

ADVENTIST REVIEW

WEEKLY NEWS AND INSPIRATION FOR SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

JUNE 16, 1996

JESUS was a sailor
As He walked upon the water;
And as he hung upon the cross,
Only drowning men could see Him."

The record had a scratch in it—a divine scratch, I believe. And as we lay there on the floor, too drunk to change it, those powerful words pounded their message into my drunken mind—for three hours! That was the turning point...

*But how did it all begin?
(See p. 8.)*

The Media

Thank you for the informative article "Mind Over Media" (April). However, a good case can be made for not attending movie theaters based upon two principles.

1. The big screen principle. Dickinson himself notes that the Billy Graham crusade team discovered that the big screen has a greater influence than seeing Graham in person. Apply this to seeing a movie at home as opposed to at the theater, and it is obvious that the influence will be more significant in the theater.

2. The all or nothing principle. We are creatures of habit. Going to the movie theater to see a good film makes it all that more easy to go there for any film. You cannot become an alcoholic if you do not take the first drink. Human nature being what it is and movies being what they are—why tempt the devil?

I applaud Dickinson's criteria for judging the worth of media presentations. These criteria would probably rule out for the Christian about 95 percent of what is in the theaters and on TV today. But let's not lower the threshold for bad viewing by saying the movie theater is OK.

Tom Shepherd
Union College
Lincoln, Nebraska

This article is needed and just fine for a chapel talk to college students, but may go over the heads of many of your readers. An effective approach that works just fine for me is: What is the visual or audio teaching? Disrespect for God? parents? wife? others? God's 10 rules for His kingdom? Which amounts to doubting God as our first parents did.

If the program does any of these things, it is leading you away from heaven.

Just tune it out!

Willis Dick
(76362,2376)

I question Mr. Dickinson on his inquiry, "Can we keep our visual media

and still consume them?" in which he answers, "We can." Well, can we?

Dickinson correctly notes that the place in which we consume the media is really not the issue—content is. Content is always the issue for a Christian living life based upon the authoritative Word of God. Any material ingested by the acceptee must be judged by that Word. The problem with the media is that you cannot readily tell whether a movie you have just plunked down \$5 to \$10 to watch meets biblical criteria until you see it. In most cases the flick falls far short of meeting the standard, but in the meantime you have consumed the junk.

From my past "television junkie" days to my now casual, infrequent viewing (we don't own a television in our household), I find that very, very little is worth viewing. The great majority of the programming, especially commercials, are designed to demolish one's moral perceptions, luring the viewer to accept their warped worldview. Sex, violence (even the news), foul language, derogatory remarks about God (even in the "funny sitcoms"), and the overwhelming human element that is always prominent in the story line are main parts of media today across the spectrum of programming. God is almost always left out of the story line, except in cursing or blasphemous remarks. So-called educational programs most of the time promote the evolutionary theory about life and thus how to relate to it.

Kevin James
Hattiesburg, Mississippi

For the Record

"Charging at the Door" (Apr. 27) quoted from the old *Manual for Ministers* rather than the new *Minister's Manual*. I'm concerned that the impression was left that the old manual communicated the "deep significance" of a church dedication service more capably than does the new. Actually, the new handbook quotes the same language and then expounds on it.

Perhaps you chose to quote from the old manual because you never received the new *Minister's Manual*. So please accept a copy as our gift from the Ministerial Association. Any readers who want the new handbook can order one from the Ministerial Supply Center, 1-800-982-3344.

James A. Cress
Secretary, Ministerial Association
General Conference

The April 13 *Review* has just arrived on my desk, and it was a pleasure to see an article on South Africa ("The Rewards of Unity").

Just a minor correction, which is a major one to us. The Venda VOP lessons were translated 16 years ago and have been in use ever since. There are now nine churches in the Venda territory. The lessons that have just been translated by Michael Mhangwana for the VOP are the Shangaan Tsonga lessons. (The name of the tribe is Shangaan, and the name of the language is Tsonga.) This is an unentered people group. The lessons are now in the hands of an artist, and we hope to begin printing in two weeks.

The VOP sends out lessons in nine languages to 24,000 students. The Tsonga lessons will be the tenth.

Heather Tredoux
VOP Director
Bible Correspondence School
Cape Town, South Africa

The picture of Robert M. Kilgore with the article "The Battle Creek of the South" (Apr. 13) is actually a picture of Robert Kilgore's son Charles. Charles was associated with the Miles Bindery at Atlantic Union College for years and also was the husband of Rochelle Philmon Kilgore. There are two grandchildren of Robert Kilgore still living, one of whom is my mother, Lenora Elridge Higgins, who is 93, and Dr. Ruth Edwards.

Lenora was born in Graysville and lived there when the girls' dormitory burned.

Tralece D. Burch
Orlando, Florida

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Cover photo by
S. Lissau/H. Armstrong Roberts

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may be expected only if accompanied by a
stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address all
editorial correspondence to 12501 Old
Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, MD 20904-6600.
Editorial office fax number: (301) 680-6638.

Subscription prices: US\$38.97 for 40
issues. US\$50.97 for 52 issues. Add \$10.20
postage for addresses outside North America.

To place your order, send your name,
address, and payment to your local Adventist
Book Center or Adventist Review Subscription
Desk, Box 1119, Hagerstown, MD 21741.
Single copy, US\$2.50. Prices subject to change
without notice.

Subscription queries and changes
of address: Call toll-free 1-800-456-

3991 or 301-791-7000, ext. 2436.

The Adventist Review (ISSN 0161-1119)
is published 40 times a year, each
Thursday except the first Thursday of
each month. Copyright © 1995 Review
and Herald® Publishing Association, 55
West Oak Ridge Drive, Hagerstown,
Maryland 21740. Second-class postage
paid at Hagerstown, Maryland 21740.
Postmaster: send address changes to
Adventist Review, 55 West Oak Ridge
Drive, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Internet: A11111AREAT@attmail.com;
CompuServe network: 74617.15, Prodigy net-
work: VRUN29B

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PRINTED IN THE U.S.A. Vol. 172, No. 24



Beyond the Bomb

Oklahoma just isn't one of those states in which you'd expect a bombing—especially not the worst terrorist bombing in United States history.

It's where my sister has reared five children, where I've visited and preached, where rolling hills and winding streams provide an idyllic setting for cattle ranching.

But it's not a place for bombing and wholesale slaughter. Really, there is *no place* suitable for such intolerable acts.

But why in the pastoral heartland, and why in a nation not divided by civil war? When a newspaper writer posed the same question, a Duke Divinity School professor answered: "Why should everyone be so surprised that it happened in the heartland of America? Why not? We're just as depraved as everyone else."¹

How right he is! For no matter how much one country might think itself morally superior or prophetically called forth by God, it still stands before God as a country full of depraved people in absolute need of a loving Saviour.

Since the April 19 bombing, the news media has thrown more at us than we care to know about the Oklahoma City tragedy. It's time to move on, put it behind us, and continue the healing process. Yet the bombing raises a multitude of issues that will not go away soon for thinking Christians who are comparing the times with the Word of God.

One is the depth of fear and hatred beneath the surface. "We have always had hatemongers," responded a seminary professor in Kentucky, "but never such widespread anger. In this generation of hate, we can expect more incidents. . . . It's so evil the way people treat each other. Everyone is ready to get up and blast people."²

He may be overstating things a bit, but this bombing has brought to light as

never before the underworld of the paramilitary groups and antigovernment patriots now proliferating across the U.S.

Among their tough list of demands, says *Time* magazine, is for the government to "keep your hands off my land, my wallet—and my guns."³ Some patriots sport shirts that declare: "Patriots awake! Before it's too late! I love my country, but I fear my government."⁴

Distrust of government appears to be a common thread stringing together numerous militias and paramilitary groups. "They are convinced," reports one newspaper, "that government is engaged in a systematic campaign to destroy individual liberties and constitutional rights."⁵

New World Order

They believe that "a new world government is being formed through the United Nations and that once it is in place, its agents, including the president of the United States, will impose martial law, suspend the Constitution, institute totalitarian rule, and seize all weapons from individuals."⁶

As I reflect upon all of this, it sounds like a terrible case of paranoia. But then one begins to wonder if some within the militia have read Matthew 24, Revelation, and *The Great Controversy*.

While I was pastoring in the early 1980s, I remember well the surging interest of many Adventists in one who had come out of the covert "underground." Adventist churches far and wide opened their sanctuaries. Adventists flocked to hear this man speak of events that seemed straight out of the end-time scenario pictured by Ellen White.

He appealed to Adventists, not because he was telling them anything new, but because he was massaging a

desire to have beliefs confirmed by an "outsider."

But then the bottom fell out. Asked how Adventists should prepare for the perilous last days of lawlessness, he said to go out and get all the guns and ammunition they could.

Now the whole realm of underground groups has arisen again. And nothing has changed. Listen to what the spokesperson for the Militia of Montana is recommending: "We want people to get a year's food supply for each family member, two convenient legal weapons, and ammunition to protect themselves. Americans have to wake up and open their complacent minds that when the government and its enforcement arm are the only ones with weapons, it is a dictatorship, it's all over."⁷

It is all a case of misplaced trust. They prefer self. But Christians prefer to place their trust in God. Jacob did. So did David, Daniel, Elijah, and Ruth.

Oh, that we might see what Ellen White wrote about: "Could men see with heavenly vision, they would behold companies of angels that excel in strength stationed about those who have kept the word of Christ's patience."⁸

Oh, that we might learn to trust God in our good times, so that in the troublous times ahead our faith will not fail.

¹ Grant Wacker, in "An Eye for an Eye," *Washington Post*, Apr. 29, 1995.

² Wayne Ward, in *Washington Post*, Apr. 29, 1995.

³ Jill Smolowe, in *Time*, May 8, 1995.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ "One World' Conspiracies . . .," *Washington Post*, Apr. 29, 1995.

⁶ *Ibid.*

⁷ *Ibid.*

⁸ *The Great Controversy*, p. 630.



The Good Life

Within a few hours after a blast destroyed the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City, killing scores of people and injuring hundreds more, radio talk shows were clogged with irate callers demanding justice and urging the U.S. government to declare war on countries that sponsor world terrorism.

The next day it was learned that the perpetrators of the tragedy were not foreign terrorists, but disgruntled Americans who felt compelled to strike out at a government that seemed to them oppressive.

Now, weeks after the event and months before all the information about the catastrophe can be sorted out, there has been no respite from the public debate surrounding the event. Some want greater surveillance of people who might be considered "threats to society," as well as tighter controls on guns, ammunition, and explosives. Others warn against the dangers of eroding constitutional rights and the limiting of personal freedoms.

This debate, like so many matters of controversy, has no easy answers. Well-meaning people voice opinions that are diametrically opposed to one another. And every time a position is defended and rejected, the chasm between individuals of differing opinions grows wider and wider.

Some people, frustrated at their inability to influence their opponents, take matters into their own hands (like those who murder doctors who perform abortions). Others participate in angry protests and demonstrations designed to obstruct progress and cultivate violence (like those who vandalize science labs that perform experiments on animals).

As the rhetoric heats up and the acts

of protest become more violent, no one wins; everyone loses.

Lord, Protect Us From Ourselves

The same thing sometimes happens in the church (to a lesser degree, of course). Lines are drawn, positions are taken, members are characterized as being "for" or "against." And because religious people care so deeply about "matters of principle," members become alienated from one another and distracted from their primary purpose in society—that of reflecting God's character to those they live, work, and play with.

It's not the positions we take, it's not the arguments we use, and it's not knowing the right answers that recommend us to God or our society. It's having the wisdom to live our lives according to the principles of God's kingdom.

One of the most powerful images to come out of the devastation that occurred in Oklahoma City is that of people from every age, gender, ethnic background, and economic level working together to serve the wounded and search for the missing. In the midst of a scene choreographed by the forces of hell, good, decent people worked to save lives and comfort the mourning.

Ellen White wrote: "The strongest argument in favor of the gospel is a loving and lovable Christian" (*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 470).

And Jesus used these words to say the same thing: "Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good deeds and praise your Father in heaven" (Matt. 5:16, NIV).

To Do, Not Only to Say

In a collection of traditional Jewish tales edited by Saul Bellow, there appears the story of a rabbi who lived

in a small village in Russia. This rabbi had the peculiar habit of vanishing every Friday morning for several hours. The devoted villagers boasted that during these hours their rabbi ascended to heaven to talk with God.

One day a skeptical newcomer arrived in town and determined to discover where the rabbi really went.

One Friday morning the newcomer hid near the rabbi's house and watched him rise, say his prayers, and put on the clothes of a peasant. He watched as the rabbi took an ax and went into the forest, where he chopped down a tree and gathered a large bundle of wood.

Next the rabbi proceeded to a shack in the poorest section of the village; in it lived an old woman and her sick son. Without being seen, he left them the wood, which was enough for the week. The rabbi then quietly returned to his own house. The newcomer to the village saw it all.

