "A Pioneer's Life for Me," please visit Mission360Mag.org.

Ricky Oliveras

Office of Adventist Mission





The Floating Nurse

Nurse! Nurse!" The shouts slice through the silence, jarring me awake with a thundering heart. *Who is calling me at a quarter past one in the morning?* I don't recognize the male voice and wait for some indication that it's safe to open the door. But everything is quiet again.

I crawl back into bed and almost drift back to sleep when someone shouts my name.

"Rosi! Rosi!"

I can no longer refrain from answering. I slip on my robe and approach the door. "Who is it?" I ask nervously.

"It's the boat guy," comes the anxious response. "We have a man in the boat who has been shot with a 12 caliber gun. We need your help!"

.....

This incident is one of many medical emergencies that I've faced while

serving as a missionary nurse in the Amazon.

I live among the *ribeirinhos*, or river dwellers, whose only form of transport is a motorized canoe called a *rabeta*. It takes excellent balance to get around on one, and in the beginning, I was terrified of stepping into what looked to me like a thin, floating log.

I asked God to give me courage so that I could serve the many people along the river who need medical care. He answered my prayer, and soon I was visiting the river dwellers in their homes.

One day a fellow nurse and I were stopped on the river by a woman who told us that her sister, Maria,* was having an asthma attack. Maria was twenty-five years old and had just given birth to her sixth child eight days before.

My friend knew of someone in a nearby community who had a

- 1 I love visiting with my patients in their homes.
- 2 The river dwellers appreciate the missionary nurses.
- 3 One of the rare moments when I'm not on the river!
- 4 I used to be terrified of these boats.
- 5 My monkey friend, Chica.

nebulizer, a device that turns liquid medicine into a mist to treat asthma. We quickly retrieved the nebulizer, but, unfortunately, there was no medicine to go with it. All we had on hand was saline, a solution of water and salt.

As we followed the woman to Maria's home, I prayed that our patient would be OK. But when we arrived, we found her fighting to breathe.

There was no electricity in Maria's home to run the nebulizer, so we decided to take her to her sister's house. We gently laid her on a mattress in our boat and held an umbrella over



her face to protect her from the intense sun. Maria was so weak when we arrived at her sister's home that her brother had to carry her in his arms.

I quickly prepared the nebulizer using our saline solution. "God," I prayed, "You know that we don't have the proper medication to treat Maria. Please, Father, turn this saline into medicine that will help Maria breathe."

Whether God turned our saline solution into medicine or simply opened up Maria's bronchioles, I do not know. What I do know is that He worked a miracle to save her life. She immediately began to breathe normally and soon regained her strength.

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

The man who had been shot in the chest with the 12-caliber gun also survived as a result, I believe, of divine intervention.

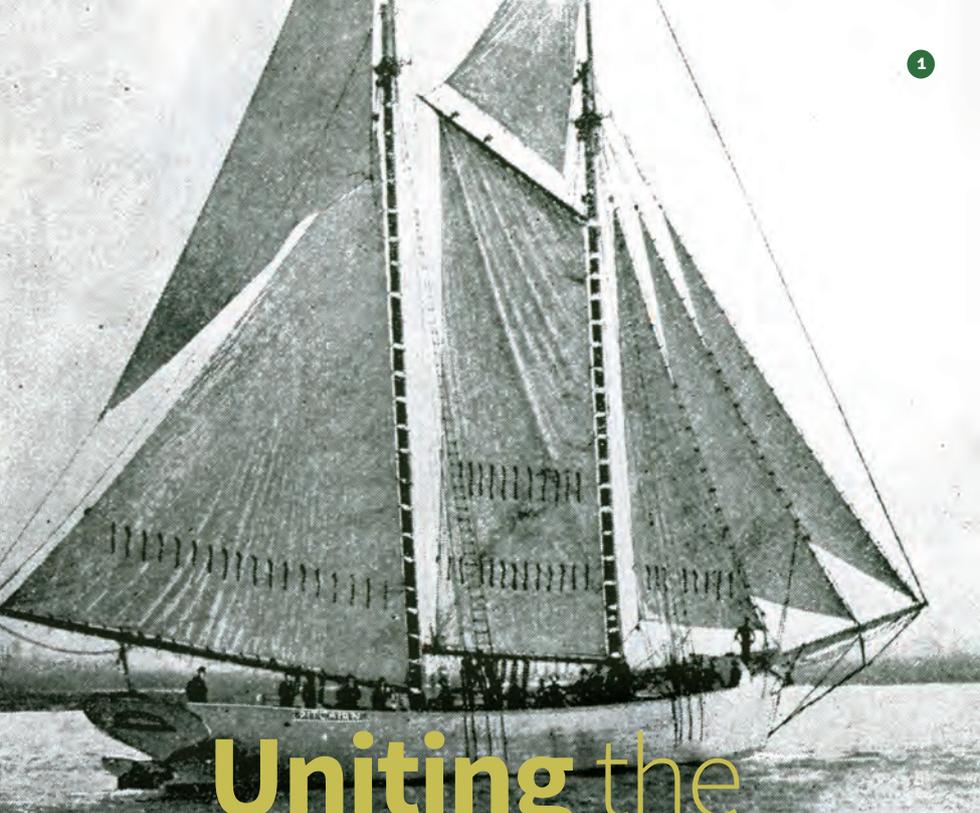
Not every patient whom I've prayed for has been healed, of course. My experiences as a missionary have helped me learn to trust God in those situations. But I'm so thankful that I have been allowed to witness His

healing power. He is a God of miracles who surely loves us.

