



ADVENTIST Review

AUGUST 22, 1996

AnchorPoints

**Saying No
With Dignity**

**Jesus,
Man of
Prayer**

**I Tasted God's
Lilies**

LETTERS

Timely Words

Having just received your June 27 issue, I am overjoyed that the Lord knows better for me than I do. Surely the writers are inspired by Him to share counsel, inspiration, and wisdom from heavenly gates with those of us camping on Planet Earth—we hope for only a short time. I enjoy the “reaching out and touching” made possible through the ministry of the *Adventist Review*. May God richly bless you!

—L. C. Fagin, Jr.
104474,36

Political Labels

In Lester Bennett’s “Call Me Christian” (June 27) the definition of a liberal was



not quoted. A liberal is “not sticking to the letter; liberal interpretation of rules.”

What is wrong with trying to conserve or preserve our church?

Liberals do not want to follow modest dress standards, health reform, church and Sabbath school attendance. They do what they feel like doing. Isn’t this what Satan’s world is telling us?

Maybe we need to be more disciplined. *Being* liberal (generous) and *being a* liberal (doing as you please) are different.

—Joan Bailey
MICKLETON, NEW JERSEY

Being labeled by church members is nothing new to me. I’ve been called conservative, liberal, moderate, even a Jesuit. Often I have found myself squarely in the middle between the staunch conservative and liberal camps, each attempting to draw my full allegiance to their respective sides. Often the tug-of-war has left me beleaguered, even very lonely in the church, as I tried to maintain Christlike balance.

Lester Bennett’s article is a masterpiece that gives me something within the church I can readily identify with immediately and wholeheartedly. I find that I followed much the same path he did in discovering the painful truth about using labels to pulverize people and protect positions.

Yes, Christian is the badge we are to wear. Let us trash the stereotypical labels and promote the honor of the name of Christ and be exclusively, wonderfully, and uniquely Christian.

—Kevin James, PASTOR
HATTIESBURG, MISSISSIPPI

Youthful Inspiration

Highest kudos to Andy Nash for his AnchorPoints article “For Keeps” (June 27). Not only was the article’s content an inspiration to me, but also the fact that it was written by a “young” Adventist renews my confidence in the community of Adventist leadership in the future. Remember when we stood in their place eagerly hoping an “older” Adventist would encourage us? There

is much we older Adventists stand to learn, if we just give the younger set a patient, understanding ear.

—Valerie Noodel
TYLER, TEXAS

By Its Right Name

“The sermon was about sin,” writes Kit Watts about one pastor’s Christmas message (“Your Church—A Center for Hurt or Hope?” June 27).

But as I see it, we have a problem with sin among our people, including yours truly. Perhaps the biggest part of the problem is no one wants to talk about sin from the pulpit or around the discussion table.

We are getting caught up with being all-loving, all-caring for all people. That is the goal. But the problem is we are, as a people, practicing so much sin on a daily basis we don’t have time or thoughts to be the ultimate representative of Christ.

It is easy to find members saying that the church is like a hospital, a place of healing. However, we overlook the diagnosis before we try the healing process. Ever see a doctor grab a knife and cut the sick open without first trying to determine what needs to be fixed?

—Ferd Moreno
PORTLAND, OREGON

Big Brother

For me, it’s both yes and no as to agreeing with Myron Widmer’s ideas in “Mousetrap Theology” (June 27).

Indeed, we don't want to instill fear of God as one who spies on all we do, to detect and punish wrongs! At the same time, in a careful way, we should impress upon our children's minds a sense of loving responsibility to our supremely great and awesome Creator God, who has all knowledge. No one can hide wrong from God's all-seeing eyes.

—**Blossom F. Vasser**
LIVINGSTON, NEW YORK

Never Too Late

"Remembering Dad" (June 27) brought back memories of my grandfather's deathbed confession after a lifelong resistance to many prayers. I was 12 at the time. This article renewed my faith that I will see Grandpa in heaven.

—**Sterling Wheeler**
GRAVITY, IOWA

Sabbath Truths

We always enjoy Clifford Goldstein's articles about religious liberty. "The Sabbath and the End" (June 27) is no exception. About two thirds through, however, the following got my attention: "Time, in and of itself, means nothing. God could have blessed and sanctified the first, third, or fifth day."

Creation was not complete on the first, third, or fifth day. The Sabbath, according to the commandment, is about "rest"—the rest that comes after a work is completed.

Again Sabbath rest is emphasized when at Sinai people of Israel were instructed that the Sabbath was to remind them of their deliverance from Egyptian bondage. They were now a free people.

Explicitly recorded is that Jesus rested in the tomb on "the Sabbath." This was His signature that the provision for salvation was completed. Sinners could now be a free people.

Isaiah tells us that the Sabbath will be celebrated throughout eternity. It

will constantly remind us that salvation is a completed act. Forever free!

—**Frederick E. Kent, M.D. (retired)**
TEHACHAPI, CALIFORNIA

I was so impressed by Clifford Goldstein's closing remark: Truths "need to touch both the head and the heart to really take root in the soul." It has helped me understand why some individuals accept truth and others do not.

—**Carleen Bolin**
CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

Deferred Payment

I can easily relate to Miriam Wood's "Long Ago and Not So Far Away" (Apr. 25). I taught Spanish and English at San Diego Academy during the Depression. One day I was told I would have to quit—unless I was willing to teach for \$50 a month. (I had been getting \$100.) I had little choice but to accept. I bought my dresses at the thrift shop for \$1 each. One day my father bought me a box of sweet potatoes, and I lived on them for a week.

Just recently I received a letter from a former student who had spent 25 years as a missionary in South America—using the Spanish I taught him! I felt well repaid.

—**Mary (Hayton) Knight**
KAILUA KONA, HAWAII

Letters Policy

The Review welcomes your letters. Short, pointed letters are the most effective and have the best chance at being published. Letters will be edited for space and clarity only. Send correspondence to Letters to the Editor, Adventist Review, 12501 Old Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, MD 20904-6600; Internet: A11111AREAT@attmail.com; CompuServe network: 74617,15; Prodigy network: VRUN29R.

ADVENTIST Review

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ADVENTIST Review

"Behold, I come quickly . . ."

Our mission is to uplift Jesus Christ through stories of His matchless love, news of His present workings, help for knowing Him better, and hope in His soon return.

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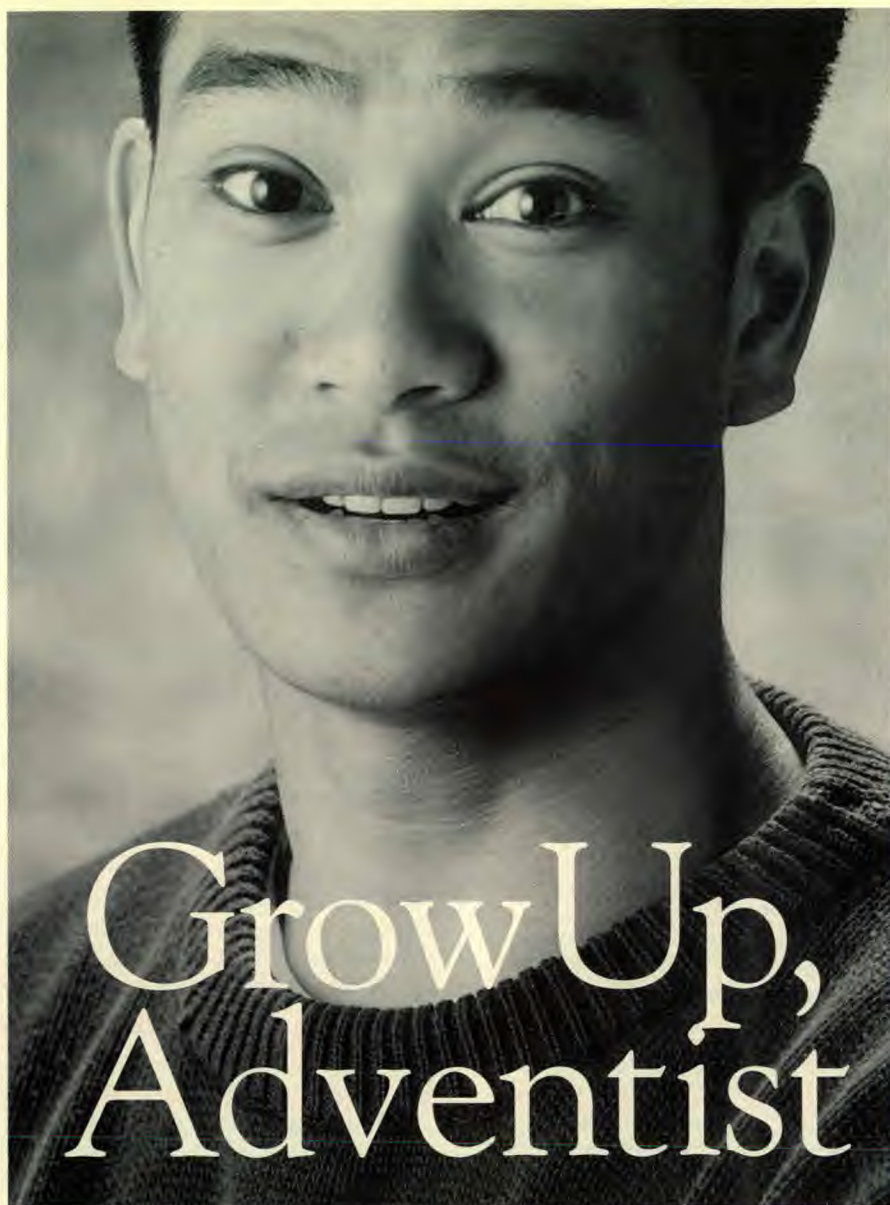
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Grow Up, Adventist

My mom and dad seem to think that just because people my age say things differently and ask tough questions that we don't have much of a relationship with God. That's not it at all. My parents are the ones who taught me about Jesus in the first place. I haven't forgotten. I'm just trying to make it my own.

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Why Remember?

August 22 is probably an ordinary day for you. For me it is an anniversary. No matter how hot or dry it may be where I am, on August 22 I instantly see fog shrouding a distant shoreline just beyond a long thin line of gray water. Over my shoulder a foghorn bellows.

For a moment I am 11 years old again, standing on a tiny oceangoing freighter that is about to complete its 16-day voyage across the Pacific. The foghorn resonates across the water and shakes my body with its overpowering hollow sound.

I see tugboats nudging us across Yokohama harbor toward our mooring. On the dock far below, I watch people scurrying about in the steamy rain, carrying black umbrellas, wearing black rubber boots, and speaking a language I do not know.