Eventually the newcomer settled in the village and became one of the rabbi's disciples. And whenever he heard one of his fellow villagers say, "On Friday morning our rabbi ascends all the way to heaven," the newcomer would quietly add, "If not higher."

I could wish that every Adventist church, in every community in the land, would be likewise dedicated to lives of activity—rescuing those who live unaware of God's magnificent salvation.

Then let us disagree if we must, but let's be united in our love for God and our service to humanity.

STEPHEN CHAVEZ

NORTH AMERICA

College Students Meet, Minister, in Hawaii. About 85 college students and chaplains from across North America participated in the division's campus ministry convention in Oahu, Hawaii, March 15-19.

During the convention, students and chaplains undertook two ministry projects: construction of a campfire bowl, and the painting of the Waipahu Adventist church.

In response to their efforts, local church members treated their guests to a Hawaiian luau. "We are grateful to everyone who had an active part," says Hawaii Conference president Lynn Martell. "We are extremely pleased to have this group of leaders come to Hawaii and be involved in a mission project here at home."

Southern College Students Organize AIDS Walk. During their spring break 18 students from Southern College in Collegedale, Tennessee, organized a seven-day, 600-mile relay walkathon to promote abstinence as the best protection against AIDS.

The students walked in relay shifts about 23 hours per day, covering approximately 90 miles daily. They



Zimbabwe President Visits GC

After visiting the United States president and other government leaders, Zimbabwe president Robert Gabriel Mugabe visited (by his wish) the Adventist Church's world headquarters in Silver Spring, Maryland. He is the first head of state to see the church's 6-year-old headquarters.

The hour-long visit included a brief tour of the office complex and a reception. During the visit Mugabe thanked the church for the contribution it makes to the quality of life in Zimbabwe.

"What you are trying to achieve in Zimbabwe is precisely what we are trying to achieve, but perhaps you are doing much more than we are in terms of the worth and value of your work," he says. "For us, the church has a great role. It was the church that first gave

education to Zimbabwe and brought a new religious form of worship—Christianity."

The Seventh-day Adventist Church maintains a very strong presence in Zimbabwe, with more than 210,000 members (almost 2 percent of the population) and nearly 450

congregations. The church operates 10 clinics and seven schools, including Solusi University, reports Ray Dabrowski, General Conference communication director.

In May, President Mugabe officially opened Solusi University and received an honorary

Doctor of Laws degree. The government granted the school a university charter in August 1994, and it is now one of four universities in the country.



Zimbabwe President Robert Mugabe (center, left) gets a firsthand look at the General Conference headquarters.

appeared on dozens of radio and television stations and were featured in many newspapers, reports DeWitt S. Williams, director of the North American Division Health and Temperance Department.

The students (see photo) met with two United States representatives, Roscoe Bartlett of Maryland, an Adventist, and Zach Wamp of Tennessee.

New Satellite Radio Ministry Begins.

A new Adventist-owned LifeTalk Radio Network is on the air! The new network offers 24-hour satellite-fed Adventist radio programming across all of North America.

The programming, available only through a satellite receiver, includes Adventist

Media Center-produced programs and is designed to fulfill the church's need to develop church-owned radio stations.

Based in Yakima, Washington, LTR also features a call-in talk format that includes religion, family, home, and health. The programs are available on the Galaxy IV satellite. The leaders of the supportive ministry are hopeful that Adventists will use the network programming to develop other radio stations and for background programming for businesses and institutions, says LTR spokesperson Michael Petricko.

July Offering to Benefit Christian Record Services.

On July 15, Adventist members in North America are

encouraged to give an offering for Christian Record Services (CRS), the Adventist Church's ministry to the sight- and hearing-impaired.

CRS provided 104,000 publications in braille, sound, large print, or easy English in 1994, and nearly 20,000 persons requested services from the lending library. More than 2,300 students studied Bible courses and listened to Bible lectures. CRS blind camps have served 35,420 campers in 596 camps since their beginning in 1967 with 23 visually impaired campers, reports spokesperson Shirley Burton.

Despite these accomplishments, CRS has sustained ongoing funding shortages and urgently needs to raise \$500,000. Donors are invited to give through

their local church or by mail to: Christian Record Services, P.O. Box 6097, Lincoln, Nebraska 68506.

WORLD CHURCH

German Camp Meeting Brings 1,500 Youth Together.

About 1,500 German young persons gathered for the national youth camp meeting in Reinwarzhofen, May 25-28.

During the meetings, Euro-Africa Division youth and communication director John Graz baptized 13 young persons. And 110 others answered the invitation for baptism given by General Conference church ministries associate director Richard Barron.

On the last day of the meetings the youth participated in a letter-writing campaign in cooperation with Amnesty International. They wrote 1,200 letters on behalf of prisoners of conscience, reports Graz.

Euro-Africa Exceeds

Baptismal Goal. As of March 31, the Euro-Africa Division reached 118 percent of its quinquennial Global Mission goal with 129,773 people baptized, reports Ulrich Frikart, division secretary and acting president.

By the end of June the division is expected to reach 140,000 baptisms. Four of the division's 13 unions have already exceeded their goals.

FOR YOUR INTEREST

Adventist Institutions Offer Summer Tours. If you're vacationing near the General



New Church Building Opens in Cambodia

Government officials, community guests, and church leaders and members witnessed the grand opening of the first permanent Adventist church building constructed in Cambodia since the Adventist work was reorganized there in 1993.

Located in the city of Battambang, the structure is the first erected by the Adventist church since the 1960s. The earlier church was destroyed during the Cambodian war, reports Daniel Walter, Cambodia Attached District director.

The church (see photo) was constructed with the help of volunteer builders from North America. Construction for a second church building is under way in Beng village.

Since Cambodia today offers relative peace and a constitutional guarantee of religious freedom in the country, the Adventist Church has become one of the first Christian churches to gain official recognition. There are nearly 1,100 Adventists now in Cambodia.

Conference, or one of its institutions, be sure to stop by for a guided tour.

The GC offers four tours daily, from Monday to Thursday, at 9:00 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 1:30 p.m., and 3:00 p.m. If your group is larger than 10 persons, please call ahead to (301) 680-6300.

Tours also are available at the Review and Herald Publishing Association in Hagerstown, Maryland; Pacific Press Publishing Association in Boise, Idaho; and the Adventist Media Center in Newbury Park, California.

Family Life International Convenes in August.

"Making Families Whole in

Christ" is the theme of the 1995 Family Life International Conference to convene at Andrews University in Berrien Springs, Michigan, August 7-14.

With 30 speakers and 20 different seminars, the conference will provide family life professionals, educators, pastors, and interested church members, with training, resources, and materi-

als to conduct family life workshops.

For more information call (616) 471-6366, fax (616) 471-6374, or write to Millie Youngberg, Family Life International, Andrews University, Berrien Springs, MI 49104-0108.

ALSO IN THE NEWS

Greek Church Changes Stance on Adventism. In late 1994 the Greek Orthodox archbishop of North and South America wrote an encyclical letter to his clergy regarding basic principles governing marriages between Orthodox and non-Orthodox.

In his letter the archbishop listed Seventh-day Adventists as *not* being Christians, reports Bert B. Beach, director of the General Conference Public Affairs and Religious Liberty Department.

Discussions between the GC and the archbishop's office immediately took place, and on May 22 a second letter was sent to all clergy stating that Adventists *are* Christians. Another letter sent to the General Conference refers to the good relationship between the Greek Orthodox archdiocese and the Adventist Church.

CHURCH CALENDAR

June 17	Multilingual Ministries Offering
June 24	Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for the Euro-Asia Division
June 29-	General Conference session
July 8	in Utrecht, Netherlands
July 8	General Conference Session Offering
July 15	Christian Record Services Offering

I grew up in a poor, middle class, Catholic home in the New Zealand capital of Wellington.

In church and through my parents I received an understanding of God and religion; of angels, hell, and heaven—the basics. As a teenager such themes would come back to mind, the Holy Spirit using them to lead me toward spiritual things. But it never lasted long. There wasn't enough substance there to sustain the quest for God. And so, like other young people my age, I started to explore.

First came my involvement in sports—surfing, in particular. It was a healthy sport. I enjoyed it. I excelled in it. But there was one big danger. Surfing at that time also happened to be a good introduction to the drug subculture. And long before the term was coined, I'd become a "street kid." Yes, I had a home base to go back to occasionally—for dinner or just to touch base with family roots. But my regular lifestyle was pretty well on the street.

In 1968, at age 20, I left New Zealand and headed for Australia with my surfboard, a couple friends, and \$10 in my pocket. That was enough to get some food in Brisbane (where I landed) and a bed for the night, but by morning, newly arrived in a foreign country, I was broke!

A couple days later I headed north toward Australia's "sunshine coast," where I met up with a group of young people. Pooling our resources (that is, their something with my nothing), we rented a little

flat near the surf, touching off my halcyon days of sunshine, surf, and girls. Already well into alcohol, I started down the road to drugs there on the coast. Going beyond the experimental stage, we tried growing our own stuff. We also dabbled in uppers and downers, amphetamines, barbiturates, and other dangerous chemicals.

Before long, however—hungry and out of money—I returned to Brisbane to find a job. But no sooner had I made a little money than I headed back to the sunshine coast, probably one of the nicest surfing

spots in the world, with cylindrical waves, perfect and constant—just right to perfect one's surfing moves. Three or four of us surfers opened up a surfboard business there.

I remained at this for two months short of a year before the wanderlust came over me again. This time I moved on, with two friends, to Sydney, taking up residence in Manly, a seaside resort with good surfing. Still heavy into drugs, I'd actually begun to sell the stuff, getting deeper into the wheeling and dealing of the trade.

My Spiritual Journey

I was drowning, and God rescued me.

By John O'Malley, as told to Roy Adams

One day, some eight months after running into a young lady named Suzanne in the Manly area, I found myself walking down the aisle of the Catholic church to be married. It took two days for it to sink into my intoxicated mind that I was actually married. I don't even remember saying "I do"! Nor do I remember ever asking Suzanne to marry me!

Not surprisingly, after just 10 semimeaningful months together, we parted company.

God Restrained Me

I was still very much into alcohol and drugs of all kinds. But (and I attribute this to the special hand of Providence) I always had a warning bell in the back of my head about needles. I never got into needles, and I thank God for that. When someone would take a needle out and get the morphine or heroine going, I would just politely say, "Not my scene." I always had that presence of mind, and I believe that God was guiding in that.

Nevertheless, I had reached a very wretched state in my life, in large part because of the breakup with my wife. For even though ours was not really a strong love relationship (as I understand it today), an intimate bond had developed, between us. And I felt deeply hurt when it severed.

It was then that I started to explore my shame—and my roots. I had had good, middle-class parents who'd given me certain values. But I'd thrown these in the mud and chosen to go my own way. I had wasted my inheritance, so to speak.

Now I began wrestling with the meaning of life for me. Who was I, anyway? I have this label that says "John O'Malley," but apart from that label, who was I? At parties I grooved like all the others and appeared to be having a good time, but I still didn't know who this guy was. I could look into the mirror and see an image, but I didn't know who it was. Who was I? Why was I here? Was I simply a protein molecule destined for the garbage heap when life was done? I had the questions, but no answers—that was clear.

In drug parties people would be smoking pot and dropping trips and hitting needles. And I would ask a group of people—maybe 10 or 15 in the room—"What do you know about God? about life? about meaning?" And 50 percent or more would just say "Oh, don't give me a heavy trip, man!" and exit the room, leaving only a few who'd be willing to explore the issue.

They would talk about Zen Buddhism and Eastern mysticism—in those days the "in" topics. Then I would say, "What do you know about Jesus?" and with this I'd usually lose everyone in the room. Nobody wanted to talk about Jesus.

For my part, however, I continued to push the boundaries, forming new friendships and relationships.

One particular Saturday (it wasn't Sabbath for me then) a guy came to my door wanting to talk about religious things and to give me some pamphlets. I was really in no mood to receive him.

My wife had left me. I was in the flat all alone, nursing a very deep sense of loneliness. My family was far away, and I didn't even have the money to phone them, let alone to go see them. I was depressed.

"Look," I said to the gentleman, "I'm really not interested."

"OK," he said, "I'll just leave you this book." And with that he left a Bible—the New Testament of the *Good News Bible*.

"Well," I said as I settled down with my new gift, "maybe this has some answers." And that afternoon I read it from cover to cover.

But the picture I saw in it was far from comforting. In my darkened understanding I couldn't see how I fit into God's will for the world—and for me in particular. I saw the beauty of Jesus, the beauty of how He dealt with humanity, how He treated people. But when I tried to put myself into the picture, it was as though I was looking, all of a sudden, not at a Saviour, but at the law. And I became incredibly discouraged.

If I have to make the step and become a Christian, I thought, how can I be reconciled to the fact that my life is so wretched, so pitiful, so shameful—the lowest of the low? And here is this beautiful picture of a



man called the Son of God, blessing humanity and helping people. And here are His apostles coming after Him and following His example. How can I ever do that? How can I ever succeed? I can't! I can never come close! I can't ever come near these people! They'd be too holy for me.

