

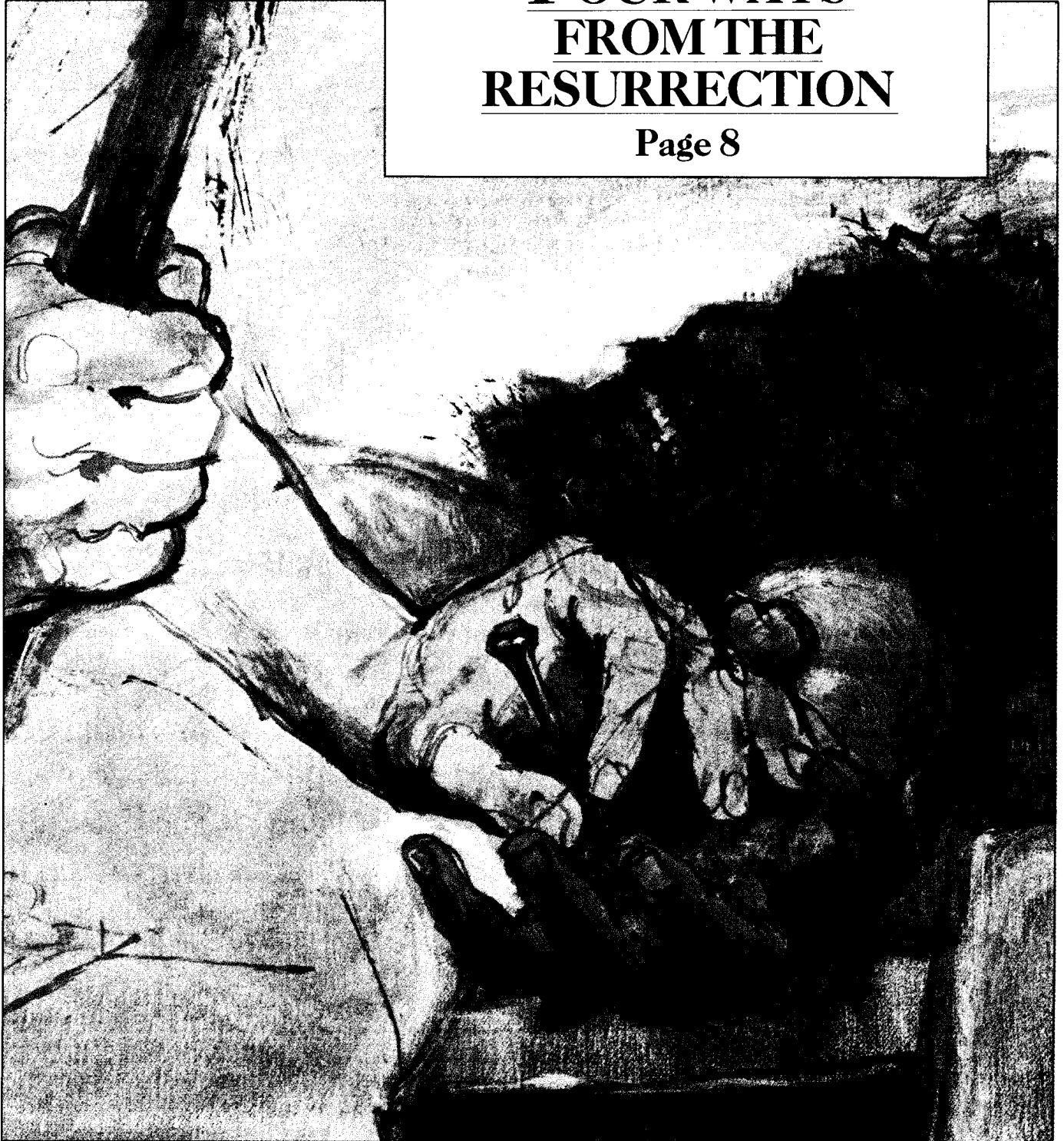
ADVENTIST **REVIEW**

Weekly News and Inspiration for Seventh-day Adventists

March 27, 1986

FOUR WAYS FROM THE RESURRECTION

Page 8



Adventist Hospitals

After reading the issue on the Adventist Health System (Feb. 13), I would like to comment from the point of view of a nurse who has worked for a for-profit hospital corporation and for the Adventist Health System:

1. The assumption that Adventist nurses and other health-care givers are more caring and thoughtful is untrue and insulting to thousands of competent, caring nurses who are non-Adventists.

2. Having Adventists as department heads and in management positions translates into "no advancement opportunities for non-Adventists working in the system." This does not go unnoticed by non-Adventist employees and should be classified as a negative evangelistic tool.

3. From the talk I hear among the rank and file of workers, patients, and families, the absence of certain items from the menus and food vending machines is not seen as a wonderful testimony but rather as an unwarranted imposition of our values on other people.

4. Mr. Welch's citing fewer vehicles in the parking lots on Saturdays as proof that things are different in Adventist hospitals on Sabbath indicates that he has done little Sabbath visitation at non-Adventist hospitals. He would find a parking place there, too. NAME WITHHELD

The Church's Daughters

Re "Church, What Can You Do for My Daughters?" (Feb. 6).

I, a 20-year old Seventh-day Adventist, submit that I am not willing to wait for the church to do something for me. With John F. Kennedy's famous quotation in mind, I will not ask what my church can do for me, but what I can do for my church.

LORINDA ANN KLEIN
Savannah, Georgia

I wish that in the years I was struggling to find my Christian identity the church had been more

concerned about my struggles than who was running around with whom. Instead of being helped to develop my talents, I was given the impression that all that was needed from me was my tithes and offerings and my body in a pew every Sabbath.

I've been fortunate that I did discover my church and my God, but what about those who have lost sight of the true spirit and mission of the church?

DARLA DEVNICH
College Heights, Alberta

Indispensable Employees

I applaud the decision of the Supreme Court of Canada on religious accommodation (Feb. 20). I couldn't help wondering, though, how many employers in Canada and elsewhere have gladly made accommodations rather than risk losing the services of Adventists who have distinguished themselves as exemplary employees.

When I think of Joseph in Egypt and Daniel in Medo-Persia, I suspect that they were granted "religious accommodations" not because of a legal requirement, but because they made themselves indispensable to their employers.

JAMES COLEMAN
Laurel, Maryland

Baby Moses

On Christmas Day, 1973, our only son died of hypoplastic left-heart syndrome. He was just 6 days old. Although time does heal, it does not erase the memories.

A year and a half ago I was ecstatic over the baboon heart transplant on Baby Fae, but crushed when she died. Just ten minutes ago I read the short report of Baby Moses' surgery and recovery (Feb. 6) and I just had to share my joy! I can't help wishing Dr. Bailey had been 12 years earlier with his newborn heart transplants.

CHRISTINE COLLINS
Dane, Wisconsin

Not for Giraffes

Re the letter (Feb. 6) suggesting improving the REVIEW by including

"fewer articles by the Ph.D.s so we common folk can understand the instruction too."

Our Lord said, "Feed my sheep," not "Feed my giraffes"! Keep it low, beloved Ph.D.'s, keep it low. Otherwise you are simply talking to yourselves.

GEORGE SHULTZ
Pullman, Washington

Children's Reading

A rousing thank-you for publishing Bonnie L. Casey's article on promoting family togetherness through reading (Feb. 6). Her putting the Sam Campbell and Eric Hare stories in first place reminds me of the days when our preschool sons were so easily disciplined by our saying, "Only one chapter of Sam Campbell tonight, instead of two." When their older sisters complained that I did not spank the boys as much as I had them, my comment was "I found a much better way."

E. STEWART JOHNSON
Big Pine Key, Florida

As an elementary principal, teacher, and grandparent, I agree 100 percent with the article.

MELVIN ROSEN
Hagerstown, Maryland

In view of the counsel "Even fiction which contains no suggestion of impurity, and which may be intended to teach excellent principles, is harmful" (*The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 445, 446), how can the ADVENTIST REVIEW go on record as recommending such books as *Little Women*, *Johnny Tremain*, *Old Yeller*, *The Yearling*, and *Black Beauty*?

KRAID I. ASHBAUGH
Loma Linda, California

Letters should not exceed 250 words and should carry the writer's name, address, and telephone number. All will be edited to meet space and literary requirements, but the author's meaning will not be changed. Views expressed in the letters do not necessarily represent those of the editors or of the denomination. Address letters for this column to Editor, ADVENTIST REVIEW, 6840 Eastern Ave., NW., Washington, D.C. 20012.

ADVENTIST REVIEW

March 27, 1986

General paper of the
Seventh-day Adventist Church

Editor

William G. Johnsson

Associate Editor

Myron K. Widmer

Managing Editor

Jocelyn R. Fay

News Editor

James Coffin

Assistant Editors

Eugene F. Durand
Deborah Anfenson-Vance

Administrative Secretary

Corinne Russ

Editorial Secretaries

Chitra Barnabas
Jackie Ordeheide

Art Director

Byron Steele

Designer

Warren Rood

Marketing

Thomas Kapusta

Ad Sales

Jeff Blumenberg

Subscriber Services

Larry Burnnett

Consulting Editors

Neal C. Wilson, Charles E. Bradford, Wallace
O. Coe, D. F. Gilbert, Robert J. Kloosterhuis,
Kenneth J. Mitteldeier, Enoch Oliveira, Calvin
B. Rock, G. Ralph Thompson

Special Contributors

Kenneth H. Wood, Robert H. Pierson,
George W. Brown, Gerald J. Christo, Otis C.
Edwards, Bekele Heye, Edwin Ludescher, J.
J. Nortey, Jan Paulsen, Walter R. L. Scragg,
Joao Wolff

Africa-Indian Ocean Editions

Acting editor, Candace W. Jorgensen

Inter-American Edition

Editor, Adalgiza Archbold

South American Editions

Editor, R. S. Lessa, Portuguese; editor,
Rolando Ilin, Spanish

How to Subscribe Subscription prices:
US\$26.95 for 40 issues. US\$34.95 for 52
issues.

To place your order, send your name,
address, and payment to your local Adventist
Book Center or *Adventist Review* Subscription
Desk, Box 1119, Hagerstown, Maryland
21741. Single copy, 90 cents U.S. currency.
Prices subject to change without notice.