In 1955 we were new missionaries. Soon my parents, my brother, and I would walk down the gangplank to a new life in a new land. And August 22 is shorthand for that great mixture of feelings and memories that shaped my life.

To some people anniversaries are excess baggage. Goal-oriented people, in particular, are usually about as interested in anniversaries as they are in having sandbags tied to their feet.

What if today is your wedding anniversary? You're still married, aren't you? Why notice a friend's birthday? Aren't birthday celebrations just for children? Does it matter if your congregation was organized 25 years ago, or that your college just turned 100? It's all passé. Boring!

Tomorrow is what we want. We see life as a race, and if we look back, we'll break our stride. It may come as a surprise to us to learn that anniversaries can have a very powerful influence on our lives.

There are cases, for example, of people ending up in the hospital, run-down, lethargic, depressed—and getting worse. All for “no reason.” Only by gentle questioning and careful listening do doctors, chaplains, and counselors discover a significant anniversary that the patient has forgotten. Perhaps the key is learning that the patient is 36. And how old was the patient's father when he died? Age 36.

Without realizing it, the patient was shutting down, getting

ready to die. Such cases suggest that while our minds may forget or deliberately discount powerful events that have shaped our lives, our bodies often remember.

*Have some of us
become spiritually
and socially senile?*

Memory is truly one of God's greatest gifts to human beings. If you've ever seen a dear one become senile or develop Alzheimer's you know this. The person still looks the same, still eats, and sleeps and speaks. But a light has gone out. He doesn't recognize anyone. Her identity has vanished.

Family members, once beloved, are now mere moving blobs to whom the person reacts with indifference.

One day has become the same as the next. There is no differentiation.

God Loves Anniversaries

I fear that some of us—in our earnestness to accomplish more, do it better, and never waste a minute or a dollar—may have become socially and spiritually senile.

We see no value in differentiation. In anniversaries. In celebrations. Or in remembering.

The Bible teaches otherwise, I think. There is little in the Bible that praises a utilitarian lifestyle or one focused completely on efficiency.

The God I find in Scripture delights in anniversaries. And not just the kind that come around once a year. After only six short days God declared a holiday! “Remember the Sabbath”—every single week.

Again and again we are told to remember. Remember our Creator. Remember how God has led us. Remember that we have been delivered from bondage. Remember the covenant. Remember God's generous blessings. Remember.

And hallelujah, those who remember will be remembered! We will be remembered in Paradise. Our names will be written in the book of life. Our life experience will be remembered as God chooses for each of us a new name. When we remember the past we can lay claim to the future. And one day we shall dwell in the house of the Lord. Forever.



Heavenly Hosts

A friend from Scotland, Roger Hunter, feels hot anger whenever someone mentions the Pirates of the Caribbean ride at Disney World.

This may surprise you. It did me. I loved the Pirates of the Caribbean ride—the sudden plunge over the waterfall, the mock ship battles, the very real-looking pirates and their dogs, and especially the theme song: “Yo, ho, ho ho, the pirate’s life for me.”

I think Roger would have enjoyed the Pirates of the Caribbean ride, too. If it hadn’t broken down for 20 minutes. Under the bridge. Just below the old, drunken pirate. The one programmed to lift his hairy arm and say “Ohhhhh.” Every five seconds.

That’s 240 “Ohhhhhhs” Roger sat through.

“I feel like I have been mind-controlled,” Roger said later. “And if I ever hear that pirate song again, I shall go berserk and attack all those round about me.”

Now, Roger’s nightmare at Disney World isn’t the norm. If it were, you wouldn’t see thousands of families sprinting from their rental cars to the monorail every morning. Still, as Roger can attest, some of Disney’s guests feel more welcome than others.

Our church sits figuratively in the same boat. In many cases we’re decent hosts, but recently I’ve encountered at least three stories that show we have a long way to go. A newly baptized couple blasted because they brought a cheese-filled dish to a potluck. A non-Adventist having a crisis pregnancy and needing compassion and financial support from her Adventist friends—instead receiving a packet of doctrinal studies. A sixth-grade girl hurt by cold stares and regular lectures at Sabbath school. “I would *love* to learn more about God,” she wrote to me. “But my teachers can’t seem to see past the baggy pants wearing, loud music listening, outer core of our generation and into our hearts.”

One-in-a-million episodes? I wish. Such arm-flailing “Ohhhhs” occur more than they should—and as much as I love our message, Christian sociologist Tony Campolo is right: too often Adventist churches are exclusive “country clubs.”

Why don’t we get it? What keeps us from showing the genuine love and acceptance that our guests (and new members) crave? *Truth*: Too often we’re either so arrogant about

having it, or so incredibly eager to share it, that our guests end up like Roger—looking for the nearest exit.

Truth: Is there no place for it? Of course there is. “And this is my prayer,” writes Paul, “that your love may abound more and more in knowledge and depth of insight, so that you may be able to discern what is best” (Phil. 1:9, NIV).

But Paul’s advice about “knowledge” and “insight” assumes a foundational love that comes only by building people’s trust. How do we build their trust? Like this:

Car radio blaring heavy metal into the church driveway? Be thrilled that they stopped by. Earrings worn to worship? Tell her (or him) she looks nice. A reference to grandma looking down from heaven? Keep your mouth closed. A cheese or meat dish innocently brought to potluck? Eat the dish.

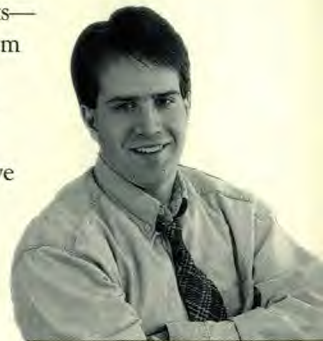
Hold the truth; build the trust.

These ideas don’t come easy for me. I’m more comfortable winning heads than hearts. But some lessons are learned the hard way. Too often as a student missionary teaching in Thailand I would expound in Bible class about Jesus’ approachability, then escape downstairs to my apartment to avoid the postclass small talk, which is what my students really wanted in the first place.

Further, in my own life I *want* truth. I *want* counsel. Those closest to me—my wife, my friends—can critique me whenever they like. And though I wish they’d stop calling so much, I value their words because I know they’re making me better. Nothing they could say or do would unhinge my belief in this church. I’m in for the long haul.

But for our new members, our NET ’96 guests, our “spiritual infants,” we must soften our approach. We must treat them as *literal* infants—looking for any chance to draw them close, to overwhelm them with acceptance, to win their smiles, to love our way into their lives.

Only then will they know that we are His disciples. Only then will they sprint from their cars, eager to learn more about the Jesus we invite them to worship, no matter how baggy their pants.



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INTRODUCING . . . CHURCH OF THE MONTH

Would you like to open the *Adventist Review* and see a picture of your church?

Beginning soon, we'll feature one Adventist congregation each month. What's special about your church? When was it founded? What kind of people make up your present membership? In what ways do you worship and socialize? In what type of setting does your church exist? Cold weather? Hot weather? Small town? Big city?

Up to the challenge? Send a color photo of your membership posed outside your church (a fun variation would be to have members dressed in their work or school clothes—since we often don't see them that way) and a short essay describing your church to: Church of the Month, *Adventist Review*, 12501 Old Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, Maryland 20904. (Please include phone number.)

141 YEARS AGO . . .

Sabbathkeeping Adventists recognized that past practices didn't automatically establish truth.

A number of Adventists had accepted the seventh-day Sabbath as early as 1844, but most had observed the time of worship between 6:00 p.m. Friday and 6:00 p.m. Saturday.

Indeed, Joseph Bates, most prominent in writing articles on the seventh-day Sabbath, held stoutly to the 6:00 p.m. position.

In 1848 James White wrote: "Here is where the Sabbath begins at 6:00 p.m. Satan would get us from this time. But let us stand fast in the Sabbath as God has given it to us and Brother Bates. God has raised up Brother Bates to give this truth."

In August 1855, however, White urged ministers to give the question of the commencement of the Sabbath a thorough investigation from the Scriptures. J. N. Andrews, who had earlier held to the 6:00 p.m. time, conducted a major study that resulted in near unanimity for the sunset position.

"It is always our duty," wrote Andrews, "to correct our errors when we see them; and, however sincerely we may have acted in the past, we can no longer act so, if when we see a fault as such, or a mistake we refuse to acknowledge it."

—compiled by Bert Haloviak, GC Office of Archives and Statistics



PHOTO: DISC

BACK TO BLACKBERRY



THE WAY WE WERE: As it turns out, Becky Lane isn't the only person with fond memories of the Blackberry SDA Church in Grand Rapids, Minnesota (see "What My Church Did Right," July 25). *Review* associate editor Myron Widmer attended Blackberry from 1952 to 1955—several years before Becky was born—and has a photo to prove it. (Widmer is kneeling in the front row beside the girl in the hat, his sister Elaine.) His parents, Rubin and Delores (top left corner), had rented a farmhouse owned by Becky Lane's great-grandfather and concurrently pastored Blackberry and four other churches in the district, including Hibbing and International Falls. At the Widmers' farewell party (they left for Mount Pleasant, Michigan), Myron and Elaine left their peers with an unforgettable gift—a bad case of the measles.

I Tasted God's Lilies

My husband's disease was killing both of us.

BY SHERIAN ATKINS WILLS

I stared at the strange words scribbled across the pad he'd placed in my hand and tried to comprehend their meaning—"I tasted the lilies last night, and they are so sweet!"

How odd, I thought as I glanced at my husband's small, frail frame lying white against the sheets of his hospital bed. Larry hadn't tasted *anything* for months. He had been on tube feedings. Besides, you don't *taste* lilies; you *smell* them. Or do you? I wondered.

My thoughts wove an intricate pattern of patchwork, then finally came into focus on the first swath of the quilt—where it all began.

A cold March wind whipped around the car and whistled through the window glass as Larry squeezed our Honda between two cars in the hospital parking lot. Angry clouds gathered in the gray morning light—an omen of the turbulent storm about to beset our lives.

Inside the hospital Larry was given a gown and an injection to calm his nerves. I was told to go to the waiting area, where the doctor would phone me when my husband's biopsy was completed.

My fingers drummed nervously on the table beside me. Thoughts of the past clouded my mind as my





undigested breakfast churned in my stomach.

Larry had been on antibiotics for the past three months. Still, his sore throat persisted and the lymph gland behind his left ear had grown to the size of a large hen's egg.

The ring of the waiting room phone shattered my thoughts and brought me back to the present. I snatched the receiver from its cradle. "Hello?" My voice sounded apprehensive and frail.