That is not for me, I thought. So I ripped the Bible to shreds and threw it in the bin.

God Did Not Give Me Up

But God didn't give up. Nor did that spate of discouragement put an end to my search for the meaning of life.

Just about that time I was offered a job by a very wealthy geologist friend whom I'd been giving surfing lessons. He asked me to go to western Australia with him. "I will give you a job for two weeks," he said, "but will pay you for three months, if you'd continue teaching me how to surf."

I agreed, and together with another friend of his, we set out for the desert of western Australia, with him paying the bills wherever we went. At the end of the two weeks it was off to Yallingup "by the sea," a most beautiful corner of southwestern Australia.

It was here that my life would take a most significant spiritual turn.

With someone else paying the bills and with money in the bank, Yallingup was drug heaven for me! And surfing six to eight hours a day, I was as fit as a fiddle. It was three carefree months of sheer fun. Most days found us drugged and intoxicated from chemical substances.

As our stay here came to a close, the guy who owned the beautiful farmhouse where we'd been living put on a farewell party for us. It was an almost total drug scene. Even the cookies were spiked with hashish and other drugs. Dope, in all its different forms, flowed freely.

As the hours of the night wore on, the number of revelers dwindled, until just four of us were left—the wealthy geologist, the farm owner, a South African girl I'd been dating, and me. Finally the two guys went to bed, leaving this girl and me still up, still smoking grass, still tripping on LSD, and talking about life in general.

Tired and intoxicated, we just sort of lay there passively on the floor, with music playing in the background. One piece eventually caught my attention—something by Leonard Cowen. He was not a Christian, but the words on one of the tracks (I don't even know the name of the song) burned its way into my mind:

"Jesus was a sailor
As He walked upon the water;
And as He hung upon the cross,
Only drowning men could see Him."

The record had a scratch in it—a divine scratch, I believe. It stuck, forcing me to listen to the same lines over and over! Too intoxicated from drugs to get up and knock the needle forward or change the record, I was a captive audience. And those words, laced with pathos and power, pounded their message into the drunken mind of this drowning surfer. They were the turning point in my life! God had used a non-Christian poet, in an album that most Christians would never listen to, to talk about something in Christian terms that would appeal to a surfer on the verge of sinking without hope.

And God knew how to do it. For had I simply heard those words just once, their impact would have been lost on me. The next day I would have gone back to being the way I was before. So God had it repeated for me more than a thousand times!

I woke up the next morning with the lines pounding through my head: "Jesus was a sailor as He walked upon the water; and as He hung upon the cross, only drowning men could see Him. Jesus was . . ." And I cried out, "God, I don't even know who You are! But I'm drowning!"

God Reached Out to Me

My concept of God at that time had been that of some great pulsating ball of energy (like the sun), giving out good vibes to the universe—but not personal. Now He was becoming a personal God who was doing something for me. That next day I just walked and walked for hours. Finally I came to a patch, a beautiful bush, and for me, a spiritual place.

Falling on my knees, I said again, "God, I don't know who You are, but I'm drowning! I need help! Help me!" And in a very barbaric sort of way, I suppose, I received Jesus into my life there in the bush.

When we got back to Adelaide some days later, I immediately started hunting out Bible study groups. I found some Baptists and some Uniting Church people,* and sat in on their Bible studies. Then I found an Adventist study group going (though I didn't know at the time who the people were). I sat in on those, too. And when the others had folded up or started going around in a circle, the Adventists were still going strong.

It was during those Bible study meetings by the Adventists, while I was blowing smoke in this guy's face (the pastor's, I found out later—and he endured it so well!), that I formally acknowledged Jesus Christ as Saviour!

Yes, there was drama. And yes, there was the message in that album by that non-Christian artist. That was the turning point. But the event that set the course was that simple Sabbath afternoon visit by a humble Adventist colporteur as I later discovered, and the dynamite he left behind in my hand—the Bible!

Some five years after joining the church, John remarried—to the former Susan Cahill, a registered nurse. One year after their wedding John enrolled in the theology course at Avondale College in Cooranbong, Australia, from which he graduated.

Today he serves as director of health and temperance, family ministries, and communication for the Western Australian Conference, with headquarters in Perth.—Editors

* In Australia the Uniting Church is an amalgamation of Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and perhaps one or two other groups.



Roy Adams is an associate editor of the Adventist Review.



ADVENTIST
HEALTH CARE
PART 2

Health Is a Community Affair

Adventist hospitals may be uniquely positioned to become "stakeholders" in the "healthy communities" movement.

BY JANE MARIE ALLEN

Health is a *community* affair, and not solely the business of a hospital.

This isn't a *new* concept, but it's beginning to sweep across the United States. And rather than threaten Adventist health care, it promises to open up unique opportunities for a church whose heritage has focused great attention on healthful living and whole-person care.

The "new" concept is recognizing that a community must take responsibility for the health of its residents and not expect the local hospital to carry the burden alone. Hospitals do a pretty good job of what they are set up to do best—take care of the sick and injured. Yet they cannot be successful on the prevention side—keeping people out of the hospital—unless their local communities help.

That's what is now driving diverse groups of people together to search for solutions. And

they're looking in the right places for answers: within the community's own socioeconomic factors, behavioral choices, and individual lifestyle practices.

The "healthy community" initiatives now sweeping the nation are zeroing in upon the relationship of health and key components of a community: education, employment, crime, air and water quality, safe streets, and spiritual well-being.

What is becoming crystal clear so far is that health-care providers alone cannot effectively address these issues. As John Lewin, M.D., of Hawaii's Department of Health, said: "Hospitals can't do it. Business can't do it. The schools can't do it. Government can't do it either. But together we can."

Building healthy communities requires the involvement of individuals, organizations, services, and resources throughout the communities. Working hand in hand with these



Healthy communities initiatives are designed to keep people well. This movement across the country provides excellent opportunities for Adventists to work side by side with other community organizations and programs.

"stakeholders" can reduce accidents, curb disease, nip abuse, and take a bite out of crime.

Vital Players

The "healthy communities" effort isn't a health-care-initiated project per se, yet health-care organizations are vital players. The whole concept requires rethinking what "health" and "prevention" are all about—and *who's* really responsible for health care and *who* will do something positive about it.

All of this is opening wide the doors for Adventist hospitals and other health-care facilities to dialogue with their communities about what the communities consider crucial to their health.



The first step in creating a healthy community is assessing that community's needs—from many viewpoints. Community forums and personal interviews are frequently used. After "stakeholders" determine priorities, they're ready to write action plans.

It also forces Adventist health-care organizations to look beyond providing educational programs the staff *think* will benefit people, and to provide resources to combat real, down-to-earth issues impacting communities—including such issues as the rising number of teen pregnancies; tobacco-related deaths; boredom among youths that often turns into violence; and higher rates of breast cancer among low-income women.

Yet no matter how many resources a hospital may have, combating community health problems is a cooperative venture, with the responsibility resting equally upon the shoulders of both a hospital and its community.

Working With a Community in Texas

Good examples of the cooperative effort between Adventist hospitals and their communities are now coming forth from across the United States. Paradise Valley Hospital in the Greater San Diego community of National City, California, is just one example within our Adventist Health System/West. Leaders of Paradise Valley Hospital have opened up dia-

logue with their community and are now offering help to curb teen violence (with the inevitable injuries that ensue) and help for other specific needs (see page 27).

And Central Texas Medical Center in San Marcos, Texas, has been involved with the "healthy community" concept longer than any other hospital in the Adventist Health System/Sunbelt.

According to Joel Hass, president of Central Texas Medical Center, "a healthy community is not simply an outcome, but an ongoing process" that creates an ownership for health.

When residents of San Marcos became interested in improving the health of their community, Hass and other hospital leaders met with nearly 50 community representatives to develop a vision based on their values and aspirations. Representatives from hospitals, public health and social service agencies, local and regional governments, and law enforcement and religious organizations came together with educators, physicians, and business leaders.

Through dialogue they developed a shared understanding of the key health and quality-of-life issues for their community. They identified their community assets and the obstacles they needed to overcome. With this information, the group then developed an action plan.

The Hospital's Role

Our local Adventist hospital thus became a natural participant in San Marcos' vision for a healthier community. The community provides staff and resources needed for many of the seven major initiatives now under way by our hospital, making possible a positive impact for the hospital and for Adventists that nothing else can provide. (Other initiatives are largely unwritten and staffed by various other groups and organizations.)

► **Blood-pressure screenings** are offered at banks, community centers, and churches, and at Southwest Texas State University.

► **Annual community health checks** make available a variety of screenings, such as for blood pressure, weight, pulmonary function, fitness, and glaucoma and other vision problems.

► **Screenings** for breast and prostate cancer are offered.

► **Education** has become an important part of the healthy communities movement. Hospital staff present programs in schools, correctional facilities, service organizations, local business expos, and area industries. Stop-smoking and stress-management classes are among the most requested programs.

► **CTMC assists a nearby disadvantaged community** by providing CPR and first-aid classes for individuals working in a summer program there.

► The hospital co-sponsors, with the local ministerial association, the annual **community Thanksgiving service**. The ministerial group depends on the offering at this service to provide money for their Transient Fund.

► **CTMC's Center for Wellness and Sports Performance** is another popular health resource for the people of San Marcos. From personalized fitness programs to smoking-cessation and arthritis self-help workshops, the center promotes self-care and preventive medicine.

Assisting With Other Programs

In addition to the seven CTMC initiatives, the hospital also supports and participates in other healthy community programs.

Caring for Children is a program that provides preventive health-care services for children who "fall through the cracks." This organization helps Texas children aged 6 through 18 whose families earn too much to qualify for Medicaid yet not enough to purchase private health insurance.

Texans are learning that individual involvement can help kids who need it most—those who for reasons of abuse and neglect become wards of the court. Several hospital staff and physicians participate in CASA (Court Appointed Special Advocate).

CASA volunteers work with a child, providing him or her consistent personal care. That individual care is proving worthwhile. When a CASA volunteer is involved, the time a child spends in foster care is reduced by nearly one half.

Another project involves mixing youngsters with oldsters. CTMC is working on an intergenerational exchange program with Southwest Texas State University. In the study, nursing home residents and children participate in weekly visits and monthly field trips.

Participating nursing home residents will be evaluated to measure the impact of interaction with young children in reducing depression and isolation, and improving social interaction. The children will be studied to determine the project's impact on their view of the elderly and the aging process.

CTMC worked with the San Marcos Independent School District to establish a Health-Care Careers Program. High school students meet at the hospital for classes, testing, and onsite rotation through hospital depart-

How You May Get Involved

BY JANE MARIE ALLEN

Although Adventist hospitals are an obvious resource for healthy communities initiatives, other church-related groups—and individual Adventists—can also get involved. Local Adventist Community Services organizations, women's groups, and Pathfinders can lead out in specific initiatives or volunteer time and resources for other projects. The following are some examples of potential community service.

■ A coastal community might identify cleaning up its beaches as one concern. Pathfinders could spend one Sunday morning a month picking up trash along a one-mile section of beach.

■ A town with a significant percentage of low-income senior citizens may be concerned about the nutrition of this group. The local Adventist women's ministries group could prepare a hot lunch once a month, rotating the Thursday meal with other churches.

■ In an area with high incidence of mouth and throat cancer related to tobacco use, Adventist health-care professionals could team up with health educators at their local hospital to create and present a program to reach middle-school youngsters with the dangers of smokeless tobacco.

To find out what's happening in your community, call your chamber of commerce, hospital, or city hall. The key words are "healthy communities initiative."

ments. This program is now in its third year, and participants have been placed in hospital and nursing homes jobs; others have enrolled in college health-care programs.

We've discovered great excitement and energy in the healthy communities movement," Hass says. "Our hospital has become involved with the people of San Marcos. Community leaders now view CTMC as a vital player in improving the health of the city and its citizens. Our impact as an Adventist hospital has been multiplied."

For decades Adventists have excelled at preventive medicine. Now we're being invited to share our special expertise in communities across the continent.



Jane Marie Allen is director of corporate communication for Adventist Health System/Sunbelt, based in Orlando, Florida.

Seventh-day Adventurers

Is there life after conversion?

BY LINDA WERMAN BRAWNER

Ever hear of Seventh-day Adventurers? They're Adventists who live a little closer to heaven than most, while keeping both feet planted firmly on the ground. Pastor John was the first one I met. He would think up wild ideas that would make you gasp, "We can't do that!"

But when he asked you "Why not?" you couldn't think of one good reason.

Seventh-day Adventurers are people who ask for God's guidance and aren't afraid to follow it. They are swashbucklers, whose sword is the Spirit. God's armor protects them while they forge ahead for the Lord.

It's Not Just a Job

Adventurers have a living Word that applies itself daily. They are real people, such as Joan, who stops for hitchhikers—yes, real, live strangers on the highways or streets of her town. She stops mostly in town because it's easier to pull over. She picks up men, women, and children.