To Writers We welcome unsolicited manu-
scripts. Notification of acceptance or rejection
may be expected only if accompanied by a
stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address
all editorial correspondence to 6840 Eastern
Avenue NW, Washington, D.C. 20012.

The *Adventist Review* (ISSN 0161-1119) is
published 40 times a year, each Thursday
except the first Thursday of the month.
Copyright © 1986 Review and Herald Pub-
lishing Association, 55 West Oak Ridge
Drive, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740. Sec-
ond-class postage paid at Hagerstown,
Maryland 21740. **Postmaster:** send address
changes to *Adventist Review*, 55 West Oak
Ridge Drive, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Bible texts credited to N.E.B. are from *The
New English Bible*. © The Delegates of the
Oxford University Press and the Syndics of
the Cambridge University Press 1961, 1970.
Reprinted by permission. Texts credited to
N.I.V. are from *The Holy Bible: New Interna-
tional Version*. Copyright © 1978 by the
International Bible Society. Used by permis-
sion of Zondervan Bible Publishers. Texts
credited to R.S.V. are from the Revised
Standard Version of the Bible, copyrighted
1946, 1952 © 1971, 1973.



p. 13



p. 18

EDITORIALS

4 Tribute to Teachers

Behind every successful person is a good
teacher. Or several of them.

by James Coffin

5 Back to Basics—Uplifting Christ

“I’m tired of hearing church promo-
tions,” she wrote. “I’m hungry for
Christ.”

by Myron Widmer

CHRISTIAN LIFE

8 Four Ways From the Resurrection

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—four
Gospels. And four different responses to
the risen Christ.

by Glenn H. Asquith

CHURCH

10 A Look at Adventism in China Today

An American in China offers her
impressions of Adventist life in the
People’s Republic.

by Betty Jochmans

LIFESTYLE

13 The Interview

Beth’s love changed Paul’s life. And
then she was gone. A story of friendship
and resurrection hope.

by Joan-Marie Cook

POETRY

17 March

March is such a pessimistic month. But
under its gray snows lie great possibili-
ties.

by Kermit Netteburg

NEWS

6 Newsbreak 18 Worldview

Development center for deaf-blind chil-
dren. Dream leads Filipino chief to
Christ. Sabbath school lesson preview.

DEPARTMENTS

2 Letters 16 Children’s Corner 22 Ross Report 23 Reflections

COMING NEXT WEEK:

■ “**South America
Today.**” From Buenos
Aires, Argentina,
REVIEW editor William
Johnsson writes about
the Adventist church in
South America. First of
three parts.



■ “**The Myth of the Inflexible Prophet,**”
by George Knight. Back to the blueprint
that wasn’t.

Cover: From *He Was One of Us*, by Hans Bouma, illustrated by
Rien Poortvliet, copyright © 1978 by Doubleday & Co. Inc.



T RIBUTE **TO TEACHERS**

There is a saying that behind every successful man is a good woman. Perhaps a more universally applicable adage would be that behind every successful person is a good teacher—or several of them.

“If you can read this, thank your teacher,” says a bumper sticker. Yet how often do we stop to acknowledge our teachers’ contributions to our lives? How often do they even know they have had such a major influence?

“Parents and teachers lie down in their last sleep, their lifework seeming to have been wrought in vain,” writes Ellen White in *Education*, page 306; “they know not that their faithfulness has unsealed springs of blessing that can never cease to flow.”

As I look back at the influences in my life, certain teachers stand out. They were not necessarily the best teachers according to standard criteria for teacher evaluation. And they may not have influenced others in the same way they did me. But the elements they contributed to my life were just what I needed at that moment.

A Mother’s Finesse

My first-grade teacher was my mother—a teacher by training—because my parents felt that a child should not be subjected too soon to the formal environment of a classroom. I have never regretted spending that extra year at home. Having a teacher who is genetically matched with her pupil can be a great advantage. No one else can kiss away tears

and bandage skinned knees with the finesse of a mother. With all the personal attention I received, I went well beyond the normal first-grade curriculum, laying a good foundation for subsequent study. The atmosphere of that early home classroom was most relaxed, and play far exceeded work.

My formal introduction to school came under the watchful eye of Mrs. Orville Atkins, a woman who, as I recall her, must have been at least six feet tall. She was a forbidding presence, and most of her young charges quite naturally fell into submission. She was a rock of stability. She was absolutely fair. And she was totally dedicated to her pupils and to God. She believed in the three R’s and was determined that students would leave her classroom able to read, spell, and do arithmetic in their sleep. She was equally determined to help us in our moral/spiritual development. And I looked upon her with a degree of awe and respect that few people have ever commanded.

In contrast to the serious demeanor of Mrs. Atkins, who was nearing retirement when she taught us, my sixth-grade teacher—Beverly Ivans—could run faster; catch, pitch, and bat better; and outwit in general every boy in the school. It was humiliating—but we loved her for it, however grudging our admiration may have been.

In the seventh and eighth grades, Mrs. Hazel Thomas had the misfortune of having me as a pupil. I was going through an extremely difficult time in my life—as were most of the

other older boys in the little country church school we attended. I know it was not pleasant for her, but she persevered. And in the years following my eighth-grade graduation, Mrs. Thomas was as kind and friendly to me as one can imagine—and if anyone ever had just reason for holding grudges, she did. Her husband, Walter, taught me for four years in academy, always treating me as if he were totally unaware that I had given his wife such a hard time.

My first year at Sunnydale Academy, Don Cantrell was principal. Many of the students who saw him only as principal thought of him as aloof and impersonal. In the algebra classroom, however, I gained a totally different perspective. Even there he was all business. But he could explain quadratic equations. And he was willing to spend whatever time was necessary for us to learn the subject. He expected a high level of performance, and to a great degree he got it. And he earned our respect in the process.

Questioning the Answers

At Union College I took three classes from Arthur Hauck. Art is the kind of man about whom people usually have strong feelings. He is a maverick. His view of life is unique. And he does much of his teaching by asking questions. Then he questions the answers. Then he continues to question the answers. At first I found the process frightening—because his questions forced me to admit that things are often far more complex than I wanted to admit. But the process sharpened my analytical faculties and made study satisfying to a degree I had not experienced before.

At Newbold College I encountered Mike Pearson, who was in his first year as a teacher at the college. Writing essays—particularly about sociology, which Mike taught at that time—was a new experience for me. The first essay I wrote was three pages long; Mike wrote one and a half pages of critique, offering numerous suggestions on how I

could have improved my essay. Subsequent essays received the same thorough attention. While he was demanding of his students, he poured his whole soul into helping us achieve. And with him putting out so much effort, I felt obliged to work hard—if only as a means of avoiding a guilty conscience.

As I look back at these people—and many others whom I have not mentioned by name—who have had such influence on my life, I see certain characteristics that all had in common, despite the apparent dif-

ferences of personality and approach. Some were close friends, others were authority figures, but all were totally dedicated to my well-being, both present and eternal. All of them made a unique contribution that came at just the right time. And to all of them and the thousands of teachers who are making a similar impact on young lives right now, I say, Thank you.

JAMES COFFIN



BACK TO BASICS— UPLIFTING CHRIST

A letter, postmarked from a small town in California and signed only with the name Concerned Member, recently came addressed to me.

He or she expressed a heartfelt concern. "I am tired of hearing promotions for our churches, schools, hospitals, welfare work, mission activities, and even our prophet. I am hungry for Christ—His greatness, His goodness, His all-sufficiency, His instruction for today's living as recorded in the Scriptures."

The concern set me to thinking. Could this person's perception of our church and its organizational activities be true? Could it be true that even I am so busy doing the work of the Lord that I am failing in the greatest work—personally sharing the Good News of Jesus with others? Could it be true that I am

expecting others to fill in the void for me?

Sadly enough, my answers are not as clearly in the positive as I wish them to be. I live and work in a Salt Works (the term used by some for areas where numerous Adventists live). Every one of my fellow workers here at the General Conference is a Seventh-day Adventist. It is thus easy to let slide the desire to talk openly of Jesus, and to let organizational matters fill the time.

Small Talk

The same is true for the environment of many of our churches: we gather together with longtime friends and fellow members and wile away the time talking about the latest disasters in the news, work, friends, plans of the church, and other such items. It's easy not to speak a word about Jesus, except as

we must when we get up in front of others during the program. Then we do what is expected of us: we praise the Lord, mingled in with all the organizational items of keeping a church running.

In the midst of this comes the haunting cry of the Concerned Member: "I am hungry for Christ—His greatness, His goodness."

I too am hungry for Christ. And so are my fellow workers and members, I firmly believe. The Concerned Member's cry is reminiscent of the heartfelt need of the young lawyer who approached Jesus and asked what he had to do to become part of His new kingdom. He was told, in so many words, that although he was doing all that the law required, he needed a relationship with Christ, and to let it be seen in his words and actions to his fellow beings.

The apostle Paul, though difficult to understand sometimes, was clear, very clear, on the priorities in his ministry. The number one priority was the personal proclamation of Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. To the believers in Corinth, Paul penned these words: "For I delivered to you as of first importance what I also received, that Christ died for our sins in accordance with the scriptures, that he was buried, that he was raised on the third day in accordance with the scriptures" (1 Cor. 15:3, 4, RSV).

He unabashedly spoke about Christ, here to believers, at other times to nonbelievers. Christ was his theme, his driving force, his beloved friend. Organizational and other matters took second place, never first place.

Maybe Paul should be our example, whether we live in a Salt Works or in a town where we are the lone Adventist. We must speak of Christ openly, forthrightly.

Your cry has been heard, Concerned Member. We must get back to the basics, to uplifting Christ.

MYRON WIDMER

NORTH AMERICA

Academy Choir Honors Special Olympics. The Pine Forge Academy (Pine Forge, Pennsylvania) choir paid tribute to the Special Olympics program through a March 4 performance at the Time, Inc., corporate auditorium at Rockefeller Center in New York City.

The choir, invited by Time, Inc., president J. Richard Munro, was directed by Gwen Foster and accompanied by Allen Foster. The group performed some of the great hymns and anthems of the Christian church and also gave the first public rendition of the Special Olympics' new theme song "Winners All."