"Your husband is in recovery and doing fine," the impersonal voice on the other end of the line said. "He can go home this afternoon, and I'll see him in the office on Monday."

The doctor hung up before I could ask the much-dreaded question, so I pushed my fears aside and looked forward to the weekend.

Monday arrived all too quickly, however. When Larry returned home after his appointment, his dejected face told me more than I wanted to know. "Inoperable cancer," he pronounced. Instantly the monster of fear sprang to life. Fear—a crippling emotion that in me produces nausea, vomiting, and diarrhea. That night I had all these plus more.

During the course of the next few

tumor began to shrink.

During the treatments Larry lost 42 pounds. Not only was he nauseated, but he had radiation burns on his tongue, where the source of the primary tumor had been found.

At that point I wondered if the treatments weren't doing more harm than good. But soon the tumor was eradicated and the lymph gland had been reduced to normal. It seemed as if God had given us a miracle. Little did we know that the cancer only lay dormant, ready to spring to life as a young lioness pounces upon her prey.

Sure enough, nine months later another lump appeared. This time it was on the opposite side of Larry's neck. By then his physician had moved out of town, so we were forced to find another doctor.

The new

days, my energy was expended in agony and tears. First I'd plead with God. Then I'd bargain, "God, if You'll only heal Larry, I'll . . ."

But the omniscient and ever-wise God is not to be reckoned with in limited human terms. So the day arrived for my husband to begin his radiation and chemotherapy treatments. Almost immediately the

physician ordered an immediate biopsy. Once again I hugged the fear close to me, and the nausea returned. Instead of turning to God for strength, I looked to the human strength of a friend.

Surgery was scheduled for 2:00 in the afternoon. But the transport didn't come for him until 4:30. During that time Larry and I tried to reassure each other with words of comfort that neither of us believed. We held hands and prayed for God's watchcare during the surgery.

We were told the procedure would take about an hour and a half, so my friend drove me to a nearby mall for supper. The food stuck to my mouth, and I could not swallow.

"Come on," she suggested after we ate, "let's walk through the mall and see the Christmas decorations." But my mind was back in the surgical unit where my husband of 25 years lay on a green-draped table.

Back at the hospital the seconds turned into minutes and minutes into hours. By 10:00 I was nearly hysterical. The *not knowing* was more than I could bear. "Please," I begged the nurse, "find out something!"

The nurse phoned the recovery room and found they had just brought Larry in. The right lymph gland had



ALL PHOTOS BY PHOTODISC



been cancerous, so it had been removed. Larry had been given four units of blood during surgery. Later he would require two more units because of excessive bleeding and surgical repair of the leak.

Eventually life returned to some semblance of normality. But angry clouds of doubt still hung darkly above our heads. Meanwhile, Larry was growing closer to the Lord, while I only grew more bitter. *How could a loving God allow such a thing to happen to one of His children?* On the night of Larry's rebaptism I sat on the front pew of the church, but I felt no joy. My heart was a hard, cold stone lying heavily upon my chest.

A few months later soreness returned to Larry's throat. Still another biopsy was performed. The cancer had returned. Because of the considerable swelling, the doctor inserted a tube into the trachea to ensure proper breathing.

"You may see your husband now," the doctor said afterward, "but please don't tell him anything just yet. I'd rather talk to him myself."

As I walked into the room, Larry's pleading, desperate eyes were more than I could stand. He tried to speak,

but no sound came. He indicated that he wanted to write. I handed him paper and a pen. "What's happened?" he scribbled. "I can't speak! Is the cancer back?"

I could not lie. I would have destroyed the trust I saw in his child-like face. "Yes, it's back," I replied. "They had to put in a tracheal tube."

The next morning I was given a quick lesson in "trach care," and Larry was released. More surgery was scheduled for the following week.

Back home I felt as if I were on a freight train plummeting over the side of a cliff. The fear of performing medical procedures for which I had no training was almost overwhelming. I knew I could no longer handle this burden alone. I saw that my worrying had not changed anything and was only making me ill. So I relinquished the problem to God. "Dear God," I prayed, "I know that You love Larry even more than I do, so I'll trust You to do whatever is best for him."

Suddenly peace flooded my soul, and the calm remained with me throughout Larry's surgery the next week.

The cancer was so extensive that the surgeon had to remove Larry's voice box, the remaining lymph

gland, and a portion of the tongue. The excessive swelling injured both optic nerves, which left Larry legally blind. He also had much hearing loss. Nevertheless, he quickly learned to communicate through the written word. Forty-five days later he was released to come home.

Our lives were never the same again. Life evolved into a day-to-day battle for survival. It remains in my memory as a blur of doctor appointments, chemotherapy sessions, trach care, dressing changes, emergency room visits, tube feedings, oxygen therapy, and daily hemorrhages.

Throughout this time Larry remained cheerful—his faith in God never wavered. I, however, was on a roller coaster of emotion. I'd praise God one moment, and with the next breath I'd accuse Him of cruel indifference.

Now here I was, nearly two years later, down to the last patch on the quilt. I stared at those strange words scribbled across the page—"I tasted the lilies last night, and they are so sweet."

"Did you dream of heaven?" I asked.

"No!" Larry indicated by a shake of his head and a fist slammed against his bed for emphasis. Then he scratched on paper, "It was real!"

That night when I went home to my cold, empty house, I fell on my knees and prayed, "O God, this burden is too great. Please give me *Your* strength for whatever lies ahead. I still wish for Larry to be healed; nevertheless, *Thy* will be done."

A few days later Larry's eyes closed in death; I watched as he drew his last breath. But I was at peace. God's presence filled my life with the assurance of His love as a fragrant blossom fills a room with its aroma. I too tasted God's lilies, and they are indeed sweet. ■

Sherian Atkins Wills is a freelance writer who lives in Bedford, Virginia.



Sanctuary of the Soul

Finding solitude in the midst of stress

BY Greg G. Rumsey

SOME PLACES NATURALLY LEND themselves to inspiration and worship. My son Tim and I backpacked for the first time last summer in the Rockies of central Colorado. Our four-day expedition took us over the 14,196-foot peak of Mount Yale and through luscious forests within view of the Continental Divide. While the experience taxed us physically more than we expected, it also fed our souls, affording a welcome escape from life's merry-go-round.

Sabbath morning found us perched high above Hartenstein Lake, accessible only by trail, miles from any road traffic. For days we had been separated from the sights and sounds of modern life, the "groaning coil of civilization," as Peter Steinhart put it more than 10 years ago. And there on that slope, on the threshold between timber and tundra, bathed in God's midsummer sun, we opened our Bibles. For an hour or so, we shared favorite passages, contemplated their relevance in our lives, and simply absorbed the quiet splendor of our blue-sky cathedral.

We even sang a few hymns before closing our special little church service with prayer.

A setting like the above invites a worshipful response from the heart. In other places, one must search harder to find such solitude. One mid-July our family spent three days in a very different kind of environment, deep in the core of New York City. Midtown Manhattan. What a contrast to Hartenstein Lake! Skyscrapers reach up for air in crowded clusters like stalagmites with a million windowpanes rising from the floor of a cave. On the streets below, Manhattan's 11,000-plus taxis surge from one intersection to another in unrelenting waves of yellow, honking as they go.

Meanwhile, the frequent roar of the subway trains thunders below the sidewalks with such mass and speed that you can feel them coming even above ground. One of the impressions I'll never forget is the picture of a young man down in the subway tunnel who was standing right by the tracks as an express train sped past. The clicking of the wheels on the tracks produced a rhythmic pattern, and this fellow saw the whole thing as a kind of musical experience. He was "directing" the movement of that train with all the style and form of a director of the symphony.

Indeed, New York is a unique environment. And through it all, the people who live, work, and shop there every day walk the sidewalks and crisscross the street jungle in throngs, undaunted by the jangle and the press of the multitude. Generally they are friendly, but frantic—willing to help, but hurried in their all-consuming pace of life.

Yet amid all the cacophony and clamor, downtown New



York City has its quiet places, too. Even sacred places. Toward the end of our second full day walking amid those skyscrapers, we came upon one of this country's most prominent places of worship, St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. Stepping inside for a short visit, we felt as if we had entered a different world. The soft flames of small candles flickered peacefully under magnificent reaches of vertical space capped by ornate Gothic-style arches and spires. Though no service was in progress, scores of people were scattered throughout the vast sea of pews, some kneeling, some seated in reflective thought. Stained-glass windows filtered the incoming light into a tranquil montage of subdued colors inside. The mammoth yet delicately appointed stone edifice, built over a 20-year span in the nineteenth century, afforded us a welcome oasis from the city outside.

How glad I am that God has given us sanctuaries of stone and brick and timber where we can meet Him, as well as other believers! I'm glad for my local church sanctuary and for my pastoral staff. I'm grateful, too, that God has provided natural sanctuaries where we can steal away to meet Him alone at times—whether on the mountaintop, by the seaside, or perhaps just on the open prairie.

But we can't be in these spiritually enriched havens all the time. And fortunately, we don't need to be. Because God has given each of us a portable sanctuary of sorts—the one we carry around right in our own soul. In fact, in the final analysis that's the only sanctuary that really matters. That's where the blessings derived from all these external places of worship find their soil for growth—in the garden of our heart. That's where true communion with our Maker culminates. And we can take that essence—that worship experience—with us wherever we go.

"He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint" (Isa. 40:29-31).

One of my favorite Bible stories is that of the stormy night on the Sea of Galilee, when the disciples were gripped with panic while Jesus slept. Amid all the noise, confusion, and anxiety the disciples felt over their perceived danger at sea, Jesus remained calm and serene. That sanctuary in His soul kept Him in touch with His heavenly Father. It was the same sanctuary that later sustained Him through the cruel ordeal and clamor of His trial and crucifixion.

That inner peace and joy is just as available to us as it was to the Master of the stormy waters. The Bible says Moses carried that sanctuary experience with him down Mount Sinai after meeting with God and receiving the tables of stone. "The skin of his face shone" (Ex. 34:30) with the glow radiating from within him. The apostle Stephen had it just before he

was stoned. He saw "the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God" (Acts 7:56).

We can have it too. Ellen White says, "We must individually hear Him speaking to the heart. When every other voice is hushed, and in quietness we wait before Him, the silence of the soul makes more distinct the voice of God. He bids us, 'Be still, and know

that I am God' (Ps. 46:10). . . . Amid the hurrying throng, and the strain of life's intense activities, the soul that is thus refreshed will be surrounded with an atmosphere of light and peace" (*The Desire of Ages*, p. 363).