Yes, it's dangerous, but didn't the good Samaritan take risks? What if the man by the side of the road wasn't really wounded? What if he was a rob-

ber playing bait? Joan gives each day to God. She asks His guidance when she sees someone by the road. She doesn't pick up everyone.*

The risks are worth it. Worth the chance to share God's love. The chance



to lend a blanket to a truck driver and his wife who are living in their rig for the weekend. The chance to tell a Frenchman that we can discern truth if we read the Bible while asking God for guidance. The chance to hear "You're one in a million, lady!" from a stranded motorist.

Soon Joan is getting a bunch of inexpensive Bibles. She's going to mark a few and keep them in the car's glove box. Who knows who is waiting down the road for one?

The Testimony of Two Witnesses

Joe is another Adventurer. Today he spots a man in the early-morning light. The Lord wants Joe to give him a copy of *The Great Controversy*. What do you say to a complete stranger? Joe trots across Main Street, knowing that the right words will come. "The Lord wants me to give you this," he says simply and holds out the book. The man thanks him genuinely, and they talk awhile.

Joe often walks a couple miles a day. It's good for his health—both physical and spiritual. He exercises his mind by constantly asking, "What do You want me to do, Lord? To whom are You sending me today?"

Joe talks to people about Jesus, His love, and His second coming. Joe talks about what the Bible means. He talks at home, at work—wherever he is. At work he does his job well, because he knows that actions speak louder than words.

Joe meets people's needs because that, too, speaks loudly. He brings cold water to the passengers of a stranded car on a hot afternoon. He gives rides to people, visits the bereaved, and fixes things when he can. Joe keeps busy walking with the Lord.

Welcome to Her World

Then there's Rachel. Step into her world as smoke pours into the corridor. A suicidal patient has ignited her bedding. The small staff evacuates the clinic before extinguishing the flames, which are confined to one room. Rachel remembers to warn some staff members working at the far end of the hall, then leaves the building last.

Rachel helps whenever, however,



and whomever she can. She listens to people too. Listening gives her opportunities to share her faith in Jesus. She tells people that anyone can come to Him. She sees opportunities in the

against the carpet so that he can't hurt himself—or her. Her willingness to give him a home has gotten him out of an institution not suitable to his needs.

Hannah's time and effort enable him to return to his parents for the first time in years. Best of all, he leaves Hannah's home knowing that Jesus is his best friend.

Never a Dull Moment

Tom, a gifted gentleman, enjoys helping folks. Light carpentry, chauffeuring, and mowing lawns for neighbors take up much of his days. He enjoys working and listening. Retirement means new tasks, not idleness. Knee and eye surgeries are opportunities to

meet new people, not excuses to quit serving God. Tom witnesses in whatever he does, whether it's carpentry or Bible study.


Adventurers live Spirit-filled lives. Bible promises aren't platitudes. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4:13) is a command, not camouflage.

Adventurers are common people who look at verses such as "Delight yourself in the Lord and he will give you the desires of your heart" (Ps. 37:4, NIV) and launch full speed into their dreams.

They wait on tables, push pencils, drive buses, raise children, and clean houses. Some have fancy degrees, and some do well to finish high school, but all see Jesus clearly from their different vantage points.

There are more Adventists than Adventurers. Sometimes the Christian life seems like a dull routine of safe choices. But is that all the Christian life amounts to?

We're surrounded by "ordinary things." But take away the ordinary things, like a garden flower or the natural beauty of a rainbow, and think how much less of life there would be to enjoy.

Now think of the opportunities we have to share the Lord and all the different methods of using our talents. None of us are truly "ordinary," because we all have extraordinary talents and abilities. When the Holy Spirit guides us in discovering these gifts, that's when we truly become Seventh-day Adventurers. 

*While recognizing the call to individual types of ministry, we would caution that the approach described here could put personal safety in unnecessary jeopardy. Editors.



Linda Werman Brawner wrote this when she lived in Mansfield, Ohio.

gym and on the ball field as well as at work. To her, a Christian is never off duty.

She gives away magazines and books—all the Adventist literature she can get. Folks listen and read because Rachel cares, and they know it.

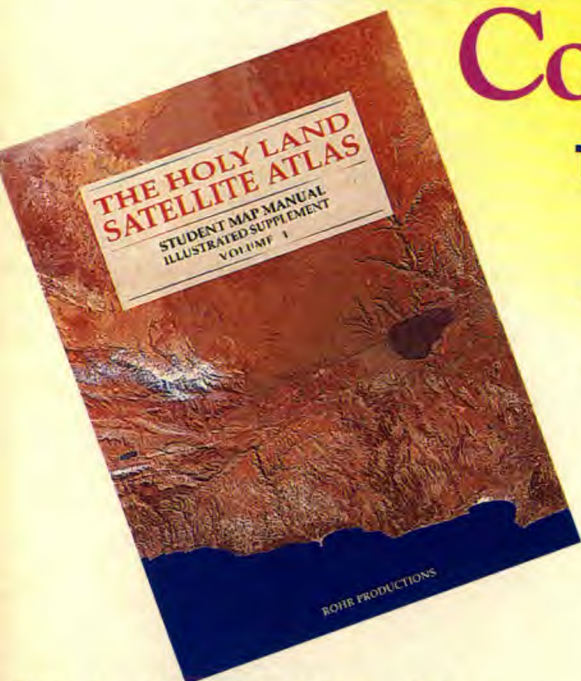
Rachel lives in a state reformatory for women. It's her fault she's there. But guilt doesn't stop her from serving the Lord, whose blood covers her sins.

For the Least of These

Then there's Hannah tackling her foster child, literally restraining him

Make BIBLE LANDS Come Alive

These beautiful
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Holy Land Satellite Atlas, vol. 1

This full-color atlas of the Holy Land features photographs (both landscape and aerial) of biblical sites. Streets and individual buildings of modern Israel are visible in the satellite photographs. Size: 9½" x 12¾", 273 pages. Hardcover, US\$49.95, Cdn\$72.45.

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This series of eight posters presents satellite, aerial, and landscape views of each of the eight regions of Palestine. Also included is a two-part satellite map (shown below) of the same region. Posters: 38" x 24¾". Map sections: 26¼" x 28¾". Ten-part set, US\$49.95, Cdn\$72.45. (Satellite map also available in 10-foot size [6 parts] US\$49.95, Cdn\$72.45.)



Bible Lands Satellite Map (Student)

Full-color satellite photograph of modern Israel showing region from Mount Hermon to Gulf of Aqaba. Derived from the U.S. Landsat-5 satellite that passed over the area at a height of approximately 580 miles. Size: 55" x 18¾". US\$11.95, Cdn\$17.35.



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Will THE CHURCH SURVIVE?

William G. Johnsson has served as editor of the *Adventist Review* since 1982. In these years, he has watched his church struggle through times of both intense debate and debilitating apathy. But the hardest challenges, and the brightest hopes, may lie just ahead as Adventism confronts the factors that threaten it with fragmentation.

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MARVIN MOORE CONQUERING the DRAGON WITHIN



God's Provision for Assurance and Victory
in the End Time

"Can God Forgive Me for My Divorce?"

Two friends talk man-to-man about loss, forgiveness, and the future.

BY GERRY COLVIN

With a puzzled look, my wife handed me the phone. I placed the receiver next to my ear and heard a voice out of my past blurt out, "Life is the pits!"

"Oh," I said, "tell me about it." I realized it was Sam (not his real name), a student in Texas, where I had been academic dean. I knew that Sam had endured a divorce several years ago.

"It is!" he repeated. "It's really the pits! And it isn't getting any better. The pain never lets up!"

Close to the Edge

Although Sam is a medical doctor, at that moment he seemed very close to the edge. He had not remarried, but his wife had, and he was missing his two children terribly. I tried to remind him that among divorced men he was not so unique.



"Like many of us," I said, "you were raised in a warm and loving home environment, and you enjoyed the close personal interaction with parents, brothers and sisters, friends, and the parents of your playmates. And you looked forward to the day when you yourself would have that same kind of family, which you expected to continue until 'death do you part.' And now you are being denied the very relationship that for you is almost life-sustaining. And you are angry, and hurt, and anguished, and very sad."

"Yes!" he shouted. I jerked the receiver away from my ear. "Yes, that's me! That's exactly what I wanted—and that's what I want. But I can't have it. I'm hardly a part of my daughters' lives anymore. I'm not there for the ball games, for the first dates, for the recitals, for the school honors and awards."

"I know it hurts terribly, and

you feel like a vacuum inside. Am I right?"

"Absolutely," he agreed. "There's no center to my existence."

Devastating

As I searched for good words for Sam, I reminded myself that divorce is almost always a devastating experience. For a long time afterward both parties feel personally rejected, cheated in the economic arrangements, misrepresented legally, bitter about the coparenting arrangements, lonely because of the loss of mutual friends, and afraid of living alone.

Divorce requires husbands and wives to separate on a number of different levels.

On the psychological level they must learn to live without the one person who has been such an intrinsic part of their hopes and dreams. Legally they must couch their differences in the artificial jargon best suited to support their divorce action.

In the social area they must not only make new friends but also give up old ones with whom they no longer feel comfortable. And economically they must split up their property and establish separate households, with some arrangement for custody of young children.

But at the moment, with Sam on the other end of the line, all I could think about was the Bible lesson I had taught just that morning at church—and Sam's suffering on the spiritual level.

We All Fail

"Well," I said, "you know the lesson this Sabbath was on 1 Corinthians 13. That chapter sets some pretty high standards for our loving, if you remember."

"Yeah," he replied.

"How many of us can measure up?" I continued. "The love Paul describes is



always patient and kind. It's never envious or boastful or proud. Nor is it rude, self-seeking, or easily angered. And hardest of all, it doesn't keep any record

He shouted into the

phone at me. "This is

the pits! The pain never

lets up!"

of wrongs. Sam, do you ever think of how many times you and I and many others have missed the mark in *truly* loving?" I asked.

"All the time," he said. "I blame myself so severely for contributing to the breakup of my marriage. How could I have been so self-centered, so unthinking, so stupid? Man, do I ever blame myself! I, uh, I—"

I interrupted, "But all of us have fallen short. In your case, however, it resulted in your marriage falling apart.

Your wife is lost to you forever. Your home will never again be what it had been, or could have been. And you have this horrible vacuum at the core of your being, and you don't know how to fill it."

"Yes," he replied. "What am I to do?"

By then I had my portable phone in one hand and my Sabbath school notes in the other.

"You know, Sam," I continued, "in talking with my class about maintaining Christlike love, I shared a statement from volume 10 of *The Interpreter's Bible*, page 180. It goes something like this: 'We can select our mem-

ories. We can deliberately forget the unpleasant experiences that have befallen us. To blot out from the mind the wrongs that have been inflicted on us [and that includes hurts from spouses!] is a Godlike thing. This is what God does when a truly contrite sinner makes confession of his sins. His forgiveness involves forgetfulness.'"

"Yeah, I have to work on forgetting," he groaned. Then, catching himself, he asserted, "But I can do it! I'm a survivor. I'm tough. I can be very tough with myself."

"Good!" I replied. "You *are* going to survive, and you *are* going to press on. You are precious in the sight of God, and He wants you to survive. You *will* fill your life again with meaningful Christian relationships."

The Future?

"Yes," he sighed, "I do *not* want a future only to myself."

"I understand," I said. "From childhood you have circulated in a reservoir of Christian family and values, and you want such a family again."

"That's so true," Sam responded. "I

want to build toward the future, to live beyond my past, to focus on things other than my losses."

"You know, Sam," I said, "I recall some helpful counsel in *Testimonies*, volume 6, on that very point. Here the books are on a shelf by my chair; let me share it with you."

"OK," he replied.

I took down the book, opened it to page 149, and began reading:

"These are the words of God to us. The past is contained in the book where all things are written. We cannot blot out the record; but if we choose to learn them, the past will teach us lessons. As we make it our monitor, we may also make it our friend. As we call to mind that in the past which is disagreeable, let it teach us not to repeat the same error. In the future let nothing be recorded which will cause regret in the by and by."

"Yes," Sam answered earnestly, as if he were speaking directly to Ellen

White, "that sounds like it was written just for me."

"And me, too," I said. "But there's more in the next paragraph:

"We may now avoid a bad showing. Every day we are making our history. Yesterday is beyond our amendment or control; today only is ours. Then let us not grieve the Spirit of God today, for tomorrow we shall not be able to recall what we have done. Today will then be yesterday'" (*ibid.*).

God's Response

Glancing at my watch, I knew I had to conclude. "The best evidence, Sam, is that divorce probably causes men greater problems with depression and thoughts of suicide. And I believe much of it has to do with the loss of association with their children and friends. Men are more likely to be the ones moving out, and perhaps away. Just remember, Sam, God

loves you as always; when He forgives you He *forgets* your past failures. God understands your need for family."

For a long while the other end of the line was silent. Finally Sam spoke. "Thanks so much, Dr. Colvin. I can make it. God does care about me. And He understands my emptiness."