Special guests at the performance included Patricia Lawford Kennedy and Marvin Hamlisch, composer of "Winners All."

Wyoming Church Starts Unique Prayer Group.

The Rawlins, Wyoming, church has started a prayer group that meets at the church each evening Monday through Thursday to pray for people in the community who have special needs, according to a report in the latest issue of the Rocky Mountain Conference newsletter *High Country Courier*.

The names for the prayer list are gleaned from such sources as the newspaper and include accident victims and others who might be facing difficulty. The prayer group's secretary sends cards to the persons being prayed for to inform them that the church is aware of their situation and is petitioning God on their behalf.

College Adjusting to Lower Enrollment.

Mid-America Union president Joel Tompkins sent a letter to the Union College (Lincoln, Nebraska) constituency on March 3 outlining a number of steps being taken to keep the college fiscally sound despite an enrollment drop from some 1,040 to some 700 students in the past three years.

The lessened enrollment, Tompkins says, translates into a tuition loss for the current school year of some \$1.9 million. This, coupled with an operating loss of some \$1.3 million in the college industries over the past three years, is making it more difficult for the college to service its long-term debt of \$7.6 million incurred when enrollment was higher.

The combined debt of SDA colleges and universities in North America is approximately \$45 million (see "The State of SDA Colleges in North America," *ADVENTIST REVIEW*, Mar. 6, 1986).

Although Tompkins says the college is "experiencing a stressful situation," he notes that it has reduced expenditures by more than \$1 million in the past two years, its physical plant is in good shape, the education offered is high quality, and the staff and student spirit is good.

Pacific Union Restructures Organization. Delegates to the Pacific Union's quinquennial constituency

meeting voted to change the union's organizational structure significantly, dedicated themselves to "reaching the unreached" throughout the union territory, and elected a new president.

Delegates elected Thomas J. Mostert, Jr., president of the Southeastern California Conference, to take the place of Walter D. Blehm, who had announced plans to retire. (A fuller report of the constituency meeting will appear in an upcoming issue.)

SDA Alumni Give Seed Money. A handful of alumni have provided some \$100,000 to 11 Adventist colleges and universities to qualify their alma maters for participation in the second phase of the Business Executives' Challenge to Alumni (BECA).

The three-year program, which emphasizes unrestricted alumni support, offers grant monies to North American institutions for successful attainment of donor and dollar goals.

To become eligible, each college was required to find one or two donors who would contribute an amount equal to 13 percent of its total potential grant monies. Challenge grants available from BECA over the three years ending in 1988 total \$723,000.

Washington Church Promotes Temperance.

The 34-member West Seattle church has developed an outreach ministry for former Christians who want to break alcohol or drug dependency and come back to Christ and the church.

Church pastor Hal Gates says that by providing this ministry, the church is trying to meet one of the felt needs of the community and touch lives with the gospel.

Contribution to Fund Research at LLU.

Several \$5,000 traineeships will soon be available for graduate students at Loma Linda University (Loma Linda, California) who are pursuing master's degrees in nutrition, according to nutrition programs director Kathleen Zolber.

The traineeships, made possible by a large contribution to the university, will enable students to conduct research relevant to Adventist lifestyle that will be written in a thesis or publishable paper.

Potential candidates for the traineeships should contact Kathleen Zolber, School of Health, Loma Linda University, Loma Linda, California 92350; phone (619) 824-4598.

Two Planes Donated to Andrews.

Andrews University has received two planes as a gift from an alumnus, according to a March 10 release from university public information officer Rebecca May.

The planes, donated by cardiac surgeon T. W. Christiansen, of Benton Harbor, Michigan, are a Cessna 150 and a 1958 Piper Comanche.

"I wanted to see the university's flight program keep going," says Christiansen. "These planes are older, but

they are just as safe as newer models, and they save the university in rental costs."

Students and faculty in the Department of Aviation are working to put the planes into like-new condition.

Churches Cited for Soul Winning. Four Southeastern California Conference churches have received plaques from the conference for the number of baptisms they brought about during 1985.

The Costa Mesa church reported one baptism for every 2.6 members; the Mira Loma church, one baptism per six members; the Orange County Korean church, one per eight; and the Riverside Kansas Avenue church, one per nine.

To New Positions. Duane Huey, treasurer of the North Pacific Union, to be treasurer of the Mid-America Union.

WORLD CHURCH

English Food Company Doubles Sales. Granose Foods Limited in England has doubled its sales and added 35 new products in the last two years, according to an article in the *British Advent Messenger*.

"Be assured that the profits made are being used to the furtherance of the Lord's work here in Britain," says Granose marketing manager Nigel Phillips.

Granose also had one of the main displays at the largest-ever health food exhibition in Britain—the Healthier Living Show, held in Earl's Court.

ADRA Volunteer Gives Update on Sudan. "After six months of work we have guided the distribution of over 15,000 metric tons of grain," writes ADRA volunteer David George in the newsletter of his home church in Yountville, California.

"The famine victims are getting healthier, and that desperate look once seen in their faces is being replaced with smiles. Things, however, are not back to normal. This year's crop was again poor, and food from the United States and Europe will still be needed for most of the year. [But] there is hope for the future."

Week of Prayer Broadcast in Puerto Rico. The Week of Spiritual Emphasis held February 21 to March 1 at Antillian Union College (Mayaguez, Puerto Rico) reached not only the 900 students but also the population of West Puerto Rico.

Station WTPN, owned by the West Puerto Rico Conference, broadcast each evening meeting and the two Sabbath church services presented by speaker Leo Ranzolin, associate secretary of the General Conference. This was the first time such meetings had been aired.

Brazil Changes Currency. Beginning on March 3, business was not quite the same as usual for Adventist

entities in Brazil; the cruzeiro, Brazil's national currency since 1942, gave way to the cruzado.

Since 1980 the cruzeiro had gone from a fairly stable rate of exchange with the U.S. dollar, 45 to 1, to a rate of 13,700 cruzeiros per dollar. The new cruzado, designed to make financial record keeping less cumbersome, is the old cruzeiro with three 0's removed, making the current rate of exchange 13.77 cruzados to one dollar.

Since all South American unions report to the South American Division office in Brasilia, the currency adjustment should make work easier for everyone.

GENERAL CONFERENCE

Steps to Christ in 125 Languages. With the recent printing of 5,000 copies of *Steps to Christ* in Catalan, a language used by some 5 million people in northeastern Spain, *Steps to Christ* has been published in 125 languages, according to Elbio Pereyra of the Ellen G. White Estate.

The *Great Controversy*, which now is in 48 languages, is the secondmost-translated Ellen White book.

The language into which the most Ellen White books have been translated is Portuguese, with 51. Spanish is second, with 50.

GC Buys New West Coast Warehouse. The General Conference has purchased a new West Coast warehouse in the San Francisco area from which to ship missionaries' belongings and supplies for institutions overseas, according to personnel in the GC Treasury.

Those making the decision say they felt the new facility, which they were able to buy for approximately what will be gained from the sale of the former property (a contract is in hand, but the deal has not been closed), is in a better location. The old building was in a deteriorating section of San Francisco.

Yearbook Completed. The 1986 edition of the *Seventh-day Adventist Yearbook* is now off the press and available at Adventist Book Centers in North America and on its way to distribution centers overseas, according to Evelyn Osborn, who oversees *Yearbook* production.

The book, which costs \$22.50 in hardback and \$20.50 in paperback, took longer to produce this year because of the number of personnel changes around the world during and after General Conference session, Osborn says.

CHURCH CALENDAR

Mar. 29 Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, Far Eastern Division

Apr. 5 Church Lay Activities Offering

Apr. 5 Missionary Magazine Emphasis

FOUR WAYS FROM THE RESURRECTION

Our world has never been the same since the atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima. We have had to adapt to the nuclear age.

Many generations have witnessed events that forever disrupted the old way of life. Consider the invention of the printing press, the Industrial Revolution, the Reformation, and world-shaking wars.

But only one mighty happening has affected all humankind to all generations—the resurrection of Christ. Since then nothing has been the same, nor can it be. Life, its goals and its future, have become vastly different from what they were the day before the discovery of the empty tomb.

How do I respond to the Resurrection?

The reaction of some contemporaries of our risen Lord may guide us in our thinking. Each of the four Gospels describes a way of dealing with life after the Resurrection morning.

The Response of Doubt

We read in Matthew that after Jesus appeared to the 11 disciples, “some doubted” (Matt. 28:17).^{*} They doubted that their Lord, having been dead, was now alive. This kind of doubt surfaced a few years ago in books stating that “God is dead.”

Happily, doubt is not complete

Four Gospels and four responses to the risen Lord



denial, but a wistful uncertainty that says “Maybe Jesus is alive, but I doubt it.” We note this skepticism in matters of scientific advance. Some, even now, doubt that men have ever stood on the moon!

This kind of hesitation seems to have afflicted the church at Laodicea, of which the Lord said, “You are neither cold nor hot. Would that you

were cold or hot!” (Rev. 3:15).

However, doubt can become profitable if dealt with honestly. As Galileo studied the heavens he began to doubt what he had always been taught. When he knew that his observations had proved accurate, he concluded, “Doubt is the father of discovery.”

Doubt seemed natural in the face of Jesus’ climactic proof that the dead may rise again. So it was with the disciple we call “Doubting Thomas,” whose doubt led to the discovery of a life-changing truth, when he looked upon the risen Jesus and cried, “My Lord and my God!” (John 20:28).

Doubt may harass some of us today. If so, let the warming presence of the risen Saviour dispel all doubt.

The Response of Fear

Some did not doubt, but they feared the consequences of believing. Mark tells us that “they said nothing to any one, for they were afraid” (Mark 16:8). They dared not go out on the streets and proclaim to people that Jesus, who had been crucified and buried, was now alive. The disciples saw ahead only scorn, rejection, and possibly death. So these fearful followers withdrew to themselves and, when they did go out, said nothing about the tremendous thing that had come to pass.

One writer listed the thoughts run-

BY GLENN H. ASQUTH

ning through the mind of a fearful person as "fears, dreads, worriments, anxieties, expectations, pessimisms, morbidities, and the whole ghostly train of fearful shapes." Imagine being the victim of all of these!