Aren't those encouraging words? We each have within our body temple a place where God can dwell—indeed, where He *wants* to dwell. And we can take that with us anywhere, while the tempest rages and the waves break over and around us.

Physical cathedrals and churches are a vital part of our spiritual experience. Nothing can replace the nourishment and fellowship that come from worshipping together as a people in God's house. But when it comes to meeting the Monday-through-Friday reality of life, that worship experience must extend beyond church walls built by human hands, and it can. God says He wants to dwell not only "in the high and holy place," but also "with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit" (Isa. 57:15).

The real focus of His kingdom is not in a stone cathedral or a stone mountainside. No, "the kingdom of God," Christ said, "is within you" (Luke 17:21). ■

*Stepping inside
for a short visit,
we felt as if
we had entered
a different
world.*

Greg G. Rumsey is associate professor of communication at Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska.



Making a Little Do a Lot

For them the glass was always half full.

BY MIRIAM WOOD

THE AFTERMATH OF WORLD WAR I turned into the Great Depression of the 1930s. Adventist families—thrifty by nature—learned to stretch their resources even further to be able to provide church schools and Christian education for their children.

Then came World War II. Buildings started when the Depression had begun to ease now had to be abandoned for lack of materials; many commodities went into fueling America's war effort.

But still Adventists were not deterred from having schools for their children. Throughout the twenties, thirties, and forties even though the rugged individuals who taught in these schools faced some rather unusual circumstances, their philosophy was: "The children will be taught—no matter what."

M Is for Making Do

It was common in those days for school to be held in part of the church building, often in the sanctuary. "My schoolroom was in the back half of the church," recalled Carolyn Seamount. "A curtain hung across the middle of the room to separate the 'school' from the rest of the room." She also described how desks consisted of wooden boxes attached to hooks that hung from the backs of the pews.

"On Friday," said Seamount, "it was my job to unhook the 'desks' from the pews and stack them neatly in the back of the church. I also carefully swept and dusted so that all would be clean when the curtains were opened for Sabbath services."

Such an arrangement was, of course, less than ideal. But in that community it represented the best accommodations available at the time. There were some schools that had to make do with less—sometimes a lot less.

Leah Graham taught 17 students in a church vestibule (the room between the building's entrance and the sanctuary). One can only imagine her state of mind when she was told that this small room was going to be the seat of higher education for the next nine months.

When Graham first laid eyes on it, the room was practically bare. There were no desks, no chalkboards, no bookcases, no bulletin boards—there was practically nothing. But with the help of one of the church members, Leah rummaged through the church basement and found a few old desks to which they nailed wooden planks for the students to write on, a decrepit bookcase that they used to hold the students' lunch pails, and a long board into which they pounded nails for the students to hang their coats and sweaters.

C Is for Cooperation

In one of her first years of teaching, Mary Bishop arrived by train in a small town in Oregon, only to be told that the school had burned to the ground just the day before. It never occurred to those Adventists to postpone plans for having a school that year. "We set up school in the living room of one of our parents' homes," she said. "And we had school very successfully."

Of course, some schools had the luxury of having classes in buildings designed for that purpose. But even then

circumstances were often less than ideal. Bessie Steele Parrish, then 19, began her first year of teaching in Hagerstown, Maryland. When she arrived she discovered the schoolroom was still unfinished. One of the church members opened one of the rooms of her house to Bessie and her 26 students, who ranged in age from 5 to 17.

There were no desks, books, or blackboards, but Bessie entertained the comforting thought that all her problems would be solved when the schoolroom was finished.

A month later Bessie and her students moved into their schoolroom—a whitewashed portion of the church basement. But what should have been the solution to all her problems had problems of its own. “The little church sat beside the railroad tracks,” she recalled, “and the big locomotives burned soft coal. The 27 of us always had black nostrils and grimy hands from so much dust and soot.”

As if to add insult to injury, the room also had a coal-burning stove with an isinglass door. “I think the children enjoyed poking holes in the isinglass, and I was too young to realize that the holes prevented the stove from drafting properly,” she said.

A unique, symbiotic relationship between the school, the church, and the parents developed when the material needs of the school rose to the top of everyone’s collective consciousness. In New London, Connecticut, Edna Stevens taught in a building that had been moved onto a lot in a small, rough, rocky valley. To save money, those involved thought that instead of stairs leading up to the school building, the teacher and her students should be satisfied with a plank that, though not as attractive as stairs, would accomplish the same purpose.

Then came the Thanksgiving



program. After parents had to “walk the plank,” real wooden stairs materialized within a few days.

Edna was told at the beginning of the school year that there was enough scrap wood lying around the schoolyard to feed the wood stove and heat the school. There wasn’t.

One day Edna announced that the entire student body would spend the next day foraging for wood. When some of the church members—by way of their children—were informed of the teacher’s “extreme measures” for keeping the schoolroom warm, they arranged for a cord of firewood to be delivered the next morning. From then on, fuel was supplied on a regular basis.

R Is for Recollections

Conditions like these provided teachers with hours of conversation when they met at teachers’ conventions, usually once a year just prior to the beginning of each school year. Mildred Priest, in Colorado, taught in a school that had no playground. “We went to the park two blocks away when the weather was good,” she said. “When it wasn’t, we played quiet games in the schoolroom.”

“I spent six years teaching in San Francisco,” recalled Valerie Cyphers. “The school was located right next to

a Chinese laundry, and the cement walkway between the two buildings was our only playground.”

Mamie Bean, a teacher in Tennessee, recalled, “I remember one teacher who, when asked whether her school had indoor or outdoor restroom facilities, replied that her school had neither. They had to use the facilities of a nearby service station.”

Surely the people who now speak so fondly of “the good old days” wouldn’t seriously consider going back to dirt roads, uninsulated buildings, inefficient heating, and outdoor toilets.

Yet most people, when thinking about this era, still entertain romantic notions of a “little red schoolhouse,” of children on the playground skipping rope or playing “crack the whip,” and of students bringing an apple for the teacher.

But those who want to remember Adventist education of the twenties, thirties, and forties would do well to remember the teacher who set up school in the church sanctuary on Monday morning and erased every trace on Friday afternoon. Remember the family that cut firewood in exchange for their children’s tuition. Remember the church members who donated time—afternoons and weekends—to providing makeshift desks and bookcases and blackboards. All so that Adventist children and youth could receive training for eternity.

That’s what made these Golden Rule Days. ■

Miriam Wood, better known to readers of the *Adventist Review* as *Dear Miriam*, is a retired teacher, author, and columnist. *Golden Rule Days* is a regular feature of the monthly *AnchorPoints* edition.



JESUS, MAN OF PRAYER

*How He turned trials into triumphs
and burdens into blessings.*

BY ELLEN G. WHITE

IN HIS YOUTH the early morning and the evening twilight often found Him alone on the mountainside or among the trees of the forest, spending a quiet hour in prayer.¹

AS CHRIST'S ministry was about to begin, He received baptism at the hands of John. Coming up out of the water, He bowed on the banks of the Jordan, and offered to the Father such a prayer as heaven had never before listened to.²

AS JESUS bowed on the banks of Jordan and offered up His petition, humanity was presented to the Father by Him who had clothed His divinity with humanity. Jesus offered Himself to the Father in man's behalf, that those who had been separated from God through sin might be brought back to God through the merits of the divine Petitioner. . . . The prayer of Christ in behalf of lost humanity cleaved its way through every shadow that Satan had cast between man and God, and left a clear channel of communication to the very throne of God.³

JESUS HIMSELF, while He dwelt among [men and women], was often in prayer. Prayer went before and sanctified every act of His ministry. It was by prayer that He was braced for duty and for trial. . . . His humanity made prayer a necessity and a privilege.⁴

IN A LIFE wholly devoted to the good of others, the Saviour found it necessary to withdraw from the thoroughfares of travel and from the throng that followed Him day after day. He must turn aside from a life of ceaseless activity and contact with human needs, to seek retirement and unbroken communion with His Father. As one with us, a sharer in our needs and weaknesses, He was wholly dependent upon God, and in the secret place of prayer He sought divine strength, that He might go forth braced for duty and trial. In a world of sin Jesus endured struggles and torture of soul. In communion with God He could unburden the sorrows that were crushing Him. Here He found comfort and joy.⁵

BECAUSE the life of Jesus was a life of constant trust, sustained by continual communion, His service for heaven was without failure or faltering.⁶

JESUS had select places of prayer. He loved the solitude of the mountain in which to hold communion with His Father. . . . After His work was finished for the day, He went forth, evening after evening, away from the confusion of the city, and His form was bowed in supplication to His Father. At times the bright beams of the moon shone upon Him, and then again the clouds and darkness shut away all light. He frequently continued His petitions through the entire night, and the dew and frost rested upon His head and beard while in the attitude of supplication. And He came forth from these seasons of prayer invigorated and refreshed, braced for duty and trial.⁷

NO OTHER LIFE was ever so crowded with labor and responsibility as was that of Jesus; yet how often He was found in prayer! How constant was His communion with God!⁸

MANY are so absorbed in their worldly cares and perplexities that they have little time to pray, and feel but little interest in prayer. . . . Jesus our example was much in prayer; and oh, how earnest,



how fervent were His petitions!⁹

THE MOUNT OF Olives was the favorite resort of the Son of God for His devotions. Frequently after the multitude had left Him for the retirement of the night, He rested not, though weary with the labors of the day. . . . His divine pleadings were ascending to His Father . . . that His disciples might be kept from the evil influences

which they would daily encounter in the world, and that His own soul might be strengthened and braced for the duties and trials of the coming day. All night, while His followers were sleeping, was their divine Teacher praying.¹⁰

¹ *Education*, p. 185.

² *Youth's Instructor*, Dec. 21, 1899.

³ *Signs of the Times*, Apr. 18, 1892.

⁴ *Ibid.*, July 15, 1908.

⁵ *The Desire of Ages*, p. 362.

⁶ *Gospel Workers*, pp. 255, 256.

⁷ *Signs of the Times*, Feb. 10, 1887.

⁸ *The Desire of Ages*, p. 362.

⁹ *Review and Herald*, Sept. 4, 1883.

¹⁰ *Testimonies*, vol. 2, p. 508.

These statements, compiled by the Ellen G. White Estate, are from Ellen White's published sketches of the life and ministry of Jesus Christ. Much more than a one-dimensional individual, Jesus personified a unique blend of the human and the divine.



Student Leaders Seek Greater Church Involvement

BY LAURENCE JOERS, LOMA LINDA UNIVERSITY RELATIONS OFFICE SPECIAL PROJECTS EDITOR

You may not have heard of them, and that's the problem the Adventist Intercollegiate Association (AIA) wants to address.