"He certainly does," I said. "You are going to write me, aren't you, Sam?"

"I surely will," he said. "Thanks a million. Let's keep in touch this time."

"Goodbye, Sam," I said, "and God bless you."



Gerry Colvin, Ed.D., Ph.D., is assistant dean for graduate studies in education at Ashland University in Ashland, Ohio.

Literature Requests

Each person below is in need of the following: **Bibles, Spirit of Prophecy books, devotional books, periodicals (*Adventist Review*, *Guide*, *Insight*, *Message*, *Ministry*, *Our Little Friend*, *Primary Treasure*, *Signs*, *Vibrant Life*), tracts, and Picture Rolls.** Specific requests (in addition to the items listed above) follow the address.

GHANA

Pastor C. Acheampon, P.O. Box 27, Begoro, E/R, Ghana, West Africa. An opportunity for outreach to send a Bible and literature to this Methodist Sunday school teacher for his class as he has requested.

Pastor Kwadwo Amponsah-Gyan, Valley View College, P.O. Box 9358, Airport-Accra, Ghana, West Africa. Spirit of Prophecy, SDA commentaries, sermons on cassettes, projector and slides, E. G. White index.

Mrs. Florence Amponsah-Gyan, SDA Church, P.O. Box 36, Jacobu-Ashanti, Ghana, West Africa. Bibles, books, prophetic charts, Picture Rolls, Bible story felts, *Signs*, Bible games, Bible pictures, visual aids.

Paul Wiredu-Anyankwah, P.O. Box KW 151, Kumasi, Ghana, West Africa; lay evangelist. After being robbed of his evangelistic equipment, he is in need of replacements, as well as literature, tapes, *Signs*, and Spirit of Prophecy books.

KENYA

Joseph Mugwe Kariuki, P.O. Box 569, Nyahururu, Kenya, East Africa; studies on Daniel and Revelation.

Pastor Thomas R. Mogaka, SDA Church Community Services, Box 417, Kisii, Kenya, East Africa; Bibles, *The Desire of Ages*, *The Great Controversy*, SDA Bible commentaries, children's materials; crusade planned for October 1995.

Benson Kibochi Nganga, P.O. Box 2020, Kericho, Kenya; lay evangelist wants *Adventist Review* and *Ministry*.

Evans Nyakeri, P.O. Box 514, Nyamira, Kenya; materials for secular schools: songbooks, *Steps to Christ*, *The Great Controversy*, tracts, magazines, Bibles, and books.

Nelson Onchomba Nyatara, literature evangelist, P.O. Box 3658, Nakuru, Kenya, East Africa.

Paul N. Otwor, Amasago Area, P.O. Box 56, Keumbu, Kenya, East Africa, wants a Bible.

NIGERIA

Esther Nwaobilor, c/o John D. Nwaobilor, Aba Textile Mills PLC, P.M.B. 7115, Aba, Abia State, Nigeria; does personal evangelism for East Nigeria Conference. Please send old books.

PHILIPPINES

Pastor Salvador J. Dieta, district pastor, SDA Church, Romblon, Philippines. Old quarterlies, old Morning Watch, *Signs*, *Adventist Review*, children's materials.

Home Health Education Service literature request for:

Alfredo W. Escara, 254 Yacapin and Aguinaldo St., 9000 Cagayan de Oro City, Philippines. Spirit of Prophecy books, *It Is*

Written and Revelation Seminar materials, Bible and encyclopedic index and concordance, lesson quarterlies, health material, children's books, sermon outlines, SDA Bible commentaries and dictionaries.

Eddie A. Nebato, c/o Sharjay Enterprises, Corbada, La Fortuna, Tagum, 8100 Davao del Norte, Philippines.

Ciro A. Nebato, Padada SDA Church, Padada, Digos, 8002 Davao del Sur, Philippines.

Joseph Nebato, Tubod SDA Church, Tubod, Lanao del Norte, Philippines.

Levi A. Nebato, Prosperidad Capital Center SDA Church, Prosperidad, 8501 Agusan del Sur, Philippines.

Gonzalo Obani, Farmers II Marikina, Concepcion, M.M., Philippines; lay worker assigned to jail visitation would like periodicals for distribution.

Miss Felisa Sabado, Northeastern Mindanao Mission of SDA, P.O. Box 77, 8600 Butuan City, Philippines; literature evangelist.

Saw Thein, AIAS, P.O. Box 7682, 1300 Pasay City, Metro Manila, Philippines; literature evangelist and seminary student; magazines, books, greeting cards, Bibles, Picture Rolls.

WEST INDIES

Cecil Parris, Ramdass Street, Sangre Grande, Trinidad, West Indies; literature for distribution.

ZAMBIA

Emmanuel Nangwaale, Blue Bird St., Mountain View, Green Grass, 360055 Kafue, Zambia Ca-00-Africa; hymnbooks, youth material, musical instruments.

The Remarkable Life of an Ordinary Person



Sandra F. Doran

Since January I have been enriched by letters. Missives offering words of encouragement, ideas to chew on, vulnerability that refreshes, honesty that stirs the soul. I find myself being bonded in mysterious ways to people I've never met, walking beside Adventists whose private lives reflect both pain and triumph.

I was touched recently to read the story of a woman whose life—though unheralded—bore testimony to the iron strength of faith grasped in the hand of humility. My column this month is dedicated to the memory of Clara Van Artsdalen.

Clara was born in 1917 in a tent. Weighing just one and one-half pounds, she was placed in a shoe box, and there she was nurtured for the first few weeks of her life.

Clara entered school in 1923—in a day and age when terms like *dyslexia* were yet unknown. She struggled as teachers called her stupid and classmates marched smugly ahead of her. But while she fought to decipher the printed word, she learned to pray and developed a faith that would serve her well in the years to come.

Just a Little Obstacle to Overcome

At the age of 37 Van Artsdalen was diagnosed with neuromyelitis. Doctors, estimating that she had six months to live, summoned her husband from his Navy post in Japan. Clara prayed, set her house in order, and waited humbly for the divine will to be accomplished. But rather than waning as the months passed, she began gaining strength. With much effort she learned to walk again.

Then on Christmas Eve, 10 years later, Clara and her husband were driving home when their car was struck broadside by a car driven by a drunk

driver. Clara's head hit the windshield. Doctors shook their heads as they surveyed the crushed skull of a woman being wheeled into the emergency room. With little hope they began the work of reconstruction, creating a new face from a disfigured mass.

It took Clara two months to regain consciousness. Finding herself in a strange place with a face she didn't recognize, she gradually came to understand and accept her plight. Two months later she was strong enough to go home.

Clara's faith sustained her as she resumed her duties. But she was plagued with severe headaches. One afternoon, after driving to the store, Clara became confused and could not find her way home. Medical testing revealed a large brain tumor. Surgery promised less than a 50 percent chance of survival. If she did survive, Clara could expect only a meager existence in an institution.

"God will take care of me. Let's do it," she stated.

"You may never walk again," the surgeons warned.

"I'll ride my bicycle down your hospital hall," she declared.

After six hours of delicate surgery Clara lay in the recovery room. Hearing her speak, her surgeon remarked, "A Surgeon greater than I worked on this lady."

In the months that followed, Clara had to relearn everything that once held meaning for her. She didn't recognize her husband of 32 years. She no longer had a basis for her faith. However, she rebuilt a relationship with the man she once loved and the God she once knew. The following year she received a Presidential Fitness Award for riding her three-wheel bicycle 650 miles in three months.

And Another . . .

Then one evening, alone in her home, Clara fell to the floor. Crawling to a phone, she dialed her son's number and breathed, "Help me."

Once again doctors offered little hope. Clara had suffered a stroke, and her arteries were almost fully blocked. Surgery offered a 35 percent chance of survival. "Well, I'm not ready to roll over and die," Clara stated. She survived the surgery and took five weeks to recover—at one point connected to 21 tubes. When she was finally released, her doctors attributed her recovery to divine intervention.

Clara settled back into her home, gaining strength and retaining her sense of humor. Then one afternoon, enjoying herself with family members, she collapsed. At the hospital her family was told to prepare for Clara's death.

Then the next afternoon the family entered to find Clara overriding the respirators. The next day she asked, "What are you doing here?"

In nine days the doctor sent her home, pronouncing, "There is no earthly explanation for her recovery."

Indeed, earthly explanations don't come close to revealing the source of strength found in the lives of humble, faithful Seventh-day Adventists. Connected to the Source of all power, Clara lived out her life, exerting an influence for good that only eternity will reveal.

Do you have a concern? An issue that you feel merits attention? Dialogues is *your* column. Send your letters to Sandra Doran, in care of the *Adventist Review*.

Sandra Doran is a field supervision fellow and doctoral candidate in special education at Boston University. She is the author of three books and hundreds of articles.

■ SOMALIA

New Legs for Abdi

*Changing the world . . . one life at a time. ADRA touches millions of lives.
The name of this one is Abdi.*

This surgery has risks, Abdi." Dr. Donald Vargas spoke carefully. "We don't know if it will work for you; we don't know if you'll be able to walk again."

The 32-year-old Somali turned a confident face toward the American surgeon. He knew the man had given thousands of dollars of his own money to cross continents and offer his services for free to people like him. "There is a Muslim saying," Abdi smiled. "'As God wants, I will. If not, I won't.' Don't worry, Dr. Vargas. If God wants me to walk, I will. If He doesn't, I won't walk."

Abdi Hassan Ali's own journey to this place had also been long. In 1981 he felt some pain in one of his hips. But with treatment it disappeared. The pain returned six months later, beginning an eight-year cycle of intermittent pain.

Then one day in December 1989 the pain became extreme. Nothing the doctor could do helped. By the end of the month the pain was so unbearable that Abdi could no longer walk. His legs were immobile, fused at the hips, and bent at a 90-degree angle at the knees. He was confined to a chair or to a bed.

Within the year civil war broke out in

Somalia, making it impossible to find medical help because so few hospitals remained in operation. Abdi's only help were painkillers and his brothers, wife, and parents, who would carry him from

regretfully. "The recovery period after such an operation as you need would be very long." Because of the way and the uncertainty of how long the doctors would be allowed to stay, they could not

undertake such a complicated medical procedure. However, they helped Abdi get to Nairobi, Kenya, to meet with an Italian doctor.

"You have Marie-Strümpell disease, *spondylitis ankylosing*, which has affected both your hips and your knees," the Italian doctor told him. "You need artificial hip joints."

The doctor wanted to straighten Abdi's knees before putting in the hip joints. The entire procedure would cost a great deal of money—which Abdi didn't have. But because the repairs to his knees were a separate medical procedure, Abdi decided to have them

fixed first. Then, if he could come up with enough money, he'd have his hip joints replaced later.

The right knee was operated on first. While it was healing, Abdi again appealed to his friends at ADRA. Ralph Watts, ADRA's president, was visiting Somalia at the time. "We'll do our best to help you, Abdi," he promised.

A Cooperative Effort

The ADRA team went into action. Haroldo Seidl, Somalia country manager, conferred with Frank Brenda, ADRA's project director, and Dr. Hugh Sosa, a primary physician for ADRA. They needed to find a safe haven for



Abdi's journey began in the back of a pickup truck.

place to place. Without them he could only drag himself along the ground with his arms.

That's how it was for three long years.

Enter ADRA

Then, in 1992, Abdi contacted Enow, his friend from the Adventist Development and Relief Agency (ADRA), and asked for help. Enow arranged for Abdi to be taken to a hospital in Beledweyne, north of Mogadishu, on the Ethiopian border, for evaluation. The ADRA doctors there checked him over carefully and shook their heads.

"We can't help you," they told him

By Jeannette Johnson, director of news and information for the Adventist Development and Relief Agency, in Silver Spring, Maryland.

Abdi to receive treatment. Next, Seidl contacted Dr. Donald Vargas, an orthopedic surgeon from Texas, and his wife, Christina, a nurse, who are valued ADRA supporters and volunteers.

"I'll do the surgery and find all the necessary equipment," Vargas responded, "and help pay for him to go wherever he needs to go to have it done."

When attempts to secure a visa from several countries failed, Seidl contacted Dr. Donaldo Sicalo, an orthopedic surgeon at River Plate Hospital in Argentina. "Can you help us get a visa for Abdi, and do this surgery at your hospital?" he asked. Sicalo took the request to his board, and the hospital agreed to do the surgery—free of charge.

Finally all the arrangements were made. Abdi began his long journey from Somalia to South America. He flew for 19 hours and waited in airports another 13 hours before arriving in Buenos Aires, Argentina, in early March 1995.

Dr. Sicalo was waiting for him. "Welcome, Abdi! How do you feel?"

A beaming Abdi looked up from his wheelchair. "I'm so happy! Yes, there's pain, and I'm tired, but I have hope for my cure!"

Sicalo took him to the airport's VIP lounge while someone went to retrieve Abdi's luggage. After a very long time the man returned carrying only a very small yellow cloth bag. "We could not find the rest of your luggage," he apologized.