Perhaps the disciples should have remembered something about fear: It serves as a magnifying glass that enlarges to frightening proportions ordinary difficulties and dangers. Strangely, it serves also as a microscope to seek out hazards so small as to be insignificant. It manufactures nonexistent perils.

I experienced this some years ago as I lay in a hotel bed waiting to fall asleep. Opposite me a window opened out onto a fire escape. As I looked at the window I saw a tall man standing just within the room, wearing a hat and a dark coat. Terrified, I reached quietly for the bed lamp. When the light came on I saw the man—my own hat and coat on the garment rack!

One thing that may have brought these timorous disciples out of fear into courage was the remembrance that Jesus had taught them often that they must not fear or be anxious. John, in Revelation 21:8, named fear as the first of the terrible sins deserving retribution: "as for the cowardly . . ."

Some of us may dread the consequences of forthright witnessing. But has not the risen Lord promised to be with us until the very end?

The Response of Formal Worship

The response to the Resurrection noted by Luke seems more proper than the ways of doubt and fear but could prove just as unproductive: "They . . . were continually in the temple" (Luke 24:52, 53). Having experienced an unbelievably high moment in life, they seemed reluctant to let it go, like Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration wanting to make three booths and stay there a long while. Temple worship appeared as an adequate end in itself, just as we today might want to attend church constantly, as though nothing else matters.

I recall an experience in a midweek prayer service when I was a boy. A

Jesus expected more of His followers than only formal worship in the Temple.

recent convert who had joined our congregation rose to speak: "Since I found my Lord," he said, "I read nothing but the Bible—no newspapers, no magazines, no books—just the Bible." In later years I have wondered how that man could think that God speaks only through the Bible and not through others. He had localized God.

The Syrians tried to localize God. Defeated by Israel in the hill country, they decided that the Israelite god must be a god of the hills, so they would fight the next time on the plains!

We may be tempted to feel that we can find God only in His house, the church; or in His book, the Bible. Solomon knew the truth of the matter; he frankly admitted that the Temple he had built was not big enough to contain God.

Surely formal worship in the Temple provided a devout expression, but how much more Jesus expected of His followers when so few had heard of His resurrection.

Sometimes we may go so far in localizing God that we put up a partition between godly pursuits and worldly pursuits. The French writer Anatole France, not a robust young man, gave thought to what occupation he should follow. As he was not fitted for the military, he decided to be a saint—that is, a clergyman.

How often have we felt lifted to the heights during a church service! But is this not God's way of preparing us to go out into the world strengthened for service?

The Response of "Business as Usual"

Finally, we come to a fourth response to the Resurrection—the way of "business as usual." In John we

read, "Simon Peter said to them, 'I am going fishing.'" (John 21:3).

Simon and his friends decided to face the facts. It had been wonderful when Jesus walked the roads with them, but now that was over. Why not return to the occupation in which they were skilled and from which Jesus had called them?

Today we might say that these disciples chose to return to reality. One writer, in speaking of religious exaltation, said that we must remember to hang on to the "huckleberry bushes" to avoid getting carried away into other-worldliness. Fishing was something to which the disciples could cling.

The sad part of this response to the Resurrection is that Peter and the others allowed their vision of a world over which Jesus would be the king to become extinguished. They were thinking, in the words of a modern song, that they would "never fall in love again." Their hopes had been dashed.

But these disciples stood just hours away from another appearance of Jesus, who would tell them that from now on they would be fishers of men.

If we examine ourselves honestly, we may sense within us some traces of all four of these responses to the Resurrection: doubt, fear, formal worship, "business as usual." Remember that the early disciples moved from these ways into marvelous light, to a triumphant faith. We may follow in their footsteps. □

* All Bible quotations in this article are from the Revised Standard Version.

Glenn H. Asquith is a retired minister living in Cherry Hill, New Jersey. He has authored 14 books and many articles for Christian publications.

A LOOK AT ADVENTISM IN CHINA TODAY

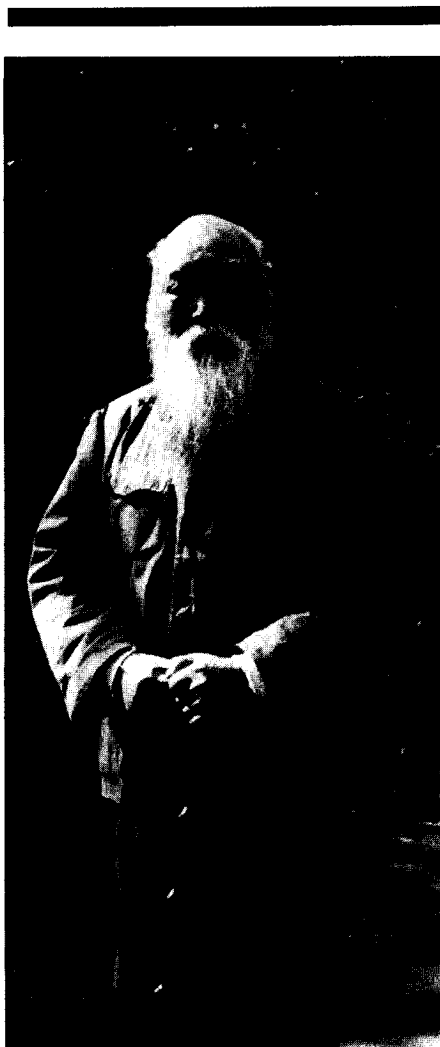
A resident English teacher shares her experiences.

Only 80 miles northwest of Hong Kong lies the largest city in southern China, Guangzhou (formerly Canton), “The Gateway to the West,” with a population of 5 million.

When my husband and I received a letter from the Ministry of Education of the People’s Republic of China, inviting us to teach English for one year at Zhongshan University in Guangzhou, we jumped at the chance. What an opportunity to really see China! Not as tourists, but as residents and workers in this immense country that has opened its doors to the West in recent years.

We wrote to the General Conference to ask whether we would find any Adventists in Guangzhou. As a result Pastor Cheng Wing-Kin, of Hong Kong, phoned us from New Orleans during the General Conference session last summer. He told us that Adventists hold services in one of the few buildings in Guangzhou still used as a church. Four other denominations use it on Sundays. He gave us the pastor’s name, Leung Noi To, and also the good news that Pastor Leung speaks English!

The church service would, of course, be conducted in Chinese, but at least we could talk with the pastor. Pastor Cheng did not know the exact address of the church, which made us a little dubious about finding it, as neither of us speaks Chinese. So we had someone in our department at



One of the members of the Adventist group in Guangzhou, southern China.

Zhongshan University write the name of the section of town and the word church in Chinese, which we then showed to a taxi driver.

A taxi ride in this city turns into an adventure, with thousands of bicycles careening around in front of taxis, trucks, and buses. The bicyclist is “king of the road” in China, and we still have not become used to the daredevil risks they take as they cut across your path or squeeze between two trucks.

Our taxi driver did not know how to find the church, but he was willing to cruise around the Tung Shan district—with the meter running, of course. This district resembles all others with its narrow, winding streets lined with tiny shops that sell everything from straw mats and brooms to antique Chinese porcelain. In recent years the “free enterprise” system in China has created thousands of these small shops in every city—some no more than six feet wide—and all, we understand, make a profit.

All at once my husband caught sight of a church steeple rising from the masses of apartment buildings, down a narrow lane, just off a thriving business street.

“That must be it!” we both cried, nudging the taxi driver and pointing. He backed up and drove down the lane. Since this was the only church we had seen in ten minutes of search-

BY BETTY JOCHMANS

ing, we confidently paid the driver the yuan and fen indicated on his meter, and got out.

The red brick and stone building was originally constructed as a Baptist church in 1926. Of the five church buildings used by Protestants in various sections of Guangzhou, only this one serves Adventists. It reopened in 1979, with the other four following the next year.

As we stood looking in, a tall elderly Chinese gentleman came forward, smiling, and introduced himself as Pastor Leung Noi To. Now we knew we were in the right place! He explained that the Adventist service would begin at 12:30, in about half an hour.

The pastor took us to a small, comfortable room where we could talk. In a minute or two, an attractive young Chinese woman appeared, as if by magic, with a tray and the inevitable mark of welcome and hospitality in China—cups of tea. This was Lucy Zhang, who had just returned from studying in Nanking at the theological seminary.

When the time came for church service, we left Pastor Leung and walked across the courtyard to the church. A smiling elderly Chinese woman handed us bulletins and hymnals, both in Chinese, as we entered.

The fan-shaped church has a balcony, and seats about 500 to 600 on the main floor. We counted roughly 150 people at the service.

Loving Care

The interior has seen better days, but the scarred, worn wooden pews were clean, and the pitted cement floor shone from a recent washing. The platform showed loving care and attention. At the sides of its white plaster back wall are gray-and-white fiberglass panels that resemble stained-glass windows. A table in the center of the platform supports a large golden cross, on each side of which stood dark-blue porcelain vases filled with the flowers so typical of Guangzhou—chrysanthemums. White, yellow, and bright orange, they looked lovely.

O

ur hearts filled with wonder at the way God's work is going forward in this huge, fascinating country.



The author and Mrs. Ho Bien Ying.

To the left of the platform stands an upright piano and a small organ, or harmonium; to the right, ten chairs for the choir. In front of the lectern December poinsettias bloomed in a large flower box. Various pots of feathery ferns on the floor below the platform completed the decor, along with a table covered with a white cloth for this Communion Sabbath.

At 12:30 the choir, wearing white cotton knee-length capes and singing an anthem, marched in from the rear of the church. The church service had begun, and while we could not understand a word, we felt at home.

Most of the church members appeared middle-aged or elderly, and we wondered what early missionary had brought them to the faith and how they had maintained that faith during the difficult times they had gone through. Somehow they had kept God in their hearts and now could again worship with fellow Adventists.

I felt a nudge at my elbow. To my

surprise, a very old Chinese woman spoke to me in English! Mrs. Ho Bien Ying, 83 years of age, offered to translate the service. She wore the traditional women's garb of China—dark, loose pants to the ankle, with a high-necked, long-sleeved shirt. Her thin white hair and leathery lined skin revealed her age, but her eyes seemed as alert as a girl's.