More than 140 college student association leaders gathered for AIA's annual convention at Loma Linda University in California, seeking to make their voice heard on the church's decision-making levels.

"This convention will explore ways to train leaders and develop communication that will last throughout the school year," said outgoing AIA president Jason Wells. Attendees want to "establish our voice, not only on college campuses, but at the General Conference," Wells added.

Composed of student government

officers from the 14 Adventist colleges and universities in North America, AIA promotes communication and assists student governments in becoming more effective. Outgoing officers share their experience with incoming officers and help train them for the positions that they will fill.

The April event included numerous speakers and workshops designed to enhance the students' leadership

qualities. Workshop topics included communications, moral leadership, managing conflicts, and marketing your university. The theme of communications was more than just a workshop. The students also used the time to interact with those from other schools.

Craig Chaya, Student Association vice president-elect at La Sierra University, said,



ROLL, ROLL, ROLL: Students paint buildings at the Redlands Community Center.

"It was great to learn how to interact more effectively with other student leaders and to get ideas from other schools."

Walter Lowe, Student Association vice president at Southwestern Adventist College, said, "All of the student leaders want to make changes and want to work with each other."

"This year people are really on fire about the idea of developing collegiate leadership in our church," said Emily Tillotson, *Collegian* editor at Walla Walla College. "We are striving to find ways to overcome apathy toward involvement with student government. We're starting with a communications packet to be sent to all colleges and conferences."

One highlight of the convention came when the students worked on a community service project. They painted buildings and landscaped the grounds at the Redlands Community Center and 10 surrounding houses.



OUTGOING OFFICER: AIA president Jason Wells presents his state of the AIA address.

Gracen Kim, LLU coordinator of student affairs and the AIA convention, developed the project with William Edwards, a public housing director for San Bernardino County.

"This afternoon was a very positive event," said Edwards. "It showed low-income families that others care for them. It even reminded county employees of what community service is all about. We extend our thanks for the community and the housing authority." Many of the students felt they got as much out of the project as the community did.

"Our workshops focused on teamwork, but we don't want to be just talk, talk, talk," commented Shasta Emory, La Sierra University Student



HELLO, TEACHER: The convention featured several workshops that helped students become effective leaders.

Association president. "This service project let us put our talk into action, which in turn benefited the community."

Chris Tharp, *Mugshot* editor-elect at Southwestern Adventist College,

remarked, "As a leader you ultimately serve those who have elected you. If you can't serve your public, you can't be an effective leader. This project provided a model for us to take back to our respective campuses."

John Hodson, financial vice president-elect at Atlantic Union College, said, "It was great to see many of the residents come out and help. They were surprised and appreciative of the help, and said that because of AIA, these housing improvements were done years ahead of

schedule."

The project so impressed the community that the San Bernardino *Sun* covered the event. The *Sun* article included quotes from several students and from Ralph Perrin,

NEWS BREAK

Monument Valley Hospital Ends 45-Year Legacy

After more than 45 years of mission service in northern Arizona and southern Utah, Monument Valley Hospital closed its doors on July 19, thus ending the Adventist Church's only medical outreach to Native Americans.

Final closure came after more than a month of negotiations with a for-profit firm that had expressed a desire to acquire the hospital. However, hospital officials were notified by the firm two days before the July 19 deadline that negotiations were being discontinued.

"It is with great reluctance that we are closing Monument Valley Hospital," said Larry Caviness, president of the Nevada-Utah Conference, which owns the 20-bed hospital.

"We have come to love the community and the people of this area and have experienced a sense of fulfillment over the years as we have worked to meet the spiritual and health-care needs that in many cases would not have been met in any other way," said Caviness.

"We have worked exhaustively during the past months to identify another entity that could feasibly acquire and operate the hospital," he added. "We had notified the Utah State Department of Health on June 20, 1996, that the hospital would close within 30 days if a new owner could not be found, and when negotiations were discontinued at the last minute, our only option was to move forward with closure."



END OF AN ERA: Monument Valley Hospital closed its doors on July 19.

The decision to cease operations was made reluctantly after years of financial losses caused by declining census, increasing competition from other providers, and dramatic changes in the way health-care providers are reimbursed by insurance companies.

"Because health care has become such a competitive industry, and because other options are now available in Monument Valley, we recognize that our role is dramatically altered. As a not-for-profit entity, particularly one in this area, we are unable to compete viably with well-funded providers.

"Over the past few years the hospital has experienced more than \$6 million in losses. While we do not regret for one moment our commitment to helping this area, realistically we are forced to acknowledge that we cannot

LLU dean of students.

Perrin said, "We want to unify students around common goals so they can go back to their campuses and implement great social action programs. The focus is doing things for other people through spiritual and social means."

In addition to the work, the students enjoyed many spiritual and recreational activities, including a trip to Disneyland and the beach.

AIA members elected Anita Youngberg of Southwestern Adventist College as their new president and voted the following resolutions passed for the coming year.

■ To request one AIA student delegate from each North American

campus to be at the next General Conference session.

■ To have an AIA representative at each campus to carry out the actions of AIA.

collective voice of students to represent Adventist youth in North America."



DOWN TO EARTH: Some AIA members landscaped grounds at the community center.

■ To foster communication among student government officers through the use of E-mail. A home page has been created for the AIA on the Internet.

"This is my fourth convention, and I feel we are on the threshold of realizing a greater potential in AIA," said Shelton Hsu of Pacific Union College. "I see a change from the attitude of waiting to having people willing to take action. We're not just training; we are forming a

NEWS BREAK

continue to operate with losses of that magnitude," he added.

According to Caviness, the conference will continue to operate the church and school and it hopes to provide community education classes and programs on healthful living and wellness.—*Monument Valley Hospital*.

GC Calls for Day of Prayer and Fasting

Adventists worldwide are invited to unite in prayer for spiritual renewal, and to experience the joy of salvation in Jesus Christ. September 14 has been designated a World Day of Prayer and Fasting by the General Conference Executive Committee.

"It's my deep desire that God hears our prayers and accomplishes His will in my life, and in the life of each church member," says General Conference president Robert S. Folkenberg. "I pray that God will transform my heart and give me greater compassion, patience, and love for others. And that which I plead for myself, I pray that God will grant each of us."

This call to prayer and fasting focuses on the church's theme for 1997—"Experience the Joy of Salvation"—and on sharing that joy in NET '96, a satellite television evangelistic effort that begins October 5, at 7:00 p.m.

The impetus for a World Day of Prayer and Fasting came

from the church's Message and Mission Planning Committee, which is coordinating the "Experience Life in Jesus" emphasis over the next four years. The 1997 theme will be introduced during two days of spiritual emphasis on October 2-3 at the outset of the church's Annual Council in Costa Rica.

The Message and Mission emphasis includes a call to increased study and understanding of what is central to historic Adventism by every church member around the world. The World Day of Prayer and Fasting is a call to members to pause in their busy lives and take stock of their spiritual condition in preparation for the soon return of Christ. The day will feature a special prayer conference uplinked from Orlando, Florida, and beamed throughout North America.

The special day of prayer comes three weeks before the launch of NET '96, the church's satellite evangelistic series originating in North America. Uplinked from Orlando, the series will be beamed to several continents and translated into 12 languages.—*Adventist News Network*.

News Notes

✓ Three graduates of Philippine Union College in Manila placed among the top 10 students in the recent government licensure examination for nurses. Six other

Strug Vs. Shaq: No Contest

BY ANDY NASH, ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR, ADVENTIST REVIEW

When Olympic planners divvied up the Georgia Dome for the 1996 Summer Games, they probably didn't realize the clear distinction they were making.

Guts versus greed. Humility versus pomposity.

In one half, four-foot-nine-inch gymnast Kerri Strug vaulted—then hobbled—her way into American hearts, clinching what *USA Today* calls the “greatest U.S. team victory . . . since the U.S. hockey team upset the Soviet Union in 1980.”

In the other half, seven-foot-one-inch basketball star Shaquille O'Neal slipped in a few dunks between interviews about his new seven-year, \$120 million contract with the Los Angeles Lakers. (His old team, Orlando, was a few million short—and not as close to Hollywood.)

Two gold medalists; one true champion.

Strug represents what's right with athletics. After a disappointing Barcelona, the then-14-year-old dug deeper toward the next big prize: Atlanta. Still, if Strug *hadn't* won

gold and glory, her life would hardly be over. Wheaties-boxes and lucrative post-Olympic tours aside, she vows to pursue something even more valuable: a college degree. “I want to make sure I have my education,” she says. Strug enrolls at UCLA this fall.

Shaq, who left college early, presumably to get rich, represents what's wrong with athletics. Not because he's a bad person (he did, after all, take the time to drop by an Atlanta children's theater premiering his new movie, *Kazaam*), but because he, like many talented athletes, is being sucked into a system in which dollars supersede values, in which spousal and drug abuse are forgiven with the next clutch three-pointer, towering home run, or leaping grab in the end zone.

Saddest of all, more and more “Strugs” degenerate into “Shaqs”—seemingly never content until they possess all but the kingdom of heaven itself. In the meantime, it gets harder and harder for that camel to squeeze through that needle.

NEWS COMMENTARY

NEWS BREAK

PUC graduates scored among the top 20 on the same exam. About 20,000 graduates sat for the test. PUC nursing graduates had a 93.3 percent passing rate.—*Adventist News Network*.

✓ **Radio Amancecer Internacional**, an Adventist radio station in the Dominican Republic, was rated among the top religious and cultural radio stations in the country. According to a nationwide study, 45 percent of those surveyed chose RAI as their preferred radio station—more than any other radio station.—*Inter-American Division Contact newsletter*.

✓ **Jonathan Gallagher**, South England Conference secretary, was recently elected British Union secretary, replacing Watson Southcott. Cecil R. Perry and Marcus R. Dove were reelected as president and treasurer, respectively.—*Trans-European Division*.

✓ **Life Talk Radio**, the newest member of the Adventist Media Center, can help any local church establish a radio station.

Life Talk broadcasts Christian programming 24 hours a day and can help churches search for broadcast frequency, purchase equipment, and set up a station management plan. For more information, call (800) 44-ALIVE or E-Mail Life Talk president Paul Moore at 74532.1122@Compuserve.com.—*North American Division*.

What's Coming!