"That's all I have," Abdi said cheerfully. Inside the bag was dried camel meat. To Abdi, a nomad, camel meat was



For the first time in five years Abdi's legs are straight. Twice-daily physical therapy sessions prepared him to get around on crutches.

a symbol of good luck. In the Somalian desert a camel represents life itself.

"Would you like to rest before we begin the six-hour drive to the hospital?" Sicalo asked.

"No, no, I'll rest in the hospital," Abdi said.

"I know you are a Muslim," Dr. Sicalo went on, "and Muslims pray five times a day. I'll be happy to stop along the way so you can pray."

"No," Abdi answered, "since I am unable to wash my hands, face, and feet, I cannot pray, because I cannot be clean." Then he smiled at Dr. Sicalo. "I am in touch with the same God as you

are all the time; my God is like your God!"

Back on His Feet

For more than a week Abdi rested in the hospital preparing for the operation. The surgery was done in March by a team of surgeons who worked in teams of two, operating simultaneously on both legs. At the end of the operation Abdi's legs were straight for the first time in five years.

On May 1, amid a flurry of goodbyes and well-wishes, Abdi left the hospital to complete his recuperation in a small apartment nearby. Two college students stayed with him, accompanying him to the cafeteria and to his twice-daily physical therapy sessions.

Abdi became somewhat of a celebrity in the community. News of his stay spread rapidly, and many people came to visit him. Television reporters reported weekly on his progress.

When Abdi returned to Somalia, he took back more than "new" legs. He carried in his heart the warmth of a hundred new friends. He wrote a poem to his special friend, Dr. Vargas:

"How did a man so far away,
who never saw my face,
Love me and want to help me
in this way?
Giving his money, his time,
to go to a place
Where nobody knows,
to operate on me?
How is that possible?"

Keep Abdi in your prayers as his strength and confidence grow. And continue to support ADRA, because it truly is making a difference to people like Abdi around the world.

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Saying Goodbye to Father

BY JEANETTE RICE HOYT

Fathers are so very special. One memory I have of my father is of saying goodbye when I left home the first time. There may be some who read this story who have gone away to boarding school or have had brothers or sisters who did. Do you remember what it was like saying goodbye?

When I was in my early teens, I lived in the country of Iraq. This part of the world has many desert areas, and deserts mean sandstorms. Unfortunately, these frequent sandstorms made me sick, and my parents thought I should go far away from the desert to a boarding school. My parents, sister, and brother felt sad to see me go. There was much to do to get me ready for school. Mother sewed new outfits for me, and Father bought my bus ticket. To show their love, sister and brother gave me gifts of their favorite toys and made special cards for me.

The day came for me to leave. My suitcase had been packed with gifts, new clothes, favorite books, and my Bible. Our family found this first parting sad. We tried to think of happier days ahead when Father promised to bring the family to see me.

At the bus station we did not cry. Father said we should be grown-up about our feelings and be brave. Mother kissed me and wished me God's safekeeping. She placed a small gift in my hand to open on the bus. Father carried my suitcase and walked with me to the bus. He handed the driver my suitcase. Then he hugged and kissed me and, in spite of his previous advice, broke down and cried. When I was seated on the bus, I looked back and saw my parents, sister, and brother waving goodbye. But Father had his face buried in his large white handkerchief!

I have just said goodbye to him again. You see, Father grew old, and some years ago he had heart surgery. As a result, God extended his life. But recently he had been having much pain. Finally the time came for him to say goodbye for the time we are on this present earth.

How thankful we are that Jesus won the victory over death. He will come again. At the sound of a trumpet call, Father and others who gave their hearts to Jesus will be raised to meet Him. "Then we who are still alive . . . will be caught up with them in the clouds to meet the Lord . . . and remain with him forever" (1 Thess. 4:17, TLB).

In this world goodbyes can be sad. But remember, Jesus has promised us a life in which we will never part again!



NEW FOR TEENS

A Horse Called Mayonnaise

A fun job at summer camp brings Tory the thrill of a horse called Mayonnaise and the discovery that God values her not for her looks or clothes, but for who she is inside. By JoAnne Chitwood Collier Nowack. Paper, 128 pages. US\$5.95, Cdn\$8.65.

Angels Over Big Boulder

Dwayne must choose between being popular with worldly kids and being loyal to God and his unpopular Christian friend. What he discovers about true friendship and sharing his faith really surprises him. By Bev Ellen Clarke. Paper, 191 pages. US\$5.95, Cdn\$8.65.

Keeping Daddy Single

Rae's strategies to keep her handsome dad from remarrying work until he starts dating her best friend's mom. She'll get in some sticky messes while learning that leaving things with God is best. By Bobbie Montgomery. Paper, 96 pages. US\$5.95, Cdn\$8.65.

LeeAnne, the Disposable Kid

Just when LeeAnne's convinced her dad really loves her, he announces his plans to remarry. Can she trust him to reserve a special place in his heart just for her? Through a father's love a teen girl learns to trust God. By VeraLee Wiggins. Paper, 160 pages. US\$5.95, Cdn\$8.65.

Summer Camp Scars

When Bucky becomes a camp counselor he's able to reach an abused little boy with God's love. Bucky Stone book 8, by David B. Smith. Paper, 128 pages. US\$5.95, Cdn\$8.65.



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Downstairs



BY ANDY NASH

Very early in my little church in Minnesota, I learned the difference between upstairs and downstairs. Upstairs was holy; downstairs was not. Upstairs boasted the sanctuary and the Sabbath school rooms—places conducive to quiet reflection. Downstairs countered with the kitchen and the fellowship hall—places conducive to remote-controlled cars.

I also learned that a church member could be transformed from reverence to rowdiness simply by going downstairs.

Take Virgil Krogstad, for example. Upstairs Virgil Krogstad¹ was a true gentleman—holding the door open for ladies young and old, and greeting guests with a hearty handshake.

But downstairs, only eight hours later, Virgil Krogstad would battle any man, woman, or child for the last seat in a game of musical chairs. And because Virgil Krogstad was a rather stout Norwegian with good hip action, he usually won.

Which brings me to the subject of church socials.

If the 1970s Adventist church service was too rigid for some, the 1970s Adventist church social more than made up for it. Saturday night socials were held in the fellowship hall about once per quarter, and though they were well attended, we knew we mustn't have too many of them. Something as fun as a church social should be enjoyed, but with moderation.

Usually a church social was a game night;² sometimes, an amateur hour.³ But one Sabbath the announcement lady said the next church social would be (she paused for effect) an Investment fair. "And don't forget to bring your white elephants," she said with a wink.

What's an Investment fair? I wondered. Who owns a white elephant? And how would we get it downstairs?

Later Mom explained "Investment fair"

and "white elephant" to Angel and me. Excited about the concept, I asked Dad whether we had any white elephants to sell at the Investment fair. He said we did. But they weren't white. And they weren't elephants.

Eight weeks earlier our West Highland terrier had given birth to five black puppies (compliments of a mangy black mutt up the road). These puppies were healthy, adorable, and impossible to sell. Hence, Dad's idea for an Investment fair project: a puppy auction!

Saturday night came. Fifteen minutes into the auction we were still waiting for an opening bid. Seeing our drooping heads, Mom hatched an alternate idea, one that wouldn't rid us of our puppies, but would raise money for the church. Puppy races!

Under Dad's orders, Angel and I dashed around the hall, asking appalled faces which puppy they'd like to "bet" on for investment. No one dared respond . . . until the pastor put \$5 on puppy 2. Then the dam burst.

"I'll put \$15 on puppy 4," shouted the head elder.

"Puppy 1 for 10 bucks—no, make that 12," said the Sabbath school superintendent.

"Give me puppy 5," said Virgil Krogstad. "Here's \$10."

Moments later the first puppy race in our church's history was set to begin. Dad found a long jump rope and laid it in a big circle on the floor. Mom and Angel labeled the five yapping puppies with construction paper and corralled them in the middle of the circle.

"On your marks . . ." I said. "Get set . . . Go!"

The puppies huddled together. Not one moved. Then . . .

"Go. Go, little puppy," whispered 75-year-old Mildred Odegard.

One puppy perked up and began to wander toward Mildred.

Instantly a dozen church members dove to the edges of the circle.

"Come on, number 2! You can do it!"

"Here, puppy, puppy, puppy. No—not you! *You!*"

"Come on, boy. Come on!"

I'd never seen anything like it, and I probably never will again. Half the church lying prostrate on the floor, pleading with the confused puppies to take a few steps.

After 45 seconds of bedlam, puppy 2 scampered across the rope into Barb Halvorsen's arms. As the puppy licked her face, Barb looked as though she had won millions. (She hadn't, of course; all the money went to the church.)

The others rose to their feet, some more slowly than others, some much more slowly than others. Never in their lives had they laughed so hard. I heard one lady say her sides hurt, and I felt bad for her because everyone else was having such a good time.

The next Sabbath when I saw Virgil Krogstad in the church lobby, I wanted to talk and laugh with him about the puppy races. But I figured since we were upstairs, I'd better not.

¹ His was one of those names that didn't sound complete unless you said the whole thing—Virgil Krogstad.

² Balloon darts, mini-golf, pie-eating contests—games that didn't take up much room, as our fellowship hall was small. Once someone set up a volleyball net, leaving a mere 18 inches between the top of the net and the ceiling.

³ A dreaded evening for children whose parents encouraged them to do an act because "it'll be so cute!" (Dressing up like pirates and singing "Erie Canal" with the Burgeson kids comes to mind.)

Andy Nash teaches freshman composition and is also a graduate student at Andrews University in Berrien Springs, Michigan.



Concerned community residents share ideas and opinions on various health topics at the four forums sponsored by Paradise Valley Hospital's Partners for Prevention.



Leaders in business and social service agencies help organize potential solutions to the concerns identified by participants in the community forums.



Identifying existing community resources proves valuable in helping Partners for Prevention determine the appropriate steps to take in planning.

Doing a Little, and Doing It Well

Meeting community needs in nontraditional ways is nothing new at Paradise Valley Hospital.

What began more than 90 years ago as a health-oriented retreat for upscale patients has evolved into a community hospital serving the second-poorest city in the entire state of California.

Needless to say, health-care needs in this community have changed dramatically in the past nine decades. And as reimbursements from federal, state, and private insurance providers have dwindled, the financial challenges of continuing to provide services in this location have increased exponentially.

One thing that has historically set Paradise Valley Hospital apart from other health-care providers in the area is its commitment to improving the physical, mental, and spiritual well-being of its patients as well as serving the multicultural community that surrounds it. And that commitment—which has become the hallmark of Adventist Health Systems/West—continues unabated.

"Over the years the hospital has established a reputation for identifying needs in the community, then developing programs to meet those needs," says Fred M. Harder, hospital president. "Although it's now becoming the trend for hospitals

to take more active roles in their communities, Paradise Valley has been developing and delivering important health-care programs in our community for years. For us, it's just been a natural part of providing health care modeled after Christ's healing ministry."

One of the newest of these innovative programs takes a two-pronged approach for strengthening families and schools in the community in order to reduce youth violence and substance abuse in the communities of southeast San Diego and National City.

"We are currently reviewing models of how other hospitals have modified their services to work in concert with the community's efforts to prevent violence," states Kathy Wilson, director of outpatient services. The Partners for Prevention coalition was launched in 1991. It brought together representatives from health organizations, businesses, schools, and civic organizations.

In order to determine the focus of Partners for Prevention, four large, well-attended community forums (one of which was conducted in Spanish) were held in different parts of the community. These forums included a multimedia presentation of approximately 10 different health-care issues. Participants then broke into small groups to discuss the issues and identify which ones were most important to them.

From the forums, Partners learned

that the top concerns were youth violence and substance abuse. "We spent several months educating ourselves and developing a plan to address the issues," explained the Partners' staff.

The components included:

- ▶ an early intervention/prevention program
- ▶ development of a mentoring program
- ▶ establishing a community violence prevention network
- ▶ developing a hospital response to community violence

Prevention

One of the first priorities of the new initiative was to develop systems to prevent violence at home. Research indicates that violence in the home is closely related to violence in the community. Seventy-five to 80 percent of violent kids are also exposed to violence in the home.

As part of its prevention component, the hospital offers a series of parent education programs to help families develop better parenting skills and help them learn how to access community resources. "Our focus is to create a healthy home environment," adds Wilson. "This is a long-term solution—it doesn't happen overnight. But we're already receiving positive responses from individuals who are participating."

Kandace* is one such patient. "While

By Maureen M. Wisener, associate director of marketing and communications for Paradise Valley Hospital in National City, California.

I was pregnant, my doctor sent a social worker to my house because of my problems with drugs. She referred me to *Healthy Beginnings* (see sidebar) in May of 1993. In May 1994 I had been clean for a year and have stayed clean. My baby was born clean too, and he even started walking at 7 months," she adds proudly.

The classes have helped Kandace become a better parent by helping her to understand herself. "I've learned how to share my feelings," she says. "I never thought I would amount to anything

more than an alcoholic and a drug abuser.