English in the Thirties

In talking with her later we discovered that in 1930 she had gone to Pacific Union College in Angwin, California, with her husband and spent eight years there—hence her knowledge of English. She and her husband, who earned a Ph.D. at the University of California, went back to China to work for the China Division in 1938, during the war between China and Japan.

We asked how she had managed to remember English after all these years. She shrugged her shoulders and replied simply, "I did it"—an amazing feat, considering that during the Cultural Revolution, Chinese were forbidden to speak any foreign language. Mrs. Ho's husband served as an Adventist minister in Shanghai but died in the mid-1950s. We have invited her to visit us and hope to become friends.

When asked about those presiding over the Communion service, she revealed that the preacher was a Methodist minister—a "good man," she called him. A woman ordained as a Free Evangelical minister broke the Communion bread. Mrs. Ho explained that the five Protestant denominations that meet in this church exchange preachers. Pastor Leung might speak to his own Adventist church on Sabbath, and then give the same sermon the following day to another denomination, as

Y ou have freedom of religion in America; now we have freedom of religion in China.”

required by government regulations. Only the Catholics have their own church building and their own priest to conduct mass. Pastor Leung gave the blessing for the bread and wine.

We wondered about foot washing, and learned that Adventists meet in another building before the church service for this ordinance. They do this because members from other denominations that do not practice foot washing attend the service. A few such visitors join the Adventists each week, perhaps because they find it easier to attend church on Saturday or because it is less crowded then.

When no offering was taken, we put away our yuans wondering, only to learn that two wooden boxes at the entrance serve to receive the collection.

At the end of the service, everyone congregated in front of the church, where we shook many hands and took snapshots of the church and its members, who all smiled a warm welcome. A few tried their halting English on us, asking where we came from and urging us to worship with them every week.

Time Lapse

In talking with Pastor Leung and Mrs. Ho, we had the strange feeling that while they had grown old in years, their minds had remained in a time lapse. Mrs. Ho mentioned missionaries H. W. White, Arthur Salmon, and others as though they had been in China only yesterday, even though she had known them in 1919! Pastor Leung knew D. E. Rebok, V. T. Armstrong, A. L. Ham, and Frederick and Milton Lee between 30 and 40 years ago. What a lasting impression these early missionaries made!

A few weeks later we spent a



Some Guangzhou members gather after the Sabbath service. Members of four other Protestant denominations share the same church building.

Sunday afternoon with Pastor Leung. We mentioned that we had just listened to a tape of one of Elder Morris Venden's sermons. Pastor Leung's eyes lit up as he exclaimed that he hadn't heard a sermon in English for many years. We lent him our tapes, which he said Lucy Zhang could translate for use in their work.

As we talked with Pastor Leung our hearts filled with wonder at the way God's work is going forward in this huge, fascinating country. We learned that Pastor Leung, a charming, serene man, 76 years of age, was born in Hong Kong and entered the ministry there in 1935. Ordained in 1941, he came to the interior in 1942, where he remained ever since. Recently he was asked to serve as senior pastor of all the Christian churches in Guangzhou.

When we expressed concern over the lack of young people in the church, Pastor Leung informed us that gradually they are coming in. These represent not only the children of Adventists but also a growing interest in Christianity in the "middle schools," colleges, and universities,

where students have begun to ask questions about the Christian way of life. In response, teachers have started to present information about religion of all kinds, including Christianity and Buddhism.

The greatest number of new Adventists, Pastor Leung told us, come from the countryside. Sometimes 100 people will attend an announced meeting, most of whom will eventually be baptized. For example, a retired schoolteacher regularly holds meetings that bring people into the faith, and this sort of thing is happening all over China, where meetings are now held openly with the full knowledge of the government. Pastor Leung added, with a big smile, "You have freedom of religion in America; now we have freedom of religion in China."

Financial Support

We asked about financial support for the church. The pastor explained that besides what members put in the boxes we had seen, they receive rent for churches and other buildings they own that now are being used as factories or for other purposes. Churches pay little, if any, property tax in China—the Guangzhou church pays none at all, which, of course, helps it to support itself.

Pastor Leung stated, "We had 66 baptisms this year in our church."

"Adventist?" we asked.

"No," he replied, "all faiths."

My husband and I have come to realize that Chinese Adventists stand in an unusual position regarding Christianity and Adventism. Yet Pastor Leung added, "The Adventists in my church are 100 percent Adventist."

If the church services of Chinese Adventists are not as sophisticated as ours, if their understanding of Adventism is not as clearly defined as ours, nevertheless their faith has been tested far more than ours. □

Betty Jochmans is a professor of English at the University of Nebraska in Lincoln on a one-year leave. Her husband is a retired professor from Union College.



THE INTERVIEW

Before I met Paul I heard discussion and discussion about him. First, Gene Hankins, the longtime buddy: "This guy in my phys ed class, you should meet. I never saw such agility. Coach says he won some sort of a national foot-racing championship in his native country before he came to the States. His name is Paul."

Carol, secretary to the head of the Music Department, said, "This new fellow—sort of lean and very blond—how he makes a violin sing. I don't know when the professor has been so enthusiastic about a new student. His name is Paul."

My roommate, Mindy, seemed to float in from the library on the swirl of

her petticoats. "Remember this Paul character that I have told you about? I went to school with him down South—until he was expelled." She laughed and kicked off her blue flats. "Well, he's here. I just saw him at the library—the same Paul who helped sneak a goat into the girls' dorm, and, can you imagine, stole the anatomy

BY JOAN-MARIE COOK

DENNIS BOND

lab's skeleton and tied it to the flagpole!" Secret-remembered glee overcame Mindy. "You should have seen the president's face when he saw that! He didn't ask any questions; he just said, 'Bring Paul.'"

I was working in the college newspaper office, trying to beat the first deadline. The chief came over and leaned his 180-pound frame on my rickety desk.

"I picked up this neat lead on a feature story for you," he said, wrinkling his nose in an unconscious attempt to push his horns back up on his nose. "It seems this skinny underclassman—"

"His name is Paul?" I asked, removing my feet from under the trembling table just in case.

"Your little gift of extrasensory perception could be a distinct advantage to you in your present position if you could keep from flaunting it in the face of your superiors."

It was Paul all right.

Quite the Story

I was not disappointed upon meeting him. My notebook open, my pencil poised, I began the interview. "I've heard of you from my roommate, Mindy." I kept my eyes on his face. This should be quite the interview story if the faculty sponsor would only let it pass.

"Did Mindy mention that she has found me changed?" Oh, what an exciting accent. If only I wouldn't forget its flavor.

"Yes, Paul. She says you are more—ah—serious now."

"He acts a hundred years older" would be an exact quote, but we have to watch these things in interviews.

"Did some particular thing change you?"

"Yes. I fell in love." This was more than I had dared hope for. What a personality!

"Oh, you fell in love." I hoped my voice made it sound as if it were a logical, expected answer. "What is the girl's name?"

"Beth." And a quick bright smile flashed across his face. It occurred to me that he was enjoying this interview as much as I was. Perhaps I should

come back to this line of questioning later.

"And why did you choose our school?"

"Beth is in nursing nearby." Back to Beth again. What sort of a creature was he? No other young man I knew would give credit to a girl for so much influence in his life. Maybe it was the girl I should interview.

"Are you in love?" His voice was kindly, interested.

"No." A moment before, a day before, I had not thought my out-of-love state so unbearable; I had not thought of it at all. But now, sitting here in the slanted fall sunlight with this slight, blond boy, I felt hollow inside saying No to his question. I wished that I had not come to talk



with him. I wished to be alone. I wished I were in love.

"Have you ever been in love?" What right had he to ask me questions like this?

"A hundred times, but never really once." Something in the honesty of his asking demanded honesty in return.

"I understand." And he smiled as if my answer had really pleased him. "Then I will talk to you of love."

Something in the way he talked—I closed my notebook and pushed away my pencil. I wish I could remember everything he said. "Love is something crowded into your very heart

that is too big to be contained in the whole universe. So big that your heart, you think, must surely break with every next beat." That is part of what he said. "It is looking at something you did not notice before, or perhaps found unpleasant—like looking at an ordinary slice of onion and seeing for the first time the delicacy of its sparkling crystal, intricately patterned beauty. It is finding new beauty everywhere—even within yourself."

He talked on, and I found myself dreading every pause for fear he would stop. Finally he stood and said we must go.

"Until I met Beth—" he shook his head slowly, "I was nothing. Ask Mindy—I only laughed all the time. But when God gives you something so awesome, you find new strength and energy for work; deeper feeling for the lonely, the barren ones who do not now know God.

"You will find love," he said as we parted; "do not accept any substitutes. You will find love, and you will wear it nicely."

The Glad, Soft Face

Sitting again in the newspaper office, I thought of onions and love. The chief thought only of deadlines. "Lengthy interview," he said, tilting his head back in order to see me through his slipped glasses. I felt like a biology specimen.

"Uh-huh. Lengthy interview. Thanks for the lead. Did you have any others in mind?"

The chief groaned and took his glasses completely off. He looked like a wounded buffalo. "He can't do this to me." Then, looking at his watch, "You can't do this to me."

I began typing a letter to my parents. The clatter of those ancient keys worked like a tranquilizer. He spoke more calmly, "What's the matter, kid. Not enough for a story?"

I said, "Too much."

The chief did not understand.

I did not see Paul often. We shared no classes or clubs and we both worked more than average. But once in a while we would meet—in halls between classes, rushing to a meal—just enough time for a few words of

conversation: he congratulating me on my interview techniques, or I warning him that the next time I would not be tricked.

Once I saw him with Beth. They were going on a holiday picnic. I remember that the soft gladness of her face made me think: *It must be something too big for all the universe, crowded into your very heart. It really must be.*

During Christmas vacation there was a news bulletin telling of a group of students killed in a car wreck. Beth was one of them. She was on her way home. There was a wreck; she was dead. I tried to imagine the glad, soft face in death. I tried to believe someone so loved and loving could stop being. I could not.