Sept.	7	Lay Evangelism emphasis
Sept.	14	Missions Extension Offering
Sept.	14-21	Adventist Review emphasis
Sept.	21	Family Togetherness Day
Sept.	28	Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for the South American Division

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The Principle of Prophecy

After Isaac Newton proved that the universe worked by mathematically precise laws, many physicists in the nineteenth century believed that once these laws were understood, scientists would be able to predict everything that would happen in the universe.

By the beginning of the twentieth century, however, Max Planck and Werner Heisenberg (who developed quantum mechanics) argued that scientists were unable even to *measure* the universe precisely, much less predict future events. "It is very difficult," said quantum mechanic Neils Bohr, "to make an accurate prediction, especially about the future."

That's a lesson that Seventh-day Adventists have been slow to learn. Around the turn of the century, for example, Adventist Bible students studying the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation made numerous predictions about Turkey that in every case turned out wrong. In the 1930s and 1940s Adventists predicted that the Jews would never return to Palestine. In the *Watchman* (December 1936) Roy Frann Cottrell wrote: "But careful study of both the Old and New Testaments reveals that the Hebrew race will never again be reestablished in the Holy Land." (Just so I don't sound too judgmental, a few years ago yours truly predicted that Pat Robertson would run for president in 1992.)

Though I've learned my lesson, others haven't. The church is constantly inundated with predictions about final events and the dates they're to occur. Times have been set through the seventies, eighties, and into the nineties for everything from the return of Christ to the time of trouble to even a giant asteroid that was supposed to kill one third of the earth's population in 1994.

(Interestingly enough, the year that the asteroid was supposed to hit the earth, Jupiter got pelted instead. Right event, wrong planet!)

The difficult time sequences of Daniel, particularly chapters 11 and 12, have been fertile ground for calculating dates of the Sunday law, the Second Coming, and the unleashing of the seven seals.

Yet all these predictions—no matter who makes them or

how they come to their conclusions—have one thing in common: they've always turned out wrong.

Many of these problems could be avoided if we would follow

a principle that Jesus Himself established regarding the essential purpose of prophecy. "Now I tell you before it come, that, when it is come to pass, ye may believe that I am he" (John 13:19).

Jesus showed that prophecy isn't so much to enable us to predict events; prophecy rather is given to strengthen our faith after the events have happened. In other words, prophecy becomes more meaningful *after* it has been fulfilled, because we can then

look back and see that the events we've been told about have indeed "come to pass."

For instance, the faith-building aspect of Daniel 2 isn't the promise of God's final kingdom, which hasn't come yet; the faith-building comes rather from the prophecies that have already been fulfilled centuries after Daniel wrote. By looking back and seeing the history of the world unfold as predicted, we are strengthened to trust in the things that, though predicted, have not yet come to pass, such as the establishment of the final kingdom in the sequence of kingdoms in Daniel 2.

In contrast, when dates are set for future events—such as the time when this final kingdom will be established—and the predicted time passes without the event taking place (as they inevitably have done) faith is weakened, not strengthened.

Of course, the three angels' messages deal with prophecies such as the mark of the beast, and we need to understand what these symbols mean. But speculating about the prophetic fulfillment, particularly dates, is always risky. That's why you don't need to be a quantum physicist to know that when it comes to prophecy, we must not lean too heavily on what we think will happen, but on what already has.

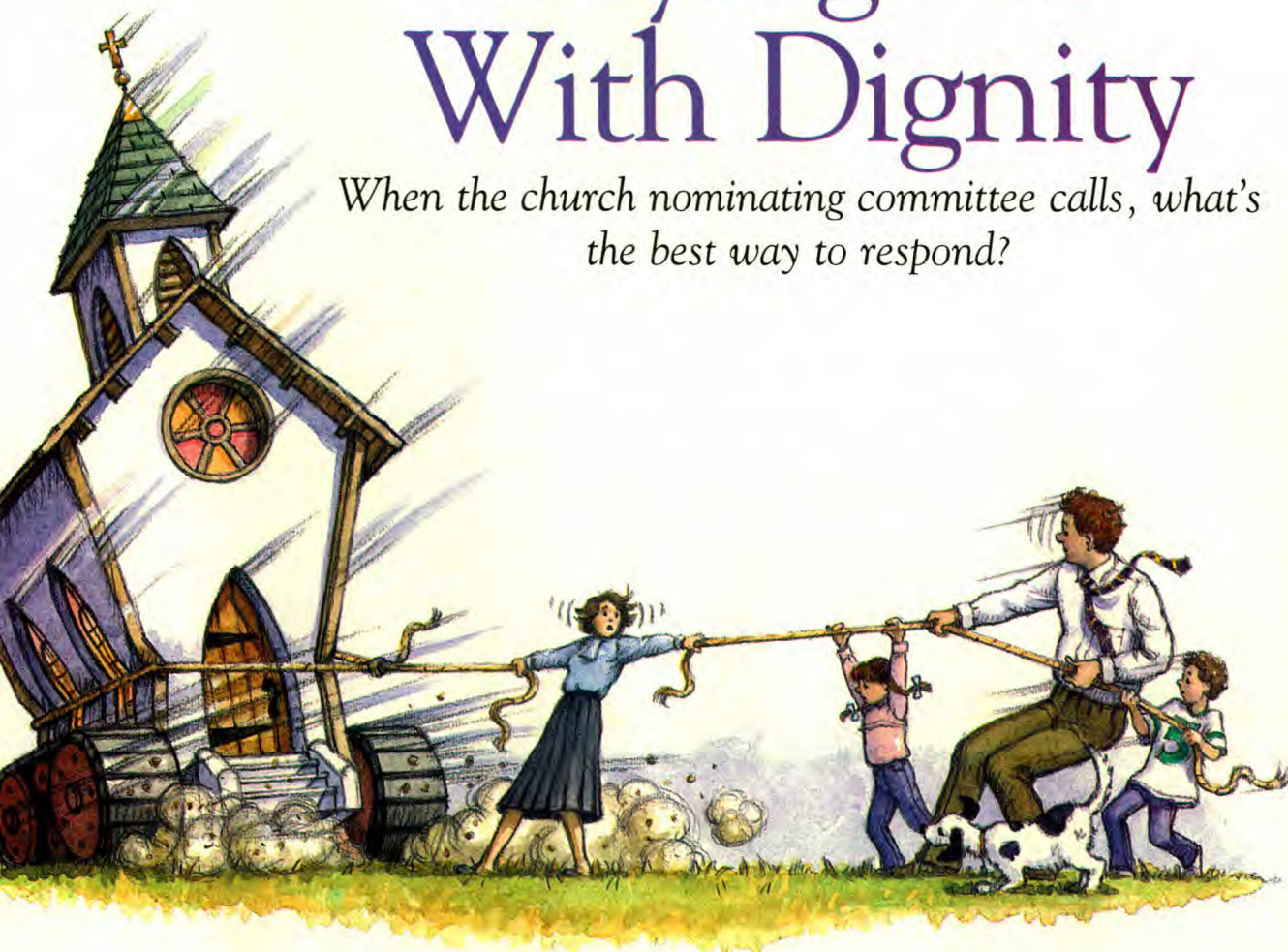
*These predictions
have one thing in
common: they're
always wrong.*

Clifford Goldstein is editor of *Liberty*, a magazine of religious freedom.



Saying No With Dignity

When the church nominating committee calls, what's the best way to respond?



BY SANDRA DORAN

The kindergarten class shuffled onto the church platform, decked in their Thirteenth Sabbath finery. Two teachers took their place in the front row, prepared to mouth the words to the ensuing songs and verses. One stood up front with the boys and girls, holding a microphone for the children's solo roles. "First," she began, "each student in our class will recite one of the memory verses we've learned this quarter."

One by one the 4-, 5-, and 6-year-olds stepped forward.

As the teacher held the microphone before them, they rushed nervously through their lines, glancing up only at the end for a quick smile to Mom and Dad in the sea of frightening faces before them.

Then came my son's turn. Confidently he stepped forward, faced the audience, and took the microphone out of the teacher's hand. Establishing eye contact with the group before him, he said only one word: "Can't." Then he handed the microphone back to the teacher and took his place back in line.

I asked him later what had happened. "I was too scared," he said. "I couldn't do it."

In thinking about the incident, I've decided that if I could say no with as much confidence and poise as my son did that morning, half my troubles would be over.

As nominating season rolls around this year, how do you say no and keep your head up and your voice steady? Is it ever appropriate to turn down a commitment when it comes through the channels of the church?

Consulting Scripture and looking back over the foibles and fortunes of experience, I've come up with the following suggestions when you are faced with an unexpected phone call on a Sunday evening.

1. Don't make an instant decision.

All of us have our standard response, which pops into our head with about as much forethought as a laugh in the face of a well-placed witticism. Depending on our temperament type, some of us find ourselves turning down any offer. But others of us *overcommit*, only to rue the day when reality sinks in. In either case, speaking six simple words can make all the difference. Being one to say yes and think about it later, I've been rehearsing this line faithfully ever since the committee to nominate the nominators began delving into their duties.

"Let me give it some thought."

Rather than frantically shifting my schedule around in my head and weighing 18 pros and cons while a veggie steak sizzles on the stove and Jeffrey enters the kitchen with a bloodied knee and Eric pulls on the phone cord, asking me to find the missing rock from his prized collection, I am learning to buy myself a little time, allowing the quiet moments of sanity and the Spirit of God the opportunity to influence my decision.

2. Don't let your own self-doubts get in the way of God's plans.

My husband tells me that when he was 3 years old he fastened one end of

a rope to the rear bumper of a 1955 Buick and the other end to his tricycle in full confidence that he could pedal off with the family's major mode of transportation. A lot of water has gone under the bridge since that time. If one of our young sons were to try it with our 1986 Toyota, their father would be the first one to let them know that the idea holds about as much credence as trying to get their mother to play the piano for a tridistrict youth rally.



As children our dreams and goals know no bounds. Through trial and error we shape who we are. As the years go by, we limit ourselves. We decide, "I can do this;" "I cannot do that."

By the time we become adults we have it all figured out. Ask me my capabilities. I will tell you I am intimidated by the thought of replacing the paper in a copier, but I can fill reams of paper with my own thoughts. I cannot handle the logistics of running a *Mission Spotlight* program—fiddling with volume buttons, focusing blurry projected images, and coordinating script pages—but I welcome the thought of facing an audience with only my own notes and sharing from the heart.

While it's good to know who we are, somewhere in the process it's also important to make room for the

miracle of God's power, holding out for us a potential unparalleled even to our own dreams.

Taking a risk, we just might discover that who we thought we were was only the reflection of our own self-doubts and learned limitations. Moses the shepherd once asked God, "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?" (Ex. 3:11). Looking at self, he saw only his limitations. Surrendering to the plans of God, he found himself making an impact in times and places his human mind would have thought impossible.