* Name has been changed.

Rosimelia Ferreira de Figueiredo is from Brazil and served as a volunteer missionary nurse for the Northwest Brazil Union Mission.





Uniting the World Church

What is one thing that we've been doing as Seventh-day Adventists, no matter where we are, for more than 100 years, that brings us together as a church family?

Through this "one thing," thousands of good things have happened—boats have been launched, people have been healed, souls have been saved, schools have been built, and lives have been changed.

This "one thing" started in 1886 when the General Conference promoted the first church-wide Sabbath School mission project—building a mission boat named the *Pitcairn* to sail to the tiny island of Pitcairn in the South Pacific. Working together, young and old raised \$12,000 for this first Sabbath School mission project.

Following the *Pitcairn* project, Sabbath School mission offerings continued to increase. On January 6, 1912, Sabbath School members were introduced to "a new plan" through a small eight-page pamphlet that would later become known as the Sabbath School *Mission Quarterly*.

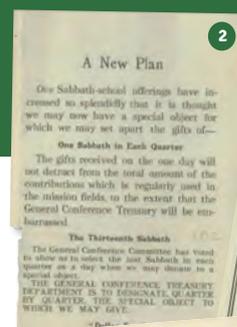
On the cover page, it read, "Our Sabbath-school offerings have increased so splendidly that it is thought we may now have a special object for which we may set apart the gifts of one Sabbath in each quarter. The General Conference Committee has voted to allow us to select the last Sabbath in each quarter as a day when we may donate to a special object."

Thus, the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering program was begun, along with the mission quarterly, helping to focus the attention of the church on the specific regions and projects that would benefit from the quarterly Thirteenth Sabbath Offering.

Over the past century, every area of the world church has benefited from the generosity of members around the world giving to help their brothers and sisters in mission.

Schools and universities, hospitals and clinics, orphanages, printing presses, better living centers,

- 1 The *Pitcairn* ship was built using the funds from the first Sabbath School mission offering.
- 2 Front page of the first *Mission Quarterly*.
- 3 Mission quarterly from 1912 featuring an offering project at what was then known as River Plate Academy in Argentina (currently River Plate University).
- 4 The *Mission* quarterlies and Mission Spotlight DVD for first quarter, 2016, feature stories from the South American Division, including a look back at the groundbreaking work of Leo and Jessie Halliwell on their mission ship, the *Luzeiro*.
- 5 Mrs. Shin made pancakes in order to befriend young people for Jesus.
- 6 The young people at the pancake church are excited that they will have a better facility thanks to a Thirteenth Sabbath Offering.
- 7 This poster promoting the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering appears in many Adventist churches in the islands of the South Pacific.



churches and chapels, dormitories and evangelistic training centers, libraries and media centers, youth camps, grounds, and Bible lesson materials in local languages—all have been made possible through the generosity of those who gave to the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering.

This special offering really pulls us together as a world church—it's a specific way in which we help each other—and learn from each other!

A year or so ago I was in South Korea, where I met a woman by the name

Your mission and world budget offerings help to make mission work possible. Thank you!

Four ways to give:

- During Sabbath School
- Securely online: Giving.AdventistMission.org (choose “13th Sabbath Offering”)
- In North America, mark a tithe envelope “13th Sabbath Offering” at your local church
- Call 800-648-5824

of Mrs. Shin. Mrs. Shin had a unique sense of mission. When her teenage daughter decided that she no longer wanted to go to church because there weren't any young people her age, Mrs. Shin came up with an idea. She baked hundreds of fresh Korean pancakes every day and set up shop right across from the local high school! As the students came to buy the popular pancakes, Mrs. Shin befriended them and invited them to her home where she served them a meal and taught them Bible songs and stories. Eventually an entire church was planted!

About one year after meeting Mrs. Shin in South Korea, I was in Papua New Guinea (PNG) collecting mission stories. And while in PNG, can you imagine how amazed I was to see Mrs. Shin! Well, it was a poster of Mrs. Shin—making her pancakes. The poster was promoting the Thirteenth

Sabbath Offering which would help to provide a building for the church planted by pancakes!

Although I was visiting a little church plant located—literally—in a garbage dump community where the members have next to nothing, the people there were giving to help some kids in their mission in South Korea!

That's powerful. That's togetherness. That's the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering. This special mission offering has been uniting the church through giving for more than 100 years.