Back at school I had many things to occupy my attention—different classes and new friends with the second semester—but the sight of Paul haunted me. When we passed I could not make little jokes as before; I could not bear to look at him.

Some people wear sadness as a wall to keep away anything fresh or happy, and their sorrow becomes more bitterness than sadness. Others wear sadness as a wet, clinging blanket that will not let you forget it is there, for you see it, not the person it covers. It becomes a growing burden. Sometimes I think these people have forgotten the original cause of their burden and are concerned only with the sadness itself. I never saw anyone wear sorrow so beautifully as Paul. So bravely, so honestly he wore it. Quietly, awkwardly as one would wear a coat grown too small. It did not fit him, but how he strove to stand proudly beneath its straining seams. In the paleness of his face, at the corners of his eyes, in the lowness of his voice, the sadness would not be hidden. But his smile bravely assured you he was interested in your happiness.

A month or so had passed since the tragedy, and one morning as I paid my account, I saw Paul standing outside the business office door. I knew he was waiting for me, as he had done in the past, but how could I speak to him now?

I tried to believe someone so loved and loving could stop being. I could not.

I had meant to think of something to say to him before. Why had I waited all this time? But now I knew of nothing to say. In all the world nothing so awed me as sorrow for the dead. I did not really understand death—oh, I accepted it in my mind, and in my dispassionate hours, but death, its thought, left me with a child's wild fear.

He was waiting. I had to say something.

"Hello, Paul. This raise in tuition has me frantic. Have you seen anything so unreasonable?"

"It is very difficult," he said taking my books, "but I am working more hours now."

Now, I thought, he is working more hours now that Beth is gone. There was a dry pain in my throat, trying to shape itself into words.

A Slow, Hard Lesson

"Please don't be sorry for me." A few hurrying students walked by. I turned my face away. "I have left most of the burden with God, and now I am learning acceptance. It is a slow and hard lesson. But it is my assignment."

"But death—" He seemed so calm; I could not speak of the terror it held for me.

"Death is nothing," he said softly. "Death is nothing but what we in our self-pity make it." He talked on gently, as he had of love, forming his words carefully to express each shade of thought.

How strange it was, knowing I should have strength to share with him at this time, yet feeling his sureness become my own as he talked.

As we walked into the brittle, prespring sunshine, I could almost imagine the bright clearness, the energy of the resurrection morning. It

had never been so real to me before.

"At her funeral," Paul was saying, "I had some mountain flowers from my home country put into her hands. They grow only on the highest peaks of our mountains, and how she loved those flowers—the effort, the adventure for which they stand."

There was a long, comfortable silence. "I sometimes think—" he stopped and half laughed to himself—"I should not even tell it to you."

"Oh, please, you must," I urged.

"It is only a foolish thing I devised in my loneliness. It perhaps should not be spoken." He closed his eyes and smiled as if he saw something I could not see. "On the beautiful, beautiful day of resurrection"—his voice sang over the words as if well familiar with them—"when those asleep in Jesus awaken and stand in the glad, golden light of God—there will be so many miracles that day—marvelous things on every side—I wonder whether God might not do one special thing—it would be so small—and let the mountain flowers Beth last held in her hands be as lovely as they were the day they bloomed. So that as she stood there in the first moment of breathless immortality and love for God, she would then glance down and see the flowers. She would know who put them there. She would know also that just as the flowers of heavenly bloom so far exceed the earthly ones, so will the brightest thing we shared on earth be even more glorious in the day of God." □

From *The Window Tree*, copyright © 1960 by the Review and Herald Publishing Association. Used by permission.

Joan-Marie Cook writes from Goodlettsville, Tennessee.

GRANDPA AND THE BEE TREE

My grandpa was born and reared on a farm in Missouri. He remained a farmer all his life.

When Grandpa was a boy there were no tractors or other gasoline-powered machines to do the work. Horses and mules were used to pull plows and to run the threshing machines. From the time Grandpa was very young he had learned to harness and hitch up the mules to the plow and to care for all the farm animals.

Grandpa and his brothers and sisters didn't spend all their time working, though. They had fun, too.

One hot summer afternoon Grandpa went walking toward a wooded area of the farm. He enjoyed

looking for squirrels, foxes, and other wild animals that lived in the woods. As he walked in the cool shade he heard a loud buzzing noise, and it attracted his attention. He wondered what it could be. Then he saw it! A bee tree! Grandpa knew there was honey in that tree. He knew he ought to go home and tell his father right away so that the honey could be gathered for use by the whole family.

How grandpa loved honey. The thought of the honey made his mouth water. He could even see some oozing from a crack in the trunk of that old hollow tree.

Grandpa reached up carefully, scooped a bit of honey, and put it in his mouth. It was delicious! He

wanted more! As the hollow with the honey was not too high to reach, Grandpa took a stick and scooped out some honeycomb. A few bees began to buzz angrily, but he moved away and ate the honey. It tasted so good!

He scooped out more and then some more. Finally he began to feel full. He also noticed that the honey didn't taste that good anymore.

Then Grandpa decided to head for home. He felt sick to his stomach, and the farm seemed such a long way off. By the time he reached home, Grandpa was a very sick little boy.

When his mother found out what had happened she didn't say much. She knew she wouldn't have to say much. The look on Grandpa's face told her that he had learned a valuable lesson.

—CHARLENE G. S. FINIELLO—

WHEN MESSAGE GOES OUT, SOULS COME IN

MESSAGE magazine is the church's missionary journal designed specifically for sharing with your Black friends. It will enrich your own Christian experience as well. MESSAGE discusses current events, religious, health, and family issues from an ethnic perspective. Make MESSAGE a part of your soul-winning commitment this

year by sending MESSAGE to those you care about. Act *now* and take advantage of the special campaign subscription price of only US\$6.50. Subscribe for yourself at the same low price. Order through your church personal ministries secretary or use this coupon.



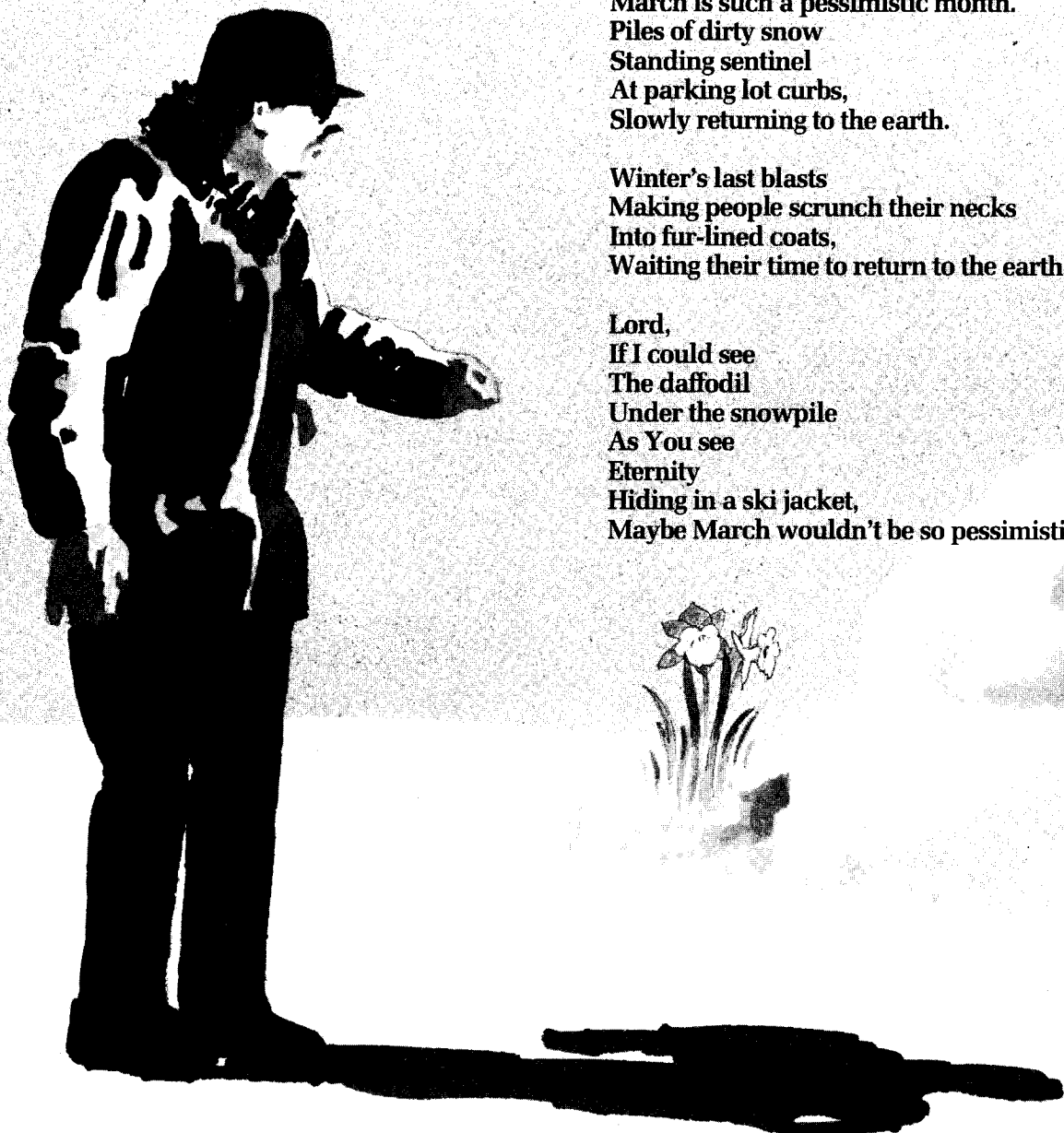
Gift to _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____
 Gift card* to read: _____

* A personal gift card will be sent in your name unless you specify otherwise. (Attach separate sheet for additional names.)

My name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____

Start Renew my subscription also
 I enclose my payment in the amount of \$_____
 Special MESSAGE campaign price of US\$6.50 for six bimonthly issues good only until July 31, 1986. Add US\$2.25 per subscription outside the United States.

Order through your church personal ministries secretary or send to MESSAGE, Box 1119, Hagerstown, Maryland 21741.