"I've learned to like myself. I found I'm capable of doing a lot of things I didn't think I could. For example, I *can* stay clean. I'm also a good writer and a good speaker. I do a lot of speaking for the program, and I'm going back to school to improve my writing skills. If it wasn't for the program, I don't think I would have my son. I believe God put *Healthy Beginnings* in my life."

Youth Mentoring

Another part of the initiative focuses

on at-risk young people—youth who have not had access to support resources. Although it's still in the developmental stages, Wilson believes that the new mentoring component will provide those youth with additional support sources. "It's important to know that someone cares about you—especially when you're a young person," says Wilson. "Partners is in the process of developing a mentoring program that brings together professionals from the community with at-risk students."

A Mom and Healthy Beginnings

You're a good mommy . . . now." When 4-year-old Karen* says those words to her mother, Holly,* it's a bittersweet experience. Of course, Holly is thankful that she's learning how to be a good parent. But she's also saddened by the realization that her daughter knows firsthand about the painful effects of drug abuse.

"It's sad that a 4-year-old has to know all about drugs, but I want her to know why I behaved the way I did," says the 25-year-old mother of two.

Holly's downward spiral of drug abuse and child abuse skidded to a stop in May of 1993. That was when neighbors in her apartment complex called the police and reported that her children (then 1 and 3 years of age) were in danger. Within a week both children had fallen down the stairs of the second-story apartment. "I was so tweaked out on drugs that I didn't even know the baby had fallen," Holly says.

When police arrived they found drugs within the toddlers' reach, a bathtub full of water, and other indications that Karen and her baby sister were not being cared for properly. But it was even worse than the police realized.

"I used to tie Karen up and put duct tape on her mouth when I didn't want to listen to her," says Holly. "I didn't like my kids. I didn't want them around, and I couldn't stand for them to touch me. I hadn't wanted either of them, but I didn't believe in abortion.

"I had stopped using drugs for about six months after Karen was born, but when I became pregnant again, I started using them again. I'd haul her out at 1:00 in the morning to try to find drugs anywhere I could—no matter how dangerous the neighborhood."

When the police finally intervened, the children were placed in the temporary custody of their grandparents, and Holly was arrested and subsequently convicted of child endangerment. She was given two choices: go to jail, or enroll in an approved program that would help her get clean and learn how to be a good parent.

Although at that point she didn't believe it was possible for her to be a good mother, she didn't want to serve her one-year sentence in jail, so she opted for the parenting program.

"During the month I spent in jail waiting for sentencing, my baby learned to say, 'Hi, Mommy. I love you.' She learned to say that to me over the phone while I was in jail. I told my parents maybe the best thing that could happen was for my kids to be taken away because I didn't deserve them . . . and I *wasn't* a good parent," she says.

Despite her feelings of hopelessness, Holly enrolled in Paradise Valley Hospital's Healthy Beginnings program, a drug and alcohol treatment program for pregnant women and parents of children.

"Within a month I had a better relationship with my kids," she says. "And I've

learned a *lot*! I now know that Karen can't understand everything I say to her, because she's not an adult. I've learned to talk to her, and she's learning not to be afraid to talk to me. I've learned to play with my kids and have fun.

"I've learned that I *can* deal with their tantrums. I don't have to spank them, and I don't have to lock them up or tie them up. I've learned that it's OK to take time out before reacting. And I do. I take time to say a prayer, and sometimes when Karen has done something, I'll tell her to just sit still and not say anything for a few minutes while I collect myself. And she does it.

"It's all a direct result of the program," says Holly emphatically. The counselors and the support from other parents in similar situations have given her new coping skills and a better understanding of herself and her children.

Although she has new confidence and is enjoying the positive relationship with her children, Holly acknowledges that there are still challenges ahead. "I'm scared," she says. "I've never lived with my kids alone. I've always been either with my parents or with my ex-husband. That scares me, but I think I can do it. Last time I got clean it was because it was what my family wanted me to do. This time it's because I want to."

Holly wants to continue being "a good mommy." Thanks to programs like Paradise Valley Hospital's Healthy Beginnings, toddlers like Karen and moms like Holly have new hope.

Violence Prevention Network

Involving the community in collaboratively finding solutions is another key part of this initiative. Toward that end, a community-based network, comprised of organizations involved in addressing violence, was established. Community service agencies, churches, schools, police departments, emergency services entities such as the fire department, and others, meet quarterly at the Paradise Valley (National City) Seventh-day Adventist Church to discuss issues and identify ways to better integrate their services and make them easier to access.

In addition to developing its own specialized programs, Paradise Valley Hospital participates in various community-based programs, including a gun-exchange program, operated jointly by the police department, a local church, and an apartment complex.

As a pilot demonstration project, the program will operate on a certificate sys-



Forum participants come from all walks of life—representing various professions, ages, and the multicultural aspects of the community served by Paradise Valley Hospital.

tem. Individuals who turn in a gun will be given a certificate, which can then be redeemed for services—including those donated by the physicians (physical examinations, mammograms, etc.). The

community will use the lessons learned from this small pilot program to take the concept of gun exchange to other areas of the city.

Paradise Valley Hospital plans to continue to work closely with youth and other organizations in the community. "We recognize that while we can't totally solve the problems, we can be part of the solution," states Wilson. "We'll just take one step at a time, do what we can do—and do it well!"

And perhaps, because of nontraditional outreaches such as these, we will one day see fewer abused children, fewer drug-addicted teens, and fewer victims of violence on the evening news. We will certainly be making good use of our time as we wait for Jesus to return.

*All names, except those of hospital employees, have been changed.

BULLETINBOARD

To New Posts

Adventist Youth Service

The names of Adventist youth serving all over the world have been appearing as we have space. This section lists only a portion of those who have recently served.

Matthew Leon Rau (WWC), of Grants Pass, Oregon, to serve as English/Bible teacher, Japan SDA English Schools, Yokohama, Japan, left Sept. 1, 1994.

David Matthew Beaman Smith (AU), of Columbia, Maryland, to serve as teacher, Ebeye SDA High School, Marshall Islands, left Aug. 5, 1994.

Joelene Lanae Smith (WMR), of Springville, Utah, to serve as English/Bible teacher, Ecuador Adventist Academy, Pichincha, Ecuador, left June 21, 1994.

Joycelyn Kay Thomson (CUC), of Silver Spring, Maryland, to serve as registrar/teacher, Pohnpei Adventist High School, Kolonia, Pohnpei, left Dec. 29, 1994.

Tyson Ray Willey (AU), of Willits, California, to serve as teacher, Arno SDA Elementary School, Majuro, Marshall Islands, left Jan. 3, 1995.

Regular Missionary Service

The following individuals and their families left for mission service in the latter part of 1994. We wish to acknowledge their service. We regret that their names could not be published sooner because of lack of space. But their work does not go unnoticed, and they remain in our prayers.

Linda Alinsod, returning as senior accountant, Eastern Africa Division, Zimbabwe, Africa.

David Gordon Hardt, with **Carmen Jo (Coy) Hardt**, returning as optometrist, Saipan SDA Clinic, Mariana Islands.

William Lamar Phillips, Jr., with **Felicia Jean (LaVere) Phillips**, to serve as manager, food program, ADRA/Haiti, Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

Charles Howard Schlunt, with **Janet Rae (Wildman) Schlunt** and one child, to serve as lecturer, business administration, Newbold College, England.

Karl Gilbert Wilcox, to serve as English lecturer, Newbold College, Berkshire, England, of Angwin, California.

Robert Richard Wresch, with **Eunice Elnora (Jewell) Wresch** and two children, returning as ophthalmologist, Guam SDA Clinic, Tamuning, Guam.

Nationals Returning

Samuel Adewole Daniyan, with **Ola Jumoke Daniyan** and two children, returning as physician, SDA Hospital Ile-Ife, Nigeria, West Africa.

Adventist Volunteer Services

Summer 1994

Maria Socorro (Cora) Alsaybar, of Avon Park, Florida, to serve as English teacher, English Language Institute, Moscow, Russia.

Nicolas Bosdodore, of Collegedale, Tennessee, to serve as accountant/treasurer, ADRA/AID UNHCR Project, Guinea-Bissau Mission.

Joseph Nicholas Buchi, of Silverdale, Washington, to serve as English teacher, English Language Institute, Moscow, Russia.

Nancy K. Campbell, of Kirkland, Washington, to serve as English teacher, English Language Institute, Moscow, Russia.

Wallace Eberwein, of Orlando, Florida, to serve as English teacher, English Language Institute, Moscow, Russia.

Robert A. E. Ennest, **Shane Rene Ennest**, and **William M. K. Ennest**, of Mississauga, Ontario, to serve as English teachers, English Language Institute, Moscow, Russia.

Theodore S. Flaiz, of Hermiston, Oregon, to serve as relief dentist, Djibouti Adventist Health Center, Republic of Djibouti, accompanied by **Phyllis E. Flaiz**.

Dean Russell Johnson, of Dayton, Ohio, to serve as relief physician, Gimbe Hospital, Wollega, Ethiopia, accompanied by **Gertrude Johnson**.

Joe Nam Ho Kim, of Collegedale, Tennessee, to serve as English teacher, English Language Institute, Moscow, Russia.

Gunter W. Koch, of Buchanan, Michigan, to serve as relief dentist, Djibouti Adventist Health Clinic, Republic of Djibouti, accompanied by **Eona Mae Kyle Koch**.

Aileen Butka Ludington, of Paradise, California, to serve as physician/preventive medicine, Mission Health Promotion Center, Saraburi Province, Thailand, accompanied by **(Don) Clifford Ludington**.

Stanton Lowell Martin, of La Salle, Colorado, to serve as English teacher, English Language Institute, Moscow, Russia.

Gina Carol McHenry, of Angwin, California, to serve as English teacher, English Language Institute, Moscow.

David J. Pappenfus, of Springboro, Ohio, to serve as relief physician, Gimbie Hospital, Wollega, Ethiopia, accompanied by **Sandra Lynn (Mikita) Pappenfus** and two children.

Leticia Rosado Russell, of San Marcos, California, to serve as secretary/English teacher, Sagunto Adventist College, Valencia, Spain.

Mitchell Scoggins, of Des Moines, Iowa, to serve as assistant to project director, ADRA/Somalia, Kenya, East Africa.

Randell Slayton Skau, of Milan, Tennessee, to serve as physician/surgeon, SDA Hospital Ile-Ife, Nigeria, West Africa.

Anna Mara Snellgrove, of Olympia, Washington, to serve as English teacher, English Language Institute, Moscow, Russia.

Glen Leroy Wahlman, of Wilkeson, Washington, to serve as English teacher, English Language Institute, Moscow, Russia.

Stephen Philip Worley, of Roseburg, Oregon, to serve as English teacher, English Language Institute, Moscow, Russia.

Patricia Elaine (Christensen) Biro, of Bremerton, Washington, to serve as English/Bible teacher, Korea SDA Language Institutes, Seoul, Korea, accompanied by **Andrew Biro**.

Marvin LeRoy Allison, of Randallstown, Maryland, to serve as English/Bible teacher, Korea SDA Language Institutes, Seoul, Korea, accompanied by **Marcia Allison**.

Alex Peter Bokovoy, of Hanalei, Hawaii, to serve as physician/surgeon, Andrews Memorial Hospital, Jamaica, West Indies, accompanied by **Sandra Ann Bokovoy**.

Kenneth Dale Chaffee, of Yucaipa, California, to serve as dentist, Guam SDA Clinic, Tamuning, Guam, accompanied by **Sharon Lee Chaffee**.

Ben Chon, of Carson, California, to serve as pastor, Central Asia Conference, Tashkent, Uzbekistan, accompanied by **Mi Cha Chon**.

Dorothy Irene Patrice Donesky, of Loma Linda, California, to serve as health education teacher, Spicer Memorial College, Pune, India.

Donald Christian Fahrback, of Munising, Michigan, to serve as family practice physician, Guam SDA Clinic, Tamuning, Guam, accompanied by **Alice Jane Fahrback**.

James C. Flood, of Loma Linda, California, to serve as physician/consultant, Child Survival IX Project, ADRA/Nepal, Southern Asia.

Gordon William Franklin, of Northome, Minnesota, to serve as family practice physician, Guam SDA Clinic, Tamuning, Guam.

Bing Wang Gale, of Indianapolis, Indiana, to serve as health worker, ADRA/Zaire, Lubumbashi, Africa.

Timothy Holbrook, of Cohutta Springs, Georgia, to serve as mission worker, Alanagan Project, South-Central Luzon Mission, Mindoro, Philippines, accompanied by **Dawn Marie Holbrook** and one child.

John Steven Krum, of Leicester, North Carolina, to serve as builder and health evangelist, Guam-Micronesia Mission, Paata Island, Carolina Islands, accompanied by **Teresa Krum**, to serve as nurse, and two children.

Deborah McGill, of Orange, California, to serve as project coordinator, ADRA/Sri Lanka.