Before saying "I cannot do that," we might be wise to ask ourselves, "Through the power of God, is this an opportunity for me to become somebody I never thought I could be?"

3. When making a new commitment, don't forget what commitments you are also asking your family to make.

In the book *When Helping You Is Hurting Me: Escaping the Messiah Trap*, Carmen Berry talks about the tendency some people have of overfilling their schedules at the cost of their own personal well-being. Extending that thought a bit further, I think it would be well for all of us to ask ourselves whether we are sacrificing the personal well-being of our families when we say yes to a new commitment.

It is too easy to rationalize the sacrifices we are asking our families to make with the idea that we are helping advance the "Lord's work." When deciding whether or not to take on a role, it might be appropriate to ask yourself such questions as: Will joining the choir mean that my children will spend an hour roaming around the church unsupervised while I practice on Friday evenings? Will becoming lay activities leader mean that my non-Adventist spouse will eat dinner alone each week after church? Will the demands on my time drain me of the only energy I have left after work and other commitments to give to the people I love the most?

I spent five years as a minister's wife without children. During that time I enthusiastically attended every prayer meeting, social event, spiritual retreat, and work bee that the two churches in our district sponsored. My schedule was open, and the time was right for me.

Ten years later I find myself typing away at my computer while my two boys sleep upstairs and my husband conducts prayer meeting in the church, not 20 feet from my house. I have no guilt for not being among the ranks who are opening God's Word together on a Wednesday evening. My priorities are clear to me, and no scripted expectation will affect the decisions I make in the light of the two boys who call me Mom. Interestingly, I find that my church members do not hold this against me, but respect me for it.

4. Don't let externals interfere with rationally making a proper decision.

It is important, when being asked to do something, to analyze the thing for what it is and not let peripheral issues get in the way of making an appropriate decision. I have seen members turn down a church office in an attempt at making a point, only to ask for the nomination later. If you are going to say no to shake up the saints or prove how indispensable you really are, perhaps it is time to do a little soul-searching of your own.

On the other hand, if you are going to say yes in the hopes of gaining prestige or power, your motives are no better. Both are based on externals, side issues that have nothing to do with the reality of the

actual commitment involved.

Other externals can get in the way of rational decision-making too. I'll never forget the time I was asked to photograph a wedding. Being weak on the technical aspects of indoor lighting, I have always confined my photographic skills to the outdoors, where natural lighting has provided an ideal setting.

But the offer appealed to me. It flattered my desire for status among those capturing the moment in poignant statements beyond the written word. And the promise of a

few dollars was tantalizing to one whose extra cash was generally only enough to purchase a few stamps each week.

Convincing myself that I could do the job if I studied the manual that came with the flash

long enough, I accepted the offer. Six years later I can offer only a public apology to those whose special day is recorded in an album by dim, shadowy replicas of what was a wedding.

The Bible says, "The beginning of wisdom is this: Get wisdom, and whatever you get, get insight" (Prov. 4:7, NRSV). When you are faced with making a commitment, no two qualities could be more important.

5. Pray, Pray, Pray.

After all is said and done, the most important thing anyone can do when being asked to make an investment of time and energy is to present the case before the Lord in prayer. Bringing the issue before a loving God helps us to see things clearly, relieves us of peripheral concerns, and prepares us to decide what is right for us, our family, and our church.

So you've been asked to direct a

group of high-energy, always-on-the-go Pathfinders?

Give yourself some time to think about your decision, put self-doubts aside, consider the needs of your family, clear out all the peripheral issues, and bring it to the Lord in prayer. Then if you are convinced that this is what the Lord wants you to do, go forth boldly. If not, summon all the courage of a small boy reaching out for a microphone before a crowd of expectant adults, face your audience, and simply say, "Can't."

Sandra Doran will soon complete her doctoral degree in special education at Boston University. Her new business, Powerlines, specializes in writing, speaking, and educational services.



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Fort Worth, Texas:

Spanish Language NET '96 Programs

Huguley Memorial Medical Center is planning a double-barrel approach to NET '96. English language programs will be broadcast to patient rooms through the hospital's TV system.

But Chaplain Bernie Clark wondered what the hospital could do for the Hispanic community. "The Hispanic churches don't have the downlink equipment."

So Chaplain Clark is working out plans to enable Hispanics to watch NET '96 evangelistic programs in the hospital amphitheater, which seats 200. "The Spanish coordinator for our conference guarantees that the auditorium will be filled."

Some of us turn down any request instantly. Others of us overcommit instantly.



The Painting

Why was the artist the only one who saw the beauty?

BY KENYA J. HALL

ONCE A FAMOUS ARTIST STOOD ON the sidewalk of a busy thoroughfare, painting on a canvas that sat upon an easel. As he worked, a crowd began to form and admire the beautiful colors he applied so skillfully. Many of the observers thought they would like to purchase the painting and display it prominently in their homes.

Just when it seemed that the painting couldn't be any more beautiful, the artist dipped his brush into the black paint on his palette and began to paint harsh, dark tones.

The crowd watched in shocked amazement. *Why would the artist do such a horrid thing to such a lovely work of art?* It seemed like such a cruel, senseless thing to do. Quickly the crowd began to disperse, and soon not one person was left.

Finally the artist completed his work and laid down his brush. He took a few steps back and admired his creation. *This piece is priceless*, he thought to himself. *It shall go only to someone who has a skillful eye and understands its expression.* Then he sat down on the curb and waited.

A number of passersby stopped to look at the painting on the easel, but they didn't linger long. Like the crowd that first watched the artist, they were put off by the black hues.

After a long while a lone woman came near the painting. As she approached the easel, she gasped and stated aloud, "This is the most beautiful and moving painting I have ever seen!"

Hearing this, the artist stood up and inquired of the woman, "What is it that you see?"

"Oh, sir," she replied, "can you not see for yourself? The colors are leaping from the canvas."

"True," said the artist, "but what about the black marks?"

"How blind you are!" she exclaimed. "It is the darkness that makes the colors so much more rich and vibrant. If only I could have this painting."

The famous artist once more picked up his brush. He quickly signed the painting and placed it in the woman's hands.

Taken aback by the famous signature, the woman blurted out, "But sir, I have no money."

The artist replied, "No money can buy it; it's yours, a gift."

And with that he picked up his brushes and paints, turned, and walked away. As he distanced himself from the woman, he began to whistle a joyful tune. He knew that the woman—out of all the other spectators—understood that it is from the black strokes of life that one's experience becomes richer and more vibrant, more beautiful and colorful.

ILLUSTRATION BY BARBARA L. GIBSON

Kenya Hall is a trauma nurse and a paramedic instructor in Dallas, Texas. She attends the Dallas First Seventh-day Adventist Church.



Applying Ancient Principles

ANew Jersey man recently sued his wife for divorce, claiming she had committed infidelity during dozens of sexually explicit exchanges on America OnLine. She and her “lover” never met, although they planned to. Since no physical activity took place, do we as Seventh-day Adventists consider this a breach of the seventh commandment and grounds for divorce and remarriage?

In recent years our church's understanding regarding grounds for divorce and remarriage has expanded. Whereas our traditional stance recognized proven sexual intimacy only as the meaning of Christ's words in Matthew 19, keener insights into the original language of the text led the church to decide as follows:

“The Christian church has tended to take a restricted view of ‘fornication’ in this context, and has generally limited its reference to proven adultery. It is possible, however, to give the term a broader interpretation and to include many sexual irregularities on the part of one partner or of both as valid reasons for divorce. ‘Fornication,’ as related to questions of divorce, can possibly include the following:

- a. Perversions of, and deviations from, a normal sex life, which either do not disappear with treatment, or for which no therapy is sought.
- b. Homosexual practices are recognized as a misuse of sexual powers, and disapproved of in Scripture. As a violation of the divine intention in marriage, they have thus become just cause for divorce.
- c. Persistent indulgence in intimate relationships with a partner of the opposite sex other than the spouse, even though falling short of coitus . . . may be contributory to divorce.

Do the circumstances of the case you reference fit within this description? I think not. They indicate a severe problem that, if not corrected, will probably lead to the breakup of the home and intense trauma to the parties involved. But I do not read our position on permissible reasons for remarriage after divorce as including the activity you reference.

I’ve read my Bible through year after year for many years. As I read it again this year I find God in the Old Testament taking the initiative in destroying the enemies of Israel. I wonder how you can explain the history of God's people in the Old Testament with the lessons in the New Testament and the commandment “Thou shalt not kill.”

First of all, the sixth commandment, “Thou shalt not kill,” is most accurately translated “You shall not murder” (Ex. 20:13, NIV). The slaughters conducted by God's people at His direction in Old Testament times should not be considered murder or homicide. They were divinely ordered retribution on evil individuals and nations done at God's command. God's direct orders were most often given through Israel's leaders, but sometimes the people themselves heard His voice. There is no inconsistency between God's orders not to commit murder (the sixth commandment) and His use of Israel to destroy His enemies or, for that matter, his final destruction of the wicked, of which Israel's slaughter activities were a type.

With the dissolving of Israel's special status and the establishment of the new covenant relationship, communication of this kind through priests and prophets ended. We are all today priests and kings (Rev. 1:6). There are now no intermediaries through whom we must hear God's voice. We must be thankful that having millions of Christians slaughter people in His name is not God's present plan.

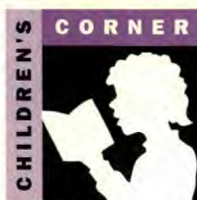
Now He chooses that His people not slaughter at all. Rather, He has chosen us, under the terms of the new covenant, to demonstrate the other of the twin spheres of His personality: His mercy. The justice seen so clearly in the Old Testament He now delegates to the state. If “spiritual” Israel were as fervent in demonstrating His love and forgiveness as was ancient Israel of His wrath, society would quickly hear the gospel, and the slaughter of all the wicked would be accomplished. That will be an infinitely more gory scene than the blood scenarios of the Old Testament, but it is God's way of cleansing His universe of evil and preparing for the restoration of unmixing good—this time for eternity, without interruption (Nahum 1:9).

Calvin R. Rock is a general vice president of the General Conference. He holds doctoral degrees in ministry and religious ethics.



Mirrors

ROSY TETZ



Cami is a very little girl. One thing she has always liked to do is look in the mirror. I don't know what she's thinking when she looks in the mirror. Maybe she notices that when she raises her hand, her reflection in the mirror raises its hand too. Or maybe she just thinks she's cute.