March is such a pessimistic month.
Piles of dirty snow
Standing sentinel
At parking lot curbs,
Slowly returning to the earth.

Winter's last blasts
Making people scrunch their necks
Into fur-lined coats,
Waiting their time to return to the earth.

Lord,
If I could see
The daffodil
Under the snowpile
As You see
Eternity
Hiding in a ski jacket,
Maybe March wouldn't be so pessimistic.

MARCH

BY KERMIT NETTEBURG

Adventist Couple Working for Deaf-blind Children

Their own child's problem creates interest

At the end of a long, tree-lined driveway in the small central Florida town of Zellwood stands a large, carefully restored, turn-of-the-century house on 40 acres (16 hectares) of rolling land, site of the recently opened Jake Allen Development Center for Deaf-Blind Children.

The origin of the center is really the story of the Allen family. "At age 20," says Susie Allen, "my husband and I were faced with the greatest challenge of our lives. Our firstborn son was without vision and hearing." Thus began a long and frustrating road for Adventists Mike and Susie Allen. They read numerous books that dealt with the subject and visited many experts in the field.

Medical specialists often seemed to disagree, and none of the seven or more educational programs to which Jake was referred worked out. Some were successful for deaf children, others for the blind, but because Jake is multisensory-impaired, the learning programs designed for either handicap did not help him.

"Many deaf-blind children," explains Mike, "are in programs for the mentally retarded because they cannot succeed in programs for the deaf or the blind." Yet the Allens knew that Jake had a good mind, so they continued their search for the right program for their son.

They soon discovered that Florida has only one program that attempts in any way to work with the deaf-blind, and it takes only children 11 years or older.

In their search the Allens met other parents facing similar problems. By talking with them, they learned even more about the stresses of dealing with a child who is unable to communicate. The divorce rate in families with a multisensory-impaired child is 99.97 percent by the time the affected child reaches 10 years of age. Some 50 percent of siblings have emotional handicaps.

The Allens refused to give up, and two years ago at a deaf-blind convention in Tallahassee they caught a ray of hope. At the conference they met Dr. Van Dijk from the world-renowned Institute Voor Doven in the Netherlands. Van Dijk tested Jake and found him to be among the most intelligent of the deaf-blind with whom he had worked. This gave credence to what the Allens had believed all along—that Jake

was not grossly retarded as he had previously been diagnosed, but should be well able to learn daily living skills and communication.

What he needed was a constant companion of the type that Anne Sullivan was to Helen Keller, an intervenor who could be his eyes and ears. Such an approach, the Allens learned, was being used by Dr. Van Dijk and also at the W. Ross McDonald School in Ontario, Canada. Both schools utilize intervenors, using a multisensory approach to teach the children by doing things with them. Depending on individual ability, the deaf-blind children are taught to sign, finger-spell, and occasionally speak.

Because the Allens could find no center utilizing this method in the United States, they decided to establish the Jake Allen Development Center, patterned after the Canadian and Dutch program. Since government and state funds were not available and their personal resources were inadequate to undertake such an ambitious project, the Allens looked to the business community for support. The response was overwhelming, and the materials, services, and monies needed to open the center came in.

The center is designed to accom-



The story of the Jake Allen Development Center for Deaf-Blind Children, in Zellwood, Florida, is really the story of a Seventh-day Adventist family.

By Volker Henning and Cynthia Kurtzhals, of the Florida Conference Communication Department.

Dream and Healing Leads Filipino Chief to Christ

Active congregation meeting as a result



Susie and Jake Allen

modate five children between 4 and 11 for five days each week. Three children are currently enrolled, with eight others being screened by the admissions board. The staff includes the Allens, Dr. Pearl Tait (professor of visual disabilities at Florida State University), an educational administrator, and 12 trained intervenors who work in shifts around the clock. To help defray expenses, parents pay a small monthly tuition, with the balance of operating funds coming from donations.

In order to broaden their ministry to the multisensory-impaired, the Allens also are offering videotapes, training for intervenors, and other educational tools to help parents teach their deaf-blind child.

Florida State University is using the Jake Allen Center as a lab for master's degree students specializing in deaf-blind education. But the real winners are the deaf-blind children themselves. By learning communication and living skills, their minds are being unlocked, and a whole new world is opening up for them. On Thanksgiving Day, 1985, 9-year-old Jake Allen tried to speak his first words.

The struggle is far from over. Still, as Susie Allen puts it, "Jake has opened the door to a whole new world of learning for himself and the 42 other deaf-blind children in Florida waiting for someone to help them."

Datu Tibalawan, a Manobo chieftain and witch doctor in the southern Philippines, lived in the village of Dampaan high in the mountains. The word *dampaan* means "tumble down," and anyone who tried to climb the steep mountain path to Dampaan would tumble down many times.

Tibalawan hated Mountain View College and the student missionaries who taught his people not to patronize him and his "healing" arts. However, when Tibalawan's young son, Bogoy, asked the old witch doctor if he could go to the mission school, Tibalawan finally agreed—as long as Bogoy promised only to learn how to read, write, and sing and not to follow the ways of the teachers.

Tibalawan was delighted as he watched his son's progress. But one cloud darkened his life—his skin became covered with terrible, itchy, white patches. None of his "medicines" or incantations could cure it.

White-robed Man

Then a wonderful thing happened. In a dream he saw a white man with a shining face who wore a white robe. "Do you want to be healed?" the man asked him.

"Of course I do."

"Then," the stranger commanded, "you must go to the Laligan River very early in the morning and wash yourself. After that, go see the student missionaries."

"Why must I go to the missionaries?" he puzzled. "What can they do?"

Yet his desire to be free of the

torturous itch made him willing to try anything.

The next morning he was up bright and early and on his way to the river. To his disappointment, he found the disease still there even after he had washed himself thoroughly. For several hours he bathed, puzzling over what to do next. Then he remembered that the man in white had told him to go see the student missionaries.

Making his way to the little schoolhouse, he approached one of the teachers, holding out his arms to show the awful disease. But the white patches had vanished!

When he asked what his dream and cure meant, the student missionaries, trembling with fear because they knew the old chief's power and his hatred of them, told him that God wanted him to become a Seventh-day Adventist Christian and teach his people to worship the true God.

The old chief, thankful to be free from the itch, readily agreed—and the very next Sabbath brought his whole village to church.

After several months the missionaries cautiously suggested that the chief should stop chewing betel nut. "It isn't prescribed by the One who healed you," they explained. Immediately Tibalawan answered, "If that is what *Manama* [God] wants, I will do it." So he called his people together and announced that they were no longer to chew betel nut. Later he outlawed liquor, tobacco, and pigs in his village.

One day Bogoy returned home early from a camping trip with his schoolmates. He said he felt tired and wanted rest. A few minutes later, however, Bogoy called his

By Lucile H. Jones, who writes from College Place, Washington.

father. "I want to sing," he said, and began singing, "This world is not my home."

Then the boy said, "Father, I want to pray with you." As his father knelt beside him, Bogoy prayed, "Lord, save me!"

Again he repeated the words "Lord, save me!"

A third time he prayed the simple prayer, then closed his eyes and died.

"Lord, why did you let this terrible thing happen after we have become Christians?" the heartbroken father asked. But he clung to his belief in God.

Gently carrying the body of his precious son to the center of the village, the old man, sobbing as he spoke, said, "I can't understand why God permitted my darling Bogoy to die. But I know that God is able to give me another son, and I trust Him to do it."

Everyone knew that Datu Tiba-

lawan's wife, Sinikay, was far too old to have a child. Even the student missionaries shook their heads in disbelief, but the former witch doctor believed and even went to other villages testifying that God would give him another son. "As long as the sun is shining and the sea is salty, I will trust in God," he said. God honored his faith, and in due time Sinikay gave birth to a son. They named him "M.M." after the student missionary who helped with the delivery.

Move On

As the little Adventist church in Dampaan grew, Tibalawan told the student missionaries that his village could carry on its own program and they should move on to other villages that needed to know about Jesus.

After preparing the people of Dampaan to carry on their own activities, the student missionaries

agreed to the chief's request. At the farewell there was much weeping, but the villagers were happy to know that others would be hearing the good news.

As a final gesture and to symbolize the dramatic change that had come in his life, the old chief walked over to student missionary Harlann Gaid and handed him his spear. "Take it, my son," he said. "I have no more need for it."

Datu Tibalawan cannot read, but he loves to preach, quoting Bible verses he has memorized. And he loves to tell what God has done for him and Sinikay. No one in his village is allowed to work on the seventh-day Sabbath, and he expects everybody to be in church—where he bubbles over with enthusiasm and love for God.

New England Hospital Reports Best Year Yet

New England Memorial Hospital (Stoneham, Massachusetts) achieved the "healthiest bottom line" in the hospital's 86-year history during fiscal 1985, reporting a 24 percent annual increase in revenues over expenses, according to hospital public relations officer Westin Boer.

Although proud of the hospital's financial success, President Wolfgang von Maack says the hospital's values seek to integrate "the notion of (1) economic health, (2) concern for our employees as individuals, (3) our role in the community, and (4) attention to the patients. Above all is service to the patients."

According to Boer, the hospital's long-term debt was reduced by about \$1.5 million during 1985 and no new debt was incurred. Long-term debt reached its lowest level in 15 years, while the total surplus for the year amounted to more than \$5.1 million.



WE CHANGED THEIR LIVES. LET US CHANGE YOURS.

Long before sunrise one crisp September morning, Dana Reedy hopped in his car and drove 260 miles from Portland to La Grande, Oregon. He and Rhonda Bierwagen had been writing and calling each other ever since July when Adventist Contact's computer introduced them. Now they were about to meet.

Rhonda greeted Dana at the door of her trailer. Then over breakfast they made plans to spend the day exploring nearby Mt. Emily. Later they would have supper at her sister's.

Soon Rhonda and Dana were trekking up the twisty, narrow mountain road in her ancient Olds Cutlass. The higher they went, the more the car sputtered and stalled. When the road turned into a muddy trail, Dana and Rhonda began to panic. Just then a park ranger came to their rescue and they got back before supper got cold.

Rhonda and Dana married the following March and today have two children, 3 year old Rachel and 2 year old Dallas. Another Reedy is due in May. "We thank God everyday for bringing us together," says Rhonda. "We truly feel that it was through his providence that we are married today."