Joel Meyer, of Glenville, West Virginia, to serve as Adventist Frontier Missions worker, Huwas-Nepal Project, Kathmandu, Nepal, accompanied by **Joyce Meyer** and three children.

Maxine Andrea Newell, of Meriden, Connecticut, to serve as English/Bible teacher, Korea SDA Language Institutes, Seoul, Korea.

Louis Prasad Rao, of Gambrills, Maryland, to serve as finance officer, ADRA/Ethiopia, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, accompanied by **Linda Rao**.

Norbert Schwer, of Saint Cloud, Minnesota, to serve as surgeon, Sopas Adventist Hospital, Wabag, Papua New Guinea, accompanied by **Christine Schwer** and two children.

Steven Gerard Siciliano, of Berrien Springs, Michigan, to serve as chaplain/Bible teacher, Ekamai International School, Bangkok, Thailand.

Ronald Lee Van Orden, of Angwin, California, to serve as English/Bible teacher, Korea SDA Language Institutes, Seoul, Korea, accompanied by **Kristina Van Orden**.

Robyn E.M.K. Wheeler, of Hagerstown, Maryland, to serve as English teacher, SDA Secondary School, Cluj, Romania.

Charles Yamishiro, of Kailua, Hawaii, to serve as OB-GYN physician, Guam SDA Clinic, Tamuning, Guam, accompanied by **Naomi Aiko Kono Yamishiro**.

DEATHS

DEGERNESS, Elsie Opp—b. July 24, 1920, North Dakota; d. Mar. 11, 1995, Lincoln, Nebr. She served as a church school teacher in North Dakota. She is survived by two sons, David and Michael; five sisters, Frances Rosin, Lorraine Steiner, Donna Criley, Claudia Anderson, and Karen Schreppe; two brothers, Jack and Jerry; and four grandchildren.

ELDRIDGE, Shirley C.—b. June 10, 1913, New York; d. Dec. 26, 1994, Nashville, Tenn. He taught at Shenandoah Valley Academy; served as a singing evangelist for Glenn Coon; and worked at the Southern Publishing Association from 1942 until 1978. He is survived by his wife, Eleanor; one son, Gary; one daughter, Beverly Stevens; two sisters, Lenora Higgins and Ruth Edwards; and two grandchildren.

EVENS, Marjorie Adale Young—b. Oct. 30, 1901, Illinois; d. Oct. 29, 1994, Grass Valley, Calif. The widow of Harvin Evens, she was the last of the pre-World War II missionaries to Japan. They later served in Michigan, Ontario, and Tennessee, finishing 40 years of denominational service in the Texico Conference. She is survived by two daughters, Barbara Anne Evens-Ferguson and Roma Carolyn Evens-Reynolds; eight grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren.

FITCH, Daisy Swanson—b. Aug. 24, 1906, South Dakota; d. Dec. 24, 1994. She was the widow of Frederick Harry Fitch, who served the church as a janitor of the South Side Seventh-day Adventist Church, in Chicago for many years. Survived by three sons, Charles, William, and James; two daughters, Helen Cali and Orpha Fitch; and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

KATUNDU, Welford William—d. Feb. 14, 1995, Mzimba, Malawi. He began his ministry in 1949, training at Malamulo Mission. He pastored for many years in Malawi and served as president of the North and Central Malawi fields. From 1984 he served as ministerial secretary of the Malawi Union until his retirement. He is survived by his wife; five sons, William, Wellington, Winright, Wongani, and Mbaso; three daughters, Florence, Dingase, and Khaliwe; and 10 grandchildren.

KENNEDY, Jack R.—b. Oct. 20, 1921, California; d. Dec. 25, 1994, Orange, Calif. He served at the Manila Sanitarium and Hospital in the Philippines from 1960 to 1964 and as an associate professor of OB-GYN at Loma Linda University Medical Center from 1964 to 1982.

MOSES, Hannah Chandrakantham—b. Feb. 28, 1942, Lahore, India; d. Mar. 25, 1995, Bangalore, India. She worked for the denomination as a secretary and participated in children's ministries. She was the wife of the assistant secretary of the Southern Asia Division, J. D. Moses. She is survived by her husband; two daughters, Chitra and Esther; a son, Reginald; her mother, Mercy; a sister; and three brothers.

NORDRUM, William E.—b. Sept. 22, 1914, Minnesota; d. Jan. 26, 1995, Glyndon, Minn. He served for 35 years as an accountant, business manager, and school industry manager in Adventist schools in North Dakota, Texas, Arizona, and California. He is survived by his wife, Phoebe; a son, David; a brother, Edward; one grandchild; and three great-grandchildren.

SAHLIN, June Janice—b. June 7, 1922, Missouri; d. Mar. 21, 1995, Loma Linda, Calif. She was a schoolteacher for 29 years, taught children's Bible classes, and was a youth counselor. She is survived by her husband, Carl; two sons, Christopher and Monte; two brothers, Russell and Robert Wilson; and two grandchildren.

WALL, Clinton—b. Mar. 1, 1920, North Dakota; d. Apr. 18, 1995, Portland, Oreg. He served from 1950 to 1986 as food service director for several denominational institutions. After retirement he formed and operated Food Systems International. He set up the food service for the new General Conference building as well as for the past three General Conference sessions. He is survived by his wife, Ethel; two daughters, Christine Bliven and Vicky Bandel; one son, Rick; and seven grandchildren.

WILSON, Hannah Myrtle Wallin—b. Feb. 24, 1898, Minnesota; d. Mar. 18, 1995, Loma Linda, Calif. She served as a homemaker, accompanying her husband, Nathaniel, to many parts of the world where he served the church as a missionary and in administrative capacities from 1924 to 1970. They were married for 73 years. She is survived by two daughters, Clarice Woodward and Ruth Murrill; three sons, Bruce, Donald, and former General Conference president Neal; two sisters, Esther Koch and Inez Harris; 16 grandchildren; and 17 great-grandchildren.

Pacific Press Publishing Association, Inc., Membership Meeting

Official notice is hereby given that the regular meeting of the members of Pacific Press Publishing Association, Inc., will be held on Thursday, August 24, 1995, at the corporation's offices at 1350 N. Kings Road, Nampa, Idaho 83687 at the hour of 7:30 a.m. Included on the agenda are business reports and amendments of the corporation's bylaws.

Robert J. Kloosterhuis, *Board Chair*
Robert E. Kyte, J.D., *President*
Ross Lauterbach, *Secretary*

Romans 13 Is for Speeders

I was in the Chattanooga airport one morning waiting for a plane to take me to Atlanta en route to Orlando. There was a terrible storm in progress, and no planes were arriving or leaving. The airport was full of disgruntled people, mumbling and grumbling.

After a long wait I heard an announcement that the plane I wanted had not yet left Atlanta, where the storm was just getting started. I turned to the man behind me and muttered, "Same old story; if you have time to spare, go by air."

He replied that it was absolutely essential that he get to West Palm Beach, Florida, where his father was to undergo very serious surgery the next day. "If I have to, I'll drive, at least to Atlanta."

"May I go with you?" I asked.

"Yeah, sure," said John, heir to several large department stores if his father should succumb.

As we were heading out of the airport John spotted a friend and asked if that man would like to drive to Atlanta. His friend did want to go along, so he and I went to the corner to wait for John to bring the car.

The friend told me that John had a terrible reputation for fast driving. He recounted stories of how John had set new records and always beat the plane on short trips—for example, to Knoxville or Nashville. "I know him and his wife well; they are in my Bible class."

Spontaneous Bible Study

As we pulled out onto Interstate 75, the friend reached into his pocket and pulled out his New Testament. "Well, while we ride let's have a little Bible study."

He then read Romans 13 in the following manner:

"Everyone should obey Georgia traffic laws, for the authority of the Georgia Highway Patrol is derived from God's author-



*We wanted to get
from Chattanooga
to Atlanta fast.
A storm had
grounded our
plane, so we
rented a car.*

ity and appointed under God. To drive over 55 miles per hour, then, is to oppose God's authority, and such opposition is bound to be punished.

"The citizen who drives 55 has no fear of the Georgia Highway Patrol, but the speeder will always be afraid. If you wish to avoid this anxiety, just drive 55 miles per hour. Then all that can come your way is a word of approval.

"The Georgia Highway Patrol is God's servant for your protection. However, if you are driving 75 miles per hour, you do have reason to be alarmed. The Power of the Law which is vested in every trooper is no empty phrase. He bears the ticket book for a purpose. He is, in fact, divinely appointed to punish those who speed.

"You must therefore drive only 55 miles per hour, not simply because it is safer, but because it is the right thing to do. It is right also for you to pay your taxes, for the government is appointed by God for the constant maintenance of public order. Give everyone his legitimate due, whether it be the toll or reverence or honor."

John took the message seriously. It was interesting that in the next 95 miles we saw 11 highway patrol cars, all with blue lights flashing and either in hot pursuit or citing malefactors for their miscreancy.

Romans 13 and posted limits have been an interesting and important help to me ever since.



William A. Iles is a business consultant who writes from Longwood, Florida.

BY WILLIAM A. ILES

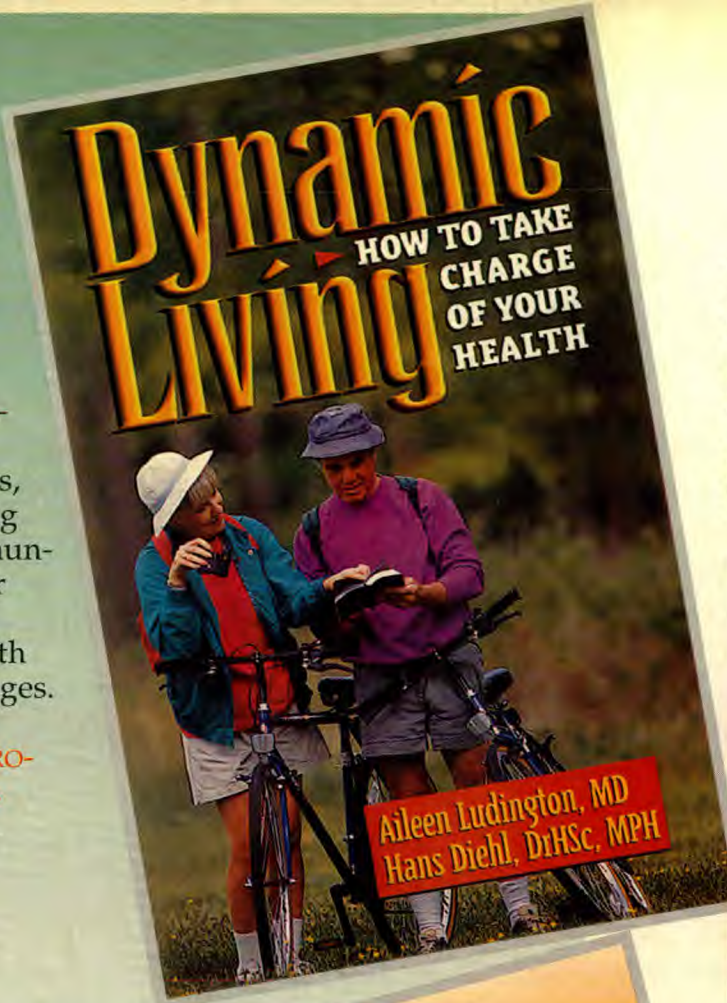
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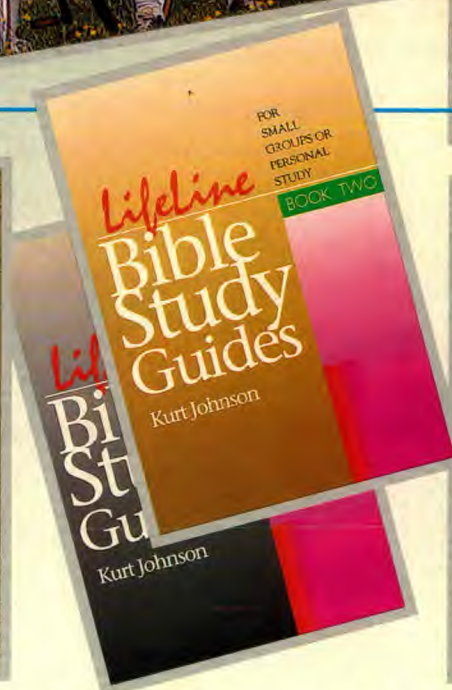
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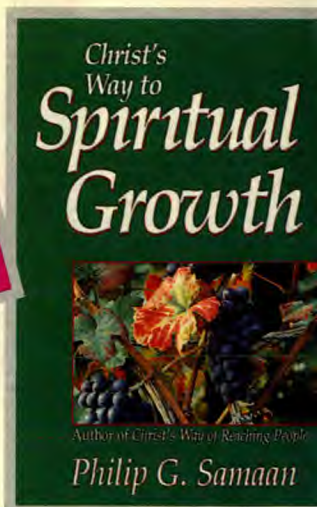
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