You might not look in the mirror for fun anymore, but one day when you are supposed to be scrubbing behind your ears you might wonder how a mirror works. You might wonder how a mirror is different from another piece of glass. You might wonder why you can see yourself so well in a mirror.

Here's the secret: a mirror is a piece of glass that has a thin coat of aluminum or silver on the back. The metal makes the glass reflect light well and show the image of whatever is in front of it.

Other things act like mirrors. Have you ever seen yourself in a puddle on a sunny day? Have you ever looked at the stuff in the display window of a store and seen yourself looking back? These things reflect light too.

Just like Baby Cami, we are drawn to things that reflect light. There are other kinds of things and ideas that reflect a different kind of light—the light of knowledge and truth.

People have always wanted to see God—but we can't. When Moses was getting the Ten Commandments, he begged God to let him see Him. "Absolutely not," said God. "It would kill you." But finally God agreed that if Moses hid in a rock, He would let Moses see His back (Ex. 33:20-23).

We can't see God. He is too holy.

We are too weak. But like Moses, we want to know Him. And God wants us to know Him, so He holds up mirrors that show what He is like.

The best mirror is the Bible. The more you read the Bible, the clearer His reflection is in the mirror. Even if you studied it every day for a hundred years there would always be more to learn. We can also learn about God in the mirror of nature. Can you think of other mirrors that show God?

In heaven we won't have to try to see God through a mirror. "Now we see as if we are looking into a dark mirror. But at that time, in the future, we shall see clearly" (1 Cor. 13:12, ICB). It'll be the real thing—no more mirrors.



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Gentry, Arkansas

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At Rest

DEGERING, Etta B.—b. Jan. 7, 1898, Arcadia, Nebr.; d. Mar. 13, 1996, Dayton, Ohio. She served as an editor, librarian, conference educational and Sabbath school secretary, and schoolteacher. She authored several children's books, including *My Bible Friends*. She is survived by a son, C. Harvey; a daughter, Trudy Johnson; six grandchildren; and nine great-grandchildren.

GIBSON, Gilbert H.—b. Mar. 8, 1902, Newberg, Oreg.; d. May 24, 1996, McMinnville, Oreg. He served as an educator in Washington (Walla Walla College), New York, California, Massachusetts (Atlantic Union College), and Indonesia. He is survived by a daughter, Annetta Gibson; a brother, Chester; and five sisters, Hazel Hall, Winifred Bunch, Verla Tonole, Flora Lane, and Aileen Beddoe.

NEILL, Carl Rodbirt—b. July 20, 1913; d. Apr. 23, 1996, Altamonte Springs, Fla. He served as a pastor in Canada, Indiana, and Florida and a chaplain at Florida Hospital. He took a special assignment in the Far Eastern Division in 1983. He is survived by his wife, Mary Jane; a son, Glenn; two daughters, Glenda Loggins and Gaylene de Weijer; one brother; three sisters; four grandchildren; and a great-granddaughter.

ODOM, R. L.—b. May 18, 1901, Edgewood, Tex.; d. Apr. 14, 1996, Chattanooga, Tenn. He served the church as an evangelist-pastor in Puerto Rico, Spain, and Texas. After further training, he served as an editor in Panama for the Inter-American Division, the Southern Publishing Association, and Philippine Publishing House. He worked in the White Estate at the General Conference from 1954 to 1970. Knowledgeable in the Hebrew language, he edited *Israelite* and other Jewish literature from 1962 to 1983. In spite of blindness, he kept writing with his wife's help, his last book being *Is Your Soul Immortal?* published in 1989. He is survived by his wife, Martha; two sons, Robert and John Leo; two grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

OFFENBACK, Fred—b. Apr. 12, 1931; d. Feb. 9, 1996, Berrien Springs, Mich. He served as a pastor and chaplain. He is survived by his wife, Gwen; and two sons, Greg and Mark.

RESPESS, Ila—b. 1914; d. Nov. 12, 1995, Avon Park, Fla. She served as a teacher for 40 years, teaching at Forest Lake Academy and Walker Memorial Junior Academy. She is

survived by her husband, Carl; a son, David Deerwester; a daughter, Anne Ramey; a stepson, Bob; two stepdaughters, Carol Wolfe and Betty Skeoch; 11 grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

SAMPLE, Theodore G.—d. June 21, 1996. He served as assistant treasurer of the Oklahoma Conference, Southwestern Union, and the South American Division, and treasurer of the Antillian and Central American unions. His last 10 years of service was as auditor of the Inter-American Division. He is survived by his wife of 52 years, Wanda; a son, T. Glenn Sample; and a daughter, Ann Stewart.

SHARMAN, Nellie K.—b. Jan. 10, 1896, Nova Scotia; d. May 3, 1996, National City, Calif. She served with her pastor-husband, Clark, for 17 years in Africa and then in Canada. After his death, she became an assistant women's dean at Walla Walla College. She is survived by a son, Glenn; a daughter, Kathy Hempel; a sister, Mildred Lange; a brother, Harold Shankel; seven grandchildren, and 13 great-grandchildren.

SNELL, Penney Osborne—b. 1941; d. May 9, 1996, Arlington, Tex. She taught in denominational schools and spent several years in the Bahamas in mission service with her husband. She is survived by her husband, Norman; three children, Renee Byrd, Brett Wassell, and Desiree Snell; and two grandchildren.

TESKE, Paula D.—b. Jan. 24, 1905, Frankfurt, Germany; d. Apr. 13, 1996, Harrisonburg, Va. She worked at the Review and Herald Publishing Association in Takoma Park, Maryland, for 18 years. She is survived by her husband of 65 years, John A.; a son, John H.; three grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

TIMPSON, George William—b. Aug. 16, 1927, Frederick, Md.; d. May 24, 1996, Lincoln, Nebr. He served as an educator (Alabama and New York) and then pastored in Connecticut and New York. He became involved in youth work on the conference level in the 1970s. In 1981 he became associate secretary of the Mid-America Union Conference and then executive secretary, a position he held at the time of his death. He is survived by his wife, Cynthia; a son, Dane Anthony; two daughters, Chevelle Alane Watson and Cynthia Lynn; three sisters, Mamie Wright, Betty Burgess, and Inez Roberts; and seven brothers, Alfred, James, Joseph, John, Thomas, Robert, and Paul.

WALLACE, Virginia Lee—b. Aug. 11, 1932, Portland, Oreg.; d. Jan. 26, 1996, Madison, N.H. She served as organist for the Quiet Hour on radio and television and worked with her husband in evangelism and pastoral work in California, and the Kentucky-Tennessee and Georgia-Cumberland conferences. She is survived by her husband, Preston; a son, David; two daughters, Shirley Buck and Wanda Van Raden; and five grandchildren.

WHEELER, Alice May—b. July 14, 1911, Battle Creek, Mich.; d. Apr. 6, 1996, Hendersonville, N.C. She served for 36 years in various nursing management positions at Florida Hospital. She is survived by three brothers, Joe, Ira, and Ben.

WOODS, Lois Christian Randolph—b. May 14, 1900, Chicago, Ill.; d. Mar. 11, 1996, St. Helena, Calif. She taught school for 36 years on the secondary and college levels and authored two junior Morning Watch books and numerous articles.

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Levite or Samaritan?

BY R. S. NORMAN

I like to think I am a good Seventh-day Adventist, but a while back I was "slapped in the face," as it were, and gained a clearer view of myself. Let me explain.

"Blind man hits foot; couple sues," the headlines said on the front page of the metro section in the *Tampa Tribune* last summer.

In summary, the article related that Carolyn J. Christian was shopping in a Bradenton, Florida, mall in May 1993 when she saw a blind man, Vernon Henley, approaching with a guide dog, accompanied by an instructor. Other shoppers moved out of Henley's path; Christian did not. "I wanted to see if the dog would walk around me," she said, according to a witness, the guide dog instructor, Donald Muisener.

Freddy the dog moved around Christian, Muisener said, which was a notice to Henley that he should follow the dog. But he either did not follow the dog or did not respond soon enough and stepped on Christian's foot.

A year later Christian and her husband, the Rev. William E. Christian, filed a lawsuit for \$80,000 for repayment of medical bills and "loss of earning power . . . and inability to lead a normal life." Her husband was also asking for an equal amount for loss of "care, comfort, and consortium."

The Christians did not sue the blind man; he had no money and had died. But they did sue Southeastern Guide Dogs, Inc., a local charitable organization that raises and trains guide dogs for blind people at no cost to the recipients.

Public Outcry

Michael Sergeant, executive director of the 13-year-old organization he founded, said, "Nothing like this has ever happened to us before."

"Every dollar spent defending this lawsuit takes away from their ability to provide deserving visually impaired people with guide dogs," said Mark McLaughlin, Southeastern's attorney.

After reading the article, I thought to myself, *How sad*. Then I turned the page to read about the weather.

"Lawsuit over guide dog will never see light," shouted the

front page of the next day's edition of the *Tampa Tribune*. The article stated that the \$160,000 suit will be dropped and that instead Southeastern would receive a \$1,000 donation from the law firm that had planned to bring the suit.

"Newspapers, television and radio stations, Southeastern Guide Dog, Inc., and the law firm that filed the lawsuit were inundated with telephone calls Monday following publication of a *Tampa Tribune* account of the litigation," I read.

An attorney assured the guide dog group that the lawsuit would be withdrawn.

"Many of those callers said they had called the [Christians'] law firm and asked lawyers there how they could sleep at night," the report said. "We've received many, many

offers of contributions," the law firm stated.

The Christians' lawyer explained that "the law firm has always supported Southeastern Guide Dogs, but we also support the right of someone who's injured to seek redress."

When I read the news update I was happy for the guide dog people, and I was thankful I live in the United States, where newspapers and citizens can and do speak out against what they feel is injustice. I was happy the *Tampa Tribune* had published this story.

But I was also sad, ashamed, and embarrassed, and I felt guilty.

I was not one of those who called. I did not even pray a silent prayer. I did nothing.

Like the Levite in the story of the good Samaritan (Luke 10:25-37), I came, I looked, and I went on my way.

Today I'm determined, by God's grace, to obey the Lord's command: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart . . . and thy neighbour as thyself" (Luke 10:27).

R. S. Norman is a freelance writer who lives in Avon Park, Florida.



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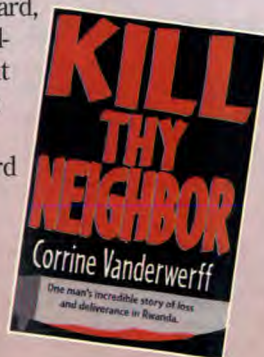
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