Your Rhonda or Dana may already be in our computer. If you're 18 or older, single, fluent in English, live in the United States or Canada, and want to meet compatible SDAs, write today for you free enrollment kit. (Ask about our special "Buddy Plan Discount.")



ADVENTIST CONTACT

Box 5419, Takoma Park
Maryland 20912-0419

Preview of Next Quarter's Sabbath School Lessons

When ADVENTIST REVIEW editor William Johnsson agreed to write a series of adult Sabbath school lessons on Habakkuk and Hebrews, his first reaction was "What a strange combination!" But when he thought through the assignment, he could see a common theme running through the two books—assurance, blessed assurance.

Habakkuk and Hebrews are linked by the phrase "the just shall live by faith." Some questionings lead to doubt, while others lead to faith.

The Book of Habakkuk addresses questionings of faith with which the writer had the boldness to confront God. God's first answer to Habakkuk was intended to raise even more questions. This fact demonstrates that God is more than willing to enter into dialogue with those whose questions represent an honest attempt to seek truth and to understand God better.

Habakkuk faced the crises of apostasy and Babylonian invasion. He learned that in both situations God was working behind the scenes and would exercise ultimate control. The prophet came to the conclusion that God's way is best and that he should wait patiently for God's will to be accomplished.

The letter to the Hebrews was developed to prepare Jewish Christians for the destruction of the Jerusalem Temple and to build up the faith of those believers whose faith was beginning to waver. The writer makes the point that in the changes taking

By Leo R. Van Dolson, editor, adult Sabbath school lesson quarterly.

place God had something far better in mind for His people: a better revelation, a better name, a better leader, a better priest and priesthood, a better ministry, a better sacrifice, a better city and country, a better hope, and a better way of living. Thus readers of the Epistle could have the assurance that God was working out His purposes for them.

Both books point to God in His holy temple and assure us that the wicked will not always seem to prosper. God's final judgment will set things right for all eternity. His people will enjoy a better country, one that is not marred in any way by the effects of sin.

Sabbath school teachers will find the second quarter teaching aids much easier to read than those produced in recent quarters. Many have contacted the editor with the suggestion that something be done to make the teacher's notes easier to read. Soon after the question began to be raised we decided to remedy the problem. But because we work so many quarters ahead, it takes time for improvements to appear. The teaching notes have been set in boldface type that actually makes them more readable than the type used for the materials printed in the standard edition of the quarterly.

The teaching aids also are available now in a punched and trimmed edition that makes it possible for teachers to carry individual lessons in their Bible or to insert the lessons into a three-hole binder. Additional charts and illustrations included in the teaching aids this quarter are provided in an effort to make the aids as useful as possible.

Invest in people who invest themselves in people



On Sabbath April 12
you will have the opportunity to invest in the future of your church.

Many graduate and seminary students who are preparing themselves to serve cannot continue their education without your financial support. Your contribution to the Andrews University Graduate Student Scholarship Fund will truly be an investment in the future of your church.

Plan now to give on April 12. Like Christ, invest in people. People who are investing themselves in people, the future of His church. The future of His work.

ANDREWS

UNIVERSITY

Graduate Student Scholarship Fund
Berrien Springs, Michigan 49104



P RIVATIZATION

Washington bureaucrats have their own vocabulary, some of it unnecessarily obscure. But the word privatization packs meaning that we must understand.

It first came to my attention when I was lobbying Congress on behalf of the Adventist Development and Relief Agency (ADRA). Private voluntary organizations, ADRA included, seek government funds for charitable redistribution.

When doing so they must demonstrate that they also receive a significant amount of *nonpublic* money. This proves that they are "privatized" and guarantees that such organizations do not live off the government.

What constitutes a "significant amount" of privatization?—that is where the debate lies. The law currently has a 20 percent requirement: for every \$1,000 of government money received, \$200 must be generated outside government.

In the 1986 foreign assistance appropriations bills, Congress attempted to raise this requirement to 25 percent, but backed down.

Arguments against the increase were telling. Some accepted the percentage system per se but pointed out, for example, that higher requirements would disadvantage development-oriented groups relative to those engaged in humanitarian relief: the former struggle harder to raise private money.

Other arguments questioned raising the percentages if the percentage system itself is faulty.

Are there better ways to demonstrate privateness? Why not look at the private voluntary organizations'

affiliations or at the number of their donors, irrespective of the donations themselves?

Privatization also means the *sale of government assets*. A part of the federal estate went on the block in 1982: national forest tracts, scrublands, military property, and weather satellites. Nine billion dollars were expected from this array of "unneeded" property. But a bipartisan political backlash limited the experiment to about \$423 million.

The times may be more conducive now. What could look better, amid deficit-reduction pressures, than tempering expected spending cuts with revenue increases, indeed, revenue increases that avoid a tax hike!

Dispensable "Jewels"

Proponents envision the perfect marriage of President Reagan's desire for smaller government and everyone's desire for a smaller budget. Thus the president has targeted, or at least is considering, for privatization such varied federal assets as dams, airports, the postal service, the rail freight system, mortgage portfolios, and government loans. Once "crown jewels" of the government, these now apparently have become dispensable.

But a vexing philosophical question accompanies this shift: Where ought the public sector to stop and the private sector begin? Are some functions so much a public trust that they must be vested in government and not ceded to the marketplace?

Privatization involves something besides budget components and marketable possessions. It also refers to *religion as a private affair*.

This third usage of the word is, of

course, the oldest and most typically American.

However, the exact meaning of privatization becomes far from clear when so employed. Some of the synonyms for the essentially private character of religion seem misleading and certainly do not depict Adventists:

- Privacy in the sense of a fortress mentality: indifference to other religions, Christian or otherwise.

- Privacy as antisocial: disregard for the pressing needs of society.

- Privacy as noncognitive or irrational: satisfaction with the "mysteries" of the faith and a preference for belief over knowledge.

- Privacy as noncorporate: my religion is exclusively personal and not dependent on or appreciative of the "organized work."

The privatization of religion means making it *nonpublic*. It would denote the *institutional separation of religious bodies and government*. The First Amendment to the United States Constitution requires this, and indeed the federal courts have upheld it as an essential guarantee of American life. While they more often refer to our "no-establishment" tradition than to our "church-state separation" or "privatization," such terms boil down to the same thing. Government must be neutral toward churches and toward religion; and this, as noted in my previous column, creates a far-reaching obligation. Looked at from the other side, churches are protected against unwarranted intrusion or coercion by government.

According them the substantial rights of self-determination, America's founders were audacious: not before 1791 had churches been set adrift to fend for themselves without the support of the state. Miraculously, religion flourished when this was done.

Watch those multisyllabic words. They may be saying something important!

Dante begins one of his finest poems with:

"At the midpoint of my life
I came to the dark wood."

If you have ever come to the "dark wood" of trouble, pain, grief, loneliness; if you ever wondered if God was absent from the universe; if you have ever in agony exclaimed, "Why me?" then ponder . . .

Does God know the loneliness of a poverty so wretched as to be born among animals with no other cushion than hay? Was He ever as lonely as a refugee, an exile with no civil rights, obliged to flee from a dictator?

Does God know what it is not to have a white-collar job, to have hands so calloused as to alienate one from a soft-hand society? Does He know what it is to be driven out of a hometown after an attempt on His life?

Did God ever shed a tear? Did He ever fear death? Did He ever feel abandoned? Was His confidence ever betrayed? Did He ever face a situation in which it seemingly does no good to be good, where the lover of truth is nailed to a cross?

Was He ever shadowed by bureaucrats, police, and spies? Was He ever falsely accused of being an alcoholic? Did He ever do menial work like washing dirty feet? Did He immerse Himself so deeply in human anxiety and loneliness that He could cry out, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

A person may respond in two ways to these questions. He may gather up his doubts, fears, and abandonment, and incorporate them into a system that concludes, "Life is absurd," "God is dead," "Hell is my neighbor."

The other response says that if God entered this human condition—this doubt, darkness, and loneliness—and still overcame it, then I can go on. Since this Figure plunged into this cauldron, we confront not some Celestial Command hidden in an atom-proof shelter, indifferent to anyone who presses a button to atomize his

I may carry a cross, but I can discern the glory of an empty tomb.

**"MY GOD,
WHY?"**

anxiety. Rather, we have Someone who enters our world and never goes back until He has conquered.

"Therefore he had to be made like these brothers of his in every way, so that he might be merciful. . . . For since he himself has passed through the test of suffering, he is able to help those who are meeting their test now" (Heb. 2:17, 18, NEB).

Speaker for the Forsaken

He so completely identified with us that He claimed no immunity from the sufferings of mankind. So united did He become with the lonely that on the cross He spoke for the forsaken. He called upon the Father to witness the load that He carried—namely, there was not a wound in all the world that He did not carry, no sin He did not have thrust into His consciousness, no evil thought that He did not feel in His thorn-crowned head. There was no alcoholism that He did not feel as His own, as He suffered thirst; no delinquency of youth that He did not bear in His feet riven with steel to atone for their wanderings; no blasphemies that ever curled from human lips that did not resound in His ears from the foot of the cross; no adultery, false love, forgetfulness of vocation that He did

not feel in His pierced side; no mother's grief that was not His too, as He looked upon His mother with a "sword" through her heart; no loneliness that He did not experience when His disciples deserted Him until only one stood by the cross.

In the "dark wood" we ask, "To what end?" One thing we know: While pain was not part of God's original plan, He can make good come from grief and pain. I may have to walk through dark forests, but there I see footprints leading to the City. I may carry a cross, but I discern ahead the glory of an empty tomb.

"He will take the load from our weary shoulders. He will give us rest. The burden of care and sorrow also He will bear. He invites us to cast all our care upon Him; for He carries us upon His heart."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 71. □



Rex D. Edwards is coordinator of continuing education for the Ministerial Department of the General Conference.

BY REX D. EDWARDS



ONE PERSON HEALING ANOTHER.
THREE MILLION TIMES A YEAR.

Serving the Great Healer for 118 years. For information and employment opportunities, please call 1-800-247-5627.