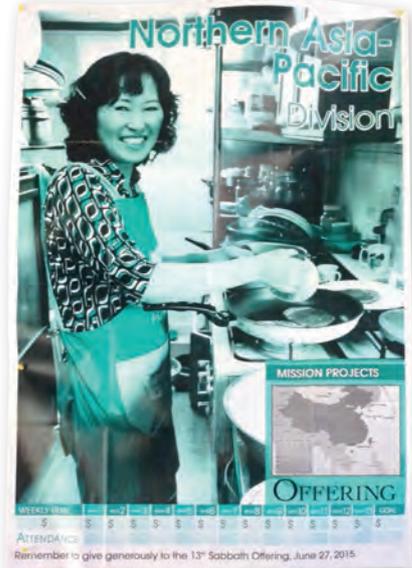
I want to encourage you, if you haven't already done so, to harness the power of mission—and specifically of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering. Be sure that the churches and institutions in your area are receiving the *Mission* quarterly and the *Mission Spotlight* DVDs from the General Conference's Office of Adventist Mission. These

resources are filled with inspiring stories of how God is working through people to accomplish His mission and bringing His church together around the world.

In addition to the hard copies, both the quarterlies and the DVDs are available for downloading from our Web site at AdventistMission.org. We also have mission apps available.

If you haven't done so yet, I hope you'll join us in this wonderful plan of togetherness—supporting our brothers and sisters around the world doing God's mission—through the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering!

Gina Wahlen is the editor of the *Mission* quarterlies for children, youth, and adults. Each quarter she travels to a world division where she collects mission stories and pictures.



The bank is back!

Remember when you were a kid and mission offering banks were a big deal? Remember how you saved your money, looked for ways to earn cash, and gathered abandoned coins at the bus stop and old phone booths?

Now you can revive that spirit of generosity by setting aside money for the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering with an eco-friendly pop-up bank.

Here's how to order:

- Call 800-648-5824. Ask for your FREE offering bank.
- Go to AdventistMission.org. Follow easy directions to request your FREE offering bank.



About our cover photo...

Photo by Ricky Oliveras

Lesly is a Global Mission pioneer serving in Botswana. The first thing that comes to mind when I think about him is his contagious smile. The whole time I was with him it seemed that he couldn't stop smiling at people. His love for Jesus shines out to the community through his smile, and the people can tell that he really cares about them. To read a story about Lesly and his ministry, please see page 24.





ROMANIA

Apple Orchard Soup

(Serves 4–6)

The scent of apples and cinnamon never fails to put you in a sentimental mood, especially when the weather is cold outside. Relax and enjoy this fragrant soup.

INGREDIENTS

- 5 medium apples, peeled and cut into chunks
- 6 cups water
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- ½ cup apple juice
- 1 cup light cream, almond milk, or soy milk

PREPARATION

1. Bring the apples and water to a boil.
2. Stir in the sugar, lemon juice, and cinnamon. Reduce heat, cover, and simmer for 20 minutes, or until the apples are very soft.
3. In a small bowl, whisk the cornstarch into the

apple juice until smooth. Add to the apple mixture, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from heat and cool slightly.

4. Stir in the cream, almond milk, or soy milk.

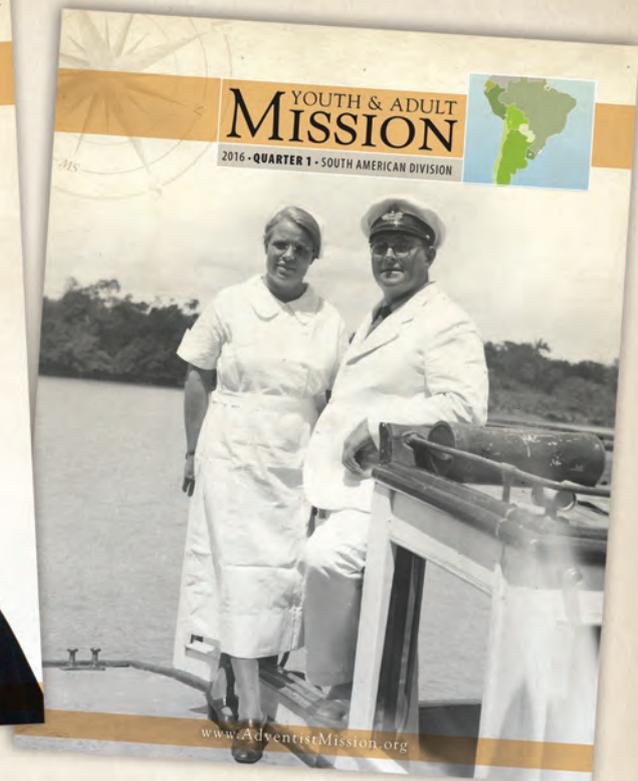


Nancy Kyte

Office of Adventist Mission



TELL ME A STORY



We're never too young—or too old—to enjoy a good story!

Each week your *Mission* quarterly contains exciting and inspiring stories featuring people around the world. These stories can be shared just about anywhere, anytime—Sabbath School, children's stories, worships, Pathfinder meetings, prayer meetings, and more!

Don't miss out! If your Sabbath School or church isn't receiving the *Mission* quarterlies for youth and adults, and for children, just send

an email to missionquarterlies@gc.adventist.org for an absolutely free subscription! Or download your copy today at adventistmission.org.

